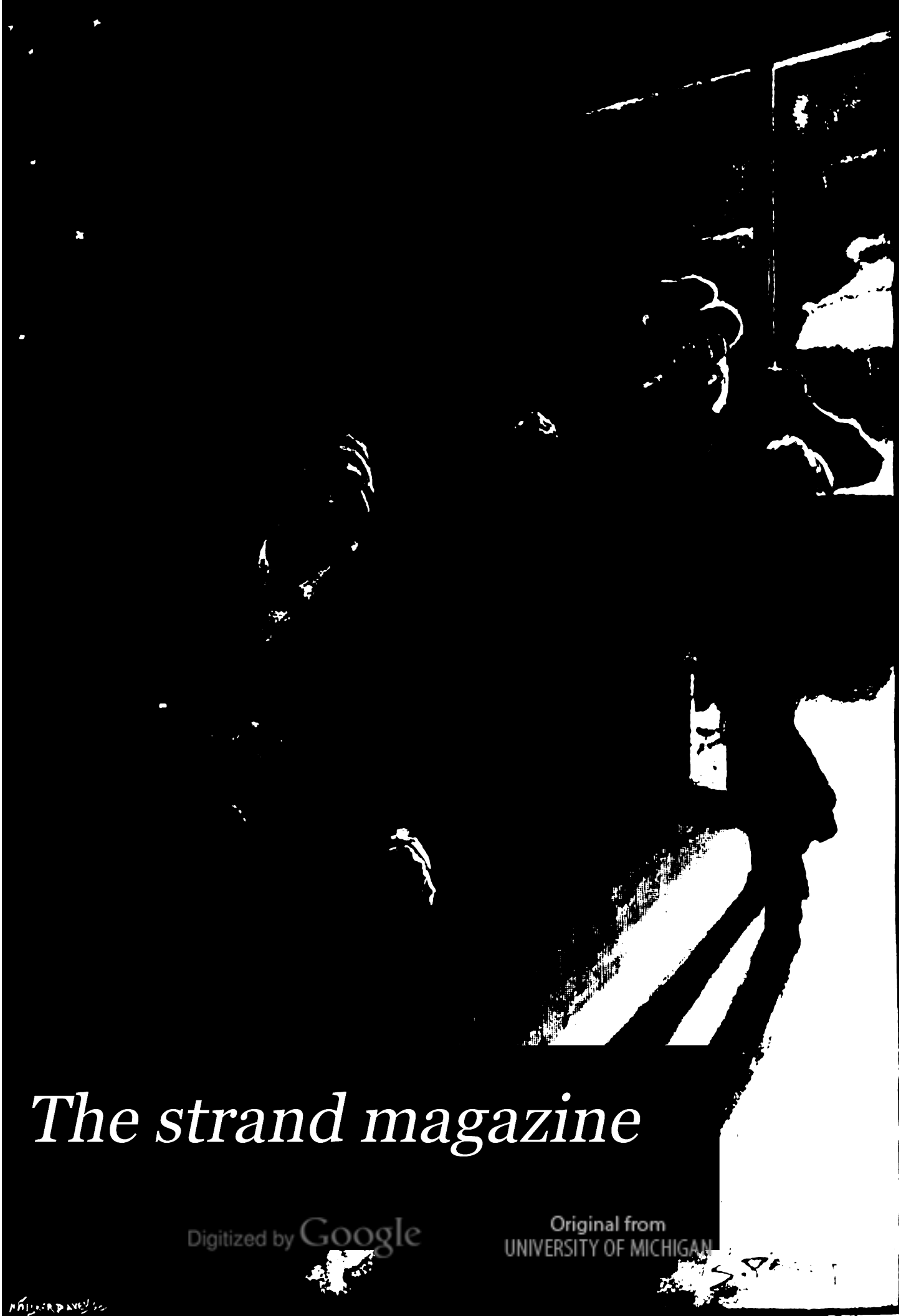


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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JULY, 1899, TO DECEMBER, 1899

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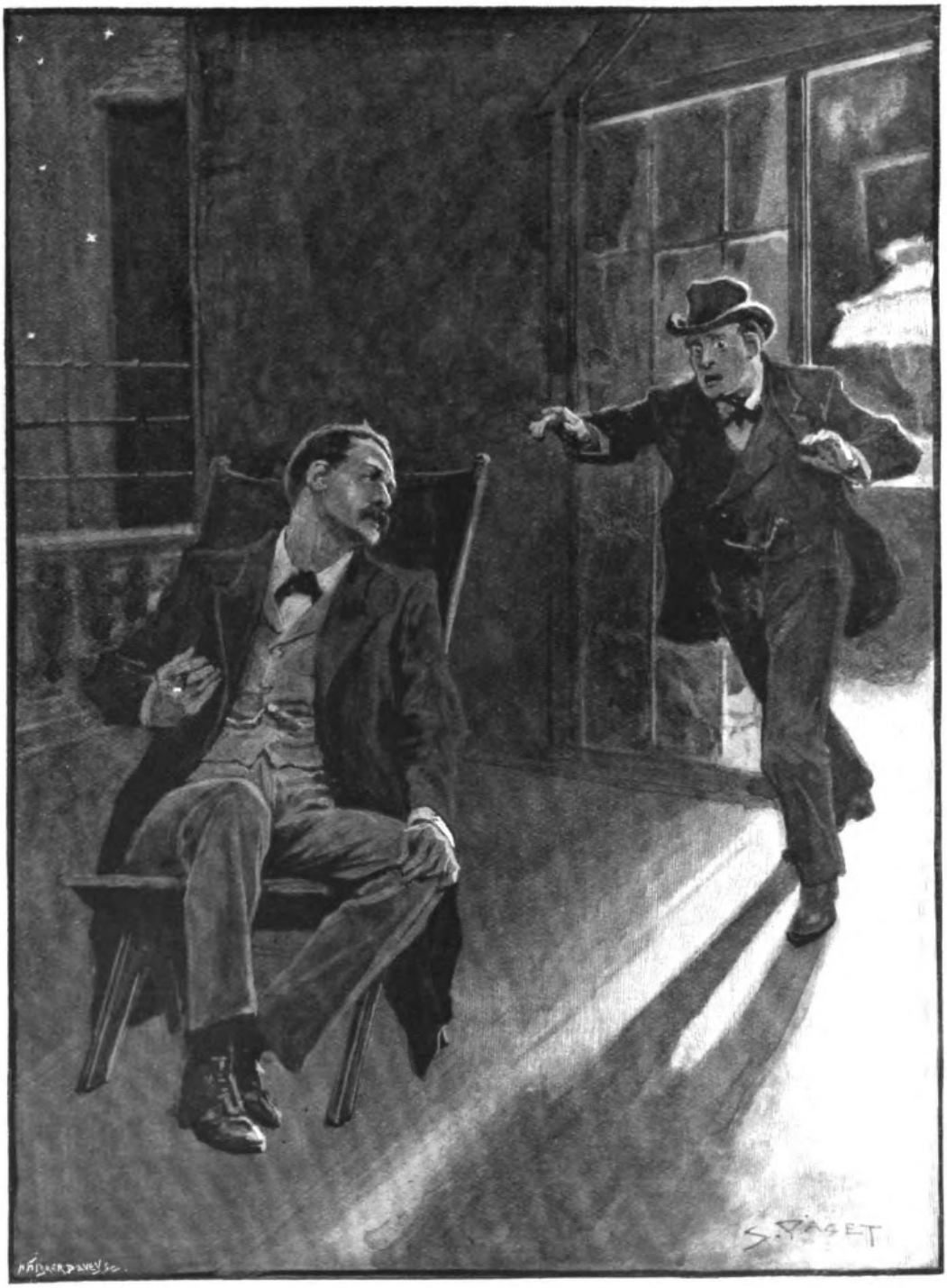
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"JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!"

(*See page* 16.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM a man of day-dreams, and a doctor by profession. It was my lot when about forty years of age to inherit a large fortune, and I immediately set to work putting a design which had long occupied my mind into execution. I resolved to leave the thorny and struggling path, where I had often felt myself in my brother practitioners' way, and, buying a large site of ground in the vicinity of Hampstead, proceeded to build upon it a goodly mansion.

When the house was completed and the grounds laid out to the best advantage I took possession, and now unfolded my scheme to a brother doctor whom I had long respected and loved. He and I agreed to go into partnership, and, with the aid of some of our younger brothers of the medical profession, to open what we were pleased to call the Sanctuary Club. This was in the spring of 1890.

The rules of the club were as follows: It was to be opened to men and women of all ages and classes who chose to fulfil the necessary conditions. These were an entrance fee of £50, a yearly subscription of £10, and the still more important fact that the person, man or woman, who intended to become a member, was the victim of disease in one of its many forms. The primary object of the club was to cure maladies that were in any way curable without sending the patients from England.

This great institution, of which I had dreamed so long, was for the treatment of all sorts of disease on a hitherto unattempted scale. Here my friend Chetwynd and I could put into execution the boldest and most recent theories that other medical men, either from lack of means or courage, could not carry out. One of the chief features of the place was to be a special department where the latest and most up-to-date scientific theories could be realized, one in especial being an attempt at the production of artificial climates.

I had often been struck by the pertinacity with which my brother doctors had ordered patients to seek health resorts, either at home or abroad, when they were far too weak to travel. Thus some patients were sent to the sea, others to the neighbourhood of pine forests, others to high altitudes in order to enjoy the benefits of mountain air; others again to warm, others to cold or dry, climates. At the Sanctuary Club we had, by virtue of our modern scientific knowledge, the means of producing such conditions artificially. Heat, cold, humidity, dryness, even barometric pressure, or any other required constituent of the air, were mere matters of mechanical or chemical detail. Mineral waters of the exact composition of those at the springs of home or Continental spas could be reproduced in our laboratory. Every appliance that science or art could suggest for the alleviation of suffering humanity would be worked by an efficient and well-qualified staff.

This had been my dream for years, and now, with the aid of my friend Henry Chetwynd, it was about to be realized. From the first our scheme proved attractive to those unfortunate members of the community who, suffering as they were, were only too keen to try a new thing. Our club opened with a hundred members, and before a year had expired we had nearly three hundred resident patients in the house.

Those members of the Sanctuary Club who only suffered from slight maladies could come occasionally for consultation, and at any time enjoy the benefit of our large reading and refreshment rooms, and our carefully-laid-out and luxurious grounds. But it was the indoor members, those who lived under our roof, who excited my keenest, strongest, and most life-long interest.

Strange cases came to my knowledge,

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stories of the most thrilling and absorbing interest fell to my lot to listen to and sympathize with. There were cases, and not a few, when it was my privilege and also my bounden duty to act not only as doctor but as personal friend. From time to time my brother doctor and I had to face adventures the most thrilling and dangers of so hair-breadth a character, that even now my pulse quickens when I think of them.

The following stories relate some of our most vivid experiences :—

I.

THE DEATH CHAIR.

LADY HELEN TREVOR was one of the earliest members of the club. She was a beautiful and distinguished-looking young woman of about thirty years of age. She herself belonged to the noble house of Hampton, but she had married a commoner of apparently colossal wealth. She was the Earl of Hampton's only daughter, but she had several brothers, and also two children of her own. The good things of life seemed to have fallen abundantly to her share — beauty, riches, and the devoted love of an excellent husband—but nevertheless she was a victim. She suffered from an extraordinary kind of nervousness, which, without ever approaching the borderland of the insane, caused her sleepless nights and days of apprehension and misery.

When the first prospectus of the Sanctuary Club reached her, she eagerly availed herself of this chance of cure, and was speedily installed in the most comfortable suite of rooms in the house. Lady Helen was too courteous and kind-hearted to inflict her own sufferings on others; she was full of tact and sympathy, and soon became a vast favourite in the house. She could sing beautifully, could lead the games, make dull people bright and sad people merry, and in particular attracted the attention of another member of the club, a certain Señor Don Santos, who had also come to the Sanctuary seeking health and cure.

Don Santos lived in a large mansion called Roe House in the neighbourhood of Wimbledon Common, and was said to be not only very rich, but was also known to possess one of the finest private collections of art treasures in England. Don Santos and Lady Helen soon became great friends —they had many tastes in common, and used to spend hours talking about those gems of art, those priceless possessions, which, handed down from father to son, are the heirlooms of many families.

Don Santos, however, had not the same power of dissimulating his misery as Lady Helen had—Chetwynd believed him to be suffering from incipient insanity, and there were times when his moody eye and fierce and yet abstracted manner seemed abundantly to carry out this suggestion.

"I do not like the man," said Chetwynd; "he is either insane or he is a devil incarnate. I wish Lady Helen were not so friendly with him."

"You have taken a prejudice, Chetwynd," I said, looking at my friend.

Chetwynd gave me one of his quick glances. His was a curious personality, and it is impossible to continue these stories



"CHETWYND GAVE ME ONE OF HIS QUICK GLANCES."

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without saying a few words about him. He was a little man, with a slightly deformed body, a plain face, and large head. But he had that sparkle and depth of meaning in his clear, golden brown eyes which often seem to be an accompaniment of physical deformity. It was in his power to express volumes by a single glance, and I often observed that he had more power over his patients than I ever hoped to possess. He was a man of few words, but his devotion to duty was unflinching and his indifference to danger almost stoical. There was little doubt that he was deeply imbued with the principles of some fine philosophy or faith. Also beneath his sphinx-like gravity there lurked a vein of rich humour, which made him, when he chose to exert himself, the best of companions.

Now, as he spoke of Don Santos he rose and paced up and down his room.

"I am sorry that the man has taken a liking to Lady Helen Trevor," he said, "but I am still more disturbed at his friendship for my own special *protégé*, John Ingram."

"Ah! you are devoted to Ingram; you almost spoil the lad," I could not help saying.

"No one could spoil one so simple-minded," answered my brother physician; "he is one of the best fellows I know, and his devotion to his mother is beyond all praise."

"What of his health?" I said.

"He is deriving benefit from our treatment," said Chetwynd, in a cheerful voice. "The paroxysms of neuralgic agony are much less frequent than of old—he will quite recover if he stays here long enough."

"By the way," I said, after a moment's pause, "you paid his entrance fee here, did you not?"

"What if I did?" was the somewhat vague answer.

Just then the step of a patient was heard in the corridor, and I could not pursue the subject further.

That evening Lady Helen Trevor and Señor Don Santos had an eager conversation over an old casket, called the Catalini Casket, which had been for years in the Hampton family, and which Don Santos honestly said he would give the world to possess. Ingram joined in the talk, and I also was interested by the lady's description of the matchless casket, made of an enormous onyx stone, and richly incrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

A few days later these three members of the club took their departure, all sounding its praises and promising to visit it again. Lady Helen returned to her husband and children; Señor Don Santos to resume the control of his magnificent museum; and John Ingram, who was a commission agent in the City, to his usual employment.

The Sanctuary Club was opened in the early spring of 1890, and it was in the late autumn of that same year that I next saw Ingram. One afternoon, between five and six o'clock, he burst unceremoniously into my consulting-room.

"You must forgive me," he cried. "Chetwynd is out, or I would have seen him, but I cannot rest until I confide in someone, and you will tell Chetwynd, I know. The most splendid luck has fallen in my way. I can scarcely believe in my own good fortune."

"Sit down, Ingram," I said. "Why, how excited you look; what can have happened?"

"You know that we are poor, Dr. Cato, and that but for Chetwynd's generosity I could never have afforded to join the club. What don't I owe to the Sanctuary Club—not only my recovery to health, but also the acquaintanceship of"—he hesitated and dropped his voice—"of those who will make my fortune. But there, I am under a promise not to mention names. Chetwynd may have told you how my mother looks to me for support—it is one of my day-dreams to have her to live with me. Well, I am in a fair way to have that day-dream realized. I am just about to receive a commission—5 per cent. on £7,000. That means £350, all earned in one day. Think of that for a novice!"

"But how have you done it?" I asked.

"Ah! that I cannot explain—I am bound to secrecy, but what I tell you is true. I will call again to-morrow, and if you like, will show you the cheque. Yes, I am a made man, for other commissions will doubtless follow from the same source. But I cannot stay another instant. Tell Chetwynd, and wish me luck, Dr. Cato."

I did so heartily—I liked the bright-eyed, happy-looking young fellow, and could not but rejoice in his unlooked-for prosperity. When Chetwynd returned I mentioned Ingram's visit. To my astonishment the little doctor looked grave and disturbed.

"I wish I had been at home," he said. "I don't like this a bit. Of course, it means——"

"What?" I interrupted.

"The Spaniard has a finger in this pie—I don't like it, Cato."

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"Now, what do you mean?" I asked.

"Señor Don Santos was far too friendly with Ingram when they were both here. I distrust the man thoroughly. There is no doubt that on some points he is insane—he is also unscrupulous, and to attain his ends would stop at nothing."

"Oh! you are over-suspicious," was my answer. "There is no use in labelling any man scoundrel until he has proved himself one, and what the Spaniard has to do with Ingram beats my comprehension."

"Why, Paul, are you blind? Who else would give Ingram a commission of that magnitude? Doubtless, when he left here, he was going to Wimbledon. I don't like it at all; what is more, I have a good mind to follow him."

To this remark I made no reply. I knew that in certain moods my friend Chetwynd would brook no interference. If he chose to follow Ingram on a wild-goose chase, it was his own affair. I thought little more of the circumstance during that evening, being much engaged with some anxious cases. Little did I guess the next news which was to reach me. About ten o'clock the following morning Chetwynd burst into my room. His face was white, and his big, queer-looking eyes were shining with a curious expression. He spoke very quietly, however.

"I was right in my conjectures," he said, and he dropped into a chair.

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"Ingram is dead."

"What?" I answered, springing to my feet.

"Yes—he was found dead this morning on Wimbledon Common. The following are the details." Chetwynd spoke in an almost monotonous voice, but I knew with what an effort he was keeping himself under control.

"You remember my words of last night? When I went to bed I could not sleep. Each moment I felt more fearful and uncomfortable. Finally I resolved to go to Wimbledon as soon as the day broke. I cycled over, and went in the direction of the Spaniard's place, Roe House. When I got within three hundred yards of the house I saw a crowd collected. I went up to them. They were clustered round John Ingram's dead body. The poor fellow had been found by one of the rangers. He was lying about three hundred yards from one of the main roads, beside a clump of gorse bushes. The man gave the alarm, and the police, when they arrived, said that he must have wandered or been decoyed off the road and murdered. But the point which astonishes and horrifies everyone is the merciless and brutal character of the murder. The assailant must have been possessed of superhuman strength, for Ingram had evidently been hurled to the ground with the utmost violence. Indeed, his injuries were so extensive and his fractures so numerous, that it seems almost impossible that the murder was the work of any one human being. Another strange thing is that there are no marks round the spot



"CHETWYND BURST INTO MY ROOM."

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to give evidence of a struggle. It is all most horrible. I cannot understand it."

"Do you still hold to your queer opinions with regard to Don Santos?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"I do and I don't. The whole thing is inexplicable: unless he threw the poor fellow from a balloon, I have not the slightest idea how he killed him. Well, Ingram is dead past recall. I pity his poor mother. I wish to God I had gone to Wimbledon last night."

I started up.

"I will go to Wimbledon myself," I said. "I cannot rest until I know more."

Chetwynd said nothing to dissuade me—he looked queer and unlike himself. I took the next train to town, and arrived at the scene of the murder in the course of the morning. Poor Ingram's body had been removed, in preparation for the coroner's inquest, to the nearest inn. I was admitted to see him, and heard the opinions of many experts who had been called in. One and all denied that the murder was the work of a human being, though they frankly admitted that they could offer no suggestion as an alternative argument. I personally could give no information except a report of Ingram's last words to me on the previous day. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that I would call upon Señor Don Santos and tell him the whole story. He had been interested in Ingram. If Chetwynd's surmise was right, he had something to do with the large commission which the poor fellow was to earn. Roe House was situated on the edge of the Common. The house itself was large and built in the modern style. It was surrounded by private grounds, and there were thick trees growing up almost to the front door.

I rang the bell. It was answered immediately by a demure-looking, elderly servant in livery. In reply to my query he told me that his master was within, and invited me to enter. I was shown into a lofty dining-room sumptuously furnished. I was in no mood, however, to notice the antique oak and rare vases of old Sèvres and Chelsea porcelain which decorated the walls. The Spaniard entered. He held out his hand with a pleasant greeting.

"It is kind of you to call, Dr. Cato," he said. "I'm pleased to see you."

"I have come," I answered, "not only to see you, señor, but to acquaint you with a painful affair."

"What is that?" he asked.

"You remember Ingram—that nice young fellow who you were so kind to when staying at the Sanctuary in the spring?"

"I remember him perfectly."

"I have just seen his dead body."

Don Santos started, and his swarthy face turned pale.

"Ingram dead?" he cried, after a pause; "that accounts. But I am interrupting you, Dr. Cato; when and how did he die?"

"He was found this morning three hundred yards from your gate, injured almost past recognition, dead, foully murdered."

Don Santos was quite silent for a moment; then he said, slowly:—

"And you have called here because you thought this news would interest me?"

"I called for a double reason," I replied. "First, because your friendship for the poor fellow entitled you to know of his death, and partly because I hoped that you might be able to throw light on a ghastly occurrence."

"I did not murder him, if that is what you mean," answered Don Santos.

"If I thought that I should scarcely have asked to see you," was my reply.

He laughed.

"My dear fellow, forgive an unseemly joke. The fact is, your news has unnerved me. Unfortunately, I can throw what will be a very lurid light on this affair. But tell me first—have you seen Ingram lately?"

"I saw him last evening. He came to bring Chetwynd and myself an excellent piece of news. A friend, whose name he would not divulge, had given him a magnificent commission—he was nearly beside himself with joy."

"He would not give you the name of his friend?"

"No."

"I can supply it. I am the person. Two days ago I learned, through a mere accident, that the celebrated pearl necklace in the Forsyth collection was to be sold yesterday at Christie's. As I did not wish to appear in the matter, I commissioned Ingram to buy it for me, giving him power to bid as high as £7,000. I had a telegram from him yesterday, which I can show you, saying that he had secured the necklace for my figure, and would bring it to me in the course of the evening. I waited up for him until past midnight; he did not appear, and I went to bed."

"Then you never received the necklace?"

"No."

"This is most important. Of course, the poor fellow was robbed and murdered, for there was nothing of value on his person.

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"THEN YOU NEVER RECEIVED THE NECKLACE?'

The coroner is probably now at the Sign of the Dragon; will you come with me?"

"Willingly," answered Don Santos. He put on his hat and accompanied me. His evidence was given quietly. It, of course, supplied a motive for the murder; but how the deed was accomplished, how the murderers got away, and where the celebrated necklace now was, remained wrapped in mystery.

Time went on and nothing transpired to throw light upon the occurrence. Everything conceivable was done, the most unlikely clues followed up, but the police had at last to confess that they were nonplussed.

One afternoon, towards the end of the following May, I was walking in my grounds when I was attracted by the arrival of a cab just outside the principal entrance. A tall lady, in deep mourning, but rather shabbily dressed, got out and walked up the drive. She paused when she saw me, hesitated, and then raising her eyes, said:—

"Am I addressing Dr. Paul Cato?"

"That is my name," I answered; "is there anything I can do for you?"

"I am Mrs. Ingram," was her reply. "You knew my son and were kind to him. May I speak to you in private for a few moments?"

"Certainly," I said, much interest coming into my voice. I took the lady immediately into my private study. Closing the door, I asked her to seat herself.

"I knew your son well," I remarked, "and took a deep interest in him. His death has caused me the greatest pain."

She raised her hand to interrupt my words.

"I beg of you to allude as little as possible to personal feelings in this matter," she said. "It is with an effort I can keep my grief under control, and I do not mean —I am determined not—to give way."

Her face changed from red to white as she spoke and her lips trembled. After a moment, however, she spoke very quietly.

"I want to talk business with you—do you understand?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"It is my intention to trace this murder to its source. I have come here for the purpose. I would have seen you before, Dr. Cato, but after the shock of my son's death I was ill. A blank surrounds that dreadful time—I had fever and, luckily for myself, was unconscious. I have now recovered, and have one object left in life. I mean to bring the man who deprived my boy of his young existence to the gallows."

"My hand on it, madam," I could not help saying—"your wish is mine."

"Thank you," she answered. A sudden fire filled her dark eyes, the colour rushed into her cheeks.

"If that object can be effected I shall die happy," she continued. "Now may I ask you one or two questions?"

"As many as you please."

"Will you give me, quietly and impartially, an exact account of the murder—the appearance of the body when it was found, where it was found, and everything else?"

I complied—I told the mother of the murdered man the whole sad history. She would not allow me to shirk anything, nor did I try to. When I had done she said:—

"My son knew Señor Don Santos. The señor lives on Wimbledon Common. His house is called Roe House. My son wrote to me constantly about him: the Spaniard

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had evidently attracted him to a remarkable degree. How far from the spot where the body was found is the residence of Don Santos?"

"The body was found about three hundred yards from Roe House," was my reply.

"Ah," she said, "I thought as much. Has no one seen Don Santos in connection with the murder?"

"I visited him immediately afterwards. He told me that he had commissioned your son to buy him a valuable necklace. He expected your son to visit him on the evening when the murder was committed in order to hand him over the necklace, when your son was to receive his commission, a sum amounting to £350. Ingram never reached Roe House, and beyond doubt the murderer absconded with the necklace."

"So that is Don Santos's story," replied Mrs. Ingram, very slowly. "Will you listen to me? I have every reason to believe—nay more, I am certain of the fact—that my son did visit Señor Don Santos on the evening of the day on which he was murdered, and did hand him over the necklace. I have more than one reason for the very firm opinion which I have formed. In the first place, Don Santos is not a man of honour."

"Now, what can you mean?" I said.

"He commissioned my son to purchase a valuable necklace, telling him that he might bid as high as £7,000 for it. My son was to bring him the necklace, and on receipt of it he was to be paid £7,000 and his own commission of 5 per cent. My son, reckless with joy at the thought of securing so large a sum, had borrowed the £7,000 from a dealer in order to go to Christie's to pay for the necklace. On my son's murder, this dealer, Robertson by name, applied to Don Santos to restore the money, declaring that the order was practically his, and that he ought to make good the loss. Don Santos absolutely declined to pay one penny."

"And how has the debt been met?" I asked.

"By me, Dr. Cato. All I possess in the world of ready capital has been raised to clear my son's honour. I have paid Mr. Robertson to the last farthing. I have now nothing in the world to live on but a small annuity which I inherited from my husband of £50 a year."

I felt my heart beat high with indignation. There was nothing to say, however, and the widow proceeded:—

"My other reason for believing that there has been foul play is on account of a dream, a curious and very vivid dream which I had."

"Indeed," I said, gravely. I naturally did not believe in dreams, but the face of the woman opposite to me, in its intense and tragic earnestness, forbade a smile.

"I can guess something of your thought, Dr. Cato," she continued, "but there are dreams which have elements of truth in them. Let me tell you mine. On the night when my boy was murdered, I dreamt that he visited Don Santos at Roe House, that he gave the Spaniard the pearl necklace, and sat with him for a time on the wide veranda of his house."

"I did not know the house had a veranda!" I exclaimed.

"In my dream I saw a veranda with great distinctness. It was on the second floor. This veranda was inclosed by a stone balustrade, and there were several deck chairs about and some small, round tables. My son and Don Santos sat there together that night and smoked. My dream was so vivid that I could almost hear what they were saying, and I noticed the expression on the Spaniard's face. I tell you, Dr. Cato, it was diabolical. I would have seen you before on the subject of my dream but for my queer illness. That dream was not sent to me for nothing."

"Go on," I said, "what followed? You say you heard Don Santos speak and you saw his face. What came next?"

"Nothing," she replied; "a great blackness fell over me—I no longer saw the figures on the veranda. I awoke struggling for breath and screaming. I do not know any more."

"Then owing to your dream you are under the impression that Don Santos is connected with the murder?"

"He is at the bottom of the whole thing," she replied.

I sat silent for a few moments, Mrs. Ingram facing me. Her eyes, with that look of absolute confidence in them, were uncanny; the firm conviction of her words could not but impress me. Chetwynd would doubtless have shared her suspicions, but I could scarcely give credence to her story. Because a woman dreamt a ghastly dream, was a person, to all appearance innocent, to be accused of crime? Nevertheless, Don Santos must be a scoundrel not to have made some effort to replace the £7,000 which Ingram had borrowed to purchase the necklace.

"What can I do for you?" I said, after a pause.

"This," she replied, instantly—"I want

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you to go and see the Spaniard. I cannot go myself, for the moment he saw me he would be on his guard. Pay him a friendly visit, and find out if there is such a veranda to the house as I have just described. Get him to talk about my son: watch him closely.



"I WANT YOU TO GO AND SEE THE SPANIARD."

If you will do this for me, it is all I ask. He does not suspect you; will you go, and at once?"

"I have not the slightest objection to visiting Don Santos," I said, after a pause, "and if it will relieve your mind I will call upon him."

"Then, go now, this afternoon—there is no time to lose."

Her wild words impelled me. I had nothing special to do, and started off for Wimbledon within the hour. I was admitted to Don Santos's presence. He received me quietly and with his usual courtesy.

"I am delighted to see you, Dr. Cato," he said. "I was just writing to you."

"What about?" I asked.

"I want to pay a visit to the Sanctuary next week. I am not well; some of my old painful symptoms have reappeared. Chetwynd had a soothing influence over me—his treatment served me marvellously. Can you take me in next week?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "but I am sorry you are feeling indisposed."

"It has been coming on gradually. Chetwynd will soon restore me to my normal health. By the way, you don't look too well yourself, Dr. Cato. You have quite a haggard look in your eyes. You take poor Ingram's murder to heart. That will never do. By the way, has any fresh light been thrown upon the mysterious affair since I saw you last?"

"None whatever," I answered.

"Ah," he said, looking thoughtful; "it is one of those mysteries which will not be revealed until the Day of Judgment. Now that you have come, doctor, I shall insist on your dining with me."

I thought for a moment, and then determined to accept the invitation. Don Santos rang his bell and gave directions to a servant who appeared. Not long afterwards he and I found ourselves seated at a little oval table in the big dining-room. As we ate my host talked well and brilliantly. Certainly he was an interesting man, and his knowledge of art treasures was extensive.

The meal lasted for over an hour, and during that time I had almost forgotten Mrs. Ingram, her curious dream, and her nameless suspicions. The dream, however, and the suspicions were revived when Don Santos said, in a hearty voice:—

"The night is fine—let us go up and smoke on the veranda."

"The veranda!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Yes, have I not shown it to you? It is one of the specialities of my house. I had it built according to my own ideas. On the hottest day in summer you get a breeze there, and I generally smoke my last Havana there before retiring to rest; but come."

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As he spoke he led the way upstairs, and, opening a door on the second floor, just as the widow had described in her dream, we entered an extensive veranda. As I looked at it I could not help starting. It was inclosed by a stone balustrade, upon which were fixed by uprights iron rails which ran round it. There were several deck chairs, just as the widow had mentioned, and there were also some small, round tables. The night was starlit and warm. As I seated myself in a comfortable deck chair and lit a cigar I noticed that my host was listless and silent.

A sudden impulse came over me.

"Do you know," I said, watching him narrowly as I spoke, "that I had an interview to-day of a somewhat painful nature."

"Indeed," he replied.

"With no less a person than Mrs. Ingram, the mother of the poor fellow who was murdered. She told me of a dream she had. She dreamt that you and her son were seated on this balcony."

"Ah," he said, impatiently, "we never sat here. I often meant to have him to dine with me. On that one eventful night I waited long for him, but he never came. I could not account for his non-appearance." The Spaniard spoke softly and with much sadness in his tone.

"There is one thing, Don Santos," I said, suddenly; "you will forgive me, but perhaps you do not realize that Mrs. Ingram is a poor woman. Her son borrowed £7,000 to buy that necklace for you. Is it fair that she should have to pay it back?"

In a moment he had turned upon me, his whole face distorted with the most livid passion.

"Why do you interfere?" he said; "you had much better not. My God! If you only knew! I will pay that woman the £7,000 in full when I get the necklace, not before. Tell her to move Heaven and earth to get it back for me, and she shall be paid then in full, every farthing, but not before—my God! I have spoken—*not* before."

His voice quivered, he suddenly left my side and began to stride rapidly up and down the veranda—there was almost the ring of a madman in his tones. I saw I had gone too far, and was about to soothe him when he suddenly came back and spoke in his accustomed voice.

"I told you that my nerves were giving way—there are moments when I can scarcely contain myself. I must come to the Sanctuary as quickly as possible and put myself under Chetwynd's treatment."

"And I will not keep you longer now," I said. "I have tired you."

"You have upset me," he said, brusquely. "Forgive me for being rough, but there are some things I cannot bear. Well, if you must go—you must."

A few moments later I had taken my leave of him.

As soon as I entered the Sanctuary on my return, I was greeted by Chetwynd.

"I want to speak to you," he said. There was some slight excitement in his manner. I noticed it.

"You will be interested to hear," I remarked, "that I have just been paying a visit to our old patient, Don Santos. You ought to go and see him—Roe House is worth visiting."

"Ah," replied Chetwynd, "you know my opinion of that man, Cato. Come with me into my private consulting-room, won't you? I have something to say."

I went with him. He turned at once and spoke to me about Mrs. Ingram.

"I have seen her," he said; "she told me that she had asked you to visit Don Santos. She also mentioned her most extraordinary dream."

"I said I would try to verify it for her," was my remark.

"Have you done so?"

"Strange to say, Chetwynd, I have—at least the part in which she describes the veranda. It is there, and just as she spoke of it, but doubtless the thing can be explained. Ingram must have mentioned it to her in one of his many letters."

Chetwynd was silent.

"By the way," I continued, after a pause, "you will have to put up with Don Santos, whether you like him or not. Next week he is coming here again."

"The old symptoms?" asked my brother doctor.

"He complains of them."

"That man will end in an asylum," said Chetwynd, briefly. "I am sorry he is coming back."

"I could not refuse him admission to his own club," I answered.

"Of course not. By the way, we seem to be doomed to have old patients back again. I have just received a letter from Lady Helen Trevor; she arrives to-morrow."

"Indeed," I said, "she was a very pleasant visitor; we ought to be glad to welcome her."

"By the way," said Chetwynd, quietly, "Don Santos may not find things so pleasant

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as he imagines at the Sanctuary Club. Did I tell you that Mrs. Ingram is coming here also to-morrow?"

"Indeed, but how. She is not a member."

"She comes as my guest. You remember that you and I always have the privilege of asking guests here from time to time."

"Certainly, but are you acting wisely in extending this invitation to a hysterical woman?"

"You are hard on her, Cato, and also unjust. Mrs. Ingram possesses absolute self-control. Her mind is perfectly balanced; and as to her dream—well, think what you like of me, old fellow, but I believe in it."

I could say nothing further. In certain moods it was impossible to control Chetwynd—he was determined to saddle a foul crime upon Don Santos, and what the end would be remained shrouded in mystery.

The next day Lady Helen arrived. She looked older than when I had last seen her, and there was evidently a very serious care weighing upon her mind. On the first evening of her visit she spoke to me.

"I have not forgotten the gentleman who was an inmate of this house when I was last here," she said.

"Do you refer to Señor Don Santos?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"You are likely to meet him again. He is coming back next week."

"Indeed," she answered. She looked pleased and relieved. Looking full at me she said, suddenly, "I want to take you into my confidence—may I?"

"If I can be of use to you, I shall be pleased to listen to anything you have got to say," was my answer.

"Well, it is this. At the present moment I am sorely in want of money—a good sum, too."

"But I thought your husband was a millionaire?"

"He is rich, no doubt, but not quite so rich as people give him credit for. In the present matter, however, it is impossible for me to apply to him. Now, I must get the money—£5,000—as soon as possible, and it has occurred to me that Don Santos can help me. I mean to ask him for his aid."

"I wish you would not," I could not help saying.

She opened her eyes wide in some surprise.

"I must," she said; "my need is very pressing; in fact, I may as well own to you that I have come to the Sanctuary Club more in the hopes of meeting Don Santos than anything else."

I stared at her in some surprise. I did not like to press more fully for her confidence, but what did she mean? She was young and handsome—what could she have in common with a man of the Spaniard's type?

The next week the señor arrived. He was gentle and courteous, his friendship with Lady Helen was quickly renewed, and, to my astonishment, he also took special pains to be polite to Mrs. Ingram. That strange woman by no means repelled his attentions. On the contrary, she often sought him out, and they had long and interesting conversations together.

The days passed without anything special occurring. At last, on a certain morning, Lady Helen came to see me.

"Will you help me?" she said, impulsively; "if you will, I can get what I require."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Don Santos has promised to advance me a loan of £5,000 on a condition."

"And what is that?" I asked.

She made a slight pause; her large brown eyes were full of restlessness.

"I must give you my full confidence," she said then. "I want the money for my brother—my favourite youngest brother. He has got into terrible trouble—he is reckless, defiant of the ordinary rules of society. He has always been something of a spoilt darling. When my mother died she left him in my care. He has got into debt. My husband is jealous of my great love for him, and will not help him with so much as a pound. Something must be done immediately, so I am determined to come to the rescue. If I can get £5,000 from Don Santos, my brother's most pressing debts will be paid, and he will be saved."

"What is the condition on which he will lend you the money?" I asked.

She came a little nearer and dropped her voice.

"You know the señor's passion for curios of all sorts?" she said. "Have you ever heard me speak of a casket which we hold in my father's family? It is called the Catalini Casket—it has belonged to us for four hundred years. When I married, my father gave it to me as my wedding present, but on a condition, a solemn one, that I was never to part with it. I did not intend to break that condition, but my present need is too great. I am going, not to sell the casket, but to borrow money on it. Don Santos will lend me £5,000 if I give him the

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casket as security. He returns home to-day."

"So soon?" I interrupted.

"Yes. He says the uncomfortable symptoms which brought him here have quite disappeared, and he is anxious to be home again. I am also going back to Yorkshire this afternoon, but will return early to-morrow with the casket. I want you to take the Catalini Casket to Don Santos to-morrow night and to bring me back the money. He will pay me in gold, not by cheque—I have asked him to do this in order to insure my husband never knowing of the transaction."

"But why should I be your messenger?"

"It is by the señor's special request. He says that he has made a rule never to admit a woman into Roe House. Oh, you will not refuse me? If you will help me in this matter I will bless you to the longest day of my life."

She spoke with passion; there were tears in her eyes; her voice trembled. Perhaps Chetwynd might have refused her, but I found it impossible to do so.

"I don't like it," I said. "I will say so frankly, but, of course, I cannot decline to be your messenger."

"Thank you," she answered; "you cannot understand what a relief this is to me. I will go and tell Don Santos immediately—he will be pleased—he is most anxious to secure the casket, and says quite openly and frankly that he does not believe I shall ever be able to redeem it."

"And under such circumstances are you willing to part with such a treasure?" I asked.

I must," she replied; "I have no choice."

She left the room, and a couple of moments later Don Santos himself knocked at the door of my room.

"Come in," I said.

"So you are going to help Lady Helen?" he remarked, closing the door softly behind him. "I am very much obliged to you, very much obliged indeed. Now listen. I have not been here for the last two or three days for nothing. That poor woman, Mrs. Ingram, has impressed me favourably. I cannot part with £7,000 for a valuable necklace which I never received, but I will let her have half the money, and whenever the necklace is traced and brought to me she shall have the remainder. If you will bring the Catalini Casket to my house to-morrow night, you shall have in gold and notes the money which Lady Helen requires, and also a cheque drawn in Mrs. Ingram's favour."



"OH, YOU WILL NOT REFUSE ME?"

I thanked him heartily. I did not remark then, although it occurred to me afterwards, that as he spoke he avoided looking at me.

"I am glad you are better," I said.

"Much better—in fact, I am quite well. I am restless away from my treasures, and am going back to them to-day." He walked to the window as he spoke, and I saw him rubbing his hands together as though some thought was pleasing him very much.

"You are in good spirits," I said.

"Who would not be at the thought of securing so matchless and celebrated a casket?"

"Indeed," I answered; "I know nothing about these things."

"If you had ever studied the subject of art treasures,

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Dr. Cato, you must have heard of this special casket. It is formed out of one enormous onyx, on which are two priceless cameos, and around the lid rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, all of enormous value, are richly embedded. The casket was fought for, struggled for, and lost again and again as far back as in the time of the Crusades. How it got into the Hampton family remains a mystery. It will be mine now."

"But surely Lady Helen will redeem it?"

"Never," he said, softly. He came up to me almost on tiptoe, held out his hand, said good-bye, and left me.

That evening, before retiring to rest, I had a word or two with Chetwynd.

"I want to ask you a straight question," I said. "Don Santos has been your patient once again: do you still suspect him of foul play in the matter of Ingram?"

He did not answer for a moment; then he said, slowly:—

"I would rather not speak of my suspicions. I have just come from a long interview with Mrs. Ingram; she interests me profoundly."

"Well, I have something to say," I continued. "I am going to visit the Spaniard at Roe House to-morrow evening. I have been commissioned to execute some business for him."

"The deuce you have!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Are you mad?"

"I hope not; and, by the way, the man's visit here has not been without fruit. He has promised to refund Mrs. Ingram some of the money which her son paid for the necklace."

Chetwynd looked grave and anxious.

"I wish you would not go to Roe House," he said, earnestly.

I laughed.

"Really, Chetwynd," I answered, "I shall begin to think your own nerves are out of order."

He was silent for a moment, then he said, slowly:—

"Notwithstanding my duties as doctor here, I have toiled over the strange case of the murder of John Ingram almost day and night, and I now hold a theory too fantastic to divulge. This theory is founded on a single point. It is this: As I looked at poor Ingram's dead body that morning last autumn, I saw adhering to his coat a good many pine-needles and twigs. Now, the only fir trees anywhere near stand in the inclosure surrounding Don Santos's house. This looked to me as if Ingram must have climbed a fir tree, for he could not have got the needles on him unless he had been among the small branches."

"Climbed a fir tree? What on earth for?" I asked.

"Ah! that remains to be answered. Now listen, Cato. Have you made up your mind to visit Roe House?"

"Certainly."

"In spite of my telling you frankly that I consider there is an element of danger in your visit?"

"In spite of your friendly warning."

"Then I will cease to urge you not to go. On the contrary, I consider that your visit may be of the utmost use to me. Go and do exactly what Don Santos asks you. If he requests you to dine to-morrow night, humour him. I shall also go to Wimbledon to-morrow; we will force his hand."

"Do you mean to come with me to his house?"

"Not I. He won't know until the last moment that I am on the premises. My dear fellow, of one thing I am certain—Ingram was never murdered on the common."

"Not murdered on the common? But he was found there. How did he get there?"

"That," replied Chetwynd, "is what you and I have got to discover, and to-morrow night, too. It is a risk—are you prepared to run it?"

"I certainly am. Chetwynd, I am sorry for you; you are bitten by a craze—a craze to discover what never can be discovered on earth."

"We will soon know," was his ambiguous answer.

Lady Helen returned with the casket and put it into my hands, and punctually at eight o'clock on the following evening I arrived at Roe House, carrying the treasure with me. The moment I rang the bell the door was opened by Don Santos himself.

"Well," he cried, eagerly, "have you got it?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Capital. Come into my study. You have done well."

We both entered. I took the precious casket out of its wrappings and gave it to him. He went over to the nearest window and examined it carefully. I noticed a queer smile of avarice on his features.

"You will dine?" he said, looking at me.

"If you wish it," I answered.

"That is right. I have not yet received the necessary notes and gold from the bank. I sent a special messenger for them early

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to-day. They will come, doubtless, in the course of the evening. Lady Helen specially stipulated to be paid in gold and notes. Of course, in a case of this kind one must submit to the caprices of a woman, and the money will be here by the time we have done dinner."

"My time is yours," I answered; "I have nothing special to hurry me back."

"Good, very good. It is a delightful summer's evening—we shall enjoy ourselves on the veranda afterwards. May I take you to a room now to wash your hands?"

I was somewhat surprised at his acting as his own servant. The house, too, seemed silent and deserted. In a few moments we were seated before a sumptuous cold repast in the dining-room.

"I hate your hot English dinners," said Santos, apologetically; "besides, it means keeping a lot of servants around one. Now, my wants are few, and it is so much more convenient to wait on ourselves than having chattering servants overhearing every word one says."

The señor spoke in a quick, nervous way, and there was a gleam in his eyes which I had noticed with more or less apprehension when he was suffering from his worst attacks at the Sanctuary. Suddenly, as I sat before that dinner table, some of the fears which had infected Chetwynd began to visit me. I lost my appetite. I wished myself anywhere than where I was. Don Santos was a stronger man than I: more muscular, with more physical power. Should occasion demand it, the strength of a madman might be his. Beyond doubt he was the victim of incipient insanity. His conversation as dinner proceeded took a strange turn. He talked of himself in a most confidential way.



"HE EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY."

Suddenly he rose.

"How hot the night is," he said; "shall we finish our dessert on the veranda?"

"With pleasure," I answered. "But I hope your messenger will soon come with the notes, Santos, for I want to return to Hampstead before it is too late."

"He ought to arrive at any moment—we will wait for him on the veranda. Come, let me show you the way."

He led me upstairs, and we entered the large veranda which Mrs. Ingram had so faithfully described in her dream. It was a beautiful starlit night and perfectly warm.

"Take that chair," said the señor. He pointed to one of the deck chairs as he spoke. I seated myself and lit a cigar. My host also smoked silently. We were both quiet, drinking in the peace and beauty of the night. At last Don Santos stirred restlessly, and said, in an abrupt tone:—

"It is strange how one's memory reverts to bygone events. Now, I hate even to think of poor Ingram, and yet I never come to this veranda but thoughts of him return to me. By the way, how far away from here did you tell me his body was found?"

"Not three hundred yards," I answered.

"Strange, strange. Have you any special theory with regard to the murder?"

"No," I replied, "but my friend Chetwynd has."

"Ha!" he answered; "and doubtless that most interesting lady, Mrs. Ingram, also

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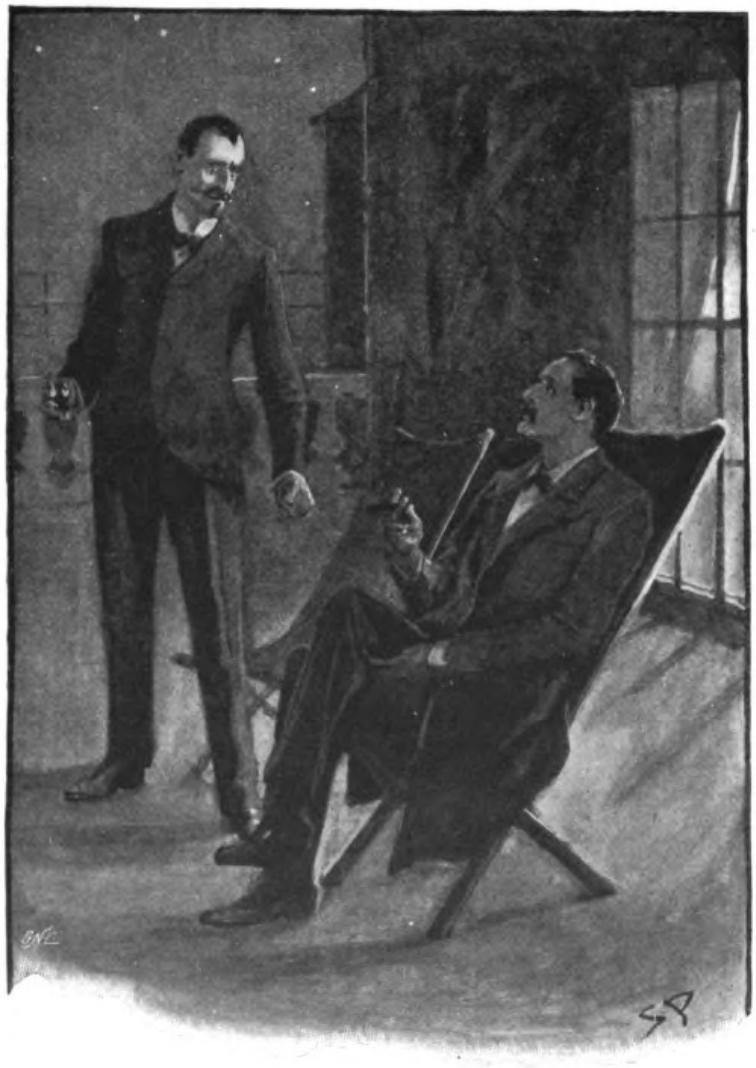
holds a theory of her own. I must not forget that I am to send her a cheque by you to-night. I would never wish to be hard on women, although I hate them all. By the way, Cato, do you know that I believe that woman, in some queer, unfathomable, impossible way, suspects me—*me*—of the murder of Ingram?"

"Nonsense," I answered.

He started to his feet.

"I don't think it nonsense, nor does she. But I believe I heard a ring—that must be the messenger with the notes and gold. I will let him in."

It struck me, as Don Santos said this, that he must have extraordinary ears, for I had certainly heard no bell ring. He left the veranda quickly. I sat on in my comfortable chair. I heard the sound of his retreating footsteps dying away, and then everything was quiet except for the stirring of a slight breeze in the top of the dark fir trees. I was relieved that Don Santos was no longer by my side. If the man was not mad he was next door to it: his words during my visit had been more than strange, and there was a light in his eyes which I had seen before, but never in those of a sane person. Should I leave the veranda, go downstairs, and make my escape? Was I really in danger? I could have easily gone away, but Lady Helen had trusted me with her commission, and the casket was in the Spaniard's possession. I must not leave the house without the £5,000 which was to be Lady Helen's in exchange for the Catalini Casket. I must also try to get the cheque which the man had promised Mrs. Ingram. I was still lying back in my chair when a moving shadow cast by a lamp in the room behind me suddenly spread across the veranda. I started and turned. Great heavens! it was Chetwynd himself! He rushed towards me, his eyes alight with terror, his voice hoarse with fear.



"HE STARTED TO HIS FEET."

"For God's sake, Paul, get out of that chair," he cried; "jump for your life."

There was no time to be even surprised. I made one bound from the chair, and at the same instant something whirled through the air close behind me. There was a dull clang. Chetwynd, gripping my arm, pointed up. Neither of us could speak.

Fixed at the extremity of a huge steel spring which had been concealed as one of the planks of the veranda, the chair had flown up in a great arc above us, the spring had dashed against the bars of the iron railing, and the chair checked thus suddenly in its flight was still quivering to and fro from the terrific shock of the impact.

Chetwynd was the first to gain his voice.

"Hush! Look!" he whispered. Through the doorway, leering out into the darkness, was the face of the Spaniard. The next instant it vanished. Chetwynd blew loud blasts on a whistle, and we both rushed into the room. The man was gone, but before we had reached the top of the stairs a loud

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shriek, followed by the sounds of a desperate struggle, fell on our ears, and hurrying down we saw Don Santos struggling like a wild cat in the hands of two powerful detectives. It was a horrible sight. Chetwynd turned to me.

"I congratulate you, Cato," he said. "Two minutes more and you would have been lying amongst the gorse bushes. It was a little too near to be pleasant." He looked back at the señor, who was still filling the great hall with furious imprecations.

"Take him to the station, Mitchell," I heard Chetwynd say; "I will be with you the first thing to-morrow morning."

I shuddered. The shock, the suddenness of the whole thing, had unnerved me. I felt sick and faint.

"Come, old chap, it's over now," said my friend; "let me get you some brandy."

We entered the dining-room. The table was still strewn with the remains of our dinner. Chetwynd lit a candle, and I poured out a stiff glass of brandy and gulped it down.

"But what does it mean?" I cried.

"I suspected it," he answered; "not exactly what has happened, but something very like it. The señor is partly mad, but more wicked. He had a craze for the collection of art treasures, and wanted to secure them without paying his victims the necessary money. Thus he never intended to pay Lady Helen for the Catalini Casket. The old story which was repeated once in the case of Ingram would have again been the talk about you. Your lifeless body would have been found in the morning on Wimbledon Common, and the police would suppose that you had been robbed and murdered. I guessed that this was the señor's game, but it was impossible for me to tell how he performed his ghastly feats until I could get within the precincts of Roe House. When I found that you were really going there, I thought my opportunity had come. I resolved to watch you, and at the same time to let you go into danger. I followed you this evening, bringing two detectives in plain clothes with me. I perceived that there were no servants in the house, which strengthened my suspicions. We three managed to get into the garden, and watched you as you sat at supper. When you went up to the veranda we raised a window and got into the house, and then began our search. We first made our way to the room under the veranda. Come, I will show you." He took up a candle as he spoke. I followed him.

"We could hear your voices above us," continued Chetwynd. "When we entered the room I struck a light and then saw what I will now show you—something that sent me flying up to you. Thank God, I was just in time. Santos must have gone down the other way, so I missed him."

We had now entered a small, bare room. In the centre stood an enormous cogged wheel and ratchet, which could be wound by a handle. Upon the floor lay a long steel chain.

"Do you see this?" said Chetwynd. "The chain was used to wind down the huge steel spring in the veranda; this cord drew back the catch in order to release it, and then—well, you saw the rest for yourself. One moment more, and it would have flung you over the fir-tops and out on to the Common, three hundred yards away. Your dead body would have been found there in the morning. Just as in Ingram's case, there would have been no clue. Don Santos would have declared that you left the house with the money in your possession, thus giving the motive for your murder. No possible suspicion could have attached to him. Paul, I don't wonder you feel shaken, but think for your comfort that you have avenged Ingram and brought to the gallows one of the most crafty, scientific, and satanic criminals of the day! What a stir it will make!"

The next day Roe House underwent a careful examination by some of the ablest detectives in London. In all sorts of unlikely places treasures of immense worth were hidden. Doubtless they were most of them stolen. Amongst others the pearl necklace for which poor Ingram was murdered was found. It was sold again even for a larger figure, and thus Mrs. Ingram got back her money. Lady Helen also received the Catalini Casket uninjured into her trembling hands. She had the courage and good sense, after so frightful a catastrophe, to inform her husband of the truth. He was more lenient than she had painted him, and her young brother was saved from absolute ruin.

As to Don Santos, even the plea of insanity availed nothing—two months later he was hanged for his crimes, and the world was rid of one of the most consummate scoundrels who has ever lived.

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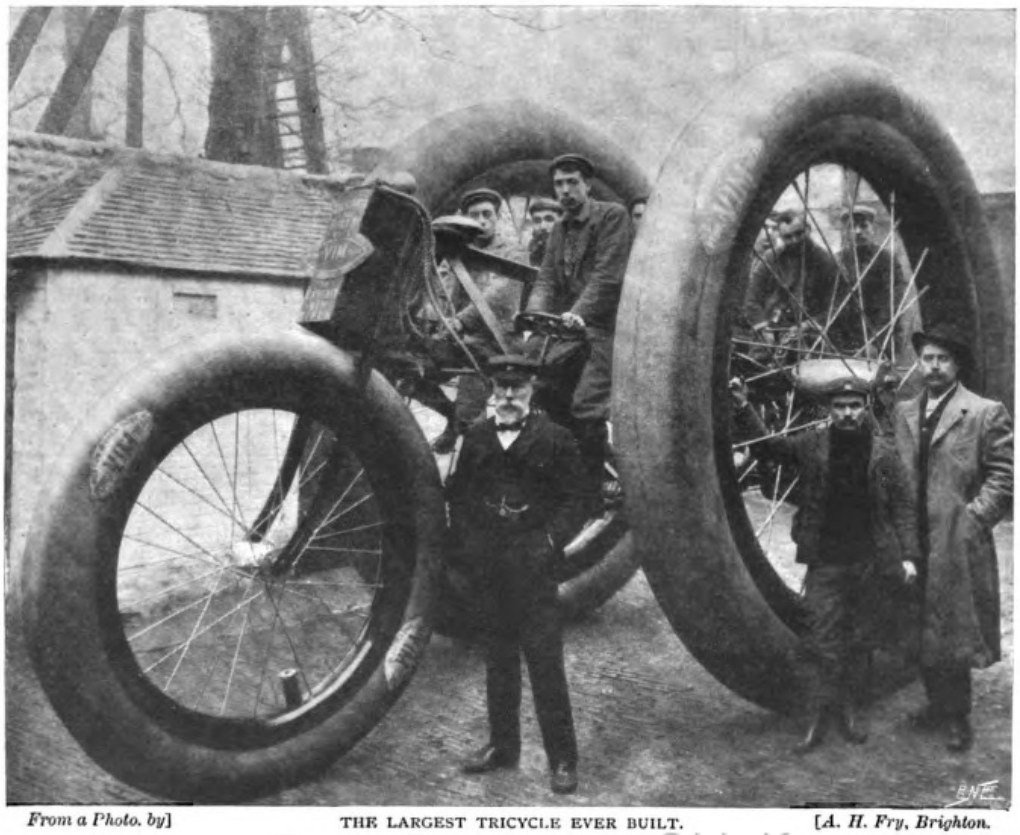
Remarkable Cycles.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

IN no industry, perhaps, have manufacturers so sought to bring their particular wares to the notice of the public by such novel and startling devices as in cycle-making. Such intense earnestness for something entirely new and attractive has been the cause of many curious creations in cycledom, and it is the intention of this article to give a description of some of the most extraordinary cycles which have been built for this purpose. And it cannot be denied that many of them must have called for much ingenuity and skill on the part of their designers and builders, while not a few have been put to very practical purposes indeed.

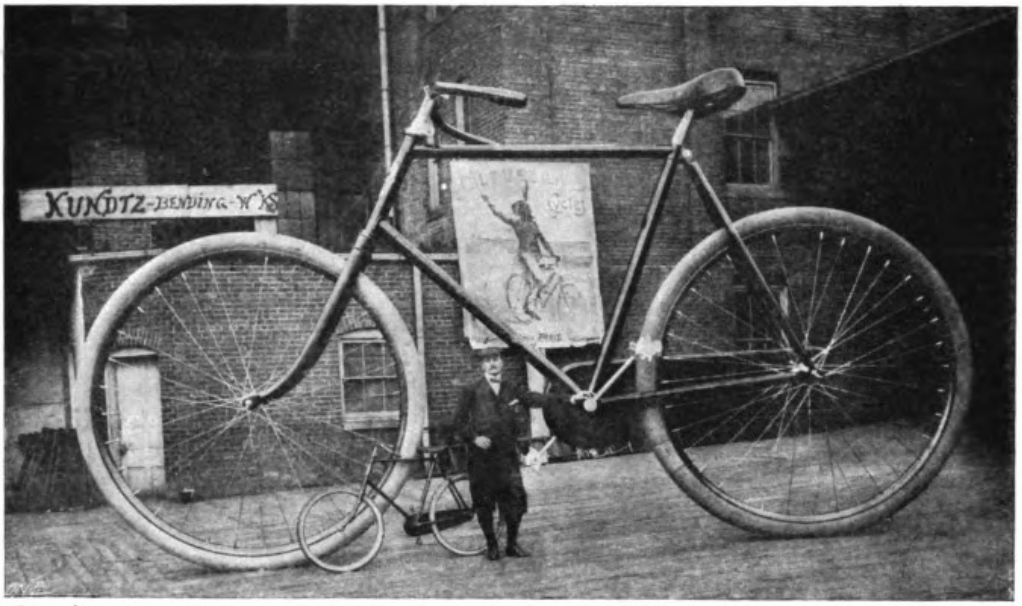
What is certainly the biggest monstrosity the cycling world has ever seen is the mammoth tricycle seen in our first photograph. It is hardly necessary to add that no one but a Yankee could have conceived the idea of constructing such a machine. It was manufactured for the Boston Woven-Hose and Rubber Company, and was built with the express purpose of advertising the Vim tyre, a tube well known on the other side of the Atlantic. Some two years ago this giant among tricycles was brought to this country, and many will probably recollect it, for it was exhibited in the windows of a well-known cycle store in Holborn Viaduct. It was so large that it was found necessary to take it to pieces to get it into the shop, and the same process had to be repeated when it was removed.

This monster was not built solely to look at, but for touring. It made many trips, and our photograph shows the machine and its eight riders on their arrival at Brighton. The two side wheels are 11ft. high, while the steering-wheel is 7ft. high. It has wooden rims, which are fitted with single-tube tyres, measuring 15in. and 18in. through for the large and small wheels respectively. The hubs on the two side wheels are 18in. in length, and are fitted with spokes of steel ½in. thick. Although the tricycle weighs nearly a ton complete it can easily be pushed along by one person on a level surface, so minutely were the bearings made. It is geared to fifty-four, and requires eight men to pedal it, and another to superintend the steering, which is effected by means of a wheel and chain. Like all modern cycles, however, it is susceptible to punctures, and sustained many of these undesirable mishaps during the course of its travels, and to locate and



From a Photo. by] THE LARGEST TRICYCLE EVER BUILT. *[A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

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From a] THE BIGGEST BICYCLE IN THE WORLD. *[Photo.*

mend a puncture on this enormous cycle was no easy task, occupying anywhere from a few hours to a couple of days.

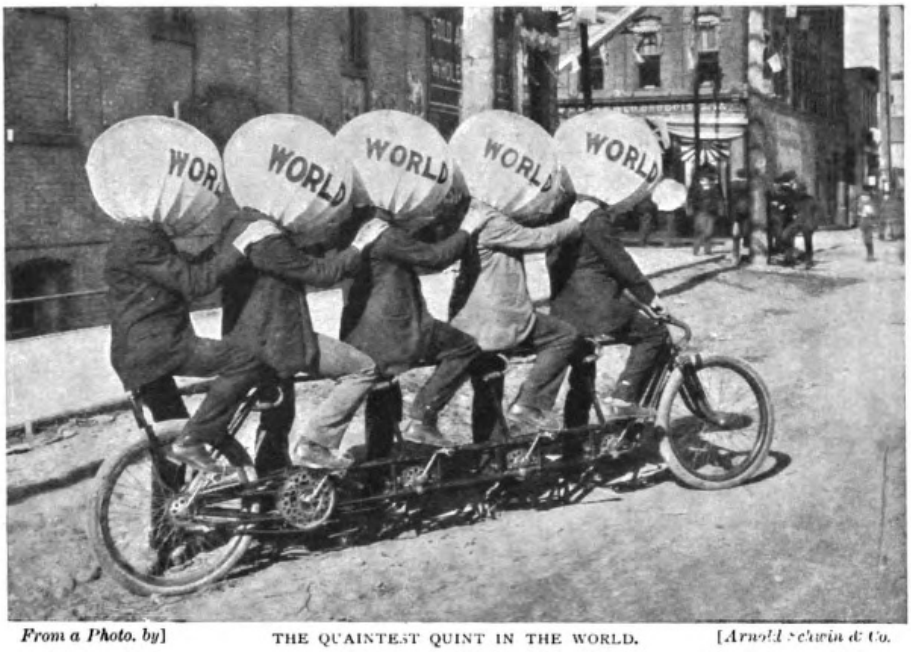
Although the largest tricycle that the brain of the cycle-maker could create was capable of being ridden, such is not the case with the biggest ordinary two-wheel safety. This machine was built entirely for show purposes, and is the property of Messrs. H. A. Lozier and Co., the makers of the well-known Cleveland bicycles. Our photograph will convey a fair idea of the size of the giant wheel, which is shown so distinctly with an ordinary bicycle and rider by the side of it. The tubing used in its construction had a diameter of 6in., while the wheels have a diameter of 15ft., and, like all American bicycles, are fitted with single-tube tyres, which are 18in. in width. The machine is made to proportion throughout, even the saddle, on which half-a-dozen men could easily find standing room. The spokes are ¾in. thick, while the gear is no less than 360in. Given a giant to bestride it, all existing records, we imagine, would soon be broken.

Having described the largest of cycles it is only natural that we should mention the



From a Photo. by] THE LONGEST CYCLE—USED BY THE BLIND AT THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE. *[Reinhold Thiele.*

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From a Photo. by] THE QUAINTEST QUINT IN THE WORLD. *[Arnold Schwin & Co.*

longest, a machine designed to carry twelve riders. It is used in the grounds of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood, and by the aid of this remarkable "iron steed" many a sightless individual has enjoyed exhilarating spins awheel in the college grounds. It is necessary, of course, for one of the crew to be exempt from this terrible affliction—loss of sight—and the second rider on the machine is the one responsible for the steering—not an easy task, as anyone who has tried to negotiate corners on machines that carry four riders and more very well knows.

Our next illustration shows a quint, a machine designed to carry five riders, and represents the work of Messrs. Arnold Schwin and Co., of Chicago, who claim that it is the only successful multi-cycle ever built. It has certainly done some good work as a pacing-machine at most of the great cycling contests, having been used at various races in Paris, Bordeaux, Brussels, Berlin, London, and in America, and has no doubt done not a little to establish many a cycling "record." It is interesting, however, on account of the novel use to which its owners have since put it, namely, to advertise the "World" bicycle, the name by which their machines are known. As will be seen in the photograph, all the five riders have their heads concealed in globes, inscribed with the word "World." These globes are constructed of light wire and cloth, having a small aperture in front for seeing and breathing. Such a bicycle with such a unique crew careering about the streets could hardly fail to attract even the attention and admiration of the busy, go-ahead American citizen.

The distinction of being the youngest cyclist in the world undoubtedly belongs to Master Clarence House, age seventeen months, who is seen in the photograph reproduced herewith riding his diminutive wheel, which rejoices in the name of the *Tit-Bits* cycle. He caused much attraction at the last Bradford cycle show, where he disported himself on his machine, with evident satisfaction to himself as well as to the visitors. The total length of the little bicycle is but 26in.; when the rider is seated on his machine, the distance from the floor to the top of his head is 2ft. 7½in. The diameter of the wheels is 10in., length



THE YOUNGEST CYCLIST IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Fox, Bradford.

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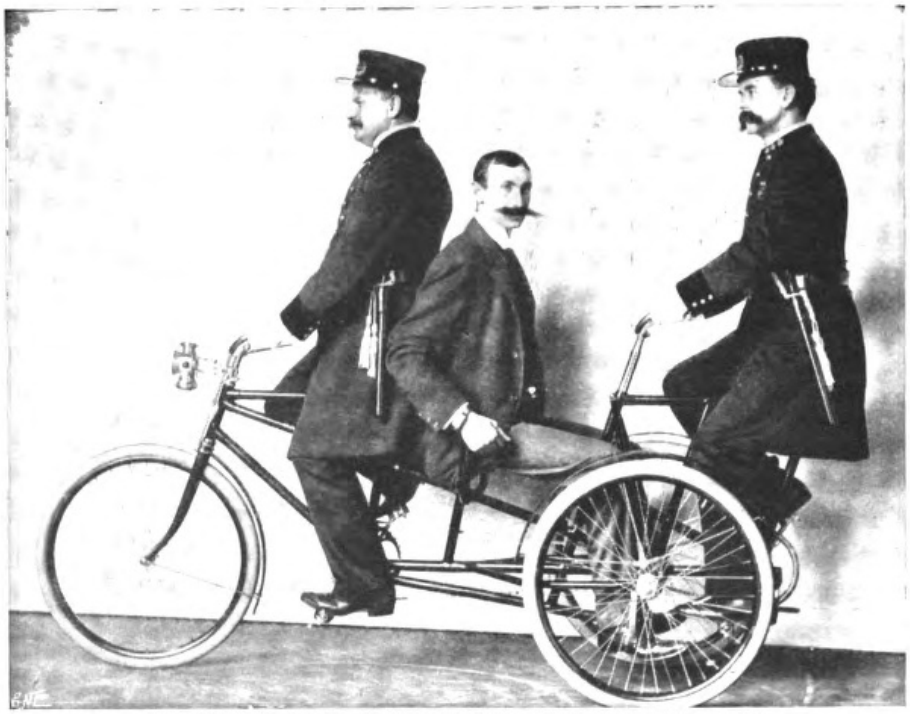


THE HEAVIEST CYCLIST ALIVE.
From a Photo. by J. H. Faber, Norfolk, Va.

of crank 3in., and gear 22. Every part of the machine was specially made, and it is a perfect cycle in every detail. It is so small that it can be put upright under an ordinary chair, while its rider has often taken cycling excursions under the dining-room table. Little Clarence is a fine big baby-boy, and bicycle and baby together turn the scale at 30½lb. Already he has received recognition as an able cyclist, for he is an honorary member of the Bradford and County Cycling Club, and his father, Mr. Albert House, who is manager of the Bradford Cycle and Motor Company, has just written us to the effect that Mr. Ernest Flower, M.P., has presented our cycling prodigy with a gold medal.

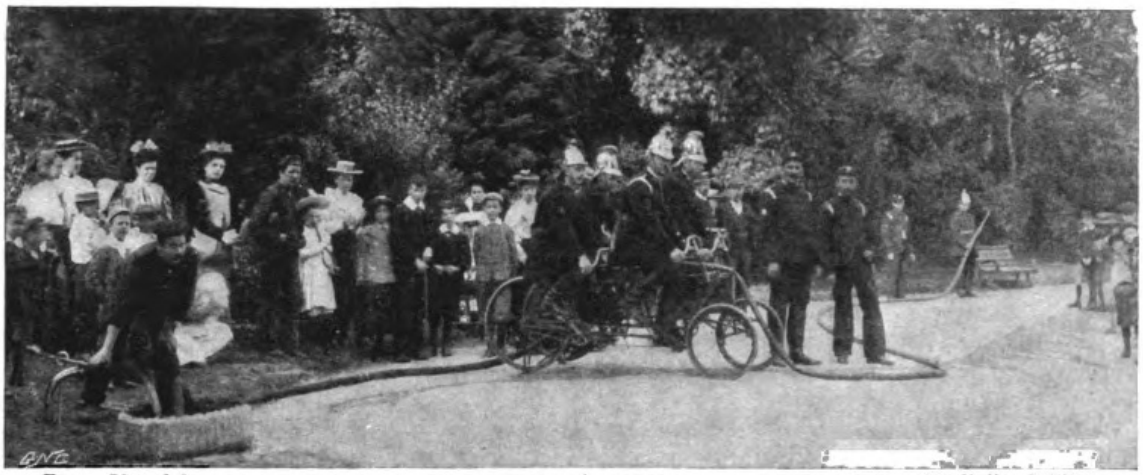
Our next "baby" is a full-grown one in the person of "Baby" Grimes, who declares that he is the heaviest cyclist in the world, a claim which we do not intend to dispute. Our photograph depicts the big "baby" in racing costume, and naturally his plump limbs are very noticeable. Grimes has done a great deal of cycling during the last five years, and has felt no ill-effects through his indulgence in the pastime; on the contrary, he declares that the exercise has been the means of keeping him in health. He turns the scale at about 570lb. He is 6ft. 4in. high, has a chest measurement of 62in., and his calves are 22in. round. His flesh, too, is as hard and firm as that of a well-trained athlete.

Turning for a moment to the more utilitarian purposes to which cycles are now being put, we might mention the Police Patrol Tricycle, which was manufactured by the Davis Sewing Machine Co., of Dayton, Ohio, about a year ago. As will be seen in our photograph, the front and rear seats are occupied by policemen, while the prisoner is seated in the centre, and is unable to give any annoyance by moving, as both his hands and his feet are strapped. This machine,



A POLICEMAN'S CYCLE—AS USED IN SOME OF THE AMERICAN CITIES.
From a Photo. Lent by the Davis Sewing Machine Co.

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From a Photo. by] A FIREMAN'S CYCLE. *[A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

the company inform us, is the only cycle ever constructed for such a purpose, and is unique, having been in practical use by various police departments in several of the American cities.

Our next photograph is also interesting, as it represents a quadricycle fire engine. The machine has the appearance of two tandems joined together, and the four riders are mounted two abreast. In the illustration we see the pumps are being worked by the pedals, the back wheels being thrown off the ground. It is believed that in outlying districts and country towns such a device as this is invaluable for getting to the fire quickly, and that it has a great future before it.

Then there is also the railway-track bicycle, another of Uncle Sam's creations, though, so far as the writer can learn, it is not very extensively used on the large American railways. It would appear, too, that it is made exclusively by one firm, the Kalamazoo Railway Supply Company. In most respects it is similar to an ordinary bicycle, with the exception that it has a third wheel of 11in. diameter, while the conventional pneumatic tyres are dispensed with, though the tread of the flat surface of the wheels, which enables it to run smoothly on the steel rails, has a continuous rubber band. These bands enable the bicycle to adhere more closely to the rails, and so lessen the danger of slipping when the rails are wet. Given a clear course, the speed which can be attained on these machines is astonishing, and to get to the scene of an accident, or to reach a far-distant signal station, is a matter which requires little preparation provided one of these bicycles is forthcoming. With a comparatively low gear a speed of twenty miles an hour is easily



From a] A RAILWAY CYCLE. *[Photo.*

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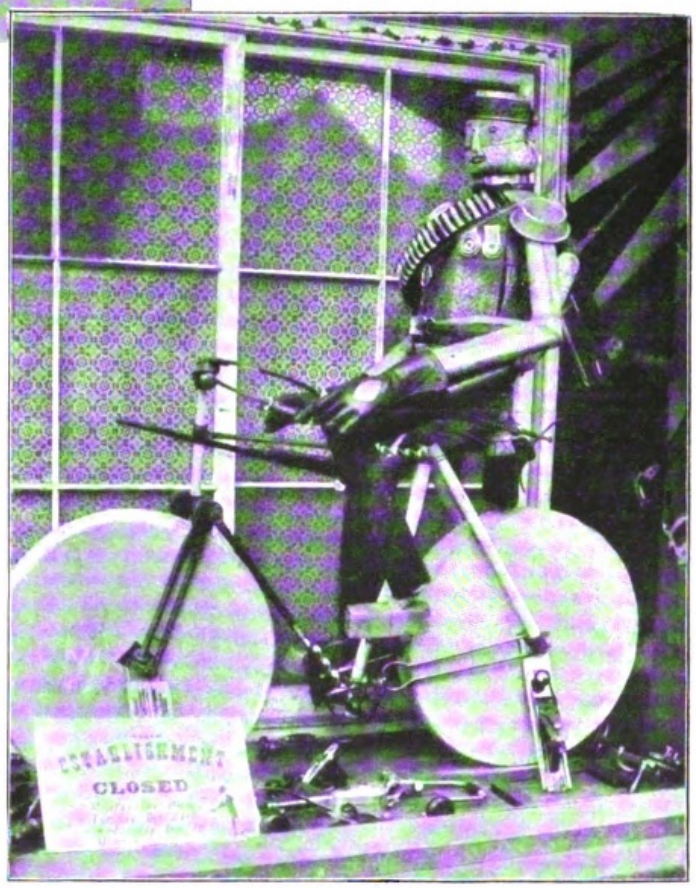


From a] JATHO'S GIANT SOCIABLE. *[Photo.*

obtainable on the level, for, naturally, riding on a modern railway track is smooth and easy running.

One of the most novel bicycles we have ever seen adaptable for two riders is the Jatho Giant Sociable. The large wheel of this unique machine is 8ft. 6in. in height, and covers a distance of 315in. in one revolution. The little steering-wheel, which is under the control of the male rider, is 16in. in height. The machine is driven by chains running from the right-hand and left-hand bottom bracket to the hub of the large wheel. Mr. Karl Jatho, the builder and designer of this remarkable cycle, is seated on the farther side of the machine, while the other seat is occupied by his sister. They have taken part in many cycling festivals in the principal towns of Germany on this curious "steed," which has never failed to attract particular attention. The machine weighs nearly a hundredweight, and cost £50 to build.

For variety and novelty in its composition, it is doubtful if the "ironmonger's bicycle" can be beaten. The photograph of this curious machine has been sent to us by Mr. J. Nevil Moore, of Semaphore, South Australia, where it was recently exhibited in the windows of an enterprising firm of ironmongers. Every article that finds a place in its make-up can be purchased at the store in question, and this statement alone will give a fair idea of the immense business of this establishment. Two large grindstones do service as wheels, and a couple of reaping-hooks make an excellent imitation of a handle-bar. A pair of gas-tongs form the fork of the "machine," while a truck-wheel and dog-chain combine to supply the propelling mechanism. The pneumatic principle is to be found in the seat, which consists of a pair of bellows, while rat-traps constitute quite the approved pattern of pedals. Fire-irons, bevels, augers, adze and hammer handles, and many other familiar articles find a place in



AN IRONMONGER'S BICYCLE.
From a Photo. by Sanders & Begg, Port Adelaide.

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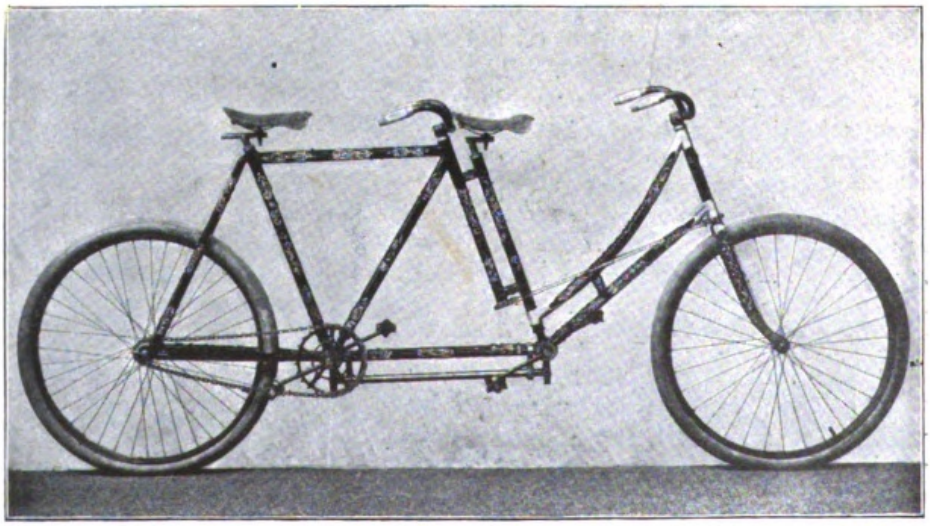
A BICYCLE YACHT.
From a Photo. by L. E. Hudson, Ellisburg, N.Y.

this novel bicycle. The rider is, if possible, more curiously and wonderfully made. His head is nothing more than a ball of binder-twine, surmounted with a cake-tin to represent a cap. The body is represented by a dish-cover, while stove-pipes make excellent representations of legs and arms.

Sailing on dry land has now become a possibility, or at least Mr. L. E. Hudson, of Ellisburg, N.Y., has demonstrated his ability to rig his bicycle with a sail, and so convert it into a "bicycle yacht." The mast is some 10ft. high, and is rigidly secured to the frame of the bicycle about 4in. behind the handle-bar. The sail is made of heavy cotton cloth, and is under the control of the rider by means of a cord which passes along the boom at the bottom of the mast to the handle-bar, and can be kept in check without interfering with the steering of the wheel. Mr. Hudson assures us that it is a very enjoyable sport on a breezy or windy day, and enthusiastically recommends it to wheelmen "who are fond of excitement with just a dash of danger."

Passing on to the more fascinating subject of costly bicycles, it may come as a surprise to many to learn that occasionally cycles have been manufactured which have been nothing else than a blaze of gold and silver and precious stones. One instance which we may mention is that of a lady's ordinary diamond dropped-frame bicycle richly and profusely decorated in silver, the ornamentations suggesting the rococo and Louis XV. styles. The handles are of carved and stained ivory, decorated with silver and jade knobs at the ends. The wheel is equipped with silver brake, solid silver cyclometer and silver bell, while the saddle and tool-bag are also ornamented with this metal. Perhaps the most beautiful accessory of the wheel is the solid silver lamp attached to the handle-bar. It is made after the most approved fashion, with a high-power reflector, and ruby and emerald coloured cut-crystal side-lights. The mudguard is nickel-plated, ornamented with silver and strung with the finest silk, while the whole frame of the machine is most lavishly decorated with specimens of the jeweller's art. This bicycle was exhibited in the windows of Messrs. Tiffany and Co., well-known New York jewellers, and is a specimen of their work. The machine, however, was not on view very long, for it was purchased the first day it was put on exhibition, and, strange to say, by a titled gentleman of this country.

The most costly bicycle ever manufactured, however, was a tandem cycle built by the Elgin Cycle Co., of which a photograph is



From a] THE FINEST CYCLE IN THE WORLD. *[Photo.*

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here reproduced. This one machine represents a small fortune, having cost £2,000 to build. When it is stated that 2,000dwts., or 8⅓lb., of fine gold, and 176 genuine diamonds, ranging in size from one to eight carats each, several hundred rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones are mounted in conspicuous places on the frame, one begins to see where its value comes in. To photograph a machine of this kind with a view to displaying its costly ornamentations is somewhat difficult, but a glance at our illustration, which is from a photograph in colours, will give a fair idea of the numerous massive gold bands which decorate various parts of the frame. These bands are of solid gold and beautifully chased. Several of the most popular outdoor sports are prominently portrayed carved in solid gold. On the top bar we may notice a bicycle race-track, showing several riders finishing a race in front of a well-filled grand stand. On the lower rear fork a boating scene may be detected, while other racing scenes are depicted on other parts of the machine. The front fork deserves special comment. The decorations are marvellous creations of the goldsmith's art, consisting of floral wreaths, each leaf and flower carved and coloured true to Nature out of solid gold. The sides are finished with two massive gold bands, mounted with twenty-five diamonds, forming a cluster for two diamonds weighing 8cts. each. The Elgin King Crown, which is set with many beautiful gems, is noticeable, while the name "Elgin King" on the drop-bar immediately above may also be discerned. The name is made out of heavy gold letters, the entire design serving as a setting for a large number of precious stones. The tandem is rideable, and the whole idea of loading the machine with such costly gems was purely a device for advertising. A worm gear takes the place of the front tandem chain, and the steering is under the control of the rear rider, but, of course, we can hardly imagine such a machine on the road.

Another beautifully decorated bicycle so far as costly ornamentation is concerned is the "Rambler," which was made by the Messrs. Gormully and Jeffery Manufacturing Company. It was built at a cost of £200. All the enamelled parts of this machine are embellished with silver embossing in the most artistic fashion. The handle-bars, pedals, cranks, sprockets, and hubs are all silver-plated. The brake is covered with gold. The spoke nipples also are of gold, and glisten through rims of highly polished mahogany. Reference may also be made to the saddle, which is of highly-polished leather, hand-carved in fanciful designs with gold mountings. The handles are of solid ivory, turned in neat spiral design, and are tipped with jewelled gold ends. The head is crowned with a circlet of pearls, surrounding an immense amethyst, while in every handle-tip are set similar specimens of the violet-blue gem. Turquoise gems may be found set at the end of either rear fork diagonal tube, and also in the head.

In concluding this article on quaint and curious bicycles we may allude to the tiniest of them all, a most interesting mechanical curio, constructed by Joseph Figarotta. This diminutive wheel weighs but two ounces, but is none the less perfect in all its parts; and, what is more, is in perfect running order. No part or appurtenance of the completely equipped wheel is lacking. A dainty lamp, with microscopic coloured lens, rests on its accustomed bracket. Although so small the wheels are fitted with pneumatic tyres, and it is in every respect an up-to-date machine. The height of the frame is but ⅞in., wheel base 1½in., diameter of wheel 1in. The building of this liliputian wheel occupied its owner most of his spare time for two years.



A COMPLETE BICYCLE WHICH WEIGHS TWO OUNCES.
From a Photograph.

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THE TRIAL OF THE "WATCH BELOW."



By J. H. Whitfield.

We were a merry party in spite of the weather and the scenery. Five of us, three ship-constructors, one engineer, and one pressman, standing on the edge of the unfinished Orient Dock; a vast expanse of quiet, muddy water before us, a lowering grey sky above us, and round us the flat shores of Kent and Essex. Near us, but aloof, were a few boatmen, labourers, hands connected with the slow making of this immense basin. We were there to test and to criticise the new submarine boat, *Watch Below*, designed and invented partly by Mackey, the engineer, principally by Boulger.

Who that ever knew Boulger could forget him? Who that knew his history could forget it? Shipwright at Portsmouth Dockyard, working his way upward until he held a good position at the Admiralty and had a hand in shaping all new fashions for ironclads, he was yet the good friend of all his old mates. I remember his good nature most of all. In his house at Clapham he kept four unmarried daughters, one son-in-law and wife, one widowed daughter, and a swarm of grand-children. He loved them all, excepting the son-in-law, and never grumbled at anyone but the persons who softened his "g" and called him "Bouljer."

Standing on the ragged edge of the dock, we were smiling because Boulger was too fat to get through the emergency door at the after-end of the cigar-shaped craft below us. We were disposed to good humour, for we considered this little trip merely as a registration of success. She had done well at a deep-sea trial: so well that the highest ones of the Admiralty had begun to show a faint interest in her. Another trial in Sea Reach, after certain improvements had been added, was not quite so successful; but this, now, was to put everything right. So, sniffing at success, we were merry, all but Bawke, under-manager of the firm which was backing Boulger with the necessary few thousands. Bawke and the inventors had a difference of opinion about the removal of certain ballast. Bawke mistrusted the craft, and said so frequently; while, English-fashion, he was doing his very skilful best to render failure improbable.

He said something again which caused Mackey to ask: "Do you think the motor will give out, then?" looking up from the large hatch which had been slid on one side to admit Boulger.

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"No," answered Bawke, "I still think the danger is in the slanting descent and ascent. She'll drown all hands some day—your magnified Whitehead."

"Come and try," said Boulger, as he lowered his body into that of the craft.

"Unless you're afraid," growled irritable Mackey.

This word settled it, and Bawke descended, asking, not from fear but from his critical habit, "What's to keep this thing from turning turtle?"

"Mr. Boulger will oblige by sitting in the bottom of her," said O'Neill, of the *Current News*, who was the fifth of us and who had already embarked. "Come, hurry up."

Bawke hurried down and I followed. So there were five on board. O'Neill had been invited because it was time people heard of the *Watch Below*, which was better covered by patents than by any veil of secrecy.

Mackey closed and fastened the hatch and the emergency hole, gave us more light from the glow-lamps, and opened the air reservoir.

Our compartment had a space of 8ft. between floor and ceiling. These were mere flattenings of the hull's circular shape. Arrangements for comfort were rough, and consisted principally of ropes led along each side of the hold. These were for support when the craft tilted. There was nothing loose on board when the crew were clinging to these ropes, only necessary gear being carried, all fixed or fixable, in order to prevent it slipping about.

Abaft of our position was the sinking and rising gear, consisting of hollow cylinders, which could be thrust out or withdrawn in order to increase or diminish buoyancy. Forward of us were the engines, and forward of these again were arrangements similar to those right aft. The chief points about the invention were the electric engines, the air supply, the ease with which either end could be depressed, so that she plunged to the depth at which it was required to travel, and then could be brought head or stern first to the surface at an easy angle.

But the pride of Mackey's heart was the "look-out man," as he called his own particular invention. This was a telescopic tube topped by a cowl, which could be easily adjusted to the necessary height, being well braced by stays always taut, no matter whether high or low. Fitted vertically to the front of the cowl was a lens, which threw a view of the picture before it upon a slanting mirror, whence it was conveyed to and reflected from the surface of a second mirror, whereon the steersman might read his course. The lens was protected by plate-glass of such extraordinary hardness and polish that spray dashing upon it left it at once undimmed. The angle of the lens was so wide that one-third of the surroundings up to a certain height was received, and by tilting the cowl its vertical range was increased, giving a serviceable, if somewhat distorted, view of objects far above the surface.

We started; the deck beneath us sloped to a comfortable angle, then became level.

"We are 10ft. down," said Boulger, looking at his indicator. Portholes at the side showed, through thick glass, water like pea-soup; we went slowly ahead, and the pea-soup foamed past us.

"Up goes the look-out man," said Mackey, and a view of the land and water above came down the tube, and a picture spread itself like that of a camera-obscura upon the lower mirror.

Breathing was not easy, as Mackey kept the air-pressure high, which was quite necessary. The engines ticked away merrily.

We went once round the dock and back to our starting-place, where those who had been watching the progress of our look-out tube just above the surface of the water gave us a signal shriek from a steam-crane whistle. This we heard distinctly and understood, and answered "All's well!" by means of specially-emitted air-bubbles.

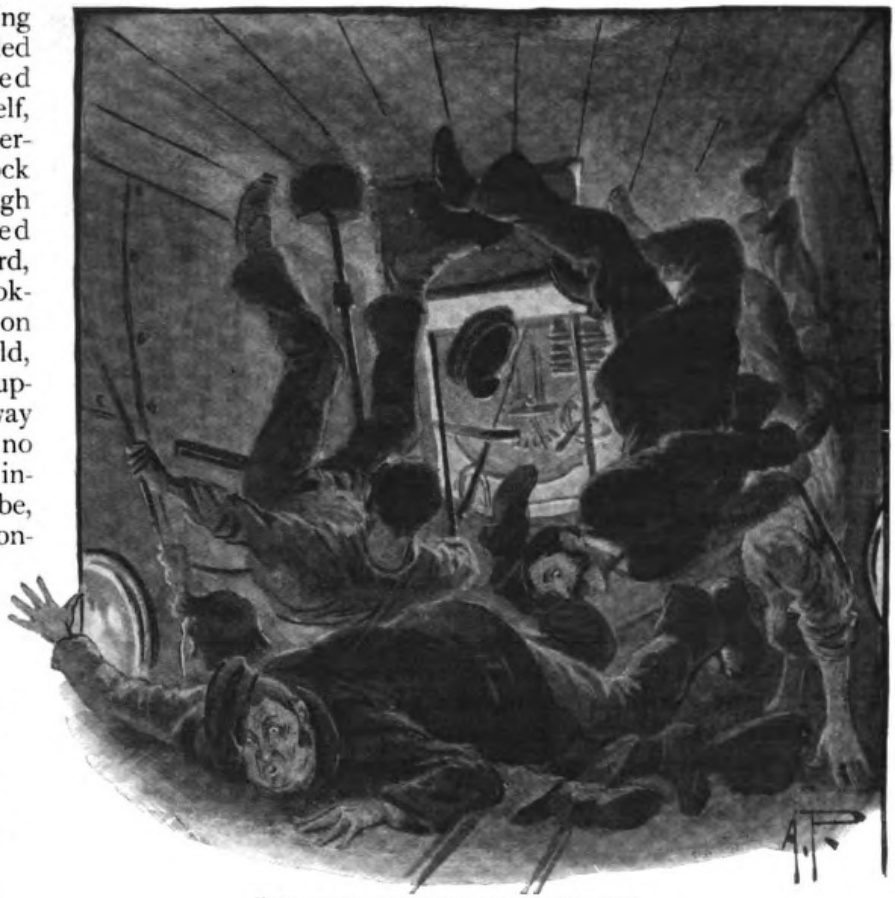
Then again we travelled to the other end of the dock, which was only a sloping mud-bank, faced by a row of huge wooden piles at irregular distances from each other, feeling our way cautiously, knowing easily and exactly our position both as to depth and in relation to the dock sides. We fired a dummy wooden torpedo here. For some reason or other, as we slowly rose and proceeded towards our goal, we came into smart collision with the stone edge of the dock, just at the place where we should disembark.

Boulger was steering, and said to Mackey, who was about to slide back the main hatch, "No—stop—we must come home neater than that. Off we go again—sink her to 10ft., and finish in first-rate style."

We plunged. Mackey seemed to go for his little starting-lever rather testily, I thought, and I noticed at the same time that Bawke stiffened himself and gripped the life-line tightly. We were going at a higher speed although at a lesser angle than before. Suddenly, without warning, the deck listed and slid from beneath us. Clinging to our

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ropes, we were all turning somersaults. She rolled violently, but seemed about to right herself, when we felt a shuddering, sliding sort of shock—not severe, but enough to incline our tossed bodies somewhat forward, and then we were all looking at each other, all on the ceiling of the hold, the engines hanging upside down ticking away merrily, lights good, no water coming up the inverted look-out tube, which was artfully constructed and came home automatically; everything working well.



"WE WERE ALL TURNING SOMERSAULTS."

"You've done it, Mackey," gasped Boulger.

"Aye, but I'll undo it," shouted Mackey, who was sitting under the engines with his back against the side and with both hands grasping his left leg. "Aft, lads, all of you, and shake her up. She's run her snout between the piles into the soft mud at the dock end."

Although shaken ourselves we were unhurt and able to rush aft, except Mackey, who dragged himself into a position whence he could control his engines.

We jumped and we shook her up, and Mackey gave the engines all they would take, as we could tell by the vibration and swirling of the useless propellors outside. In vain—she was fixed. And we were sealed up in a cigar-shaped box 15ft. below the surface of the Orient Dock, with a limited supply of air!

It is useless to describe all the attempts we made. She was fixed. Mackey stopped his engines and lowered himself down, where he sat on what was now our floor. He was ghastly. Sweat stood out upon him.

Boulger crouched, with his face resting in his hands, complaining that he felt sick and giddy; Bawke bit at his moustache and muttered, "What a fool I was to get in this mess." O'Neill squatted and wrote rapidly.

After a few minutes' panting we looked at each other again, all but Boulger. I went across to him and, as his grateful subordinate, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Look up, sir; we shall get out of this." He shook his bowed head and did not look up.

"Some of us are here till we're handed out stiff. That's certain!" predicted Mackey. "I can't think what made her twist."

"Those infernal triple propellers," exclaimed Bawke. "She was bound to go over sooner or later. If we could get her stem clear of the mud you might, by reversing the engines, right her again."

"Especially as she's not bang over," said Mackey. "She's got a list to—to—— Hanged if I know which is port and which is starboard now. Anyway, she would have righted herself if she hadn't got jammed here."

"If that ballast——" said Bawke.

"Ballast! Ballast!" shouted Mackey, drawing his right knee up close to his chin, while his left leg was stretched straight out before him. "I tell you, man, you're gone mad on ballast. You're a croaker; you're the Jonah of this voyage."

"I'll personify Jonah, if you'll kindly find some way of throwing me overboard," remarked O'Neill. "Or a torpedo: you might fire me through the tube."

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Boulger looked around him in a dazed sort of way. Mackey's voice had aroused him. "Let's try her again, lads," he said.

"Shake her again, boys," cried Mackey, dragging himself up to his levers.

So we tried again, and we shook her again until we were exhausted. She was fixed.

"Power's giving out," said Mackey, referring to his storage batteries. He sank back to his former position.

"I'm done," moaned Boulger, dropping feebly.

"There's a chance for one, perhaps two, of you," said Mackey.

A chance? Of course—the emergency door at our feet. This was merely a hinged iron plate, fastened from inside with a water-tight joint, but opening outwards.

"The hatch is jammed, and, besides, it's too big to open. But one of you ought to get through that manhole door before the rush of water comes," said Mackey, "especially as it's below instead of above. One ought to get through; two *may;* but it's a dog's chance for the third."

"We must go odd-man for it," said O'Neill. "If we all bolt at once nobody will get through."

"And make haste, because of my air cylinders," remarked Mackey.

We stooped around Mackey and spun coins—I acting for Boulger, who would pay no heed. I won the toss for Boulger, and it was with a sickly sort of joy that I recognised his chance as being worth nothing.

Then Mackey won. Again that horrid thrill of satisfaction when Mackey said in low tones: "I tossed only for the form of the thing. My leg is broken—and—besides—the craft is a failure—and—and——"

And he sank back, his face that of a man who is suffering much and expecting to suffer more. Again we hazarded. The game was mine; Bawke came next.

"Strip yourself, Jemmy," muttered Mackey—he had always called me "Mister" before. "Strip yourself and keep your arms well above your head. You're young and wiry, and ought to get through. The door only opens a foot or so. There's about a balance now between our air and the water, that'll let the door fall down—then the water'll rush in and bang the door to—then the next man's chance'll come."

"Here, take these and tuck them in somewhere," said O'Neill, handing me a sheaf of the notes he had hastily scribbled for the *Current News.* "They ought to make some noise; 'tisn't often that a dead man speaks to the public."

"Any message, sir," I asked Boulger. No answer. He kept his face covered as he bent his body downward.

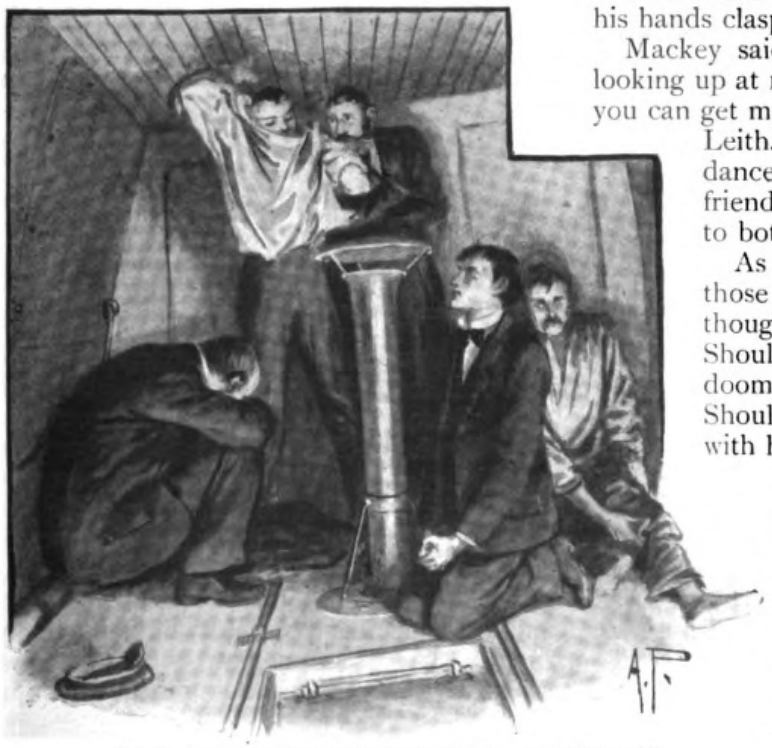
Bawke was leaning, arms folded, eyes fixed on the ceiling beneath him. He whispered, "I shall follow you. I can't die. I sha'n't die!"

O'Neill was on his knees, his eyes closed, his hands clasped.

Mackey said in a very low tone, without looking up at me: "You know my lodgings, you can get my wife's address there—she's at Leith. I've led her somewhat of a dance in my time, but we parted friends, and I leave her no bairns to bother her."

As I threw off all clothes but those next to my skin, a series of thoughts coursed through my brain. Should I give way? Boulger was doomed—Mackey was doomed. Should I give way to Bawke—Bawke with his keen intellect, with that eye which sees far below the surface of any base metal worked by civilized man? Should Bawke go first?

Or O'Neill—friendly O'Neill—careless in everything but his work, open-handed, open-minded? I thought of the glee with which he had told that when he left us he was



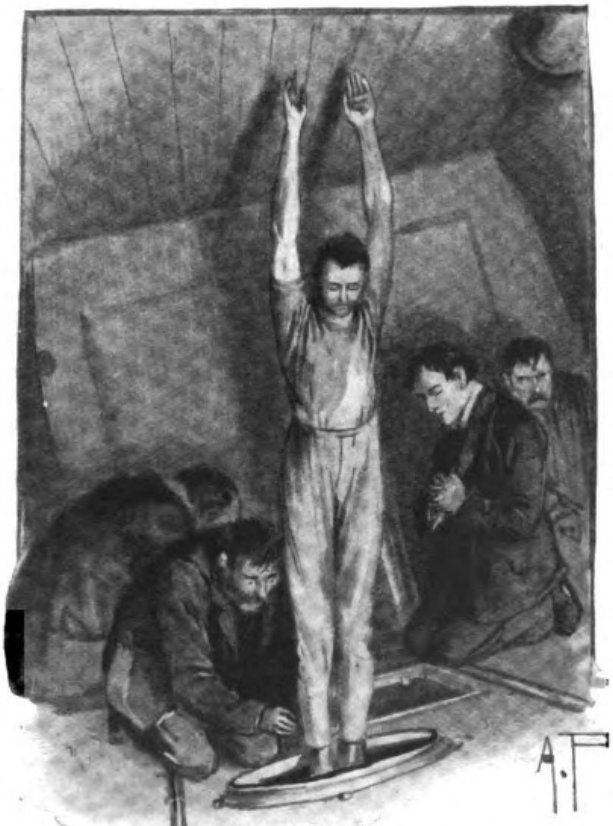
"HE WHISPERED, 'I SHALL FOLLOW YOU. I CAN'T DIE.'"

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going to meet the great Galloper, most successful of special correspondents who was just home red-hot from a battle-field, covered with Press laurels. Should O'Neill have a chance?

But myself. I thought of my mother in that southern seaport—mother, to whom my promotion brought no joy because it meant separation. A picture stopped before me—I saw her and my sister in the little house, waiting for the chief pleasure of their life, my weekly letter, and receiving, instead, the news of my awful death. And pity for them quickened the instinct of self-preservation within me.

These men were bachelors like myself—their claims for life were no more than mine, and I had won the toss. The mechanical action of tearing off my clothes had allowed all this thinking in the minute consumed by it. But now I was to make my attempt.



"I STOOD ON IT, MY ARMS STRAIGHT ABOVE ME."

I took off the clamps which fastened the door. It did not fall, although a little water oozed in through the joint. So I stood on it, my arms straight above me. Bawke rushed towards me as if he would dispute my right, and I was ready for his attack. I could have killed him or whomsoever interfered with me at that time. However, he stopped, knelt, and made ready to follow my plunge. He evidently thought the door would not close again, and meant to endeavour to force himself head-first through the rising mass of water.

Thinking all this, and much more, as I stood there with my hands touching the floor over my head, my finger-tips playing with particles of grit in the planking, I could partly realize some of the sensations of a felon as he feels the gallows-trap giving way under his feet. Suddenly the heavy cover swung downwards and I slid out. I was conscious of struggling, of abrasion, of semi-suffocation. Then I was free amongst some effervescing liquid, and I felt myself fumbling around the hull of our prison. Then a rapid ascent into growing light—a rough hug from strong hands—and I was hauled into one of the boats even then searching for us.

I looked around, water in my eyes, many questions in my ears. Big bubbles showed there was strife between air and water below, but Bawke did not appear. It was evident that the rush of water had closed the door, and that the air-pressure was insufficient to allow of its being opened a second time.

The foreman in charge of that part of the dock said, after a few hurried words of explanation and wonderment had passed: "I expect she's got nipped between them two piles there. They seemed to be forced apart; the one on the left has only been driven in a few feet."

"Then it can be shifted easily," I shouted.

I took in a great gasp of air, the value of which, boundless around me, I had never estimated; and as I thought of those below with it doled out to them, priceless, I felt equal to any effort. Hurrah! Those giant logs should be drawn further apart, and the *Watch Below* should be released. "We must heave that highest pile over. To it, my men! Foreman, you must have blocks and tackle in your shed yonder. We'll have 'em up."

We all scrambled ashore and rushed to the shed, where we found the gear we required. Speedily the tackle was stretched from the top of the pile, which stood high above its neighbour, to a fixed log on shore, giving us a straight lead for pulling the pile over in the best direction.

"Now, yeave-ho, m' lads, pull like men and not like women. Yeave-ho, break the rope. That shakes her. Heave away, m' lads; show 'em what you can do. Pull away, m' hearties."

We were all on the rope, digging our heels

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into the soft earth—a tug-of-war with men's lives as the prize. Slowly, slowly, the timber yielded and opened like the jaw of some monster unwilling to give up its prey. But, as it came over more and more, the resistance was greater.

"Pull, m' lads, pull, give her fits; now then, all together. I wish I had our crane here," gasped the foreman, who was working like two men; "here are the rails, and it could be run along, but steam's not up."

"Pull, lads, pull. Grim death is against us; tug away, we'll beat him yet. Now—a supreme effort!"

Merciful Heaven, is she coming? She is! A foaming, a shout from the foreman to the men in the boats: "Back your oars, there," a swirling of propellers, and her stern

He answered, hesitatingly: "Yes; shipped a lot of water," and disappeared as if pulled away from below.

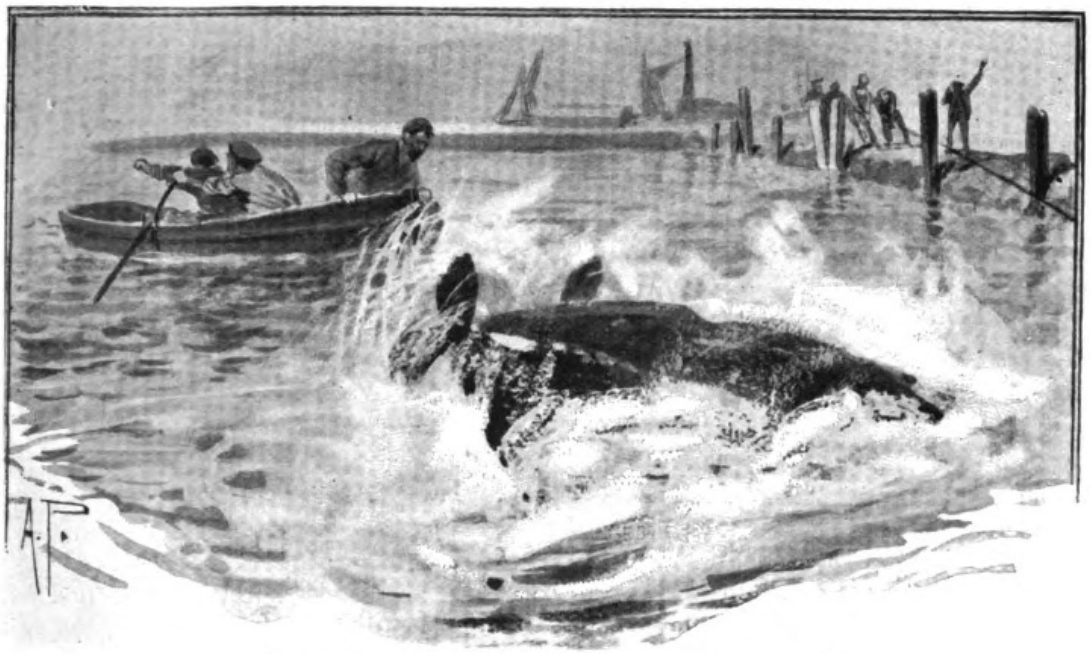
O'Neill then put out his head, and said, in his usual tones: "Faith, my boy, this is a narrow squeak. Have you got those notes safe?"

"Boulger—Mackey!" I ejaculated. "How are they?"

"Boulger's silly and Mackey's insensible, but otherwise I believe they're all well, barring Mackey's leg. Shall I come out this way?"

"No, no; we'll get the main hatch open," I answered.

This was done, and Mackey was handed out as he had predicted, but very limp. Boulger was still dazed, and I led him away,



"A SWIRLING OF PROPELLERS, AND HER STERN APPEARED."

appeared. Rolling violently, she was floating at an angle, but righted, the emergency door well out of the water, the main hatch just clear, the look-out cowl all snug and undamaged.

I jumped into a boat, which was rowed to her when the rolling had diminished and her engines had stopped. To my perfect joy the door was pushed open, and I saw Bawke, who looked at me, but said nothing.

"Is all well?" I demanded.

after regaining and donning my soddened clothes.

Boulger recovered and Mackey recovered, but the *Watch Below* was doomed. Many of her patents were sold, however, and few submarine boats are now designed without owing something to the two inventors. They earned about as much as they had spent, and so, as O'Neill remarked, "The only good turn the *Watch Below* did them was when she saved their lives."

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A Peep into "Punch."

PART VII.—1875 TO 1879.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]



THE NEW SHEPHERD.—*Hartington (new hand, just taken on).* "Hey, but Measter!—*Where be the Sheep?*"
1.—BY TENNIEL, 1875.

IN the Tenniel-cartoon, No. 1, John Bright is giving to Lord Hartington (now the Duke of Devonshire) the shepherd's crook, on the staff of which is written "Liberal Leadership." This cartoon was published February 13, 1875, and in 1874 "the great Liberal Administration had fallen as suddenly as the French Empire; had disappeared like Aladdin's palace, which was erect and ablaze with light and splendour last night, and is not to be seen this morning." Mr. Justin McCarthy has also recorded that the most potent influence which broke the great Gladstone Government of 1868–1874 was, probably, "the fact that people in general had grown tired of doing great things, and had got into the mood of the lady described in one of Mr. Charles Reade's novels, who frankly declares that heroes are her abomination. The English constituencies had grown weary of the heroic, and would have a change."

Whatever was the cause of Gladstone's fall in 1874, his dismissal from power caused him to almost withdraw from Parliamentary life and from the political world. "It seemed clear [in 1875—J. H. S.] that Mr. Gladstone never meant to take any leading part in politics again," and he made himself busy with the writing of controversial essays. In these circumstances the Leadership of the much-reduced Liberal Party in the



GROSS NEGLECT OF DUTY.—*Sunday School Teacher.* "What did your Godfathers and Godmothers then for you?"
Sunday School Dunce. "Nothing at all, Miss—neither then nor since!"
2.—BY DU MAURIER, 1875.



A PICTURE PUZZLE.—*Tenor Warbler (with passionate emphasis on the first Words of each Line).* "*Me-e-e-e-e-t* me once again, Me-e-e-e-t me once aga-a-ain——"
[*Why does the Cat suddenly jump up off the Hearth-rug, rush to the Door, and make frantic endeavours to get out?*]
3.—BY DU MAURIER, 1875.

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House of Commons was, on the nomination of John Bright, passed on to Lord Hartington—hence the cartoon in No. 1, in which the New



"A PARTHIAN SHAFT."—*Cook.* "Now I'm a Leavin' of yer, M'um, I may as well Tell yer as the Key o' the Kitching-Door fits your Store-Room!"
4.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1875.

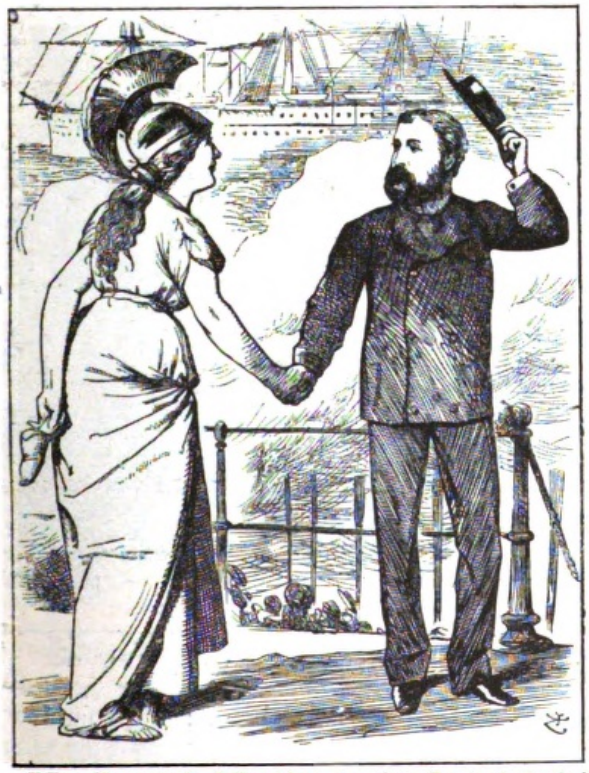


JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.—*Ethel (much impressed).* "O, Miss Grumph, *do* look! That *must* be Adam!"
6.—BY DU MAURIER, 1875.

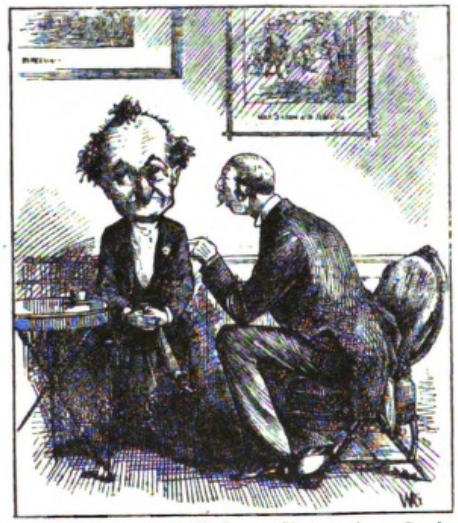
But the selection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman answered *that* question.

Pictures 2 and 3 are by Du Maurier; the piece of social satire in No. 3 is very amusing, and—thank goodness!—we do not now have inflicted upon us at social gatherings nearly so much of the amateur singing as was pressed upon the group of guests in No. 3,

Shepherd asks, "Hey, but Measter!—*Where be the Sheep?*" A few months ago, curiously enough, the position was reversed, and the Liberal sheep were asking, in 1899, "Hey, but Measter!—Where be the *Shepherd?*"



"BON VOYAGE!"—"Good-bye, my dear Boy! And mind you give my love to India."
5.—BY TENNIEL, 1875.



PUNCH, A MARTYR.—"O, I say, I've such a Capital Story for you. My little Niece, only Two Years old——"
7.—BY W. RALSTON, 1875.

who are momentarily aroused from stifled boredom by their appreciation of the cat's just act.

There is a little gem of a Keene in No. 4. Just look at the attitude of the departing cook, and at her facial expression.

Tenniel's picture in No. 5 refers to the Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1875. No. 6 is by Du Maurier—a fine piece of work—and No. 7, by W. Ralston, shows very cleverly Mr. Punch's resignation under a trial of his patience. Many of Mr. Punch's own stories and jokes have been dished up

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HARD OF HEARING.—*Polite Stranger (in a hurry, thinking he had grazed an Old Gentleman's ankle).* "Beg Pardon!"
Old Gentleman. "Eh?"
Polite Stranger (louder). "I beg your Pardon!"
Old Gentleman (unconscious of any hurt). "Why?"
Polite Stranger. "I'm afraid I kicked you——"
Old Gentleman. "Eh?"
Polite Stranger (shouting). "I kicked you."
Old Gentleman (surprised). "Wha' for?"
Polite Stranger. "It was quite by Accident."
Old Gentleman (not catching it). "Eh? Beg your Pard——"
Polite Stranger (roaring in his ear). "*Accident!*"
Old Gentleman (starting). "Bless my Soul! You don't say so! Where? Where? I hope nobody's killed——"
[*Polite Stranger rushes off, and loses his Train!*]
8.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1875.

over and over again in other papers, and on this score a New York correspondent writes to me: "Permit me to say that your *Punch* articles are accomplishing a great work in exposing a class of comic artists here who have prospered on their filchings from forgotten back numbers of that estimable paper."



Arms for the proposed new West-End Stock Exchange. *(To be placed over the principal Entrance.)* On a chevron *vert*, a Pigeon plucked *proper*, between three Rooks peckant, clawed and beaked *gules*. Crest: a Head Semitic grinnant, winkant, above two pipes laid saltierwise, *argent*, environed with a halo of Bubbles *or*. Supporters: a Bull and Bear rampant *sable*, dented, hoofed and clawed *gules*. Motto: "Let us prey."
9.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, 1875.

No. 8 is another splendidly clever Keene-drawing. In No. 9 there is a smart coat-of-arms and motto for the proposed new



OH! HORROR!—*Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church).* "What did *you* take out of the Bag, Mamma! *I* only got Sixpence! Look here!"
10.—BY DU MAURIER, 1876.

West-end Stock Exchange. The motto, "Let us prey," is very happily chosen. The temptingly-worded advertisements of the "outside"



"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!" (Aladdin *adapted.*)
11.—BY TENNIEL, 1876.

stockbrokers, with which we are so familiar, ought not to be so successful as they often are, if people would only reflect that the money spent upon publishing these advertise-

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ments, if invested by the advertising stock-broker himself in one of his "cover-systems" (instead of in advertising), would very soon automatically turn into a small fortune—if the "cover-system" and every other system of gambling were not, as they are, absolutely worthless (except as a base for ingeniously plausible traps to catch the public).

Glancing at No. 10, we see in No. 11 Benjamin Disraeli (as the magician in Aladdin who offered "New lamps for old ones") offering the Crown of India to the Queen in exchange for the Crown of England. This cartoon was published April 15, 1876, the year in which, on Disraeli's initiative,



OVER-WEIGHTED.—*Britannia.* "Look here, Father Nep! I can't stand it much longer! Who's to 'rule the waves' in *this* sort of thing?" 12.—BY TENNIEL, 1876.

the Queen formally assumed the title of Empress of India. In August, 1876, there was published another cartoon by Tenniel, entitled "Empress and Earl; or, one good turn deserves another." Disraeli had just been created Earl of Beaconsfield, and in the cartoon (not shown here) the Empress is placing an Earl's coronet on Beaconsfield's head.

The Tenniel-cartoon in No. 12 refers to the building of the *Inflexible*, which was protected with very heavy armour-plates. The comely figure of Britannia presses heavily on her shield: notice how well Sir John Tenniel has given to this comely

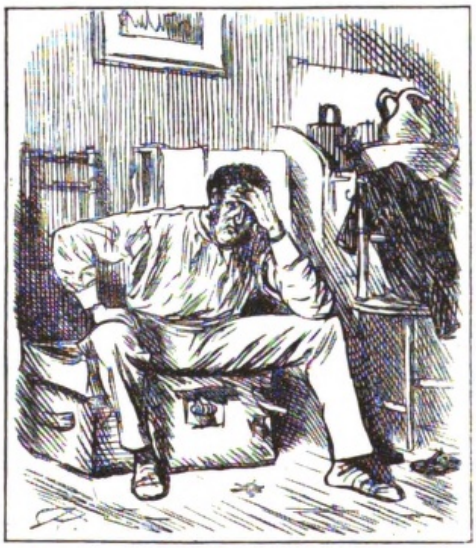


DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE. (*A Reminiscence of the Great Ball at the Guildhall.*) *Impudence (to Dignity).* "Ye'd better look sharp, my Lord, if yer wants to be in Time for Supper! Why, the Tripe-and-Onions is all gone, and so's the Liver-and-Bacon; and blest if they hain't sendin' round the Corner for all the Fried Fish as they can lay 'old on!"
13.—BY DU MAURIER, 1876.

female figure the exact pose of being over-weighted.

There is a good drawing by Du Maurier in No. 13, and No. 14 is a vivid picture of despair by Charles Keene.

In the important Tenniel-cartoon, No. 15, Lord Beaconsfield, Prime Minister in 1876, is bringing Lord Salisbury to the front in foreign affairs. The football is labelled Eastern Question, and Lord Beaconsfield says to Sir Henry Elliott, the English Ambassador at Constantinople: "There, stand out of the way, Elliott!—We've got a stronger man!" This was in November, 1876, when there was much friction between England and Russia on the subject of Turkey.



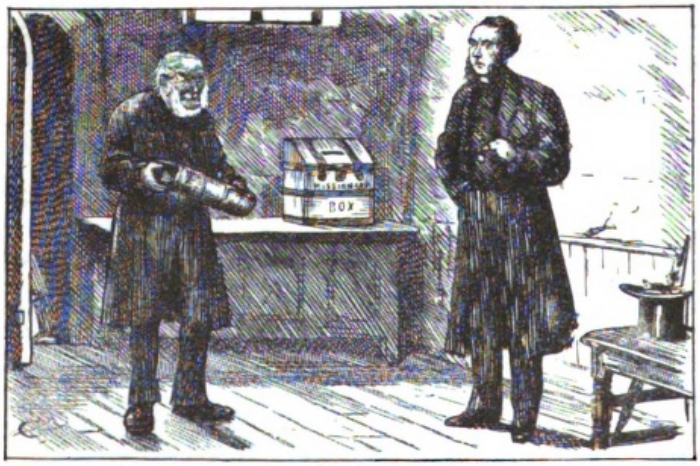
DESPAIR.—Brown has locked his Portmanteau with one of those Letter Padlocks, and forgotten the Word that Opens it! [*Only Ten Minutes to Dinner!*]
14.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1876.

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A FRESH "KICK OFF."—Beaconsfield *(Captain)*. "There, stand out of the way, Elliott!—We've got a stronger man!"
15.—BY TENNIEL, 1876.

No. 16 is a very fine bit of characterization by Charles Keene. James, the Scots beadle, who is strongly suspected of larceny, is a marvellously clever representation of deep, imperturbable, crafty guile, as he calmly suggests to the horrified minister that the theft "must lie between us Twa," proposes to pay one half each, "an' say na' mair aboot it!" The more one looks at Charles Keene's work, being on one's guard not to overlook its masterly artistic quality by reason of its great ease and naturalness, the more one realizes that only a supreme artist could have drawn these pictures.



"SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE."—*Presbyterian Minister (portentously)*. "James, this is a very dreadful Thing! You have heard there is One Pound missing from the Box!"

James (the Beadle, who is strongly suspected). "'Deed, Sir, so they were tellin' me——"

Minister (solemnly). "James! You and I alone had Access to that Box——"

James. "It's just as ye say, Sir—it must lie between us Twa! An' the best way'll be, you to Pay the tae Half, an' I'll Pay the tither, an' say na' mair aboot it!"
16.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1876.

We pity the poor little boy in No. 17, and in looking at No. 18 we observe that the architect's embarrassment is caused by his misinterpretation of the old pew-opener's innocent remark as to the bad condition of the pulpit in the church which is to be restored. The half-startled, half-suspicious glance of the clergyman at his trusted pew-opener



THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.—*Æsthetic Party (to Child of the House)*. "Tell me, Little Boy, was it your Father who Painted this exquisite Copy of one of Luca Signorelli's most exquisite Masterpieces?"

Child of the House (in great trepidation). "Boo-hoo-oo-oo—I want Nursey!"
17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1877.

—as the double meaning of her remark strikes *him* also—is another of those life-like bits of absolutely true expression with which Charles Keene's work abounds. Look at poor Tam's face in No. 19—a perfect expression of disappointment and vexation, mixed with half-heartedly-hopeless entreaty.

Glancing at No. 20, we see in No. 21 another very fine bit of work by Charles Keene. "Wha's catchin' Fesh?" retorts the disgusted small Scots boy, who has not had a rise

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DILAPIDATIONS.—*Architect (who has come down about the "Restoration").* "Good deal of Dry-Rot about here!"
Garrulous Pew-Opener. "Oh, Sir, it ain't nothink to what there is in the Pulpit!!" 18.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1877.

all the morning, to the minister's reproof, "Don't you know it's Wicked to catch Fish on the Sawbath?" There is no exaggeration, no caricature of expression in the work of Charles Keene: it is just real bits of life truly caught and most wonderfully expressed in line. The injured feeling of the boy and his disgust, his full intention to reply rudely and shortly to the minister who has just touched him on a very sore place, are all expressed in the few masterly lines that make this boy a real boy, and exactly the sort of boy he ought to be in the circumstances stated.

Passing No. 22, by Keene, we come to a joke illustrated by Du Maurier which has often been served up afresh since it first appeared in *Punch*, in the year 1877. The drawing of this is very fine, very true. The long-suffering master appeals to his old servant so simply and in such entire good faith as he says, "Ah, James! Think how long *I've* put up with her!" There is not a shadow of a doubt in either



EXPENSIVE!—*Londoner (to Friend from the North).* "Well, how do you like the Opera, MacAlister?"
Mr. MacAlister. "No that bad. But is't no dreadfu', Mon, to be sittin' in thae Chairs at Ten Shilluns apiece!"
20.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1877.

man's mind as to the fact that the "Missus" was a person to be "put up with," and the reluctance of the servant to put up with his Missus any longer is as plainly shown as is the conviction of his master that *he* at



CANDID.—*Tam (very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning).* "Aye, Mon, ye micht gie me a bit Gill oot in a Bottle!"
Landlord (from within). "Weel, ye ken, Tammas, I daurna sell onything the Day. And forbye ye got a Half-Mutchkin awa' wi' ye last Nicht (after Hoors tae); it canna be a' dune yet!"
Tam. "Dune! Losh, Mon, d'ye think a' could Sleep an' Whuskey i' the Hoose?!"
19.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1877.



"NOT PROVEN."—*Presbyterian Minister.* "Don't you know it's Wicked to catch Fish on the Sawbath!?"
Small Boy (not having had a rise all the Morning). "Wha's catchin' Fesh?!"
21.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1877.

any rate is doomed to put up with the Missus for the rest of his natural life. You see plainly that this poor man will never revolt, and that James is weighing his regard for his master against his inability to endure his mistress any longer.

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PLAIN TO DEMONSTRATION.—*Customer (nervously).* "Ah! They must be very Irksome at first."
Dentist (exultantly). "Not a bit of it, Sir! Look here, Sir!" *(Dexterously catching his entire set.)* "Here's my Uppers, and here's my Unders!"
22.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1877.



A DISCUSSION ON CHARACTER.—"I believe that Character lies in the Nose. 'Give *me* plenty of nose'—as Napoleon said!"
"Nose? Nose be Blowed! Character lies in the Chin and Lower Jaw!"
24.—BY DU MAURIER, 1877.

This picture by Du Maurier and many more of his earlier pictures do not incur the risk of being pronounced not true to life by reason of the artist's great love of beautiful faces and forms, a love that in some of Du Maurier's later work caused him to sacrifice truth of expression to that idealization of face and form which is so well known a feature of his work—especially of his later work.

The exaggeration in No. 24 is necessary to give point to the joke, and passing No. 25 we come to an impressive Tenniel-cartoon, No. 26, that takes us back to the foreign affairs of twenty years ago, when we were on the brink of war with Russia. This was published January 19, 1878; Lord Beaconsfield was in power, his will was supreme in the Cabinet, and it was feared that he would lead the country into war over the Eastern Question already referred to in cartoon No. 15.

But now, in 1878, the crisis was more severe. The Russians had beaten the Turks, and their victorious armies were almost within sight of Stamboul. The road to Constanti-



"A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."—"What! Going to Leave us, James?"
"Yes, Sir, I'm very sorry, Sir, but I really can't put up with Missus any longer!"
"Ah, James! Think how long *I've* put up with her!"
23.—BY DU MAURIER, 1877.



THE LAST SELL.—"Oh, Sir, please Sir, is this Chancery Lane?"
"It is."
"Ah! I knowed it was!"
"Then why did you ask?"
"'Cos I wanted to have Counsel's opinion!"
25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1878.

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nople was clear, and we did not mean to let Russia have Turkey. Parliament met before the usual time, the Queen's Speech announced that "some unexpected occurrence may render it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution," there was, says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "a very large and very noisy war



ON THE DIZZY BRINK.—*Lord B.* "Just a leetle nearer the edge?"
Britannia. "Not an inch further. I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already!"
26.—BY TENNIEL, 1878.

party already in existence. It was particularly strong in London." The events which gave rise to this cartoon, No. 26, also gave rise to the famous Jingo Party—the party who were in favour of war. Then arose the music-hall war-song so familiar to many of us now, that we are startled to think that more than



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—*Shipwrecked Party (who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers).* "Beg pardon, but do you happen to have such a Thing as a piece of India Rubber!?"
27.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1878.



PAUCA VERBA.—*Robinson (after a long Whist-Bout at the Club).* "It's awfully Late, Brown. What will you say to your Wife?"
Brown (in a whisper). "Oh, I shan't say much, you know—'Good Morning, Dear,' or something o' that sort. She'll Say the Rest!!!" 28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1878.

twenty years have passed since we first heard it roared out:—

We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too.

In March, 1878, Lord Derby resigned the office of Foreign Secretary, war seemed more certain than ever, and then, for the first time, Lord Salisbury was made Minister of Foreign Affairs—in the place of Lord Derby.

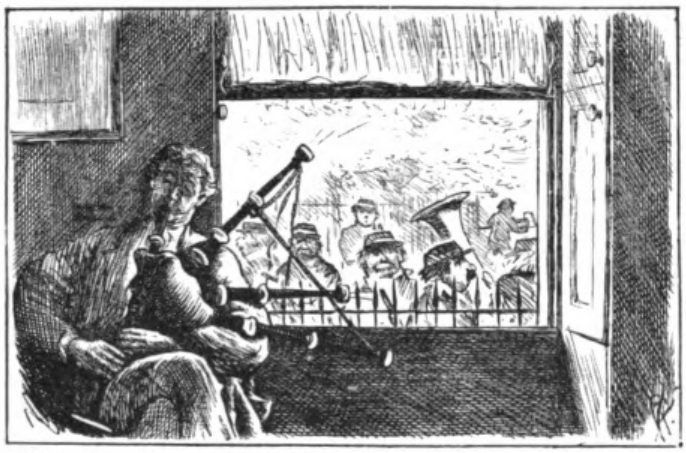


NEW IDEA FOR A FANCY BALL.—Shave your Head, and go as a Phrenological Bust.
29.—BY DU MAURIER, 1878.

Soon after this, Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury attended the famous Congress of Berlin, there to represent England in settling the terms of peace in Europe, which should disperse the war-clouds hanging over

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this country. The result of that memorable journey to Berlin was the historic "Peace with Honour," words that will always be linked with the name of Beaconsfield, and which were first spoken by himself when, from a window of the Foreign Office, Beaconsfield announced to the excited crowd that he had returned from Berlin bringing "Peace with Honour."



PUT TO THE ROUT.—*Distracted Bandster.* "Komm avay—komm avay—ee zhall nod give you nodingsh—ee vill blay de Moozeek erselbst! Teufel!"
30.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1878. [*They retreat hastily.*]

Passing Nos. 27, 28, and 29, in No. 30 we have a picture by Charles Keene which has interest quite apart from its intrinsic value. The man sits there in his room, window wide open, and shows in his face that he *knows* the victory is with him and his bag-pipes, not with the quite discomfited German band outside, who are already beginning their retreat from the man who will play the music himself. The extrinsic interest of this picture by Keene is that Keene himself was a great lover of the bag-pipes, and made a very large and varied collection of them—we may be sure that the pipes seen in No. 30 were drawn from the life out of his own collection.

The next cartoon—No 31—is, I think, the best of those now shown. It is by Tenniel, and is surely a marvellously clever drawing. Not only is the differentiation of the characters in the cartoon most definitely conceived and expressed, but the picture looked at as a whole strikes the imagination very vividly. Here are Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, caught by Dr. Punch in the act of flinging mud at each other, and "the two head boys of the school" don't know where to look. The half hang-dog expression of Beaconsfield's face and figure are irresistibly funny, and Gladstone looks so grimly in earnest, although

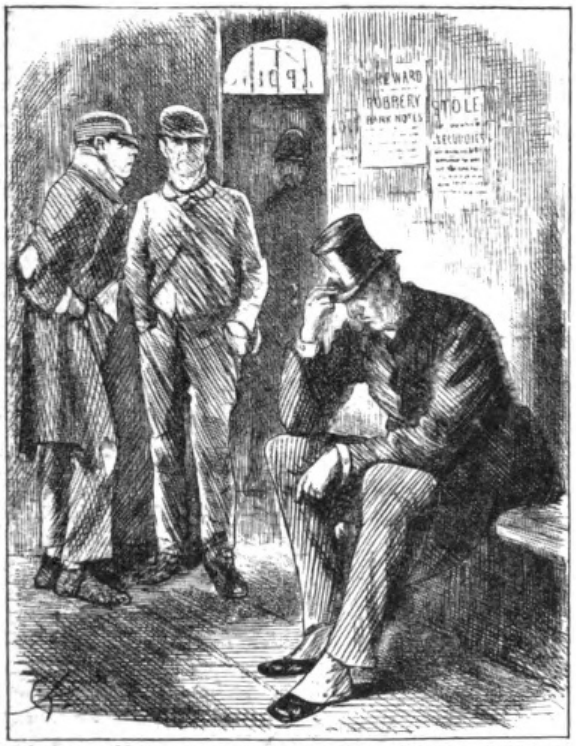


A BAD EXAMPLE.—*Dr. Punch.* "What's all this? You, the two head boys of the school, throwing mud! *You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!*"
31.—BY TENNIEL, 1878.



"RETORT COURTEOUS."—*Facetious Old Gent (to Passenger with a Saw).* "You show your Teeth, Sir." (*Chuckles.*)
Crusty Carpenter. "You don't. 'Cause why? —Y' ain't got none!"
32.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1878.

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AT THE HEAD OF THE PROFESSION.—Scene.—*Prisoners' Waiting-Room adjoining Police Court. (Eminently respectable Director awaiting Examination.)*

Artful Dodger (to Charley Bates). "You've been copped for a Till—and me for a Cly. But 'e's been copped for a Bank—shared somethin' like six million swag among the lot!"

Charley Bates (in a tone of respectful admiration). "Lor!"

33.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1878.

not without a resentful shame at being caught, and a sullen resolve to be at it again when Dr. Punch and his cane have gone away.

This cartoon was published August 10, 1878, at the time when the great popularity of Beaconsfield's Administration of 1874–1880 (at its climax after the Berlin Treaty of 1878) was just on the turn of the flowing tide of success. Mr. Parnell, then a young man, was beginning to harass and discredit the Government, which was also being censured by the Liberals in respect of foreign affairs, and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield had become "unparliamentary" in their "personal shies" of abuse and recrimination.

The stolid bluffness of the crusty carpenter in No. 32 is very good. Keene's cartoon in No. 33 (published November 2, 1878) refers to the suspension of the City of Glasgow Bank on October 1, 1878, with liabilities estimated at £13,000,000, followed by heavy failures in the mercantile world. Some of the directors of the bank were arrested, tried for fraud, and convicted, and it is at one of them, who is awaiting the preliminary magisterial examination, that the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates (from Dickens's "Oliver Twist") gaze with respectful admiration, as being a man who is at the tip-top of their own profession of thieving and swindling



PARRIED.—*Facetious Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abstainer).* "Ah, Mr. Brown! Fools stand in slippery places, I've heard!"

Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "So I see, Sir; but I'm blest if I can!"

35.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1879.



"A PLEASANT PROSPECT."—*Car-Driver (to New Agent).* "Begorra, the wondher is he wasn't Shot long before—but, shure, they say, what's Iverybody's Business is Nobody's Business!"

34.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1879.

No. 34, by Charles Keene, published in 1879, illustrates the then deplorable state of affairs in Ireland which in May, 1882, caused the terrible murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin.

There is a very famous joke in No. 35, one that has become a classic since it was published by *Punch* twenty years ago.

The next Keene-picture, No. 36, has in it nothing to attract admiration

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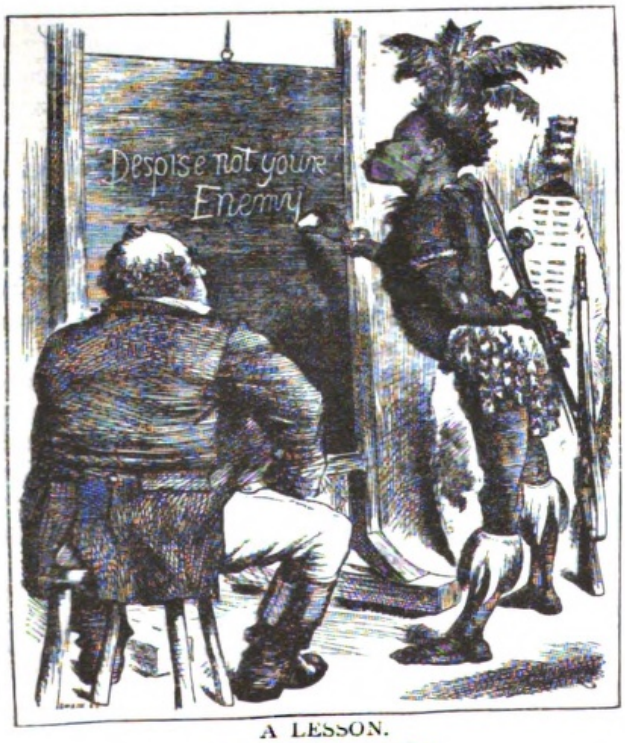
if we look for "prettiness." Two nasty little vulgar girls have been quarrelling, and the bigger girl viciously says to the other, "Yer



"THERE'S A DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE," ETC.—*Juvenile "Scold."* "Yer nasty little Thing! If yer Father wasn't a P'liceman, I'd smack yer!"
36.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1879.

nasty little Thing! If yer Father wasn't a P'liceman, I'd smack yer!"

There is an historic Tenniel-cartoon in No. 37. It was published March 1, 1879, after the horrible blunder at Isandhlwana on January 22, 1879, when the Zulus simply wiped out one of our columns of about



A LESSON.
37.—BY TENNIEL, 1879.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—*Tommy.* "What beastly Waste!"
38.—BY DU MAURIER, 1879.

1,000 men. We had fallen into the old pitfall of despising the enemy, just as a hundred years before the massacre at Isandhlwana we regarded the American War of Independence as a mere rebellion in our colonies, and sent out half-a-dozen ships to stop the rebellion which, on the 4th July, 1776, resulted in the famous Declaration of Inde-



THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN (?)—*Irascible Angler (who hasn't had a rise all day).* "There!" *(Throwing his fly-book into the stream, with a malediction)*—"Take your Choice!"
39.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1879.

pendence of the United States of America. But John Bull is able to learn a lesson from disaster. In 1879, Sir John Tenniel squatted him down on the stool we see in the cartoon, and set a Zulu to write the lesson on the slate—quite plain. John Bull sat still, looked on—and learnt his lesson.

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"LIVE AND LET LIVE."—*Village Doctor (to the Grave-Digger, who is given to Whiskey).* "Ah, John! I'm sorry to see you in this pitiable Condition again!"

Grave-Digger. "Toots, Sir! Can ye no' let a'e little Fau't o' mine gae by? It's mony a muckle ane o' yours I ha'e happit owre, an' said naething aboot!"

40.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1879.

In September, 1898, we saw one of the results of the lesson taught to John Bull in 1879 by the Zulu in this Tenniel-cartoon. Slow and steady, swift and sure, Lord Kitchener kept this lesson that John Bull was taught in 1879 right before his eyes during the years of preparation for the final victory at Omdurman; and John Bull can now almost afford to sponge the Zulu's lesson off the slate, for it has been driven right home by success as well as by disaster.

Glancing at No. 38, we come to another very fine Keene-picture in No. 39. The fisherman stamps and almost bursts with impotent rage as at the end of a whole day's fishing without a single rise he bangs his fly-book into the stream with a "Take your Choice!"—about all he has left to say. He has long since exhausted his stock of curses — you can see *that*, clearly, by looking at the man's face.

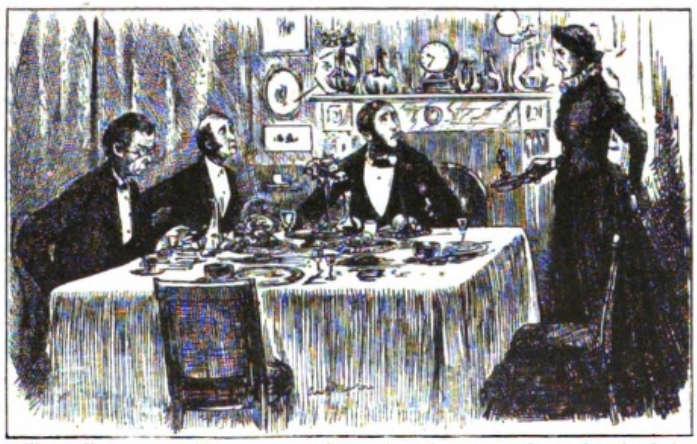
Observe the grave-digger's face in No. 40, and see how it exactly agrees with the reply he is making to the village doctor. Don't look only at the jokes, for good as these often are (this one, for example), they become almost insignificant by the side of Charles Keene's illustration of the joke.



TAKING MEASURE.—*Tailor (to stout Customer).* "Have the kindness to put your Finger on this bit of Tape, Sir,—just here! *I'll be round in a Minute!*"

41.—BY DU MAURIER, 1879.

Pictures 41 and 42 are both by Du Maurier, and although No. 42 is burdened by a rather long piece of "cackle," it is well worth inclusion here, especially to those readers who will appreciate the full meaning of this admirable woman's solicitude that her husband may be quite fit to meet the Consulting Physician of the Life Insurance Company early to-morrow.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—*Jones (newly married, to his bachelor friends Brown and Robinson).* "No, it's not Youth, nor Beauty, nor Wealth, nor Rank, that a sensible Man should look for in a Wife. It's Common Sense, united to experience of life; and Steadfastness of Purpose, combined with a deep though by no means unpractical sense of the fleeting nature of Human Existence on this——"

Re-enter Mrs. Jones, suddenly. "I'm sorry to disturb you, my Love, but its getting late, and you have an early appointment in Town to-morrow, with the Consulting Physician of the—ahem!—of that *Life Insurance* Company, you know."

[*Taking the hint, Brown and Robinson depart, each framing a desperate resolve that he will throw himself away on the first good-looking young Heiress of Title he happens to meet.*]

42.—BY DU MAURIER, 1879.

(To be continued.)

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

PARLIAMENTARY REFORMS.

WHEN we consider the succession of amendments and improvements in Parliamentary procedure that has marked the course of the last twenty years, it is reasonable to expect the factory at Westminster to at least double its output of legislation. There are in the present House some (surprisingly few) members who can recall the good old times when the House, commencing public business at half-past four, thought Ministers fortunate if the first order of the day were reached before seven o'clock.

In those halcyon days members putting a question delighted themselves, their wives and daughters in the gallery, by reading aloud its every word. The Irish members, quick to see innocent-looking openings for obstruction, seized upon what was ironically called "the question hour." They put down innumerable questions of prodigious length with as much sting directed against the Saxon — particularly Mr. Forster and Mr. George Trevelyan, successively Irish Secretaries—as the vigilance of the clerks at the table permitted.

This went on for years, the House being relieved of the incubus by the intervention of Mr. Joseph Cowen, then member for Newcastle. He pointed out that the questions being printed on a paper held in every member's hand there was no necessity for reading the text, and suggested that citation of the number would suffice. The Speaker assented, and thus by an unpremeditated stroke the House was relieved from an intolerable burden. If there is room for more statues in the precincts of the House of Commons, or for a fresh stained-glass window in the Octagon Hall, a grateful Legislature should not forget "Joe" Cowen.



A PARLIAMENTARY BENEFACTOR — MR. JOSEPH COWEN.

"ARISING OUT OF THAT ANSWER."

There was another outrage on the question hour that long survived this radical reform. The fact that there were only ninety or a hundred printed questions on the paper did not, up to a period not more distant than the coming of Mr. Gully to the Chair, indicate the precise amount of time that would be appropriated for the service. When a printed question had been replied to, up got the gentleman responsible for it or some other member, and repeating the formula, "Arising out of that answer," another question was put. Members opposite, above or below the gangway, thinly veiling a controversial point in the garb of a question, followed, and quite a sharp debate lasting over several minutes sprang up.

Mr. Sexton excelled all others in this art. On an average a question on the printed list standing in his name was the prelude to five others, each "arising out of the answer just given." Not the least valuable of the services rendered by Mr. Gully during his occupancy of the Chair has been stern repression of this irregularity. The Orders, or rather the custom of the House, make it permissible that a Minister having replied to a question on the paper a member may without notice put a further question designed to elucidate a point left obscure. He may not at the moment start on a new tack. Under Mr. Gully's alert supervision it is amazing to find how little a Minister leaves unanswered of questions set forth on the paper.

MOVING THE ADJOURNMENT.

The deliberate and noisy prolongation of questions was only one of the opportunities for obstruction the question hour invited mutinous members to avail themselves of. The license of supplementary

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questions frequently worked the House into an uncontrollable storm of passion. In the midst of it would be heard a voice exclaiming, "I move that this House do now adjourn." The member who spoke, however personally obscure, was by the utterance of this incantation master of the whole Parliamentary proceedings. The business of the day, whatever it might be, of whatever range of Imperial importance, was peremptorily set aside, and on this formal motion the flood of angry temper rushed forth uncontrolled, occupying as much of the sitting as physical endurance made possible.

A FAMOUS SCENE.

A little more than nineteen years ago this month there was a scene in the House of Commons that illustrates the working of what were ironically called its rules. Mr. O'Donnell had a question on the paper making a violent personal attack on M. Challemel-Lacour, just appointed French Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Sir Charles Dilke, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs at the time, made due answer. Whereupon Mr. O'Donnell rose and began to make a speech enlarging on the indictment set forth on his printed question.



THE O'DONNELL TERROR.

That such a course of procedure was permissible will appear incredible to members of the present House of Commons. Mr. O'Donnell, as usual when combating authority in the House of Commons, knew what he was about. Attempts being made to stop him, he quietly replied, "I will conclude by a motion," meaning that he would move the adjournment of the House.

Gulliver bound by the manifold threads of the pigmies of Liliput was not more helpless than was the Imperial House of Commons in the hands of the member for Dungarvan. Mr. Gladstone, distraught, took the extreme course of moving that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard. That was a bold last card for the Premier to play. Mr. Parnell easily trumped it. Mr. O'Donnell had moved the adjournment of the House. Mr. Parnell now moved the alternative obstructive motion — the adjournment of the debate. For eight hours by Westminster clock the angry storm of words waged. At one o'clock in the morning Mr. O'Donnell retired triumphant from the scene, and the wearied House, with nice assumption of nothing having happened in the interval, proceeded with the list of questions.

Gentlemen of England, who live at ease in the House of Commons in these last days of the century, beginning questions at half-past three, with the certainty that the Orders of the Day will be reached before half-past four, and that all will be over by midnight, find a difficulty in believing that, less than twenty years ago, such things might be. They were, and it took considerable repetition and increased aggravation before the House of Commons shook itself free from the chains that bound it.

BALLOTING.

Another, a less dramatic, but, by its regular recurrence, not less effective, block to the advance of business was the older manner of giving notices of motion. Every Tuesday evening, when the long labour of questions had been lifted from the shoulders of the House, the clerk at the table unlocked a box containing a pile of slips of paper carefully wrapped up. These were notices of motion, and the receptacle was the ballot-box. In full view of the watchful House the clerk, dipping the outstretched fingers of both hands into the mass, lifted them up and stirred them about as if he were publicly making a plum-pudding. This was designed to avoid suspicion of favouritism. Selecting at random one of the folded pieces of paper, he opened it and read aloud the number. The Speaker, referring to a long catalogue, called the name of the member to which the number was attached. Thereupon the member rose and recited the terms of a resolution he proposed to submit or the name of a Bill he desired to introduce.

On the first night of the Session four Tuesdays may be balloted for. It being the rule that a day for private members' motions may be secured only a month ahead, it follows that the weekly ballot thereafter opened only one opportunity—"this day four weeks." Nevertheless, the whole box of tricks was gone

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MAKING A PUDDING.

through. Every folded paper was opened, the number called out by the clerk at the table, and the corresponding name on the list cited by the Speaker. Then would the stranger in the gallery be mystified by observing member after member, his name cried from the Chair, respond by mutely raising his hat. The prize of that day four weeks had been snatched by another hand. Nothing remained. The succeeding proceedings were a mere formula, an absolute waste of presumably precious time. Nevertheless the box had always been scrupulously emptied, the list gone through to the bitter and far-off end. So year after year, in entirely altered circumstances, with the *fin-de-siècle* device of syndicates in full practice "nobbling" the ballot, the old order of things prevailed. Just as a flock of sheep observing the leader jump over an imaginary obstacle jump at precisely the same spot, so the House of Commons, the highest development of British intelligence, carried on this ludicrous game.

Only a few Sessions ago the Speaker introduced the practice of inquiring as soon as the available Tuesday was appropriated whether any other members have motions to bring forward. Of course they have not. The box is shut up, the list laid down, and the business of the day proceeded with.

"ARRIVED IN TOWN FOR THE SESSION."

Once the hand of Parliament is put to the plough of reform of procedure it makes a deep, long furrow. Another tradition which long dominated the House of Commons was that private members should on the opening day publicly announce their legislative intentions. This was called giving notice of motions. It was all very well in the days when the number was limited to a dozen or at most a score. In these days, with special wires to provincial newspaper offices, and with London correspondents on the look-out for the doings of local members, the situation is changed. Much as people coming to town for the season leave cards on a circle of friends advertising their arrival, so modern members of Parliament let their constituents know they are at their post by the costless contrivance of giving notice of motion on the opening day of the Session.

In recent times the average aggregate number exceeded two hundred. The business was carried on by the process described of the ballot-box and the list in the Speaker's hand. An hour, sometimes an hour and a half, of the freshest day of the Session was occupied with a performance that had no recommendation save its cheap advertising. Now the balloting is done by the clerks in a Committee Room upstairs, and a working hour of the Session is saved.

BRINGING IN BILLS.

There remains an obvious consequential reform, whose accomplishment cannot be long delayed. Private members having had a field-day on the first night of the Session, had another performance all to themselves on the second day. This is called "Bringing in Bills"—a tiresome, objectless performance that might be dispensed with without injuring the foundations of the State. The Speaker, reading from his list, recites the name of a Bill, and asks, "Who is prepared to bring in this Bill?" Up rises a private member, and reads a list of names, modestly concluding with the not least important "And Myself." When the list has been gone through in monotonous fashion, the members in charge of Bills crowd the Bar, are called up one by one by the Speaker, and hand to the clerk at the table what purports to be their Bill. The proceeding is fraudulent, as well as foolish. The document is no Bill at all, merely a sheet of foolscap folded over and indorsed with a title.

This Session seventy-one Bills were brought in. Seventy-one times the Speaker asked, "Who is prepared to bring in this Bill?" Seventy-one lists of members were recited by as many members, concluding, with varying inflexions of modesty, "and Myself." Seventy-one members crowded at the Bar. Seventy-one names were called out by the Speaker. Seventy-one members marched up

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to the table blushing with consciousness of the sham document carried in their hands. Seventy-one times the clerk at the table to whom the fraud was furtively handed read its title; seventy-one times the Speaker inquired, "What day for the second reading?" Three score and eleven fixtures were made.

It is not worth the trouble of looking up how many were kept. If when next month the prorogation take place it appear that the odd eleven Bills have been added to the Statute Book, private members may boast a record Session.

SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

The death of Sir John Mowbray removes from the House of Commons almost the last, certainly the best known, of an old type. In the present assembly its honoured Father was the only relic of the Parliament elected in 1852. He was first returned for Durham in 1853, and sat continuously through eleven Parliaments. For forty years he bore the honoured rank of Privy Councillor. He held modest office under three Administrations. Lord Derby called him to the Treasury Bench first in 1858, renewing the invitation in 1866. When, in 1868, Mr. Disraeli was Premier he promptly availed himself of the opportunity of associating with his Ministry so fine a type of the English gentleman. For nearly a quarter of a century Sir John acted as chairman of the Committee on Standing Orders and of the Committee of Selection.



"BORN JUST BEFORE WATERLOO"—THE LATE SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

He lived in and for the House of Commons, serene in the surety that he had not a single enemy. A party man in the sense that he always spoke and voted with the Conservatives, he looked with generous eye on the political vagaries of others. At a time when, owing to their violence in the House of Commons and suspicion of complicity in crime in Ireland, Irish members of the House of Commons were regarded as pariahs, Sir John Mowbray preserved his personal relations with such among them as he had known in quieter times. He was not a persistent contributor to debate. When he rose he was listened to with the respect his high character and far-reaching personal associations with public men and historic epochs commanded.

He had seen much and, happily, had preserved clear impressions. Only last year he gave me a vivid account of the coronation of William IV. He was at the time a Westminster boy, and availed himself of the ancient privilege of the school to take his place in the Abbey, just above the benches allotted to peers on the occasion of the coronation. He saw Queen Victoria riding in State to be crowned in the Abbey. He was at this time at Oxford. When the Queen married, the youth at Oxford drew up a loyal address. Young Mowbray had the good luck to be included in the deputation that proceeded to London to present it. He told me he did not remember very much about the Queen, his attention being concentrated on the figure of the Duke of Wellington standing in close attention on his youthful Sovereign.

"You know," he said, "I was born just before the Battle of Waterloo, and felt I had a sort of connection with the Duke."

"VERY COLD."

Having long passed the age of fourscore the end could not be far off. It was undoubtedly hastened by his insistence upon attending to his Parliamentary duties. A rumour was current that he meant to retire from Parliamentary life. He would show everyone that there was no foundation for such gossip. So he came up one bleak spring afternoon, took his familiar seat above the gangway, chatted with friends in the lobby, and went off to have a cup of tea. A very old friend who sat at the table with him told me he after a while withdrew in alarm. The old man was in such a state of nervous excitement, talked so rapidly, coughed so ominously, he thought he would be better left to himself. A very short time after Sir John sank back shivering in his chair.

"I am very cold," he said to another friend, a famous doctor, who approached him with shy endeavour not to look professional.

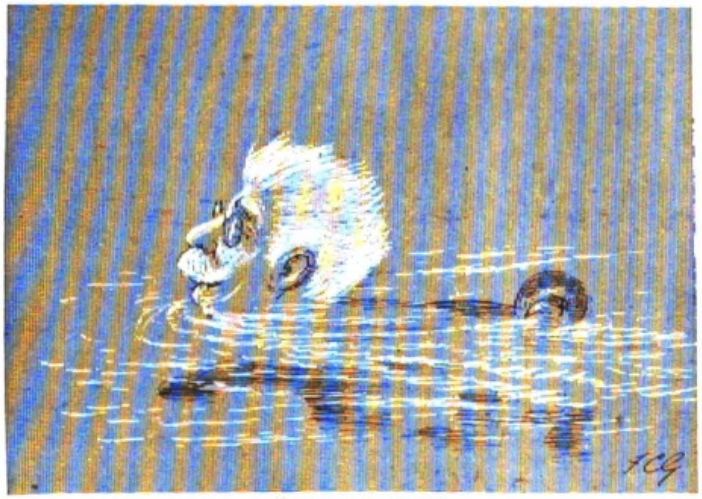
It seemed he would die in the House in which he had lived so long. But they managed to get him to his own home, where soon the cold of which he had complained deepened into the chilliness of death. Sir John Mow-

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bray was not a great statesman, nor will his name shine forth from Parliamentary annals as that of an orator or as a debater. But he was the kind of men who form the backbone of the House of Commons, who have built up and who, whilst they are with us, maintain its unique reputation.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' AIR.

The lot of the gentleman who has charge of the ventilation apparatus in the House of Commons is, like the policeman's, not a happy one. The machinery at his disposal is the most elaborate, and—having had longer continuous experience than the majority of members—I venture to say, is the most successful in the world. There is nothing about which two or three people gathered together more sharply differ than on the point of temperature. What is one man's freezing point is another man's approach to suffocation. In cold weather there are always elderly members sending imperative injunctions to have the temperature raised, followed in a quarter of an hour by angry protests from younger men that they can scarcely breathe in so heated an atmosphere. In summer time a window, whether open or shut, is equally a *casus belli*. The best thing the engineer can do is to go his own way, unmindful of private protests on one side or the other.



"A HASTY BATH."

If any member wants to realize how great is the blessing of the ventilation machinery of the House of Commons, he should go over to "another place" on one of the rare occasions when it is crowded in view of debate on topics relating either to rent or religion. The elaborate contrivance that supplies the House of Commons with fresh air does not extend to the House of Lords. That gilded chamber is dependent, like ordinary halls, upon the manipulation of the windows. After a few hours' occupation by anything approaching a crowd, the atmosphere becomes distinctly stuffy. No matter how long or how late or how crowded the House of Commons may sit, the atmosphere suffers scarcely perceptible change. Ever fresh draughts of air, drawn in from the surface of the salubrious Thames, purified by passage through thick layers of cotton-wool, iced in summer, warmed in winter, are driven up through the open ironwork of the floor, circulated through the chamber, steadily passing out by apertures in the roof.

In the good old days of all-night sittings I have left the House for a hasty bath and breakfast, and coming back in the brightness of early morning have found the atmosphere of the otherwise worn-out House as fresh as it was when the long sitting opened.

PROPOSED ANNUAL RETURN.

Lord Peel tells me a curious circumstance garnered from his experience when Speaker. It was found that whenever discussion became heated the thermometer which guides the engineer in his adjustment of the temperature invariably went up, falling as soon as order was restored.

At the end of each Session returns are ordered, showing among miscellaneous matters how many days the House has sat, the duration of sittings, the number of divisions, the number of times the closure has been moved, and the proportion of acceptance by the Speaker or the Chairman of Ways and Means. Here is suggestion of a new and significant inquiry. A table marking the maximum temperature of the House from day to day, with foot-notes showing the subjects under discussion, would be most useful to the student and historian of Parliamentary manners.

It would be interesting to know (1) what was the temperature in the House on the 27th of July, 1893, five minutes before the cry of "Judas!" smote the ear of Mr. Chamberlain as he stood at the table, genially comparing Mr. Gladstone to King Herod at the moment preceding the awful fate following on a reign of unrelieved wickedness; (2) the temperature marked ten minutes later

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when Mr. Hayes Fisher seized Mr. Logan by the back of the neck and thrust him forth from the Front Opposition Bench.

RESURGAM.

Early in the Session a private measure, The General Power Distributing Company Bill, was disposed of by the euphuism of a resolution declaring that it be "read a second time upon this day six months." That is the delicate manner in which the House of Commons, dissembling its love, kicks Bills downstairs. The idea is that on the appointed date the House will be in recess. The Bill confidently coming up to be read a second time finds the lights are fled, the garlands dead, and all but he departed.

As the Session advances nearer to its close accident is averted by reducing the interval, obnoxious Bills being appointed to be read a second time "on this day three months."



"LAY LOW AND SAID NUFFIN."—THE LATE LORD DENMAN.

In the good old days, before the introduction of the saving ordinance whereby Supply automatically closes so that the prorogation inevitably takes place in the first fortnight of August, there was always opening for accident. In this particular case it was on the 3rd of March the House resolved to read the Bill a second time. That would bring it up again on the 3rd of September. In the storm and stress of Mr. Gladstone's prime it was by no means impossible to find the Session prolonged into the first week in September.

LORD DENMAN'S LITTLE SURPRISE.

There is a case wherein the unexpected happened. Among his active legislative habits the late Lord Denman took charge of a Woman's Suffrage Bill. At the beginning of every Session he brought it in, and noble lords, not to be outdone in the matter of regularity, every Session threw it out. One year it happened that the accustomed fate befell his pet measure in the third week of February. In the fewest possible minutes the House resolved that the Bill should "be read a second time on this day six months." Lord Denman, like a well-known rabbit, lay low and said nuffin. The Session proved a busy one. Both Houses were sitting in the third week of August. One night Lord Denman rose, and blandly reminding their lordships of the date, claimed the privilege of having his Bill read a second time as ordered.

As a rule the House of Lords had Lord Denman at their feet, hustling about the poor pathetic figure as if it were a football. Now he had the House of Lords between finger and thumb. By some hocus-pocus of distinction between calendar months and lunar months the House wriggled out of the difficulty. Lord Denman carried his grey hairs in sorrow down to the grave with the pained certainty that he had been cheated out of the reward of a rare opportunity.

A BACK VIEW.

Charming thing said by one of Her Majesty's Ministers about a nominal supporter of the Government whose general bearing does not endear him to mankind. A tender-hearted colleague was trying to make the best of a bad job.

"He means well," he said, "but is perhaps a little soured by disappointment. He may, you know, from his point of view be acting for the best. Anyhow, let us take the most favourable view of him possible under all circumstances."

"Very well," said the right honourable gentleman, with unwonted grimness. "Let us see his back.'

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Launched at Society.

A TALE OF HENLEY REGATTA.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"I TELL you, the curse of our so-called civilization, in Western Europe at least, lies not so much in tyrannical Governments and fools who submit to them, as in pleasure—luxury. What is it that makes men and women apathetic to the shrieking cries of humanity? The race-course, the theatre, the ball-room, the whirl of selfish, social pleasure and amusement. It is against this that blows must be directed in the future if we would achieve our ends. It must not be the single tyrant struck with the dagger, the public building ruined with the bomb, unless the bomb is cast into the theatre rather than into the council chamber!"

These extraordinary words were borne forcibly upon my ears as I awoke from an afternoon siesta one sunny day in the beginning of June.

I was spending a week or two on the north Cornish coast, and had walked from my hotel at Tintagel to a charming little inlet known as Tregarget Strand, taking my lunch with me in a satchel. After my modest repast, partaken of at the foot of huge, rugged cliffs, with the waves breaking in upon the smooth rocks in the foreground, I had strolled aimlessly along the shore until I had hit upon a cave in the cliff. Bent on exploration, I penetrated this cave for about twenty yards, sat down on a comfortable rock within, lit my pipe, and gave myself over to the contemplation of the sunlit sea sparkling beyond the entrance. The day was very hot for the time of year, and the cool atmosphere of the cave was a welcome change. Finally, half-reclining as I was upon the rock, I must have dozed off to sleep, and, as I said before, the above sentence fell on my ears as I woke.

At the entrance of the cave were two men. One a small, rather stout, bearded individual, seated with his face turned slightly away from me; the other a young man of about six or seven and twenty, with an excited, ruddy face, fair sandy moustache, and curly hair of the same colour. He was standing up before his companion, declaiming to him with earnestness and many gestures.

I saw at once that they were not aware of my presence, hidden as I was in the semi-darkness and shadow of the cave's interior. My first impulse was to come forth and declare myself, but laziness and curiosity combined got the better of me, and I kept still.

"And so we are going to put this theory into practice, eh?" said the man who was seated, slowly and deliberately.

"We are, my friend, yes—at last we are," went on the other, excitedly. "I have worked the scheme out to the full, and we and our two good comrades are agreed. Yes, in a month's time we shall strike a blow at which society shall indeed shudder and take warning—a blow to pleasure on a gigantic scale."

"Meanwhile," rejoined his companion, "I should keep a little bit cooler, if I were you, and not talk so loud. One never knows where danger exists."

"True," replied the other; "my excitement carries me away sometimes, especially when I think what we have undertaken."

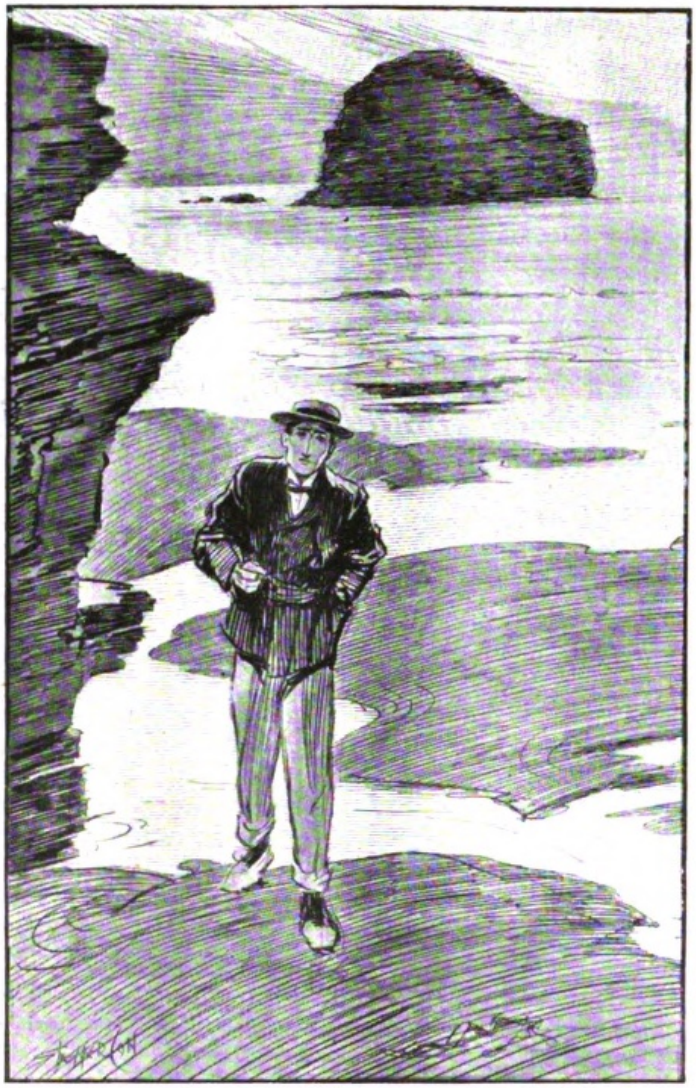
"Well," said the stout man, rising from his seat and taking his companion's arm, "it's lucky I know something about submarine——"

That was all I heard. The breaking of a wave drowned the rest of the sentence as the two men disappeared from the mouth of the cave.

I rose to my feet and prepared to follow them. Then I reflected for a moment. If I left the cave at once, and they chanced to see me, the consequences might not only be disagreeable to myself, but, at least, I should excite suspicion. So I waited for a few minutes. When I emerged into the daylight once more I saw them disappearing in the distance towards the little bay from

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which one mounted the cliffs. I started quickly after them, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when my foot slipped on a bit of seaweed attached to a rock, and I fell heavily with an awful crash on my knee. When I picked myself up I could only walk slowly and with pain, and the end of it was that I lost sight of the two strangers altogether. Subsequent inquiries in the neighbourhood failed to draw any information concerning them. The incident remained in my memory for a week or so, and then gradually died away.



"I STARTED QUICKLY AFTER THEM."

At the time of which I am speaking I held a lieutenant's commission in the Navy. I had been invalided home from an African station for six months, and was gradually recovering my health, which had suffered from fever, and was taking things pretty easily. One day I received an invitation to go and spend a week at Henley during the regatta. Some friends of mine had taken a house-boat, and were getting up a fairly large party. Now, as there happened to be a certain lady in the case whom I knew was also invited, I accepted with alacrity, looked up all manner of boating costumes, packed my portmanteau, and took an afternoon train from Paddington on the day before the regatta.

As we moved out of the station I noticed a man seated in the farther corner of the carriage. Something, I could not at first tell what, about him seemed familiar, and presently, as he turned his face half away from me to look out of the window, there flashed across my mind the scene in the cave at Tregarget. It was the small man with the dark beard. My curiosity was aroused, especially when it flashed across my mind that the month was just up. He appeared the very essence of a boating man, clad in light summer costume and a straw hat.

When the train drew up at Henley there was a further development. A tall young man in flannels and blazer was on the platform, and lounged up to my travelling companion as he alighted. It was the other of the two men.

"Got it?" I heard him exclaim, in a casual tone of voice.

The bearded man nodded, and they walked towards the brake van. I waited on the platform for a few moments.

Presently I saw them assisting a porter to lift a large package out of the brake van, a box about 4½ft. in length and some 18in. square. They seemed very particular about the way it was laid on a trolley and wheeled down the platform. I saw them both deposit this box in a cab, end up, and drive off. I engaged another, and as we journeyed to the river I pondered over this somewhat mysterious affair, but forgot all about it a few minutes afterwards when I met Hilda Carr at the tea-table on the house-boat.

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"I SAW THEM ASSISTING A PORTER TO LIFT A LARGE PACKAGE OUT OF THE BRAKE VAN."

I had come to Henley with the express purpose of proposing to Hilda Carr. She told me afterwards she guessed it herself. But my love-making by no means made much headway for the next twenty-four hours. Girls are such idiots, or at least they behave in such a silly way, that they make a fellow feel mad. They can't be serious when a *man* wants to be serious. When I got her up in a quiet little corner of the upper deck that same evening, and managed to blow out the Chinese lantern nearest to us to make it darker and give me a better chance; and when I began talking seriously about the stars and things, instead of seeing what I was driving at, she simply said:—

"Oh, Mr. Barton, do come and listen to these lovely niggers."

And then she went off to the others, and encouraged a pack of wretched blackamoors who were serenading the house-boat from a punt.

It was just the same the next day. She never gave me a chance. She sat next to a fellow named Willoughby at lunch, and he seemed to get on famously with her. It nearly drove me wild. I hinted to her that I was put out, but she only laughed at me.

But in the evening, after dinner, my luck turned, and I managed to get her alone in a Canadian canoe belonging to the house-boat. We paddled up stream beneath the quaint old bridge, now crowded with people returning to the station. The sun had set by the time we reached Marsh Lock, about three-quarters of a mile from the course. I paddled into the lock with some other craft.

"Are you going farther, Mr. Barton?" said my companion.

"Oh," I replied, "let's just go through. There's lots of time."

To tell the truth, I was anxious to get into a quiet reach, for I had a certain question to ask. That was why I wanted to go through the lock.

I was just beginning to ease down a bit when we had gone a few hundred yards farther, and was thinking of how I had better begin, when a certain voice arrested my attention.

It came from a house-boat. Now, during Henley week most of the house-boats are

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moored alongside the course on the Bucks side, and it was somewhat unusual to find one above Marsh Lock. It was a small, dingy-looking concern, and only four men were aboard her, sitting on the deck smoking. The voice I recognised was that of the fair-moustached young man—and there he was, one of the group.

The coincidence set me thinking as I paddled on. Was there some deep plot about to be unfolded? Were they Nihilists or Anarchists? I remembered that outburst against society pleasures, and here was the man who made it, present at one of the gayest scenes in England—Henley Regatta; what did it mean?

"A penny for your thoughts!" said Hilda. "Why so silent?"

"They're not worth it," I replied. Why do men *always* make bungling replies at the wrong moment?

"Oh," she said, rather tartly.

"No," I said, realizing that I had put my foot in it. "If I'd been thinking of you it would be different."

"I'm sure I don't want you to think of me," she replied; "but really we'd better be turning. It's getting quite dark."

I turned the canoe rather surlily. It had choked me off for the moment. As we neared the house-boat once more, I rested on my paddle so as to drift by silently. A punt was alongside, and in the gloom I could see a figure stepping into it. Then I distinctly heard the words:—

"To-morrow afternoon . . . . drop my handkerchief."

I dipped my paddle in the water and we shot ahead, the punt following close astern.



"IT WAS THE YOUNG FELLOW WITH THE RED MOUSTACHE."

We entered the lock together and lay there side by side. As I struck a match to light a cigarette the glare of it showed me the face of the man in the punt.

It was the young fellow with the red moustache.

I am not going to weary the reader with the details of how I proposed to Hilda Carr on the way back. Suffice it to say that, in spite of my pleading, nothing would induce

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her to give me a decisive answer. She would neither say yes nor no, and I simply felt a fool.

I felt a bigger one next day. She snubbed me horribly, and I nearly kicked young Willoughby. I'm afraid I got in a temper, so much so that I sneaked away from lunch and embarked in the canoe by myself, determining to paddle up and down the course.

Anyone who has tried this at Henley knows what it means. Between the bridge and "Regatta Island" are hundreds upon hundreds of boats, punts, and canoes, a veritable carnival of colour and beauty such as can only be seen on this beautiful reach of the Thames. Every now and then the warning bells command the clearance of the course, and the craft on either side become still more densely packed. It is no easy task to pilot one's way through the endless flotilla, and skill and patience alike are necessary.

Bump! The nose of my canoe ran into a punt. It was not my fault. The occupant, who was using paddles only, ought to have seen me.

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

It was my old friend of the fair moustache, got up in flannels and blazer, working his way up stream.

Good! I wanted something in my present mood to take my mind off things. So I determined to follow him. It was a good five minutes before I could turn, and when I did so he was fifty yards away from me.

Bang! A race had begun. I was hemmed in for a minute and could not stir. I could see him moving on, though.

"Well rowed, Eton!—go it, Leander!—now then, stroke!"

The crews came by in grand style. My eyes were fixed on the punt creeping ahead.

Splash, and an ugly rocking. The "wake" of the umpire's steam launch.



"HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF BOATS, PUNTS, AND CANOES."

All clear now! I slipped into the course and picked up a little speed. In and out, carefully, gingerly, went the punt and my canoe. At length we were beyond the crowded part, and as I shot under the bridge my unconscious quarry was punting hard about a hundred yards ahead up stream. I kept this distance between us, for I did not want to raise his suspicions.

Presently we drew near Marsh Lock. He punted up to the shore, made his punt fast, and stepped out. I followed in a lazy manner, lighting my pipe carelessly as I strolled after him towards the lock.

The latter was full of boats coming down

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stream. They had just closed the upper gates and opened the sluices. I watched the water swirling into the lock, and then I marked the movements of the man I had followed.

He was close to the upper gates, gazing at the stream beyond. I looked, too, and saw rather a curious thing. There was a large boat with two men in it close alongside the mysterious house-boat some little distance up stream. Apparently at a sign from the man who stood on the lock, they came rowing towards us.

When they were about a hundred yards away they stopped pulling, and, in an aimless manner, allowed the boat to drift round, so that the stern pointed towards the lock gates. Then I saw that not only was the boat of unusual size for a river craft, but that she carried something rather heavy in the stern—something covered over in a peculiar manner.

One of the two men in her kept her in position with her head up stream, the other stood up and gazed towards the lock.

The latter had now filled, and the lock-keeper and his assistant were opening the lower gates to allow the boats out. Presently both of them were opened wide and the procession commenced.

It was then that I turned to look at the man of the punt. He was apparently studying the water, and puffing away at a cigar. Suddenly I noticed he held a handkerchief loosely in his hand.

A moment afterwards and he had dropped it—dropped it into the water above the upper gates.

I looked at the boat. The man who had been standing up was apparently stooping. There were no other boats near him.

Suddenly I saw some dark object drop from the stern of the boat into the water. The man who was standing near me instantly turned and walked quietly but quickly away from the lock gates, while the boat immediately put towards the shore.

I was fairly puzzled—but only for an instant. For I saw something the next moment that appealed to my knowledge of naval gunnery, and revealed one of the most diabolical plots that the mind of man could conceive. That something was *air bubbles*—air bubbles rising to the surface of the water and travelling quickly towards the lock gates by which I stood. I knew the meaning of them only too well, and realized the appalling situation in a moment.

A small torpedo, driven by compressed air, had evidently been launched from the stern of the boat, and in about ten or fifteen seconds would strike the lock gates beneath the surface of the water.

And then what would happen? It was three miles to the lock above—the lower gates of Marsh lock stood open. It meant that three miles of water, four feet or so in height, would come sweeping down. It would be impossible to close the lower gates,



"'CRACK!' 'SPLASH!'—CLOSE TO MY HEAD."

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and in five minutes a huge "tidal wave" would rush irresistibly and without warning upon the thousands of pleasure-seekers on the regatta course below. The destruction would be simply appalling.

All this flashed through my mind as I watched the ominous bubbling of the escaping compressed air drawing nearer and nearer. For a couple of seconds or more I stood petrified with the horror of the situation. Then I threw off my coat, took a running dive, and plunged into the river.

I had determined to turn the course of the torpedo.

I rose to the surface and struck out. The bubbles were only twenty yards. off. I measured the distance with my eye and swam on.

"Crack!" "Splash!"—close to my head in the water.

The light-moustached man had seen my dive, rushed to the bank, and was firing at me with a revolver, regardless of the sundry spectators who were running towards him.

"Crack!" "Splash!" Missed me again.

The bubbles were very close. I dived, opened my eyes beneath the surface, and saw the ugly black thing coming at me.

I knew that if I touched the apex I stood a chance of exploding the thing. But I was perfectly cool. I waited a moment, then put out my hand, seized it by the head very gingerly, and with a push deflected its course towards the bank; the screw at the end struck my face slightly as it turned, and I rose to the surface and swam in the other direction for dear life.

Towards the bank! Yes, as I looked over my shoulder I saw my adversary standing close to the edge of the water.

"Back for your lives!" I yelled to some men who were making for him. "Back!"

The torpedo struck the bank. There was a dull roar, and I could see the earth fly and a mighty splash of water. Then I felt it—felt as if I were struck on every part of my body, and I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on a sofa in the lock-keeper's cottage. Some fellows in flannels were standing around me.

"You're all right," said one; "I'm a doctor, you know. You've only had a shock. By Jove, though, you've done a plucky thing."

"Did you see it?"

"Only partly—you know what happened, eh?"

"No—what?"

"Why, the thing exploded just at the foot of the fellow who was potting at you. We halted in time, but he was blown clean off his legs—it was awful. I couldn't do anything with him."

"Where is he?"

"Dead," said the doctor. "He came round for a couple of minutes first, and began to curse you. Then he told us it was a small torpedo, with eight pounds of gun-cotton and an air-motor, and that if it hadn't been for you, Henley would be swamped by now. He died gloating over the thought."

"Have they caught the others?"

"What others?"

I told them. But no one had seen the two men in the boat make off, and they were never caught. The house-boat was searched afterwards by the police, and sundry tools and machines discovered, together with a few spare pounds of gun-cotton. From these it was evident that the torpedo had been about 4ft. long, and weighed about 50lb., quite a small one, but sufficient to have blown up the lock gates, and thus to have brought destruction on thousands.

They punted me back to Henley, took me aboard the house-boat, and told the story.

And a couple of hours later I forgot the horror of it—when Hilda Carr said "Yes." She told me she had meant it all the time, but intended to wait until the end of the week—but that now I had done something to earn it sooner.

And Willoughby had been sweet on another girl, after all. So it all ended happily—except for the young Anarchist.

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Royal Mésalliances.

By A. de Burgh.

"Amor omnia vincit."

THERE is one conclusion to which all psychologists have come, and that is that love is one of the strongest agents which move human beings to action. There seems to be no barrier insurmountable when it is a question of gaining one's heart's desire; there is no pain which does not become insignificant if suffered in the service of love; and for the one cherished above all others patience and perseverance come never stronger to the fore --all obstacles appear of little importance, while even reason yields to the dictates of love and passion. However near to each other human beings may be brought by pity and sympathy, there is no doubt that love wields still a greater power in this direction; neither rank nor station, wealth nor position, are considered when the heart speaks.



PRINCESS ELVIRA, WHO MARRIED THE PAINTER, TOLCHI.
From a Photo. by Adèle, Vienna.

Therefore it is only natural that marriages between different classes are so frequent, and as those born in the purple are of the same clay as the "common herd," there is nothing extraordinary or abnormal in so-called "mésalliances," even when Royal personages unite themselves to persons in the more humble walks of life. The tendency of our century has been to level more and more the barriers which separate class from class, and the intercourse between the highest and lowest has become more frequent, more free, and much more intimate than was the case in former times.

When love is in question, reason, self-interest, sometimes even honour, go for nothing; they do not weigh in the balance. Self-interest is generally considered one of the most important elements that influence a man's or woman's action. It cannot, however, compete with love.

But it is by no means our intention to write an essay on a subject which has so frequently been treated by the ablest writers of the day. We simply wish to introduce briefly and prosaically a subject which is of more or less psychological and social interest; namely, the mésalliances of notable personages, and our prefatory remarks may be taken as an explanation of the action of those in high positions whom it is intended to bring before our readers as having followed the dictates of their hearts.

Many years ago, when Royalties considered themselves of a different race—indeed, almost demi-gods—it was thought quite impossible that they could intermarry with commoners, and for such members of reigning families as were courageous enough to break the ridiculous law that shackled them, and married men or women belonging to the lower classes, a new form of marriage was specially invented, viz., "morganatic" marriage, which is in existence even to this day. In such cases neither child nor wife can bear the title or acquire the rank of the father or the husband, although the marriage is legitimate.

Whether marriages of the class which we here specially consider were or are happy or not, it is not our task to investigate; but we may say that, as far as is known, the same rule prevails as in common marriages — some are happy, very happy, while others are fraught with misery and wretchedness.

We must include in this present article the first King of Belgium, who, as Prince of Coburg, married for his first wife the only child of King George IV. of Great Britain and Ireland, whom he lost within a year of their marriage. Some time later Prince Leopold consoled himself by marrying morganatically the celebrated actress, Charlotte Bauer, with whom he lived a very happy life, but whom he divorced when he accepted the throne of Belgium. His son by Charlotte Bauer is the well-known Baron von Eppinghoven, who is married to the daughter of the British Consul at Nice.

Another scion of the same House, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, also married an actress, Elise Hensler, an American by birth. He

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was formerly the husband of Queen Maria of Portugal, and one of the handsomest men of the present century. He received by legislative act and Royal decree the title of King Consort at the time of his marriage. So much affection prevailed between him and his Queen-wife that she began to abandon to him the reins of government. This caused great jealousy and ill-will amongst the people of Portugal, and ended in a revolution which forced the King Consort into a retirement from which he did not emerge until the death of the Queen, when he became Regent for the two years which elapsed until his eldest son attained his majority. It was after this that he married again as mentioned above, and devoted the remainder of his days to the collection of art-treasures, which he bequeathed at his death, a few years ago, to his American widow, who is still living.

Only very lately Princess Elvira (whose portrait is given on the previous page), daughter of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, eloped with a Roman artist, Tolchi, to whom she was afterwards married. She was only following in the footsteps of a somewhat long list of ladies of Royal blood. Of the reigning House of Spain the Princesses Isabella and Josephine, grand-aunts of the present youthful King, eloped with the men who subsequently became their morganatic husbands.

Princess Isabella left the house of her father at Enghien, near Paris, in the most romantic fashion—by a rope-ladder—in the middle of the night, the handsome Polish Count Gurowski, to whom she had lost her heart, having a carriage waiting at the garden-gate. The couple fled to this country, where they were married. The union did not turn out happily, and when the Count died, twelve years ago at Paris, he had been separated for years from the Princess.

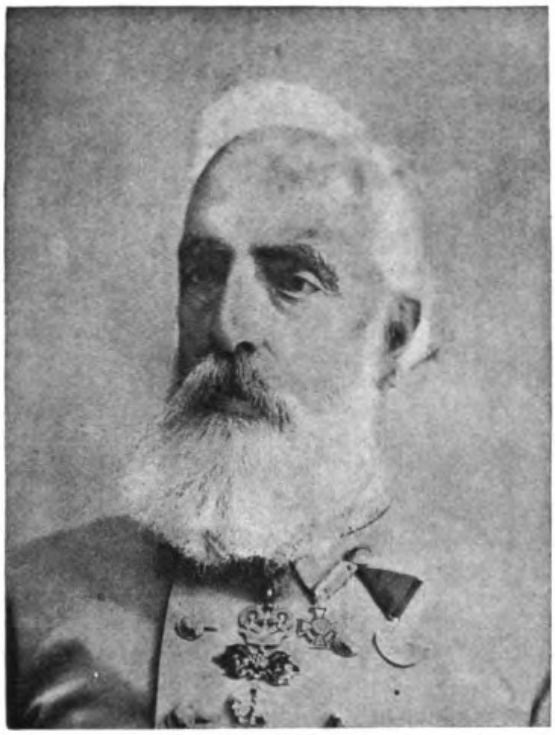
Josephine was living at Madrid, at the Royal Palace, with her sister-in-law, Queen Isabella, at the time she eloped with a poet and journalist, who had started in life as a reporter for a daily newspaper in Havana. His story reads almost like a fairy tale. He had become infatuated with the daughter of a rich Cuban planter, but his suit was opposed by the father of the girl in the most contemptuous manner. He told the lad that he was of far too low origin ever to dream of marrying his daughter. Enraged beyond measure, the young reporter exclaimed that he would show people who he was by marrying a Princess.

He went to Madrid, where, after meeting with many rebuffs and suffering want and even hunger, he finally succeeded in making a name for himself as a poet and author. Several poems which he dedicated to Princess Josephine sufficed to turn her head. She made the poet's acquaintance, and they soon became enamoured of one another. Finally they eloped from Madrid, and, after a secret marriage at Valladolid, made their way to Paris.

Consternation prevailed in the Royal Family and in Court circles when their flight became known. Both the Court and Government made strenuous efforts to have the marriage invalidated, but in vain. The people were delighted with the union, and manifested in the strongest manner their dissatisfaction with the sentence of banishment pronounced against the fugitive lovers. After a while, however, the good-nature of Queen Isabella prevailed, and the couple returned to Spain with honour, the Sovereign receiving the popular poet in every way as her brother-in-law. The Royal Family had at no time reason to regret the marriage, and the ex-journalist's three sons are perhaps the most popular, and certainly the most accomplished, members of the family.

The ancient House of Austria, the Hapsburgs, has been especially remarkable for the number of morganatic marriages amongst its members. Considering the lineage (the Hapsburgs claim descent from Julius Cæsar) and the strictness of the etiquette prevailing at the Austrian Court, and remembering the exclusiveness and the loftiness of the position of the Imperial House, it seems at first surprising to see scions of this highly autocratic and proud family allying themselves to subjects in the humbler walks of life. Early in this century (1827) Europe was startled by the announcement of the marriage of Archduke John, afterwards for a time the nominal head of the then still existing German Confederation (Bund), with Anna Plochl, the daughter of a peasant posting-master of a small Styrian village. The story of the meeting and courtship is well worth repeating. The Archduke was coming from Italy, on his way to Vienna, where his immediate presence was commanded, and when at Aussee (it was before the time of railways) there was no postilion at hand to take him on his way; the postmaster's daughter donned the dress of a postilion, and drove the Archducal carriage to the next station. The youthful Prince discovered the sex of his driver, admired her pluck, fell in love with her, and made her his wife. She was created

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ARCHDUKE HENRY OF AUSTRIA.
From a Photo. by Stoklas, Baden.

Baroness Brandhof, and by the present Emperor in 1850 Countess of Meran. Her descendants still flourish in Austria as Counts of Meran.

At Budapest it is well known that Count Louis Batthyany, who was shot by the Austrian troops in the market-place of that city for his complicity in the insurrection of 1848, could have effected his escape the night before his execution, had he consented to fly with the Archduchess Maria, who was deeply in love with him.

One of the most remarkable marriages of this century to which one of the daughters of the Austrian Emperor was forced to consent, and which has always been considered a most humiliating alliance for the ancient House of Hapsburg, was the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise to Napoleon I. The ex-Empress entered afterward into a matrimonial alliance with Count Neuperg, and the Austrian Princes Montenuovo of to-day are the descendants of that marriage. Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt (King of Rome), who was naturally considered a most inconvenient personage, ruined his health by dissipation, into which, as many believe to this day, he was intentionally led by those who had the care of him.

In more modern times we can record two morganatic marriages in this Imperial House. Archduke Henry married an actress, and in consequence was compelled to resign his rank in the army and was banished from the Court; however, many years afterwards, through the intervention of the late Empress Elizabeth, Francis Joseph forgave his cousin, whose wife received the title of Baroness Weideck.

But the saddest episode is that known as the mystery of Johann Orth, one of the most remarkable romances in the dynastic history of Europe in this century. The Archduke John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had fallen in love with an actress and singer, Ludmilla Hubel, whom he married in spite of all family opposition, renouncing at the same time all his rights, privileges, and rank, and assuming the name of Orth, after one of his castles. The romantic marriage was celebrated secretly, but in a perfectly legal manner, by the Registrar of Islington, and was witnessed by the Consul-General of Austria in London.

Johann Orth next bought, in 1891, a fine ship in Liverpool, which he re-named *Santa Margarita;* and so anxious was he to guard against the vessel being recognised, that he stipulated that all drawings and photographs of it should be handed over to him, and these he burned with his own hands; moreover, he caused all portraits and negatives of himself and of his wife to be bought



BARONESS WEIDECK, WIFE OF ARCHDUKE HENRY.
From a Photo. by Lippe, Vienna.

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JOHANN ORTH (ARCHDUKE JOHN).
From a Photo. by A. Red, Linz.

up at any price, and these were likewise destroyed. We are giving here only absolute facts.*

Shortly afterwards the ex-Archduke and his wife set sail for South America, and the vessel was duly reported to have arrived at Monte Video, and departed for a destination unknown. But from that moment every trace was lost of the ship and all on board, no news as to her fate having ever been heard, although many a search has been made along the coast by order of the Emperor of Austria and his Government. Adventurers and treasure-seekers have been at work, as it was well known that Johann Orth had on board over a quarter of a million pounds in specie; it is believed that he intended to have bought an estate in Chili with the money and to have settled there, but that the vessel foundered off Cape Horn during a terrific storm which raged on the coast shortly after the ship had left. From time to time since then the most startling rumours have been set afloat about the missing Prince having turned up: one being that he had been one of the leaders of the Chilian rebellion, having divided his treasure among his crew, burned his ship, landed on a lonely coast, etc. His own mother, who died only a few months ago at the Castle Orth, believed her son alive to her very last hour, and expected his return. The Swiss Government is of a different opinion, and assumed the death of the Archduke, and paid over to Frau Orth's next-of-kin a large amount of money, which Johann Orth deposited as a settlement for his wife with the Swiss authorities before his departure, and there is little doubt that the *Santa Margarita* lies at the bottom of the sea, and that all on board perished.

The most recent morganatic marriage in the dynastic history of the Imperial House of Romanoff was the union a few years ago (very much against the wish of the Czar Alexander III.) of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch with the then Countess Sophia de Merenberg, born in 1868, afterwards granted a special patent of nobility as Countess de Torby for herself and descendants by the reigning Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the step-brother of her father, Prince Nicolaus of Nassau. The accomplished Countess of Torby is, therefore, of Royal blood on her paternal side, Prince Nicolaus having, in 1867, also made a morganatic marriage with the Countess of Merenberg, the daughter of the great Russian poet, Poutchkine, whereby this Prince equally unselfishly renounced all his claims to the Grand Ducal throne. The Countess of Torby is a cousin of the Queen-Mother of Holland and the Duchess of



LUDMILLA HUBEL, WIFE OF JOHANN ORTH.
From a unique private Photo.

* With great difficulty we have been able to procure portraits of Johann Orth and his wife from photographs in the possession of a sister of Frau Orth, who lives in a small village in Switzerland, and we can vouch for their genuineness. These portraits have never before been reproduced.

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Albany. The Grand Duke was formerly a colonel in the Russian army, but was, on his marriage, placed on the retired list. Since their marriage, which took place at San Remo early in 1891, the Grand Duke has resided with his family at Wiesbaden, or at his charming château on the Riviera.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.
From a Photograph.

Had Lieutenant Bariatinski possessed sufficient courage there would have been another mésalliance to record in the family of the Autocrat of All the Russias. The beautiful Grand Duchess Olga, the favourite daughter of Czar Nicholas I., was on the point of eloping with the lieutenant, when at the last moment his heart failed him, and he made a clean breast of the whole affair to His Majesty, with the result that the Grand Duchess was married at once to Prince Charles of Würtemberg, afterwards King of that country, while the cowardly young officer was rewarded with such rapid promotion that before he had reached the age of fifty he had attained the rank of field-marshal.

Two morganatic marriages, which are better known through the descendants thereof — some of whom have made our country their home, and are allied to our own Royal Family, and have endeared themselves amongst the people who know them well—are those of the late Duke Alexander of Würtemberg and the late Grand Duke Alexander of Hesse and the Rhine. The former married a Hungarian lady of ancient lineage, the Countess Claudine of Rhédey, who was created Countess Hohenstein, and their son is the Duke of Teck, whose daughter will be our future Queen.



COUNTESS HARTENAU, WIFE OF PRINCE ALEXANDER.
From a Photo. by L. Bude, Graz.

The latter married in 1851 Julie Countess of Hanke, who was created Princess of Battenberg, and had four sons and one daughter, all of whom are or were well known in England. The most brilliant of the brothers was no doubt Alexander, for some time reigning Prince of Bulgaria. He aspired to the hand of one of the charming sisters of the present Emperor of Germany, but the affair having fallen through, he retired to Austria, where the Emperor gave him the command of a regiment, and he married an opera-singer, who received a patent of nobility under the name of the Countess of Hartenau. The couple were, perhaps, the handsomest in Europe, and the early death of the gallant Prince was universally regretted. The Countess, his widow, still lives at Graz, in Styria, the last home of the loving and popular pair.

The Italian Court has also had its romances. The mother of the present Queen of Italy was banished from the kingdom for ten years by her brother-in-law, King Victor Emanuel, for having eloped with an artillery officer. This match did not turn out a happy one, for the officer eventually tired of his Royal wife and committed suicide. It is a strange coincidence that the same King who displayed such rigour with his relative entered himself some years afterwards into a morganatic alliance with a vivandière, who survives him.

A marriage which occasioned great interest in England, where it took place, was that of Oscar Carl August, Prince Bernadotte, formerly Duke of Gothland, the second son of King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway. He married in 1888, at Bournemouth, Miss Ebba Munk, lady-in-waiting to the Swedish Crown Princess. Miss Munk was the guest of Lady Cairns, and the wedding took place from her

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MISS EBBA MUNK, WIFE OF PRINCE BERNADOTTE.
From a Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.



PRINCE OSCAR BERNADOTTE.
From a Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.

house. Prince Oscar had to resign all rights of succession to the Swedish throne for himself and his descendants. The five children of this romantic union have been granted a patent of nobility as Counts and Countesses of Wiborg in Gothland. Prince Bernadotte is commander in the Swedish navy, and lives with his family a very retired life, residing during winter in a villa at Stockholm, and in summer at the "Villa Fridhem" (Home of Peace). Both the Prince and Princess Bernadotte are extremely religious, and when the former is not on duty he and his wife are engaged in preaching and missionary work, both in Stockholm and in the country.

In Bavaria we have an instance of a Royal Prince having made two morganatic marriages. Prince Ludwig, the elder brother of the Royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodor, married first in 1859 an actress, Fräulein Mendel, who was created Baroness Wallersee, and, after her death in 1891, Fräulein Barth, who was given a patent of nobility under the style and title of Frau von Bartholf. He had before marrying also to resign his rights and patrimony to his younger brother. By his first wife he had a daughter who married Count Larisch, who obtained a divorce from her. A short time ago the Countess Larisch became the wife of the opera-singer Brucks.



DUKE LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.
From a Photo. by Baumann, Munich.



FRAU VON BARTHOLF, WIFE OF DUKE LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.
From a Photo. by Marx, Frankfurt.

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COUNTESS LARISCH, WHO MARRIED HERR BRUCKS.
From a Photo. by Dittmar, Munich.



HERR BRUCKS, THE OPERA-SINGER.
From a Photo. by Müller, Munich.

The eldest daughter of Duke Carl Theodor, Princess Sophia of Bavaria, made also a pure love-match by marrying last year the Count Törring-Jettenbach, a scion of an old Bavarian noble house, but not of Royal blood.

A few years ago another young Bavarian Princess entered into an alliance which was not only romantic, but brought great grief to her parents and grand-parents. Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Prince Leopold and the Archduchess Gisela, eldest child of the Emperor of Austria and the murdered Empress Elizabeth, ran away with the young Lieutenant Baron Otto von Seefried zu Buttenheim, and they were married at Genoa. The marriage was the more objectionable on account of the religion of the bridegroom, who is a Protestant, whereas the



COUNT TÖRRING-JETTENBACH.
From a Photo. by Stuffler, Munich.



PRINCESS SOPHIA OF BAVARIA.
From a Photo. by Stuffler, Munich.

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Bavarian and Austrian families are strict Catholics. The alliance is not a happy one. Baron Seefried neglects his wife, who is now only twenty-five years of age, and the unfortunate Princess, who is deeply attached to her husband, leads a most melancholy life. She has lost her former rights, and has only gained a negligent husband.



BARON SEEFRIED.
From a Photo. by Dittman, Munich.

In looking into the matter closely we must come to the conclusion that the number of morganatic marriages made by members of Royal Families increases year by year, and many are the Princes and Princesses who are ready to sacrifice their Royal prerogatives in order to try if they cannot find real happiness in a simpler home—life with the woman or man they love. Whether it is more likely for them to draw a prize in the marriage lottery by deviating from the rule we can scarcely judge, but certain it is that some of these marriages have turned out extremely happy ones. No doubt it is very difficult for a Princess to accustom herself to lead the life of a simple gentlewoman, and, in consequence, after the first passion has cooled off, the Princess is frequently much disappointed. The husband can also hardly be expected to maintain the deference after marriage towards his wife who has descended from her position in order to marry him, which fact makes the position for both extremely difficult. It is a much simpler matter for a Prince to make a morganatic marriage, as he raises the lady of his choice to a higher position, for she is generally given a title if she is not already noble. We should therefore think that the morganatic marriages made by Princes are more often successful than those made by Princesses. That the institution of "morganatic" marriages could be justified by logic is, of course, out of the question; it can only be considered as a relic of feudal times, when the divine right of Kings was looked upon as actually existing.

The Princess Sybilla of Hesse-Cassel, who was married a year ago to Herr von Fincke, is a remarkably beautiful girl, and she also possesses a considerable fortune, while Herr von Fincke is also possessed of moderate means, and it seems as if this marriage were a very happy one.

Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein leads a very contented life with her morganatic husband. The Princess Henrietta, having entirely given up all pretensions to Royal rank, lives the extremely simple life of a professor's wife at Kiel.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA.
From a Photo. by Dittman, Munich.

The instances we have here recited by no means exhaust the subject. However, we have selected the most prominent ones, and such as are of a particularly romantic nature. What a wealth of material the details of these mésalliances would afford the novelist could he only become fully acquainted with them!

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

V.—THE EPISODE OF THE NEEDLE THAT DID NOT MATCH.

"SEBASTIAN is a great man," I said to Hilda Wade, as I sat one afternoon over a cup of tea she had brewed for me in her own little sitting-room: it is one of the alleviations of an hospital doctor's lot that he may drink tea now and again with the Sister of his ward. "Whatever else you choose to think of him, you must at least admit he is a very great man."

I admired our famous Professor, and I admired Hilda Wade: 'twas a matter of regret to me that my two admirations did not seem in return sufficiently to admire one another.

"Oh, yes," Hilda answered, pouring out my second cup. "He is a very great man. I never denied that. The greatest man, on the whole, I think, that I have ever come across."

"And he has done splendid work for humanity," I went on, growing enthusiastic.

"Splendid work! Yes. Splendid! (Two lumps, I believe?) He has done more, I admit, for medical science than any other man I ever met."

I gazed at her with a curious glance. "Then why, dear lady, do you keep telling me he is cruel?" I inquired, toasting my feet on the fender. "It seems contradictory."

She passed me the muffins, and smiled her restrained smile.

"Does the desire to do good to humanity in itself imply a benevolent disposition?" she answered, obliquely.

"Now you are talking paradox. Surely if a man works all his life long for the good of mankind, that shows he is devoured by sympathy for his species."

"And when your friend Mr. Bates works all his life long at observing and classifying lady-birds, I suppose that shows he is devoured by sympathy for the race of beetles!"

I laughed at her comical face, she looked at me so quizzically. "But then," I objected, "the cases are not parallel. Bates kills and collects his lady-birds: Sebastian cures and benefits humanity."

Hilda smiled her wise smile once more and fingered her apron. "Are the cases so different as you suppose?" she went on, with her quick glance. "Is it not partly accident? A man of science, you see, early in life takes up, half by chance, this, that, or the other particular form of study. But what the study is in itself, I fancy, does not greatly matter: do not mere circumstances as often as not determine it? Surely it is the temperament, on the whole, that tells: the temperament that is or is not scientific."

"How do you mean? You *are* so enigmatic!"

"Well, in a family of the scientific temperament, it seems to me, one brother may happen to go in for butterflies—may he not?—and another for geology or for submarine telegraphs. Now, the man who happens to take up butterflies does not make a fortune out of his hobby—there is no money in butterflies: so we say, accordingly, he is an unpractical person, who cares nothing for business, and who is only happy when he is out in the fields with a net, chasing emperors and tortoiseshells. But



"AN UNPRACTICAL PERSON."

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the man who happens to fancy submarine telegraphy most likely invents a lot of new improvements, takes out dozens of patents, finds money flow in upon him as he sits in his study, and becomes at last a peer and a millionaire: so then we say, what a splendid business head he has got, to be sure, and how immensely he differs from his poor wool-gathering brother, the entomologist, who can only invent new ways of hatching out wire-worms. Yet all may really depend on the first chance direction which led one brother as a boy to buy a butterfly-net, and sent the other into the school laboratory to dabble with an electric wheel and a cheap battery."

"Then you mean to say it is chance that has made Sebastian?"

Hilda shook her pretty head. "By no means. Don't be so stupid. We both know Sebastian has a wonderful brain. Whatever was the work he undertook with that brain in science, he would carry it out consummately. He is a born thinker. It is like this, don't you know." She tried to arrange her thoughts. "The particular branch of science to which Mr. Hiram Maxim's mind happens to have been directed was the making of machine-guns—and he slays his thousands. The particular branch to which Sebastian's mind happens to have been directed was medicine—and he cures as many as Mr. Maxim kills. It is a turn of the hand that makes all the difference."

"I see," I said. "The aim of medicine happens to be a benevolent one."

"Quite so; that's just what I mean. The aim is benevolent: and Sebastian pursues that aim with the single-minded energy of a lofty, gifted, and devoted nature—but not a good one."

"Not good?"

"Oh, no. To be quite frank, he seems to me to pursue it ruthlessly, cruelly, unscrupulously. He is a man of high ideals, but without principle. In that respect he reminds one of the great spirits of the Italian Renaissance—Benvenuto Cellini and so forth—men who could pore for hours with conscientious artistic care over the detail of a hem in a sculptured robe, yet could steal out in the midst of their disinterested toil, to plunge a knife in the back of a rival."

"Sebastian would not do that," I cried. "He is wholly free from the mean spirit of jealousy."

"No, Sebastian would not do that. You are quite right there: there is no tinge of meanness in the man's nature. He likes to be first in the field: but he would acclaim with delight another man's scientific triumph—if another anticipated him—for would it not mean a triumph for universal science?—and is not the advancement of science Sebastian's religion? But . . . . he would do almost as much—or more. He would stab a man without remorse, if he thought that by stabbing him he could advance knowledge."

I recognised at once the truth of her diagnosis. "Nurse Wade," I cried, "you are a wonderful woman! I believe you are right; but—how did you come to think of it?"

A cloud passed over her brow. "I have reason to know it," she answered, slowly. Then her voice changed. "Take another muffin!"

I helped myself and paused. I laid down my cup and gazed at her. What a beautiful, tender, sympathetic face! And yet, how able! She stirred the fire uneasily. I looked and hesitated. I had often wondered why I never dared ask Hilda Wade one question that was nearest my heart. I think it must have been because I respected her so profoundly. The deeper your admiration and respect for a woman, the harder you find it in the end to ask her. At last I *almost* made up my mind. "I cannot think," I began, "what can have induced a girl like you, with means and friends, with brains and"—I drew back, then I plumped it out—"beauty, to take to such a life as this—a life which seems, in many ways, so unworthy of you!"

She stirred the fire more pensively than ever, and re-arranged the muffin-dish on the little wrought-iron stand in front of the grate. "And yet," she murmured, looking down, "what life can be better than the service of one's kind? You think it a great life, for Sebastian!"

"Sebastian! He is a man. That is different, quite different. But a woman! especially *you*, dear lady, for whom one feels that nothing is quite high enough, quite pure enough, quite good enough: I cannot imagine how——"

She checked me with one wave of her gracious hand. Her movements were always slow and dignified. "I have a Plan in my life," she answered earnestly, her eyes meeting mine with a sincere, frank gaze; "a Plan to which I have resolved to sacrifice everything. It absorbs my being. Till that Plan is fulfilled——" I saw the tears were gathering fast on her lashes. She suppressed them with an effort. "Say no more," she added,

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faltering. "Infirm of purpose, I *will* not listen."

I leant forward eagerly, pressing my advantage. The air was electric. Waves of emotion passed to and fro. "But surely," I cried, "you do not mean to say——"

She waved me aside once more. "I will not put my hand to the plough, and then look back," she answered firmly. "Dr. Cumberledge, spare me. I came to Nathaniel's for a purpose. I told you at the time what that purpose was—in part: to be near Sebastian. I want to be near him . . . for an object I have at heart. Do not ask me to reveal it: do not ask me to forego it. I am a woman, therefore weak. But I need your aid. Help me, instead of hindering me."

"Hilda," I cried, leaning forward, with quiverings of my heart, "I will help you in whatever way you will allow me. But let me at any rate help you with the feeling that I am helping one who means in time——"

At that moment, as unkindly fate would have it, the door opened, and Sebastian entered.

"Nurse Wade," he began, in his iron voice, glancing about him with stern eyes, "where are those needles I ordered for that operation? We must be ready in time before Nielsen comes. . . . Cumberledge, I shall want you."

The golden opportunity had come and gone. It was long before I found a similar occasion for speaking to Hilda.

Every day after that the feeling deepened upon me that Hilda was there to watch Sebastian. *Why*, I did not know: but it was growing certain that a life-long duel was in progress between those two—a duel of some strange and mysterious import.

The first approach to a solution of the problem which I obtained came a week or two later. Sebastian was engaged in observing a case where certain unusual symptoms had suddenly supervened: it was a case of some obscure affection of the heart: I will not trouble you here with the particular details: we all suspected a tendency to aneurism. Hilda Wade was in attendance, as she always was on Sebastian's observation cases. We crowded round, watching. The Professor himself leaned over the cot with some medicine for external application in a basin. He gave it to Hilda to hold. I noticed that as she held it her fingers trembled, and that her eyes were fixed harder than ever upon Sebastian. He turned round to his students. "Now, this," he began in a very unconcerned voice, as if the patient were a toad, "is a most unwonted turn for the disease to take. It occurs very seldom. In point of fact, I have only observed the symptom once before; and then it was fatal. The patient in that instance" — he paused dramatically — "was the notorious poisoner, Dr. Yorke-Bannerman."



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND SEBASTIAN ENTERED."

As he uttered the words, Hilda Wade's hands

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trembled more than ever, and with a little scream she let the basin fall, breaking it into fragments.

Sebastian's keen eyes had transfixed her in a second. "How did you manage to do that?" he asked, with quiet sarcasm, but in a tone full of meaning.

"The basin was heavy," Hilda faltered. "My hands were trembling—and it somehow slipped through them. I am not . . . . quite myself . . . . not quite well this afternoon. I ought not to have attempted it."

The Professor's deep-set eyes peered out like gleaming lights from beneath their overhanging brows. "No, you ought not to have attempted it," he answered, withering her with his glance. "You might have let the thing fall on the patient and killed him. As it is, can't you see you have agitated him with the flurry? Don't stand there holding your breath, woman: repair your mischief: get a cloth and wipe it up, and give *me* the bottle."

With skilful haste he administered a little sal volatile and nux vomica to the swooning patient; while Hilda set about remedying the damage. "That's better," Sebastian said, in a mollified tone, when she had brought another basin. There was a singular note of cloaked triumph in his voice. "Now, we'll begin again. . . . . I was just saying, gentlemen, before this accident, that I had seen only *one* case of this peculiar form of the tendency before: and that case was the notorious"—he kept his glittering eyes fixed harder on Hilda than ever—"the notorious Dr. Yorke-Bannerman."

I was watching Hilda, too. At the words,



"WITH A LITTLE SCREAM SHE LET THE BASIN FALL."

she trembled violently all over once more, but with an effort restrained herself. Their looks met in a searching glance. Hilda's air was proud and fearless: in Sebastian's, I fancied I detected after a second just a tinge of wavering.

"You remember Yorke-Bannerman's case," he went on. "He committed a murder——"

"Let *me* take the basin!" I cried, for I saw Hilda's hands giving way a second time, and I was anxious to spare her.

"No, thank you," she answered low, but in a voice that was full of suppressed defiance. "I will wait and hear this out. I *prefer* to stop here."

As for Sebastian, he seemed now not to notice her, though I was aware all the time of a side-long glance of his eye, parrot-wise, in her direction. "He committed a murder," he went on, "by means of aconitine—then an almost unknown poison; and after committing it, his heart being already weak, he was taken himself with symptoms of aneurism in a curious form, essentially similar to these; so that he died before the trial—a lucky escape for him."

He paused rhetorically once more; then

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he added in the same tone, "Mental agitation and the terror of detection no doubt accelerated the fatal result in that instance. He died at once from the shock of the arrest. It was a natural conclusion. Here, we may hope for a more successful issue."

He spoke to the students, of course, but I could see for all that that he was keeping his falcon eye fixed hard on Hilda's face. I glanced aside at her. She never flinched for a second. Neither said anything directly to the other: still, by their eyes and mouths, I knew some strange passage of arms had taken place between them. Sebastian's tone was one of provocation, of defiance, I might almost say of challenge: Hilda's air I took rather for the air of calm and resolute, but assured, resistance. He expected her to answer; she said nothing. Instead of that, she went on holding the basin now with fingers that *would* not tremble. Every muscle was strained. Every tendon was strung. I could see she held herself in with a will of iron.

The rest of the episode passed off quietly. Sebastian, having delivered his bolt, began to think less of Hilda and more of the patient. He went on with his demonstration. As for Hilda, she gradually relaxed her muscles, and, with a deep-drawn breath, resumed her natural attitude. The tension was over. They had had their little skirmish, whatever it might mean, and had it out: now, they called a truce over the patient's body.

When the case had been disposed of, and the students dismissed, I went straight into the laboratory to get a few surgical instruments I had chanced to leave there. For a minute or two I mislaid my clinical thermometer, and began hunting for it behind a wooden partition in the corner of the room by the place for washing test-tubes. As I stooped down, turning over the various objects about the tap in my search, Sebastian's voice came to me. He had paused outside the door, and was speaking in his calm, clear tone, very low, to Hilda. "So *now* we understand one another, Nurse Wade," he said, with a significant sneer. "I know whom I have to deal with!"

"And *I* know too," Hilda answered, in a voice of placid confidence.

"Yet you are not afraid?"

"It is not *I* who have cause for fear. The accused may tremble, not the prosecutor."

"What? You threaten?"

"No; I do not threaten. Not in words, I mean. My presence here is in itself a threat, but I make no other. You know now, unfortunately, *why* I have come. That makes my task harder. But I will *not* give it up. I will wait and conquer."

Sebastian answered nothing. He strode into the laboratory alone, tall, grim, unbending, and let himself sink into his easy chair, looking up with a singular and somewhat sinister smile at his bottles of microbes. After a minute he stirred the fire, and bent his head forward, brooding. He held it between his hands, with his elbows on his knees, and gazed moodily straight before him into the glowing caves of white-hot coal in the fire-place. That sinister smile still played lambent round the corners of his grizzled moustaches.

I moved noiselessly towards the door, trying to pass behind him unnoticed. But, alert as ever, his quick ears detected me. With a sudden start, he raised his head and glanced round. "What! you here?" he cried, taken aback. For a second he appeared almost to lose his self-possession.

"I came for my clinical," I answered, with an unconcerned air. "I have somehow managed to mislay it in the laboratory."

My carefully casual tone seemed to reassure him. He peered about him with knit brows. "Cumberledge," he asked at last, in a suspicious voice, "did you hear that woman?"

"The woman in 93? Delirious?"

"No, no: Nurse Wade?"

"Hear her?" I echoed, I must candidly admit with intent to deceive. "When she broke the basin?"

His forehead relaxed. "Oh, it is nothing," he muttered, hastily. "A mere point of discipline. She spoke to me just now, and I thought her tone unbecoming in a subordinate. . . . . Like Korah and his crew, she takes too much upon her. . . . . We must get rid of her, Cumberledge: we must get rid of her. She is a dangerous woman!"

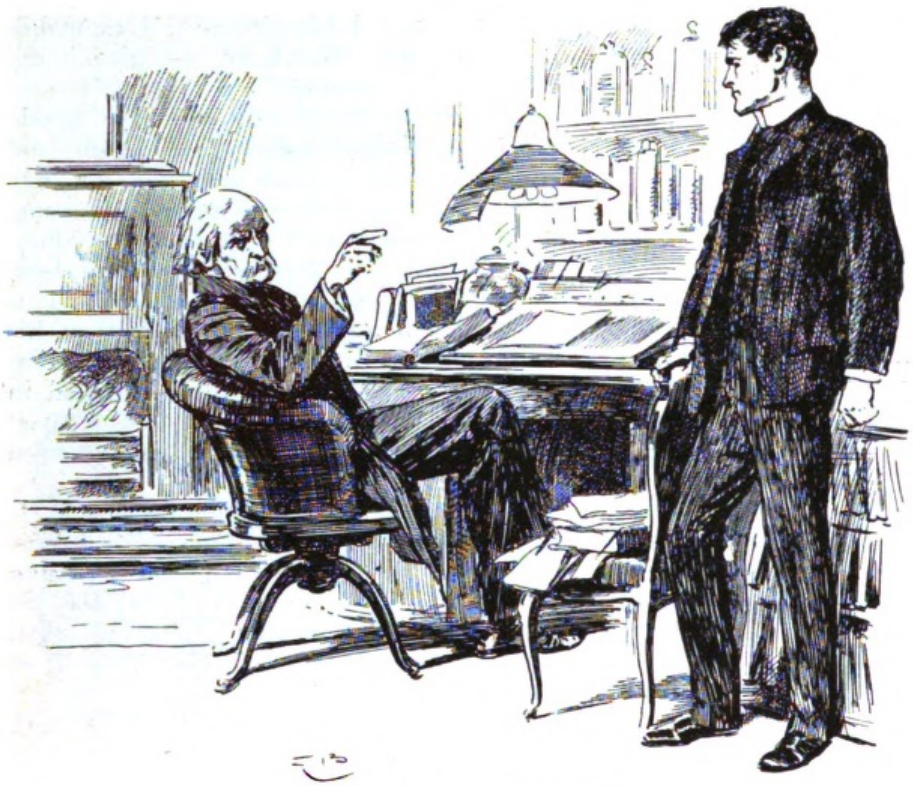
"She is the most intelligent nurse we have ever had in the place, sir," I objected, stoutly.

He nodded his head twice. "Intelligent—*je vous l'accorde;* but dangerous—dangerous!"

Then he turned to his papers, sorting them out one by one with a preoccupied face and twitching fingers. I recognised that he desired to be left alone, so I quitted the laboratory.

I cannot quite say *why*, but ever since Hilda Wade first came to Nathaniel's, my enthusiasm for Sebastian had been cooling continuously. Admiring his greatness still, I had doubts as to his goodness. That day I felt I positively mistrusted him. I wondered

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"BUT DANGEROUS—DANGEROUS!"

what his passage of arms with Hilda might mean. Yet, somehow, I was shy of alluding to it before her.

One thing, however, was clear to me now—this great campaign that was being waged between the nurse and the Professor had reference to the case of Dr. Yorke-Bannerman.

For a time, nothing came of it: the routine of the hospital went on as usual. The patient with the suspected predisposition to aneurism kept fairly well for a week or two, and then took a sudden turn for the worse, presenting at times most unwonted symptoms. He died unexpectedly. Sebastian, who had watched him every hour, regarded the matter as of prime importance. "I'm glad it happened here," he said, rubbing his hands. "A grand opportunity. I wanted to catch an instance like this before that fellow in Paris had time to anticipate me. They're all on the look-out. Von Strahlendorff, of Vienna, has been waiting for just such a patient for years. So have I. Now, fortune has favoured me. Lucky for us he died! We shall find out everything."

We held a post-mortem, of course, the condition of the blood being what we most wished to observe; and the autopsy revealed some unexpected details. One remarkable feature consisted in a certain undescribed and impoverished state of the contained bodies, which Sebastian, with his eager zeal for science, desired his students to see and identify. He said it was likely to throw much light on other ill-understood conditions of the brain and nervous system, as well as on the peculiar faint odour of the insane, now so well recognised in all large asylums. In order to compare this abnormal state with the aspect of the healthy circulating medium, he proposed to examine a little good living blood side by side with the morbid specimen under the microscope. Nurse Wade was in attendance in the laboratory as usual. The Professor, standing by the instrument, with one hand on the brass screw, had got the diseased drop ready arranged for our inspection beforehand, and was gloating over it himself with scientific enthusiasm. "Grey corpuscles, you will observe," he said, "almost entirely deficient. Red, poor in number, and irregular in outline. Plasma, thin. Nuclei, feeble. A state of body which tells severely against the due rebuilding of the wasted tissues. Now, compare with typical normal specimen." He removed his eye from the microscope, and wiped a glass slide with a clean cloth as he spoke. "Nurse Wade, we know of old the purity and vigour of your circulating fluid. You shall have the honour of advancing science once more. Hold up your finger."

Hilda held up her forefinger unhesitatingly. She was used to such requests: and, indeed, Sebastian had acquired by long experience the faculty of pinching the finger-tip so hard, and pressing the point of a needle so dexterously into a minor vessel, that he could draw at once a small drop of blood without the subject even feeling it.

The Professor nipped the last joint between his finger and thumb for a moment till it

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was black at the end: then he turned to the saucer at his side, which Hilda herself had placed there, and chose from it, cat-like, with great deliberation and selective care, a particular needle. Hilda's eyes followed his every movement as closely and as fearlessly as ever. Sebastian's hand was raised, and he was just about to pierce the delicate white skin, when, with a sudden, quick scream of terror, she snatched her hand away hastily.

The Professor let the needle drop in his astonishment. "What did you do that for?" he cried, with an angry dart of the keen eyes. "This is not the first time I have drawn your blood. You *knew* I would not hurt you."

Hilda's face had grown strangely pale. But that was not all. I believe I was the only person present who noticed one unobtrusive piece of sleight-of-hand which she hurriedly and skilfully executed. When the needle slipped from Sebastian's hand, she leant forward even as she screamed, and caught it, unobserved, in the folds of her apron. Then her nimble fingers closed over it as if by magic, and conveyed it with a rapid movement at once to her pocket. I do not think even Sebastian himself noticed the quick forward jerk of her eager hands, which would have done honour to a conjurer. He was too much taken aback by her unexpected behaviour to observe the needle.

Just as she caught it Hilda answered his question in a somewhat flurried voice. "I—I was afraid," she broke out, gasping. "One gets these little accesses of terror now and again. I—I feel rather weak. I don't think I will volunteer to supply any more normal blood this morning."

Sebastian's acute eyes read her through, as so often. With a trenchant dart he glanced from her to me. I could see he began to suspect a confederacy. "That will do," he went on, with slow deliberateness. "Better so. Nurse Wade, I don't know what's beginning to come over you. You are losing your nerve—which is fatal in a nurse. Only the other day you let fall and broke a basin at a most critical moment; and now, you scream aloud on a trifling apprehension." He paused and glanced around him. "Mr. Callaghan," he said, turning to our tall, red-haired Irish student, "*your* blood is good normal: and *you* are not hysterical." He selected another needle with studious care. "Give me your finger."

As he picked out the needle, I saw Hilda lean forward again, alert and watchful, eyeing him with a piercing glance; but, after a second's consideration, she seemed to satisfy herself, and fell back without a word. I gathered that she was ready to interfere, had occasion demanded. But occasion did not demand: and she held her peace quietly.

The rest of the examination proceeded without a hitch. For a minute or two, it is true, I fancied that Sebastian betrayed a certain suppressed agitation—a trifling lack of his accustomed perspicuity and his luminous exposition. But after meandering for a while through a few vague sentences, he soon recovered his wonted calm; and as he went on with his demonstration, throwing himself eagerly into the case, his usual scientific enthusiasm came back to him undiminished. He waxed eloquent (after his fashion) over the "beautiful" contrast between Callaghan's wholesome blood, "rich in the vivifying architectonic grey corpuscles which rebuild worn tissues," and the effete, impoverished, unvitalized fluid which stagnated in the sluggish veins of the dead patient. The carriers of oxygen had neglected their proper task: the granules whose duty it was to bring elaborated food-stuffs to supply the waste of brain and nerve and muscle had forgotten their cunning. The bricklayers of the bodily fabric had gone out on strike: the weary scavengers had declined to remove the useless by-products. His vivid tongue, his picturesque fancy, ran away with him. I had never heard him talk better or more incisively before; one could feel sure as he spoke that the arteries of his own acute and teeming brain at that moment of exaltation were by no means deficient in those energetic and highly vital globules on whose reparative worth he so eloquently descanted. "Sure, the Professor makes annywan see right inside wan's own vascular system," Callaghan whispered aside to me, in unfeigned admiration.

The demonstration ended in impressive silence. As we streamed out of the laboratory, aglow with his electric fire, Sebastian held me back with a bent motion of his shrivelled forefinger. I stayed behind unwillingly. "Yes, sir?" I said, in an interrogative voice.

The Professor's eyes were fixed intently on the ceiling. His look was one of rapt inspiration. I stood and waited. "Cumberledge," he said at last, coming back to earth with a start, "I see it more plainly each day that goes. We must get rid of that woman."

"Of Nurse Wade?" I asked, catching my breath.

He roped the grizzled moustache and blinked the sunken eyes. "She has lost

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nerve," he went on. "Lost nerve entirely. I shall suggest that she be dismissed. Her sudden failures of stamina are most embarrassing at critical junctures."

"Very well, sir," I answered, swallowing a lump in my throat. To say the truth, I was beginning to be afraid on Hilda's account. That morning's events had thoroughly disquieted me.

He seemed relieved at my unquestioning acquiescence. "She is a dangerous edged-tool, that's the truth of it," he went on, still twirling his moustache with a preoccupied air, and turning over his stock of needles. "When she's clothed and in her right mind, she is a valuable accessory—sharp and trenchant like a clean, bright lancet: but when she allows one of these causeless hysterical fits to override her tone, she plays one false at once—like a lancet that slips, or grows dull and rusty." He polished one of the needles on a soft square of new chamois-leather while he spoke, as if to give point and illustration to his simile.

I went out from him, much perturbed. The Sebastian I had once admired and worshipped was beginning to pass from me: in his place I found a very complex and inferior creation. My idol had feet of clay. I was loth to acknowledge it.

I stalked along the corridor moodily towards my own room. As I passed Hilda Wade's door I saw it half ajar. She stood a little within and beckoned me to enter.

I passed in and closed the door behind me. Hilda looked at me with trustful eyes. Resolute still, her face was yet that of a hunted creature. "Thank Heaven I have *one* friend here at least," she said, slowly, seating herself. "You saw me catch and conceal the needle?"

"Yes, I saw you."

She drew it forth from her purse, carefully but loosely wrapped up in a small tag of tissue-paper. "Here it is!" she said, displaying it. "Now, I want you to test it."

"In a culture?" I asked, for I guessed her meaning.

She nodded. "Yes, to see what that man has done to it."

"What do you suspect?"

She shrugged her graceful shoulders half imperceptibly. "How should I know? Anything!"

I gazed at the needle close. "What made you distrust it?" I inquired at last, still eyeing it.

She opened a drawer and took out several others. "See here," she said, handing me one: "*these* are the needles I keep in antiseptic wool—the needles with which I always supply the Professor. You observe their shape—the common surgical patterns. Now, look at *this* needle with which the Professor was just going to prick my finger! You can see for yourself at once it is of bluer steel and of a different manufacture."

"That is quite true," I answered, examining it with my pocket lens, which I always carry. "I see the difference. But how did you detect it?"

"From his face, partly, but partly, too, from the needle itself. I had my suspicions, and I was watching him close. Just as he raised the thing in his hand, half concealing it, so, and showing only the point, I caught the blue gleam of the steel as the light glanced off it. It was not the kind I knew. Then I withdrew my hand at once, feeling sure he meant mischief."

"That was wonderfully quick of you!"

"Quick? Well, yes. Thank Heaven, my mind works fast: my perceptions are rapid.



"I HAD MY SUSPICIONS."

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Otherwise——" she looked grave. "One second more, and it would have been too late. The man might have killed me."

"You think it is poisoned, then?"

Hilda shook her head with confident dissent. "Poisoned? Oh, no. He is wiser now. Fifteen years ago, he used poison. But science has made gigantic strides since then. He would not needlessly expose himself to-day to the risks of the poisoner."

"Fifteen years ago he used poison!"

She nodded with the air of one who knows. "I am not speaking at random," she answered. "I say what I know. Some day I will explain. For the present, it is enough to tell you, I know it."

"And what do you suspect now?" I asked, the weird sense of her strange power deepening on me every second.

She held up the incriminated needle again. "Do you see this groove?" she asked, pointing to it with the tip of another.

I examined it once more at the light with the lens. A longitudinal groove, apparently ground into one side of the needle, lengthwise, by means of a small grinding-stone and emery powder, ran for a quarter of an inch above the point. This groove seemed to me to have been produced by an amateur, though he must have been one accustomed to delicate microscopic manipulation: for the edges under the lens showed slightly rough, like the surface of a file on a small scale, not smooth and polished as a needle-maker would have left them. I said so to Hilda.

"You are quite right," she answered. "That is just what it shows. I feel sure Sebastian made that groove himself. He could have bought grooved needles, it is true, such as they sometimes use for retaining small quantities of lymphs and medicines, but we had none in stock, and to buy them would be to manufacture evidence against himself, in case of detection. Besides, the rough jagged edge would hold the material he wished to inject all the better, while its saw-like points would tear the flesh, imperceptibly but minutely, and so serve his purpose."

"Which was?"

"Try the needle, and judge for yourself. I prefer you should find out. You can tell me to-morrow."

"It was quick of you to detect it!" I cried, still turning the suspicious object over. "The difference is so slight."

"Yes; but you tell me my eyes are as sharp as the needle. Besides, I had reason to doubt, and Sebastian himself gave me the clue by selecting his instrument with too great deliberation. He had put it there with the rest, but it lay a little apart: and as he picked it up, gingerly, I began to doubt. When I saw the blue gleam, my doubt was at once converted into certainty. Then his eyes, too, had the look which I know means victory. Benign or baleful, it goes with his triumphs. I have seen that look before, and when once it lurks scintillating in the luminous depths of his gleaming eyeballs, I recognise at once that, whatever his aim, he has succeeded in it."

"Still, Hilda, I am loth——"

She waved her hand impatiently. "Waste no time," she cried, in an authoritative voice. "If you happen to let that needle rub carelessly against the sleeve of your coat, you may destroy the evidence. Take it at once to your room, plunge it into a culture, and lock it up safe at a proper temperature where Sebastian cannot get at it—till the consequences develop."

I did as she bid me. By this time, I was not wholly unprepared for the result she anticipated. My belief in Sebastian had sunk to zero, and was rapidly reaching a negative quantity.

At nine the next morning, I tested one drop of the culture under the microscope. Clear and limpid to the naked eye, it was alive with small objects of a most suspicious nature, when properly magnified. I knew those hungry forms. Still, I would not decide off-hand on my own authority in a matter of such moment. Sebastian's character was at stake—the character of the man who led the profession. I called in Callaghan, who happened to be in the ward, and asked him to put his eye to the instrument for a moment. He was a splendid fellow for the use of high powers, and I had magnified the culture 300 diameters. "What do you call those?" I asked, breathless.

He scanned them carefully with his experienced eye. "Is it the microbes ye mean?" he answered. "An' what 'ud they be, then, if it wasn't the bacillus of pyæmia?"

"Blood-poisoning!" I ejaculated, horror-struck.

"Aye: blood-poisoning: that's the English of it."

I assumed an air of indifference. "I made them that myself," I rejoined, as if they were mere ordinary experimental germs: "but I wanted confirmation of my own opinion. You're sure of the bacillus?"

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"An' haven't I been keeping swarms of those very same bacteria under close observation for Sebastian for seven weeks past? Why, I know them as well as I know me own mother."

"Thank you," I said. "That will do."



"I KNOW THEM AS WELL AS I KNOW ME OWN MOTHER."

And I carried off the microscope, bacilli and all, into Hilda Wade's sitting-room. "Look yourself!" I cried to her.

She stared at them through the instrument with an unmoved face. "I thought so," she answered shortly. "The bacillus of pyæmia. A most virulent type. Exactly what I expected."

"You anticipated that result?"

"Absolutely. You see, blood-poisoning matures quick, and kills almost to a certainty. Delirium supervenes so soon that the patient has no chance of explaining suspicions. Besides, it would all seem so very natural! Everybody would say, 'She got some slight wound, which microbes from some case she was attending contaminated.' You may be sure Sebastian thought out all that. He plans with consummate skill. He had designed everything."

I gazed at her, uncertain. "And what will you *do*?" I asked. "Expose him?"

She opened both her palms with a blank gesture of helplessness. "It is useless," she answered. "Nobody would believe me. Consider the situation. *You* know the needle I gave you was the one Sebastian meant to use—the one he dropped and I caught—*because* you are a friend of mine, and because you have learned to trust me. But who else would credit it? I have only my word against his — an unknown nurse's against the great Professor's. Everybody would say I was malicious or hysterical. Hysteria is always an easy stone to fling at an injured woman who asks for justice. They would declare I had trumped up the case to forestall my dismissal. They would set it down to spite. We can do nothing against him. Remember, on his part, the utter absence of overt motive."

"And you mean to stop on here, in close attendance on a man who has attempted your life?" I cried, really alarmed for her safety.

"I am not sure about that," she answered. "I must take time to think. My presence at Nathaniel's was necessary to my Plan. The Plan fails for the present. I have now to look round and reconsider my position."

"But you are not safe here now," I urged, growing warm. "If Sebastian really wishes to get rid of you, and is as unscrupulous as you suppose, with his gigantic brain he can soon compass his end. What he plans he executes. You ought not to remain within the Professor's reach one hour longer."

"I have thought of that too," she replied, with an almost unearthly calm. "But there are difficulties either way. At any rate, I am glad he did not succeed this time. For to have killed me now would have frustrated my Plan. And my Plan"—she clasped her hands—"my Plan is ten thousand times dearer than life to me."

"Dear lady," I cried, drawing a deep breath, "I implore you in this strait, listen to

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what I urge. Why fight your battle alone? Why refuse assistance? I have admired you so long—I am so eager to help you. If only you will allow me to call you——"

Her eyes brightened and softened. Her whole bosom heaved. I felt in a flash she was not wholly indifferent to me. Strange tremors in the air seemed to play about us. But she waved me aside once more. "Don't press me," she said, in a very low voice. "Let me go my own way. It is hard enough



"'DON'T PRESS ME,' SHE SAID."

already, this task I have undertaken, without *your* making it harder. . . . . Dear friend, dear friend, you don't quite understand. There are *two* men at Nathaniel's whom I desire to escape—because they both alike stand in the way of my purpose." She took my hand in hers. "Each in a different way," she murmured once more. "But each I must avoid. One is Sebastian. The other——" she let my hand drop again and broke off suddenly. "Dear Hubert," she cried, with a catch, "I cannot help it: forgive me!"

It was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name. The mere sound of the word made me unspeakably happy.

Yet she waved me away. "Must I go?" I asked, quivering.

"Yes, yes, you must go. I cannot stand it. I must think this thing out, undisturbed. It is a very great crisis."

That afternoon and evening, by some unhappy chance, I was fully engaged in work at the hospital. Late at night, a letter arrived for me. I glanced at it in dismay. It bore the Basingstoke post-mark. But to my alarm and surprise, it was in Hilda's hand. What could this change portend? I opened it, all tremulous.

"DEAR HUBERT——" I gave a sigh of relief. It was no longer "Dear Dr. Cumberledge" now, but "Hubert." That was something gained, at any rate. I read on with a beating heart. What had Hilda to say to me?

"DEAR HUBERT,—By the time this reaches you, I shall be far away, irrevocably far, from London. With deep regret, with fierce searchings of spirit, I have come to the conclusion that, for the Purpose I have in view, it would be better for me at once to leave Nathaniel's. Where I go or what I mean to do, I do not wish to tell you. Of your charity, I pray, refrain from asking me. I am aware that your kindness and generosity deserve better recognition. But, like Sebastian himself, I am the slave of my Purpose. I have lived for it all these years, and it is still very dear to me. To tell you my plans would interfere with that end. Do not, therefore, suppose I am insensible to your goodness . . . . Dear Hubert, spare me—I dare not say more, lest I say too much. I dare not trust myself. But one thing I *must* say. I am flying from *you* quite as much as from Sebastian. Flying from my own heart quite as much as from my enemy. Some day, perhaps, if I accomplish my object, I may tell you all. Meanwhile I can only beg of you of your kindness to trust me. We shall not meet again, I fear, for years. But I shall never forget you—you, the kind counsellor, who have half turned me aside from my life's purpose. One word more and I should falter.—In very great haste and amid much disturbance, yours ever affectionately and gratefully, "HILDA."

It was a hurried scrawl in pencil, as if written in a train. I felt utterly dejected. Was Hilda then leaving England?

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Rousing myself after some minutes, I went straight to Sebastian's rooms, and told him in brief terms that Nurse Wade had disappeared at a moment's notice, and had sent a note to tell me so.

He looked up from his work and scanned me hard, as was his wont. "That is well," he said at last, his eyes glowing deep: "she was getting too great a hold on you, that young woman!"

"She retains that hold upon me, sir," I answered, curtly.

"You are making a grave mistake in life, my dear Cumberledge," he went on, in his old genial tone, which I had almost forgotten. "Before you go further and entangle yourself more deeply, I think it is only right that I should undeceive you as to this girl's true position. She is passing under a false name, and she comes of a tainted stock. . . . . Nurse Wade, as she chooses to call herself, is a daughter of the notorious murderer, Yorke-Bannerman."

My mind leapt back to the incident of the broken basin. Yorke-Bannerman's name had profoundly moved her. Then I thought of Hilda's face. Murderers, I said to myself, do not beget such daughters as that. Not even accidental murderers like my poor friend Le Geyt. I saw at once the *primâ facie* evidence was strongly against her. But I had faith in her still. I drew myself up firmly and stared him back full in the face. "I do not believe it," I answered, shortly.

"You do not believe it? I tell you it is so. The girl herself as good as acknowledged it to me."

I spoke slowly and distinctly. "Dr. Sebastian," I said, confronting him, "let us be quite clear with one another. I have found you out. I know how you tried to poison that lady. To poison her with bacilli which *I* detected. I cannot trust your word: I cannot trust your inferences. Either she is not Yorke-Bannerman's daughter at all, or else . . . . Yorke-Bannerman was *not* a murderer. . . ." I watched his face close. Conviction leaped upon me. "And someone else was," I went on. "I might put a name to him."

With a stern white face, he rose and opened the door. He pointed to it slowly. "This hospital is not big enough for you and me abreast," he said with cold politeness. "One or other of us must go. Which, I leave it to your good sense to determine."

Even at that moment of detection and disgrace, in one man's eyes at least, Sebastian retained his full measure of dignity.



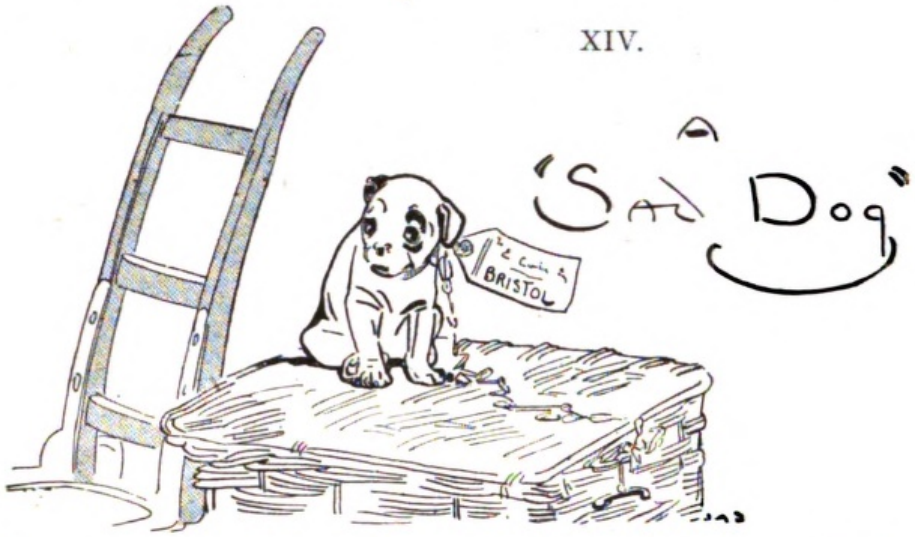
"THIS HOSPITAL IS NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU AND ME ABREAST."

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Animal Actualities.

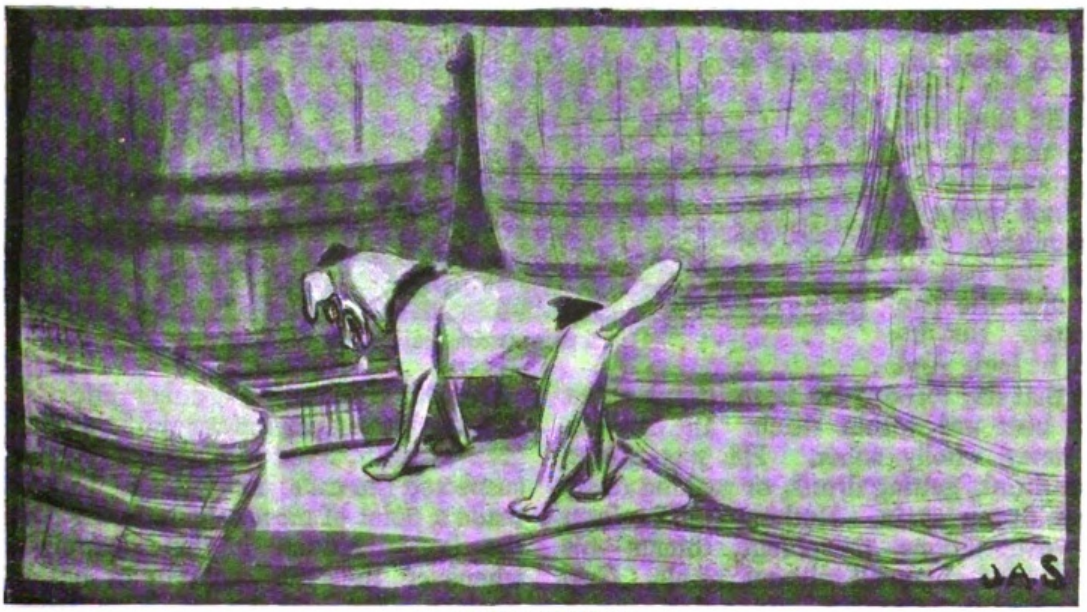
NOTE.—*These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE. *While the stories themselves are matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist treats the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.*

XIV.



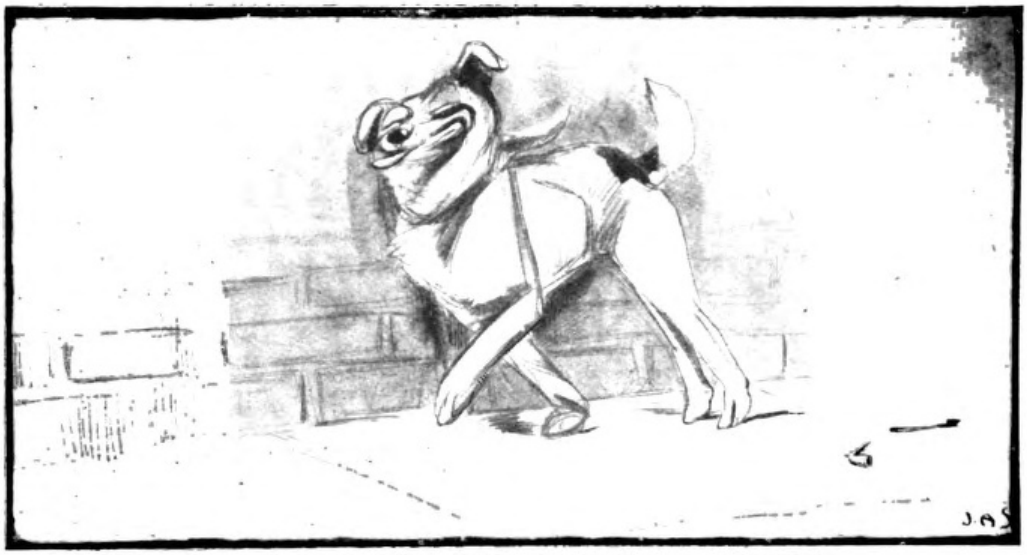
GRIP was a very "sad dog"—is so now, in fact, unless, ere these lines appear in print, he has expired in the throes of delirium tremens, or encountered the death of the outcast drunkard on a bleak doorstep. He had good prospects, too, had Grip at one time, and might have turned out an ornament and an honour to the canine race, had it not been for his succumbing to the terrible temptation of drink. He was a fox-terrier of good birth—a dog of pedigree, in fact—and Ipswich was his birthplace. In the summer of 1894 he came to Bristol a puppy, innocent, blinking, and wondering. In the winter of the same year he left the town a confirmed drunkard, the disgrace and the despair of his master and his friends.

His master was a pupil in the Ashton Gate Brewery, and as soon as Grip was a sufficiently grown dog he trotted at his master's heels on the way to business. From his first entry into the brewery his fall was instant and deplorable. Small vessels were placed under the great beer-vats, to collect leakage and overflow, and once, in a direful, fatal, thirsty moment, Grip took a drink out of one of those vessels. At once his fatal



GRIP'S TEMPTATION.

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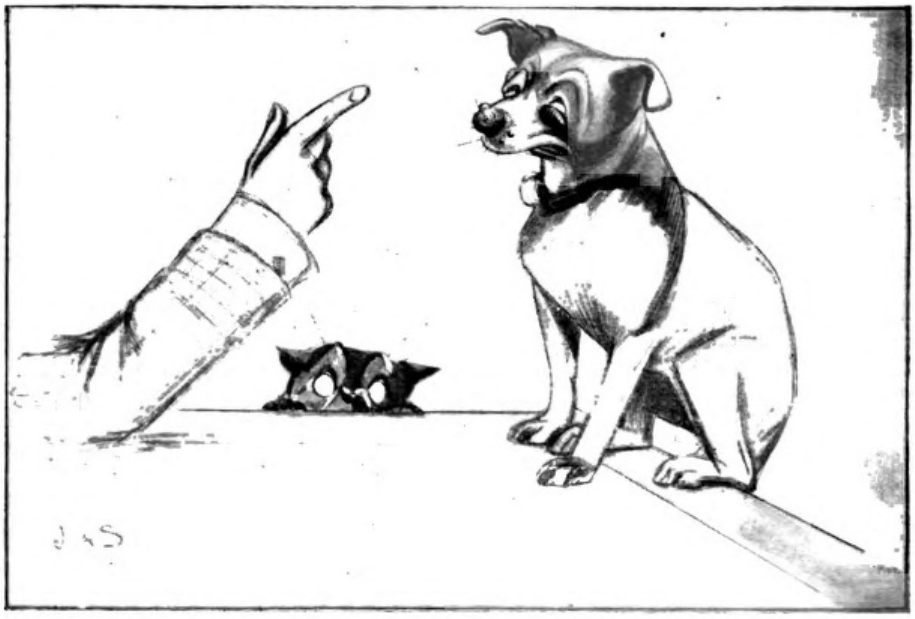


GOING HOME.

passion seized him, and that day Grip went home drunk.

It was very shocking, but his master felt that the slip might be excused. Plainly, he said, it was a mere vagary of puppyhood. The poor little chap had been thirsty, and had innocently drunk as much as possible of the only liquid available. In future it should be arranged that water be kept in the brewery for Grip's refreshment.

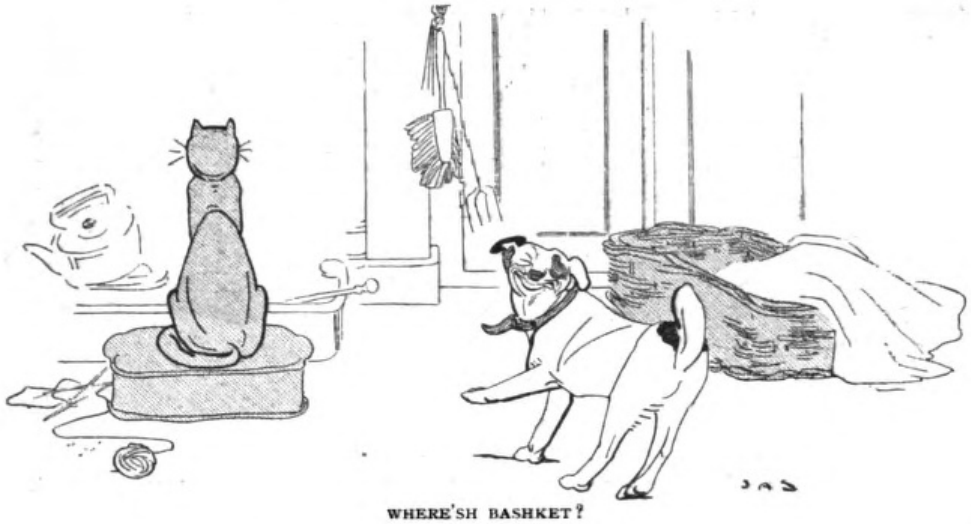
The water was provided accordingly, but to everybody's astonishment Grip came home drunk again the next day. His friends were more shocked than before. This time they did their best to excuse him on the ground that he had not properly distinguished between the pan of beer and the pan of water. But, indeed, he had. And from that day forward he never drank water when beer was within reach. In fact, he was never wholly sober. He was always either drunk, getting drunk, or making ready to get drunk again. Nothing could reform him—exhortations, preachings, threats—his master tried them all without result. Grip listened with a drunken leer and staggered off to attempt another debauch, or to sleep off the effects of the last. Once, indeed, he did display some desire to forsake beer; that is to say, he found an occasion to exhibit his preference for whisky and water—most of it whisky. But here it was easy to cut off the supply, and Grip returned to the vat drippings.



EXHORTATIONS, PREACHINGS, THREATS.

Now as Grip grew a drunker and drunker dog, so his temper toward the household cat grew worse. Even in his sober days he had suspected the cat's honesty, and had always made a point of most ostentatiously counting the bones hidden in his sleeping-basket whenever the cat came in or out of the kitchen. But now he also regarded her as

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WHERE'SH BASHKET?

responsible in some degree for the difficulty he experienced in finding his basket, after a bout of beer-lees. Every day at noon Grip was brought home with more or less difficulty by his sorrowful and disgraced master, and arriving at his destination, he fell upon his dinner in a heap. Regaining his unsteady legs, he gobbled his food as quickly as possible, and was immediately seized by a desire for bed. The sleeping-basket was in the kitchen, and, having mistily found the kitchen stairs and tumbled down them, he tacked riotously this way and that about the kitchen, to the intense scandal of the totally abstaining cat, until he brought up in the neighbourhood of his bed, and was confronted with the problem of getting into it. So innumerable were the bed-baskets that pranced before his beery eyes that he made many vain shots without encountering the real thing, and at this moment a maniac ambition to stand on his head would seize him. Perhaps he had a view of proving to the cook and the cat that he was not altogether so drunk as he

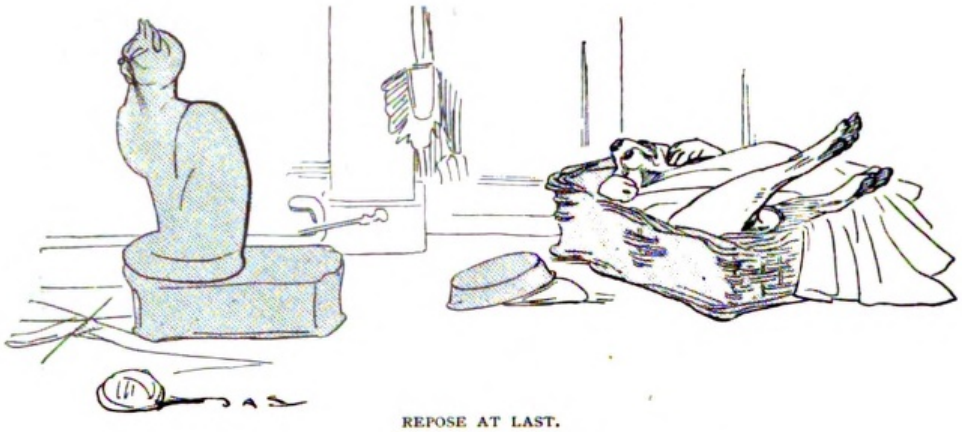


SCANDAL OF THE CAT.



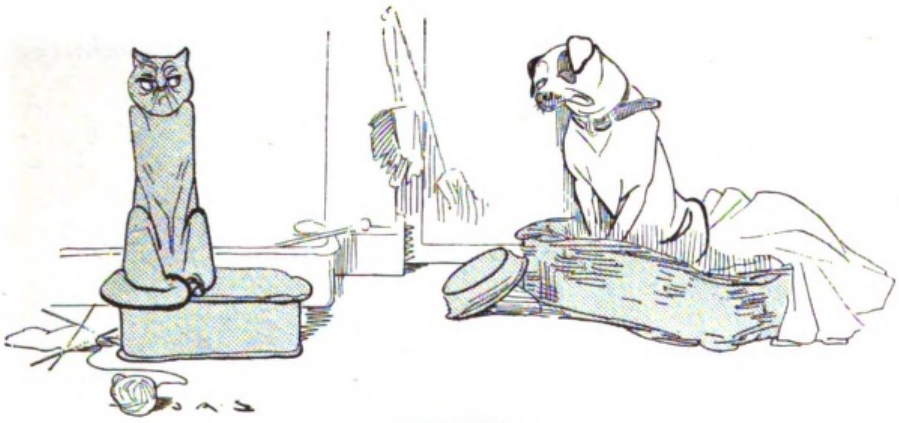
HIT IT!

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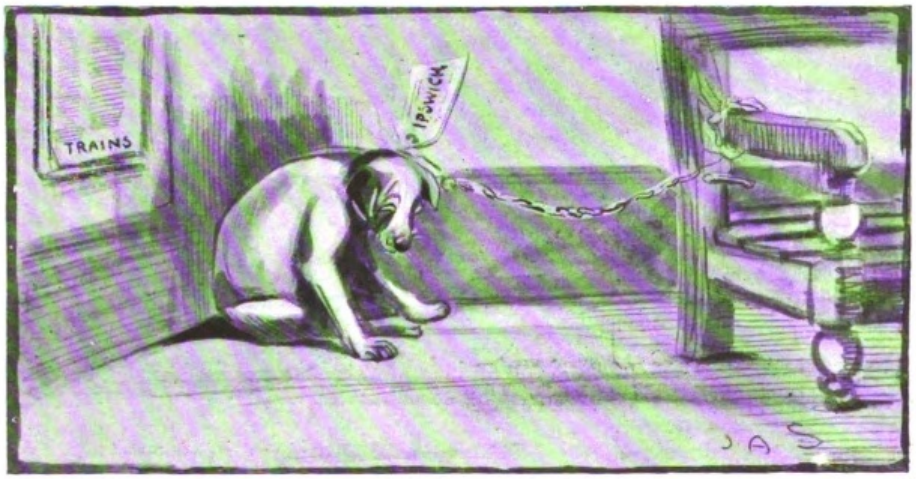
REPOSE AT LAST.

looked; but at any rate his failure was complete, sprawling, and ignominious. Having failed and having sprawled several times in succession, he became convinced that both the cook and the cat were drunk—disgracefully drunk—and responsible between them for his inability to land within the basket. This spoilt his temper, as we have said.



A BAD HEAD.

In the end he would awake, partially sober and wholly unrepentant, and set about preparations for another carouse. Forcible exclusion from the vat-house was tried, and this Grip would artfully seek to circumvent by conveying to his master, or anybody else who could understand him, the information that numerous rats lurked among the barrels, which it was imperatively necessary for him to catch instantly. Once entry was gained, however, the result was the same. Grip caught no rats, but he went home drunk. Till at last the attempt to reform Grip in Bristol was given up, and he was sorrowfully directed back to Ipswich, a ruined and a drunken dog.



RETURNED!

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Covent Garden Stars in Their Favourite Rôles.

By Kathleen Schlesinger.

CURIOSITY is a trait commonly attributed to the gentler sex and to children; whether justly or not, matters little. There is, however, a certain legitimate curiosity whose motives are beyond reproach and of which no one need be ashamed, for it is guilty of no indiscretions; all it seeks is knowledge which it intends, according to its lights, to put to a good use.

The British public has ever shown a thirst for knowledge where its favourites are concerned, and is always eager to know everything about them that will lead to a better understanding of their characteristics and their work. Therefore, many will be glad of a peep behind the veil which conceals that elusive thing—an operatic singer's personality—for the singer is placed in a curious position, and is valued as an artist according to the ease with which he steps out of his own individuality and assumes with his costumes and properties another self with different passions, likes, and dislikes.

Of course, all singers, even to the greatest artists among them, have their favourite *rôles* which appeal more particularly to their temperament, to their musical taste, or to their histrionic talent. It would only be natural, therefore, to suppose that in these parts the singer surpasses himself and becomes truly great because he is entirely sincere.

Through the courteous indulgence of many of our artists at Covent Garden in this and past years, who have consented to reveal their predilections, the writer is enabled to gently lift a corner of the veil and to let the readers judge for themselves whether they agree with the choice. The singer was asked in each case to state the favourite *rôle* and the scene or act preferred in the same opera. The portraits are given in that character, and they have, moreover, been framed in a few bars of the chosen music.

The arrangement of the matter is purely accidental, and in no wise depends upon precedence or preference, but rather upon the *rôles* themselves, which fall naturally into groups.

Gounod's "Faust" as a favourite of so many years' standing opens the list. Here we have two *Marguerites*, Madame Marie Engle and Madame Suzanne Adams, both of whom confess to a decided preference for this part, and for that of Gounod's *Juliette*. It is a strange coincidence that there is also a certain similarity in the manner in which both *Marguerites* made their *début* under very adverse circumstances, which might well have proved disastrous had not both young singers been plucky and resolute enough to compel success to attend them.



MADAME MARIE ENGLE AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Madame Marie Engle was to make her first bow as *Juliette* at Chicago, introduced by Messrs. Abbey and Grau; two rehearsals with piano and two with orchestra had been stipulated for, but somehow or other she was deprived of them by circumstances over which it seemed nobody's business to have any control, and she was left to face the immense audience imperfectly

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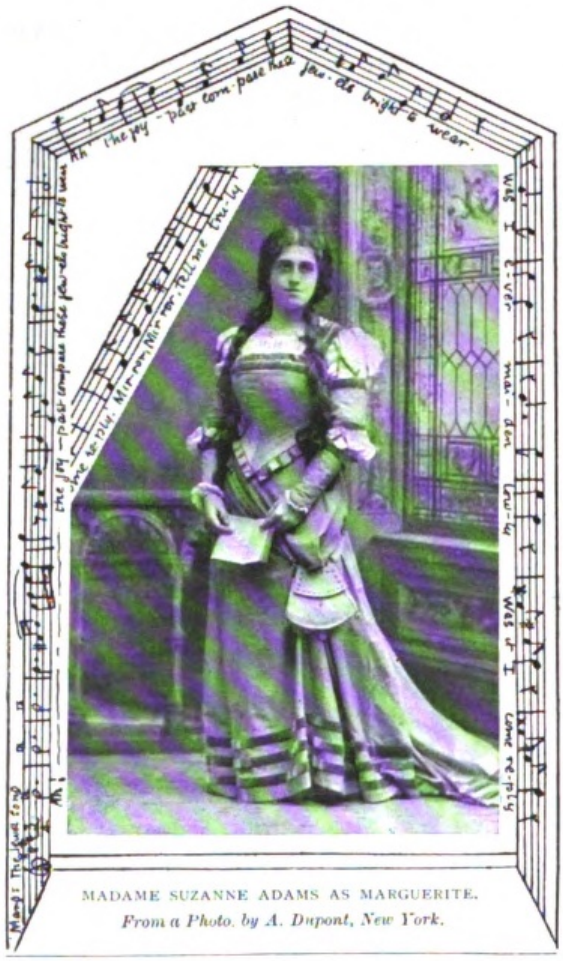
equipped. She was rewarded for her spirit and courage, however, by complete success, and since then the *rôle* has ever been dear to her. Madame Engle, in reply to my letter, says:—

DEAR MISS SCHLESINGER,—I send you a photograph as *Marguerite* in "Faust," for all my pictures as *Juliette* are gone. I prefer the garden scene, and believe me, Very sincerely,

May 4th, '99. MARIE ENGLE.

Round the portrait will be noticed parts of the well-known ballad, "The King of Thule," the "Jewel Song," and of the lovely duet music, all from the garden scene.

Madame Suzanne Adams made her *début* as *Juliette* at the Grand Opera, Paris, securing a three years' engagement in consequence. The occasion of her first appearance as *Marguerite* was a memorable one. The management was in despair, for the five available *Marguerites* were all indisposed, and Suzanne Adams had never sung the part on the stage and had never even rehearsed it; in the afternoon she was begged to take the *rôle*. "If Madame X. will sing the first part I will come in after the garden scene," the young singer said. At six o'clock, however, Madame X. was too ill to appear at all, and Suzanne Adams saved the situation by bravely coming to the rescue. She had her reward, and won quite a triumph.



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS AS MARGUERITE.
From a Photo. by A. Dupont, New York.

As the "Jewel Song" is Madame Adams's favourite in the opera, she appears framed in its familiar strains.

London, May 5th, '99.

DEAR MISS SCHLESINGER,—It is very difficult for me to say which *rôle* I prefer, as I find so much to interest me in all of them. I think perhaps I like *Marguerite* the best. My favourite composers are Gounod and Mozart.

Believe me, yours very truly,
SUZANNE ADAMS STERN.

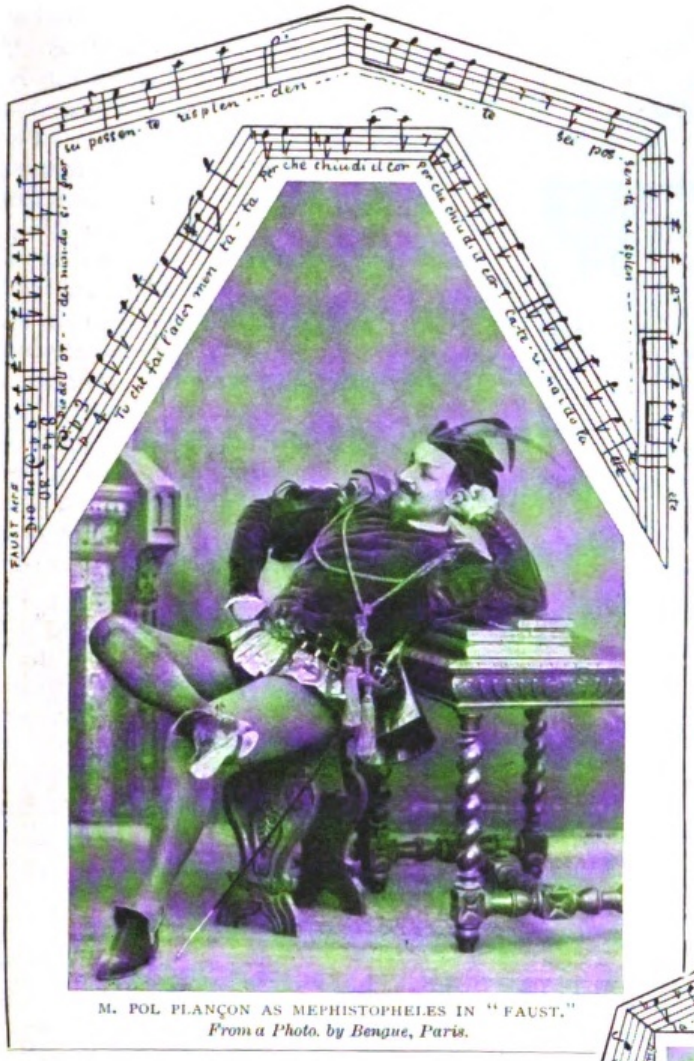
This *Marguerite* has made quite a romantic marriage, as the bridegroom, Mr. Leo Stern, related to me. Showing me the portrait of a sweet girl of sixteen, "That's the girl I fell in love with," he said, with justifiable pride, and "I've been in love with her for ten years." The course of true love did not run smooth in this case, for Miss Adams's aunt set her face against the match, with the result that one fine day Mr. Stern made his way over to Paris and brought Miss Adams right away with him then and there, "in her plain little grey dress, just as she was, and without any luggage, and we were married by special license in Marylebone Church." Three days later, on October 21st, 1898, the bride had to start alone for Chicago, where she made her American *début*, but Mr. Stern joined her after a while. Cruel fate separated them again, however, for on the very night of her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the bridegroom, recalled by a cable, sailed back to fulfil engagements in England.

Pol Plançon writes that his favourite character is *Mephistopheles* in Gounod's "Faust," and as for the music, he chooses the whole of his part. As it cannot all be quoted, the two famous numbers "Dio del or'" and the Serenade have been chosen for the frame.

On one occasion our *Mephistopheles* was distinctly original, doing a deed which would make the hair of all past and present *Mephistos* bristle with horror. The attitude of this proverbially red gentleman towards fire and his interest in keeping it burning brightly are well known; and yet on one memorable occasion, whilst Plançon-*Mephistopheles*, trembling with excitement and delight at the thought of a new victim, was waiting outside *Faust's* study for his summons, the unexpected occurred.

"What a curious and familiar smell!" said *Mephisto* to himself. "Is *Dr. Faust* burning up all his dry old books?"

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M. POL PLANÇON AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST."
From a Photo. by Bengue, Paris.

Suddenly a flame shot through the study wall, and certain indispensable excrescences on his head were singed. *Mephisto* leapt back hurriedly a foot or two, "Avaunt! slave, would'st thou attack thy master? Help here, water, quick! or I shall lose my victim."

Plançon - *Mephistopheles* re-appeared in the twinkling of an eye with two buckets full of water, followed by a fireman with the hose.

"Look out there, old chap! you needn't drench me!" called out Alvarez-*Faust*, in colloquial French.

"Bah! who minds a little water? We shall soon dry down below!"

For once the cravings of the audience for stage effects were more than satisfied, and the ominous shuffling of many feet already announced a retreat, when a pure, clear voice was heard: higher and higher it rose! It was Melba holding the frightened audience under a spell. Thus was a panic avoided, thanks to the presence of mind of these three singers.*

This is what had happened: the red light which always heralds the approach of *Mephistopheles* had been too generously expended, and the canvas representing the wall of *Faust's* study caught fire.

There is another character belonging to the domain of French opera, *Carmen*, the favourite *rôle* of Mlle. Zélié de Lussan, who thus replies to the questions:—

My favourite *rôle*—*Carmen*. My favourite scene in the same opera—"The death scene." My favourite recreation—"Listening to good music." My favourite composer—"I have none." My voice was trained by—"My mother." I made my *début* in—"America."

(Signed) ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

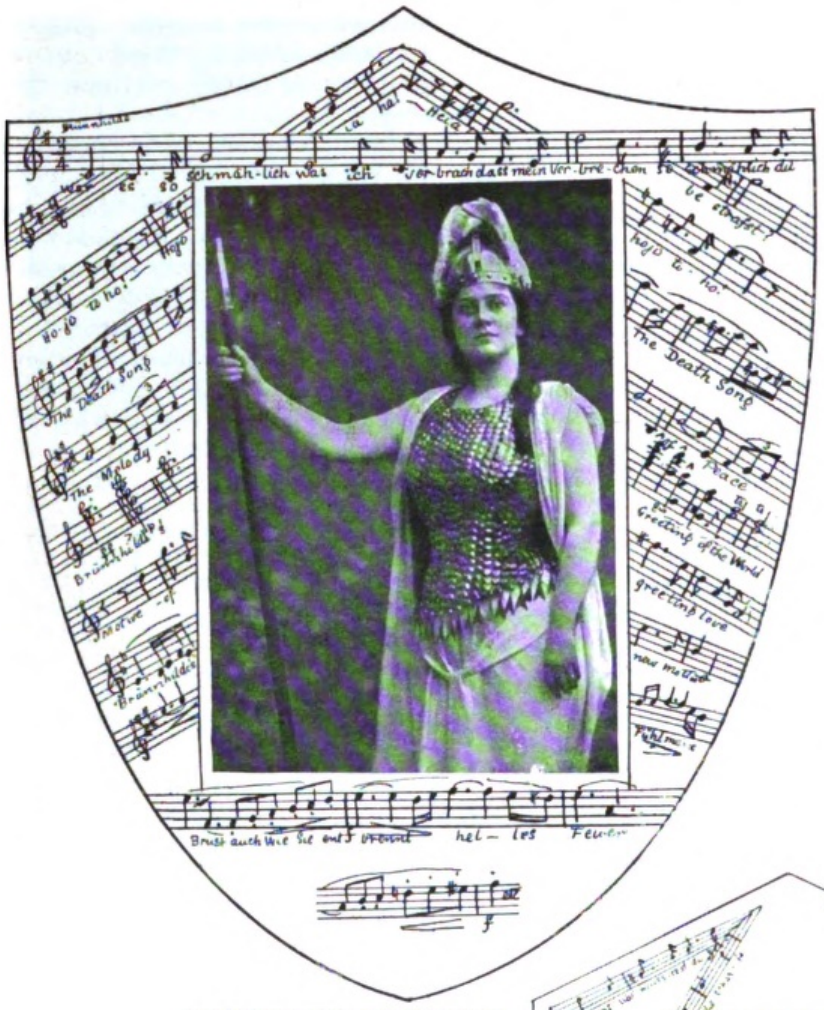
The musical frame, therefore, is derived from the scene where *Don José* comes upon *Carmen* as she is awaiting the issue of the bull-fight; he has just pleaded for her love and been spurned by her.

*Covent Garden, June 7th, 1895.



MLLE. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN AS CARMEN.
Photo. by Falk, New York.

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MADAME NORDICA AS BRUNNHILDE.
From a Photo. by Dupont, New York.

heroines. First, Madame Nordica-Döme, as the warlike *Valkyrie*, a *rôle* which she confesses to be her favourite. On her shield-frame are many of her favourite motives from the "Nibelungen Ring," such as the shout of the *Valkyrie*, *Ho-jo-to-ho!* the motive in which she pleads so touchingly with the angered *Wotan* in "Die Walkure," her awakening by *Siegfried*, *Brünnhilde's* new motive as a mortal woman filled with love for *Siegfried*, and her last glorious song of exultation in the "Gotterdämmerung."

Madame Nordica, by the way, is the possessor of the only dog that can boast of having been inside Bayreuth during a performance; he was smuggled in under a cloak

The immense scope for dramatic study afforded by this impersonation greatly attracted our *Carmen*, and in order to be able to enter more fully into the part, she spent months in Seville, observing the sunny, dark beauties who work in the cigarette factories of the ancient Moorish city, and making mental notes of the mixture of coyness and wild, uncontrolled passion in their nature. The keynote of Mlle. de Lussan's conception of *Carmen* is that she was an alien among the unscrupulous gipsies, and revolted in her heart against their wantonness and fierce, untamed spirit, longing secretly for better things, but incapable by nature of thinking seriously.

There remains now a splendid array of Wagner's heroes and



HERR ANDREAS DIPPEL AS LOHENGRIN.
From a Photo. by Kuk, Vienna.

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by the maid, but the music was too much for his feelings, and he raised up his voice in protest; for which he was speedily turned out. Madame Wagner's remarks on the occasion have not been recorded, but she must have been very irate.

Herr Andreas Dippel gives as his preferences *Siegfried* and *Lohengrin;* therefore he appears in the costume of the latter, surrounded by his favourite music from the first act of "Siegfried," including, of course, the "Forging of Nothung."



MISS SUSAN STRONG AS SIEGLINDE.
From a Photo.

Miss Susan Strong shall speak for herself as to her preferences in part of her letter written in 1897, and they still retain their hold over her, she assures me, at the present day. This is what she writes:—

> I must acknowledge, however, that with all due reverence and affection for the *rôle* of *Sieglinde*, I find it rather bold for me to choose it above so many others which are so dear to me.

On one occasion, when singing in this part, Miss Strong found herself in a fix, and she was observed, after she was supposed to have made her exit, to return to the stage, unmindful of *Wotan's* wrath, and ascend the rocky boulders at the back. The audience wondered what she was doing. This is what had occurred: When *Sieglinde*, escorted by *Brünnhilde*, tried to make her regulation exit at the back of the wings, she found it completely blocked up with scenery, and it was the protecting *Valkyrie* who, seeing her dilemma, advised the alternative.

Miss Strong won her way to fame with this *rôle*, in which she also made her *début;* for when she had been a professional for three weeks only she already held in her hand a contract to sing the part at Bayreuth the same year.

Mr. David Bispham wrote as follows to explain his preferences:—

> It is hard to tell you which is my favourite operatic character, but I am inclined to think that the first Wagner *rôle* in which I appeared, now five years ago [the letter is dated July 20th, 1897], namely, *Kurwenal* in "Tristan and Isolde," is perhaps one of the best and most sympathetic, and one which the public seems to admire. The scene in the last act in which the faithful *Kurwenal* is watching over his master's bed, after which he



MR. DAVID BISPHAM AS KURWENAL IN "TRISTAN."
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

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MLLE. OLITZKA AS BRANGÄNE IN "TRISTAN."
From a Photo.

fights for and dies at the feet of *Tristan*, is perhaps one of the most moving situations in the whole work. It gives me much pleasure to inclose my photograph, as you request. Very sincerely yours,

DAVID BISPHAM.

What more natural than to turn from one faithful servant of the ill-fated lovers to the other, *Brangäne?* This is the favourite impersonation of Mlle. Olitzka, who is represented in her photograph holding the cup from which *Isolde* and *Tristan* have just drunk the love-potion, believing it to be the draught of death. The bars of music forming the frame are taken from the first act of the drama, as that is Mlle. Olitzka's favourite. This time last year this *Brangäne* was singing in St. Petersburg, with MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke as *Tristan* and *King Marke*, before the Czar, who always appeared punctually before the overture and remained till the end of the opera in his box, which looks straight on to the stage and cannot be seen from the auditorium.

Mlle. Olitzka further confesses a great partiality for the characters of *Ortruda* in "Lohengrin," and *Amneris* in "Aïda"; her favourite composers are Wagner, Beethoven, and Mozart, and her favourite recreations studying and walking or outdoor amusements of different kinds; she thus finds happiness in her work without neglecting her physical welfare.

Miss Meisslinger, who has been known at Covent Garden for the last five years, tells me that the impersonations which give her the greatest pleasure are *Ortruda* in "Lohengrin," *Fides* in "The Prophet," and *Adriano* in "Rienzi." She studied under Mme. Viardot Garcia in Paris, and made her *début* in Wiesbaden.

The next in our portrait gallery is *Parsifal*, as sung by Ernest van Dyck, and



HERR VAN DYCK AS PARSIFAL.
From a Photo. by Hoffert, Berlin.

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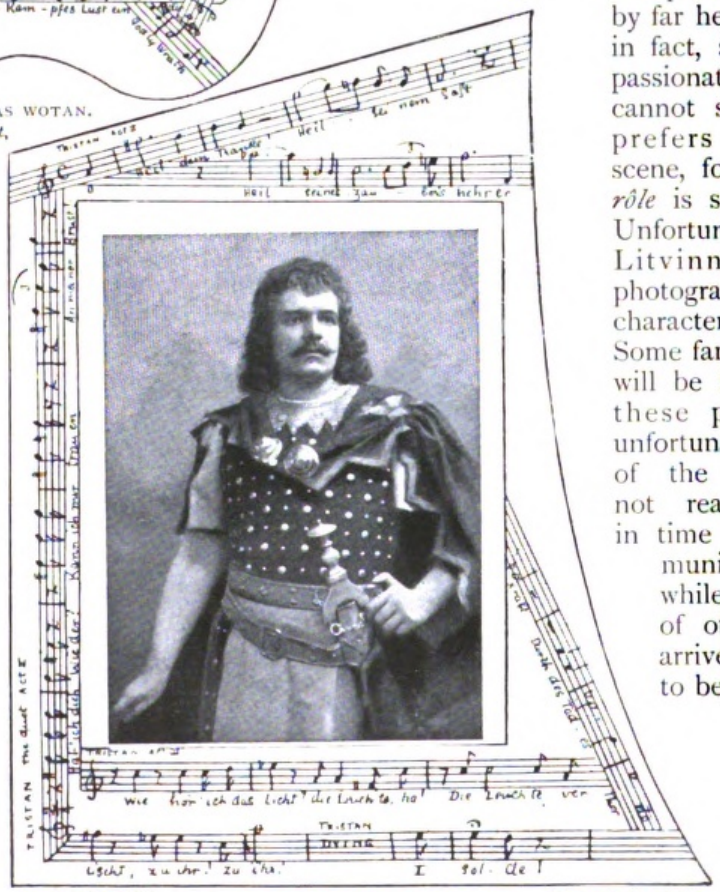


HERR ANTON VAN ROOY AS WOTAN.
From a Photo. by Dupont, New York.

some of the music from the Good Friday spell, as his favourite, forms the frame. No man has been more persistently misspelt than Van Dyck; but he settled the point once and for all in court, where he was upon one occasion called into the witness-box during his residence in Vienna. "Do you spell your name *with* or *without* a 'c'?" asked the magistrate, peering at him over his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Why, *with* a 'c,' to be sure," was the tenor's emphatic reply; "what would a tenor do at the opera without the famous 'C'?"

Herr Anton van Rooy gives as his preference the first *rôle* he sang at Bayreuth, and indeed on any stage—that of *Wotan;* and his portrait is surrounded by a few bars of the beautiful music he sings as he bids farewell to *Brünnhilde*, and kisses from her her godhood before leaving her on her fire-girt rock.

M. Jean de Reszke has sent a photograph of himself as *Tristan*, which is one of his favourite impersonations. The bars of music given are from the favourite "lovers' duet" in the second act; and also *Tristan's* last words in Act III., when, hearing *Isolde's* voice outside calling out, "Tristan, Belovèd," he springs up to go to her, and dies in her arms with her name on his lips. Mlle. Felia Litvinne, who is Jean de Reszke's sister-in-law, tells me the part of *Isolde* is by far her favourite; in fact, she loves it passionately, and she cannot say that she prefers any one scene, for the whole *rôle* is so complete. Unfortunately, Mlle. Litvinne has no photograph in the character at present. Some familiar figures will be missed from these pages, but, unfortunately, some of the artists did not reach London in time to be communicated with, while the photos. of others, again, arrived too late to be included.



From a Photo. by] M. JEAN DE RESZKE AS TRISTAN. *[Dupont, New York.*

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A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

V.

THE same day that Flower and his friends visited the theatre, Captain Barber gave a small and select tea-party. The astonished Mrs. Banks had returned home with her daughter the day before to find the air full of rumours about Captain Barber and his new housekeeper. They had been watched for hours at a time from upper back windows of houses in the same row, and the professional opinion of the entire female element was that Mrs. Church could land her fish at any time she thought fit.

"Old fools are the worst of fools," said Mrs. Banks, tersely, as she tied her bonnet-strings; "the idea of Captain Barber thinking of marrying at his time of life."

"Why shouldn't he?" inquired her daughter.

"Why, because he's promised to leave his property to Fred and you, of course," snapped the old lady; "if he marries that hussy it's precious little you and Fred will get."

"I expect it's mostly talk," said her daughter, calmly, as she closed the street door behind her indignant parent. "People used to talk about you and old Mr. Wilders, and there was nothing in it. He only used to come for a glass of your ale."

This reference to an admirer who had consumed several barrels of the liquor in question without losing his head put the finishing touch to the elder lady's wrath, and she walked the rest of the way in ominous silence.

Captain Barber received them in the elaborate velvet smoking-cap with the gold tassel which had evoked such strong encomiums from Mrs. Church, and in a few well-chosen words — carefully rehearsed that afternoon — presented his housekeeper.

"Will you come up to my room and take your things off?" inquired Mrs. Church, returning the old lady's hostile stare with interest.

"I'll take mine off down here, if Captain Barber doesn't mind," said the latter, subsiding into a chair with a gasp. "Him and me's very old friends."

She unfastened the strings of her bonnet, and, taking off that article of attire, placed it in her lap while she unfastened her shawl. She then held both out to Mrs. Church, briefly exhorting her to be careful.

"Oh, what a lovely bonnet," said that lady, in false ecstasy. "What a perfect beauty! I've never seen anything like it before. Never!"

Captain Barber, smiling at the politeness of his housekeeper, was alarmed and perplexed at the generous colour which suddenly filled the old lady's cheeks.

"Mrs. Banks made it herself," he said; "she's very clever at that sort of thing."

"There, do you know I guessed as much," said Mrs. Church, beaming; "directly I saw it, I said to myself: '*That* was never made by a milliner. There's too much taste in the way the flowers are arranged.'"

Mrs. Banks looked at her daughter in a mute appeal for help.

"I'll take yours up too, shall I?" said the amiable housekeeper, as Mrs. Banks, with an air



"THAT WAS NEVER MADE BY A MILLINER."

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of defying criticism, drew a cap from a paper-bag and put it on.

"I'll take mine myself, please," said Miss Banks, with coldness.

"Oh, well, you may as well take them all then," said Mrs. Church, putting the mother's bonnet and shawl in her arms. "I'll go and see that the kettle boils," she added, briskly.

She returned a minute or two later with the tea-pot, and setting chairs, took the head of the table.

"And how's the leg?" inquired Captain Barber, misinterpreting Mrs. Banks's screwed-up face.

"Which one?" asked Mrs. Banks, shortly.

"The bad 'un," said the captain.

"They're both bad," said Mrs. Banks, more shortly than before, as she noticed that Mrs. Church had got real lace in her cuffs and was pouring out the tea in full consciousness of the fact.

"Dear, dear," said the captain, sympathetically.

"Swollen?" inquired Mrs. Church, anxiously.

"Swelled right out of shape," explained Captain Barber, impressively; "like pillers a'most they are."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Church, in a voice which made Mrs. Banks itch to slap her. "I knew a lady once just the same, but *she* was a drinking woman."

Again Mrs. Banks, at a loss for words, looked to her daughter for assistance.

"Dear me, how dreadful it must be to know such people," said Miss Banks, shivering.

"Yes," sighed the other. "It used to make me feel so sorry for her — they were utterly shapeless, you know. Horrid."

"That's how Mrs. Banks's are," said the captain, nodding sagely. "You look 'ot, Mrs. Banks. Shall I open the winder a bit?"

"I'll thank you not to talk about me like that, Captain Barber," said Mrs. Banks, the flowers on her cap trembling.

"As you please, ma'am," said Captain Barber, with a stateliness which deserved a better subject. "I was only repeating what Dr. Hodder told me in your presence."

Mrs. Banks made no reply, but created a diversion by passing her cup up for more tea; her feelings, when Mrs. Church took off the lid of the tea-pot and poured in about a pint of water before helping her, belonging to that kind known as indescribable.

"Water bewitched and tea begrudged," she said, trying to speak jocularly.

"Well, the fourth cup never is very good, is it?" said Mrs. Church, apologetically. "I'll put some more tea in so that your *next* cup'll be better."

As a matter of fact it was Mrs. Banks's third cup, and she said so, Mrs. Church receiving the correction with a polite smile, more than tinged with incredulity.

"It's wonderful what a lot o' tea is drunk," said Captain Barber, impressively, looking round the table.

"I've heard say it's like spirit drinking," said Mrs. Church; "they say it gets such a hold of people that they can't give it up. They're just slaves to it, and they like it brown and strong like brandy."

Mrs. Banks, who had been making noble efforts, could contain herself no longer. She put down the harmless beverage which had just been handed to her, and pushed her chair back from the table. "Are you speaking of me, young woman?" she asked, tremulous with indignation.



"'THAT'S HOW MRS. BANKS'S ARE,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

"Oh, no, certainly not," said Mrs. Church, in great distress. "I never thought of such a thing. I was alluding to the people

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Captain Barber was talking of—regular tea-drinkers, you know."

"I know what you mean, ma'am," said Mrs. Banks, fiercely.

"There, there," said Captain Barber, ill-advisedly.

"Don't you say 'there, there,' to me, Captain Barber, because I won't have it," said the old lady, speaking with great rapidity; "if you think that I'm going to sit here and be insulted by—by that woman, you're mistaken."

"You're quite mistook, Mrs. Banks," said the captain, slowly. "I've heard everything she said, and, where the insult comes in, I'm sure I don't know. I don't think I'm wanting in common sense, ma'am."

He patted the housekeeper's hand, kindly, and, in full view of the indignant Mrs. Banks, she squeezed his in return and gazed at him affectionately. There is nothing humorous to the ordinary person in a tea-cup, but Mrs. Banks, looking straight into hers, broke into a short, derisive laugh.

"Anything the matter, ma'am?" inquired Captain Barber, regarding her somewhat severely.

Mrs. Barber shook her head. "Only thoughts," she said, mysteriously.

It is difficult for a man to object to his visitors finding amusement in their thoughts, or even to inquire too closely into the nature of them. Mrs. Banks, apparently realizing this, laughed again with increased acridity, and finally became so very amused that she shook in her chair.

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself, ma'am," said Captain Barber, loftily.

With a view, perhaps, of giving his guest further amusement he patted the housekeeper's hand again, whereupon Mrs. Banks's laughter ceased, and she sat regarding Mrs. Church with a petrified stare, met by that lady with a glance of haughty disdain.

"S'pose we go into the garden a bit," suggested Barber, uneasily. The two ladies had eyed each other for three minutes without blinking, and his own eyes were watering in sympathy.

Mrs. Banks, secretly glad of the interruption, made one or two vague remarks about going home, but after much persuasion allowed him to lead her into the garden, the solemn Elizabeth bringing up the rear with a hassock and a couple of cushions.



"SHE ALLOWED HIM TO LEAD HER INTO THE GARDEN."

"It's a new thing for you, having a housekeeper," observed Mrs. Banks, after her daughter had returned to the house to assist in washing up.

"Yes, I wonder I never thought of it before," said the artful Barber; "you wouldn't believe how comfortable it is."

"I daresay," said Mrs. Banks, grimly.

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"It's nice to have a woman about the house," continued Captain Barber, slowly, "it makes it more home-like. A slip of a servant-gal ain't no good at all."

"How does Fred like it?" inquired Mrs. Banks.

"My ideas are Fred's ideas," said Uncle Barber, somewhat sharply. "What I like he has to like, naturally."



"'IT'S NICE TO HAVE A WOMAN ABOUT THE HOUSE,' CONTINUED CAPTAIN BARBER."

"I was thinking of my darter," said Mrs. Banks. "The arrangement was, I think, that when they married they was to live with you?"

Captain Barber nodded acquiescence.

"Elizabeth would never live in a house with that woman, or any other woman as housekeeper in it," said the mother.

"Well, she won't have to," said the old man; "when they marry and Elizabeth comes here, I sha'n't want a housekeeper—I shall get rid of her."

Mrs. Banks shifted in her chair, and gazed thoughtfully down the garden. "Of course my idea was for them to wait till I was gone," she said at length.

"Just so," replied the other, "and more's the pity."

"But Elizabeth's getting on and I don't seem to go," continued the old lady, as though mildly surprised at Providence for its unaccountable delay; "and there's Fred, he ain't getting younger."

Captain Barber puffed at his pipe. "None of us are," he said, profoundly.

"And Fred might get tired of waiting," said Mrs. Banks, ruminating.

"He'd better let me hear him," said the uncle, fiercely; "leastways, o' course, he's tired o' waiting, in a sense. He'd like to be married."

"There's young Gibson," said Mrs. Banks, in a thrilling whisper.

"What about him?" inquired Barber, surprised at her manner.

"Comes round after Elizabeth," said Mrs. Banks.

"No!" said Captain Barber, blankly.

Mrs. Banks pursed up her lips and nodded darkly.

"Pretends to come and see me," said Mrs. Banks; "always coming in bringing something new for my legs. The worst of it is, he ain't always careful what he brings. He brought some new-fangled stuff in a bottle last week, and the agonies I suffered after rubbing it in wouldn't be believed."

"It's like his impudence," said the captain.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Banks, nodding her head with some animation, "of giving Fred a little surprise. What do you think he'd do if I said they might marry this autumn?"

"Jump out of his skin with joy," said Captain Barber, with conviction. "Mrs. Banks, the pleasure you've given me this day is more than I can say."

"And they'll live with you just the same?" said Mrs. Banks.

"Certainly," said the captain.

"They'll only be a few doors off then," said Mrs. Banks, "and it'll be nice for you to have a woman in the house to look after you."

Captain Barber nodded softly. "It's what I've been wanting for years," he said, heartily.

"And that huss—housekeeper," said Mrs. Banks, correcting herself—"will go?"

"O' course," said Captain Barber. "I sha'n't want no housekeeper with my nevy's wife in the house. You've told Elizabeth, I s'pose?"

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"Not yet," said Mrs. Banks, who as a matter of fact had been influenced by the proceedings of that afternoon to bring to a head a step she had hitherto only vaguely contemplated.

Elizabeth, who came down the garden again a little later, accompanied by Mrs. Church, received the news stolidly. A feeling of regret that the attentions of the devoted Gibson must now cease certainly occurred to her, but she never thought of contesting the arrangements made for her, and accepted the situation with a placidity which the more ardent Barber was utterly unable to understand.

"Fred'll stand on his 'ed with joy," the unsophisticated mariner declared, with enthusiasm.

"He'll go singing about the house," declared Mrs. Church.

Mrs. Banks regarded her unfavourably.

"He's never *said* much," continued Uncle Barber, in an exalted strain; "that ain't Fred's way. He takes arter me: he's one o' the quiet ones, one o' the still deep waters what always feels the most. When I tell 'im his face'll just light up with joy."

"It'll be nice for you, too," said Mrs. Banks, with a side glance at the housekeeper; "you'll have somebody to look after you and take an interest in you, and strangers can't be expected to do that even if they're *nice*."

"We shall have him standing on his head, too," said Mrs. Church, with a bright smile; "you're turning everything upside down, Mrs. Banks."

"There's things as wants altering," said the old lady, with emphasis. "There's few things as I don't see, ma'am."

"I hope you'll live to see a lot more," said Mrs. Church, piously.

"She'll live to be ninety," said Captain Barber, heartily.

"Oh, *easily*," said Mrs. Church.

Captain Barber regarding his old friend saw her face suffused with a wrath for which he was utterly unable to account. With a hazy idea that something had passed which he had not heard, he caused a diversion by sending Mrs. Church indoors for a pack of cards, and solemnly celebrated the occasion with a game of whist, at which Mrs. Church, in partnership with Mrs. Banks, either through sheer wilfulness or absence of mind, contrived to lose every game.

VI.

As a result of the mate's ill-behaviour at the theatre, Captain Fred Flower treated him with an air of chilly disdain, ignoring, as far as circumstances would permit, the fact that such a person existed. So far as the social side went the mate made no demur, but it was a different matter when the skipper acted as though he were not present at the breakfast table, and being chary of interfering with the other's self-imposed vow of silence, he rescued a couple of rashers from his plate and put them on his own. Also, in order to put matters on a more equal footing, he drank three cups of coffee in rapid succession, leaving the skipper to his own reflections and an empty coffee-pot. In this sociable fashion they got through most of the day, the skipper refraining from speech until late in the afternoon, when, both being at work in the hold, the mate let a heavy case fall on his foot.

"I thought you'd get it," he said, calmly, as Flower paused to take breath; "it wasn't my fault."

"Whose was it, then?" roared Flower, who had got his boot off and was trying various tender experiments with his toe to see whether it was broken or not.

"If you hadn't been holding your head in the air and pretending that I wasn't here, it wouldn't have happened," said Fraser, with some heat.

The skipper turned his back on him, and meeting a look of inquiring solicitude from Joe, applied to him for advice.

"What had I better do with it?" he asked.

"Well, if it was my toe, sir," said Joe, regarding it respectfully, "I should stick it in a basin o' boiling water and keep it there as long as I could bear it."

"You're a fool," said the skipper, briefly. "What do you think of it, Ben? I don't think it's broken."

The old seaman scratched his head. "Well, if it belonged to me," he said, slowly, "there's some ointment down the fo'c's'le wot the cook 'ad for sore eyes. I should just put some o' that on. It looks good stuff."

The skipper, summarizing the chief points in Ben's character, which, owing principally to the poverty of the English language, bore a remarkable likeness to Joe's and the mate's, took his sock and boot in his hand, and gaining the deck limped painfully to the cabin.

The foot was so painful after tea that he could hardly bear his slipper on, and he went ashore in his working clothes to the chemist's, preparatory to fitting himself out for Liston

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Street. The chemist, leaning over the counter, was inclined to take a serious view of it, and shaking his head with much solemnity, prepared a bottle of medicine, a bottle of lotion, and a box of ointment.



"I SHOULD PUT SOME O' THAT ON."

"Let me see it again as soon as you've finished the medicine," he said, as he handed the articles over the counter.

Flower promised, and hobbling towards the door turned into the street. Then the amiable air which he had worn in the shop gave way to one of unseemly hauteur as he saw Fraser hurrying towards him.

"Look out," cried the latter, warningly.

The skipper favoured him with a baleful stare.

"All right," said the mate, angrily, "go your own way then. Don't come to me when you get into trouble, that's all."

Flower passed on his way in silence. Then a thought struck him and he stopped suddenly.

"You wish to speak to me?" he asked, stiffly.

"No, I'm hanged if I do," said the mate, sticking his hands into his pockets.

"If you wish to speak to me," said the other, trying in vain to conceal a trace of anxiety in his voice, "it's my duty to listen. What were you going to say just now?"

The mate eyed him wrathfully, but as the pathetic figure with its wounded toe and cargo of remedies stood there waiting for him to speak, he suddenly softened.

"Don't go back, old man," he said, kindly; "*she's* aboard."

Eighteenpennyworth of mixture to be taken thrice daily from tablespoons spilled over the curb, and the skipper, thrusting the other packets mechanically into his pockets, limped hurriedly round the corner.

"It's no use finding fault with me," said Fraser, quickly, as he stepped along beside him, "so don't try it. They came down into the cabin before I knew they were aboard even."

"They?" repeated the distressed Flower. "Who's they?"

"The young woman that came before and a stout woman with a little dark moustache and earrings. They're going to wait until you come back to ask you a few questions about Mr. Robinson. They've been asking me a few. I've locked the door of your stateroom, and here's the key."

Flower pocketed it and, after a little deliberation, thanked him.

"I did the best I could for you," said the other, with a touch of severity. "If I'd treated you as some men would have done, I should have just let you walk straight into the trap."

Flower gave an apologetic cough. "I've had a lot of worry lately, Jack," he said, humbly; "come in and have something. Perhaps it'll clear my head a bit."

"I told 'em you wouldn't be back till twelve at least," said the mate, as Flower rapidly diagnosed his complaint and ordered whisky, "perhaps not then, and that when you did turn up you'd sure to be the worse for liquor. The old lady said she'd wait all

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night for the pleasure of seeing your bonny face, and as for you being drunk, she said she don't suppose there's a woman in London that has had more experience with drunken men than she has."

"Let this be a warning to you, Jack," said the skipper, solemnly, as he drained his glass and put it thoughtfully on the counter.

"Don't you trouble about me," said Fraser; "you've got all you can do to look after yourself. I've come out to look for a policeman; at least, that's what I told them."



"'THEY'RE STILL DOWN BELOW, SIR,' SAID JOE."

"All the police in the world couldn't do me any good," sighed Flower. "Poppy's got tickets for a concert to-night, and I was going with her. I can't go like this."

"Well, what are you going to do?" inquired the other.

Flower shook his head and pondered. "You go back and get rid of them the best way you can," he said, at length, "but whatever you do, don't have a scene. I'll stay here till you come and tell me the coast is clear."

"And suppose it don't clear?" said Fraser.

"Then I'll pick you up at Greenwich in the morning," said Flower.

"And suppose they're still aboard?" said Fraser.

"I won't suppose any such thing," said the other, hotly; "if you can't get rid of two women between now and three in the morning, you're not much of a mate. If they catch me I'm ruined, and you'll be responsible for it."

The mate, staring at him blankly, opened his mouth to reply, but being utterly unable to think of anything adequate to the occasion, took up his glass instead, and, drinking off the contents, turned to the door. He stood for a moment at the threshold gazing at Flower as though he had just discovered points about him which had hitherto escaped his notice, and then made his way back to the wharf.

"They're still down below, sir," said Joe, softly, as he stepped aboard, "and making as free and as comfortable as though they're going to stay a month."

Fraser shrugged his shoulders and went below. The appearance of the ladies amply confirmed Joe's remark.

"Never can find one when you want him, can you?" said the elder lady, in playful allusion to the police.

"Well, I altered my mind," said Fraser, amiably. "I don't like treating ladies roughly, but if the cap'n comes on board and finds you here it'll be bad for me, that's all."

"What time do you expect him?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"Not before we sail at three in the morning," said the mate, glibly; "perhaps not then. I often have to take the ship out without him. He's been away six weeks at a stretch before now."

"Well, we'll stay here till he does come," said the elder lady. "I'll have his cabin, and my step-daughter'll have to put up with your bed."

"If you're not gone by the time we start, I shall have to have you put off," said Fraser.

"Those of us who live longest'll see the most," said Mrs. Tipping, calmly.

An hour or two passed, the mate sitting smoking with a philosophy which he hoped

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the waiting mariner at the Admiral Cochrane would be able to imitate. He lit the lamp at last, and going on deck, ordered the cook to prepare supper.

Mother and daughter, with feelings of gratitude, against which they fought strongly, noticed that the table was laid for three, and a little later, in a somewhat awkward fashion, they all sat down to the meal together.

"Very good beef," said Mrs. Tipping, politely.

"Very nice," said her daughter, who was exchanging glances with the mate. "I suppose you're very comfortable here, Mr. Fraser?"

The mate sighed. "It's all right when the old man's away," he said, deceitfully. "He's got a dreadful temper."

"I hope you didn't get into trouble through *my* coming aboard the other night," said Miss Tipping, softly.

"Don't say anything about it," replied the mate, eyeing her admiringly. "I'd do more than that for you if I could."

Miss Tipping, catching her mother's eye, bestowed upon her a glance of complacent triumph.

"You don't mind us coming down here, do you?" she said, languishingly.

"I wish you'd live here," said the unscrupulous Fraser; "but of course I know you only come here to try and see that fellow Robinson," he added, gloomily.

"I like to see you too," was the reply. "I like you very much as a friend."

The mate in a melancholy voice thanked her, and to the great annoyance of the cook, who had received strict orders from the forecastle to listen as much as he could, sat in silence while the table was cleared.

"What do you say to a hand at cards?" he said, after the cook had finally left the cabin.

"Three-handed cribbage," said Mrs. Tipping, quickly; "it's the only game worth playing."

No objection being raised, the masterful lady drew closer to the table, and concentrating energies of no mean order on the game, successfully played hands of unvarying goodness, aided by a method of pegging which might perhaps be best described as dot and carry one.

"You haven't seen anything of this Mr. Robinson since you were here last, I suppose?" said Fraser, noting with satisfaction that both ladies gave occasional uneasy glances at the clock.

"No, an' not likely to," said Mrs. Tipping; "fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair's eight."

"Where's the fifteen six?" inquired Fraser, glancing over.

"Eight and seven," said the lady, pitching the cards with the others and beginning to shuffle for the next deal.

"It's very strange behaviour," said the mate; "Robinson's, I mean. Do you think he's dead?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Tipping, briefly. "Where's that capt'in of yours?"

Fraser, whose anxiety was becoming too much for his play, leaned over the table as though about to speak, and then, apparently thinking better of it, went on with the game.

"Eh?" said Mrs. Tipping, putting her cards face downwards on the table and catching his eye. "Where?"

"Oh, nowhere," said Fraser, awkwardly. "I don't want to be dragged into this, you know. It isn't my business."

"If you know where he is, why can't you tell us?" asked Mrs. Tipping, softly. "There's no harm in that."

"What's the good?" inquired Fraser, in a low voice; "when you've seen the old man you won't be any forwarder—he wouldn't tell you anything even if he knew it."

"Well, we'd like to see him," said Mrs. Tipping, after a pause.

"You see, you put me in a difficulty," said Fraser; "if the skipper doesn't come aboard, you're going with us, I understand?"

Mrs. Tipping nodded. "Exactly," she said, sharply.

"That'll get me into trouble, if anything will," said the mate, gloomily. "On the other hand, if I tell you where he is now, that'll get me into trouble, too."

He sat back and drummed on the table with his fingers. "Well, I'll risk it," he said, at length; "you'll find him at 17, Beaufort Street, Bow."

The younger woman sprang excitedly to her feet, but Mrs. Tipping, eyeing the young man with a pair of shrewd, small eyes, kept her seat.

"And while we're gone, how do we know the capt'in won't come back and go off with the ship?" she inquired.

Fraser hesitated. "Well, I'll come with you, if you like," he said, slowly.

"And suppose they go away and leave you behind?" objected Mrs. Tipping.

"Oh, well, you'd better stay then," said the mate, wearily, "unless we take a couple

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of the hands with us. How would that suit you? They can't sail with half a crew."

Mrs. Tipping, who was by no means as anxious for a sea-voyage as she tried to make out, carefully pondered the situation. "I'm going to take an arm of each of 'em and Matilda'll take yours," she said, at length.

"As you please," said Fraser, and in this way the procession actually started up the wharf, and looking back indignantly over its shoulder saw the watchman and Ben giving way to the most unseemly mirth, while the cook capered joyously behind them. A belated cab was passing the gate as they reached it, and in response to the mate's hail pulled sharply up.



"THE PROCESSION STARTED UP THE WHARF."

Mrs. Tipping, pushing her captives in first, stepped heavily into the cab followed by her daughter, while the mate, after a brief discussion, clambered on to the box.

"Go on," he said, nodding.

"Wot, ain't the rest of you comin'?" inquired the cabman, eyeing the crowd at the gate, in pained surprise.

"No. 17, Beaufort Street, Bow," said Mrs. Tipping, distinctly, as she put her head out of the window.

"You could sit on 'er lap," continued the cabman, appealingly.

No reply being vouchsafed to this suggestion, he wrapped himself up in various rugs and then sat down suddenly before they could unwind themselves, and, with a compassionate "click" to his horse, started up the road. Except for a few chance wayfarers and an occasional coffee-stall, the main streets were deserted, but they were noisy compared with Beaufort Street. Every house was in absolute darkness as the cab, with instinctive deference to slumber, crawled slowly up and down looking for No. 17.

It stopped at last, and the mate, springing down, opened the door, and handing out the ladies, led the way up a flight of steps to the street door.

"Perhaps you won't mind knocking," he said to Mrs. Tipping, "and don't forget to tell the cap'in I've done this to oblige you because you insisted upon it."

Mrs. Tipping, seizing the knocker, knocked loud and long, and after a short interval repeated the performance. Somebody was heard stirring upstairs, and a deep voice cried out that it was coming, and peremptorily requested them to cease knocking.

"That's not Flower's voice," said Fraser.

"Not loud enough," said Miss Tipping.

The bolts were drawn back loudly and the chain grated; then the door was flung open, and a big, red-whiskered man, blinking behind a candle, gruffly inquired what they meant by it.

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"Come inside," said Mrs. Tipping to her following.

"Ain't you come to the wrong house?" demanded the red-whiskered man, borne slowly back by numbers.

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Tipping, suavely; "I want to see Captain Flower."

"Well, you've come to the wrong house," said the red-whiskered man, shortly, "there's no such name here."

"Think," said Mrs. Tipping.

The red-whiskered man waved the candle to and fro until the passage was flecked with tallow.

"Go away directly," he roared; "how dare you come disturbing people like this?"

"You may just as well be pleasant over it," said Mrs. Tipping, severely; "because we sha'n't go away until we *have* seen him. After all, it's got nothing to do with you."

"We don't want anything to say to you," affirmed her daughter.

"Will—you—get—out—of—my—house?" demanded the owner, wildly.

"When we've seen Capt'in Flower," said Mrs. Tipping, calmly, "and not a moment before. We don't mind your getting in a temper, not a bit. You can't frighten us."

The frenzied and reckless reply of the red-whiskered man was drowned in the violent slamming of the street-door, and he found himself alone with the ladies. There was a yell of triumph outside, and the sounds of a hurried scramble down the steps. Mrs. Tipping, fumbling wildly at the catch of the door, opened it just in time to see the cabman, in reply to the urgent entreaties of the mate, frantically lashing his horse up the road.

"So far so good," murmured the mate, as he glanced over his shoulder at the group amazed on the steps. "I've done the best I could, but I suppose there'll be a row."

The watchman, with the remainder of the crew, in various attitudes of expectant curiosity, were waiting to receive them at the wharf. A curiosity which increased in intensity as the mate, slamming the gate, put the big bar across and turned to the watchman.

"Don't open that to anybody till we're off," he said, sharply. "Cap'in Flower has not turned up yet, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said Ben.

They went aboard the schooner again, and the mate, remaining on deck, listened anxiously for the return of the redoubtable Mrs. Tipping, occasionally glancing over the side in expectation of being boarded from the neighbouring stairs; but with the exception of a false alarm caused by two maddened seamen unable to obtain admittance, and preferring insulting charges of somnolency against the watchman, the time passed quietly until high water. With the schooner in mid-stream slowly picking her way through the traffic, any twinges of remorse that he might have had for the way he had treated two helpless women left him, and he began to feel with his absent commander some of the charm which springs from successful wrong-doing.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Arks of Arktown.

By Laura B. Starr.

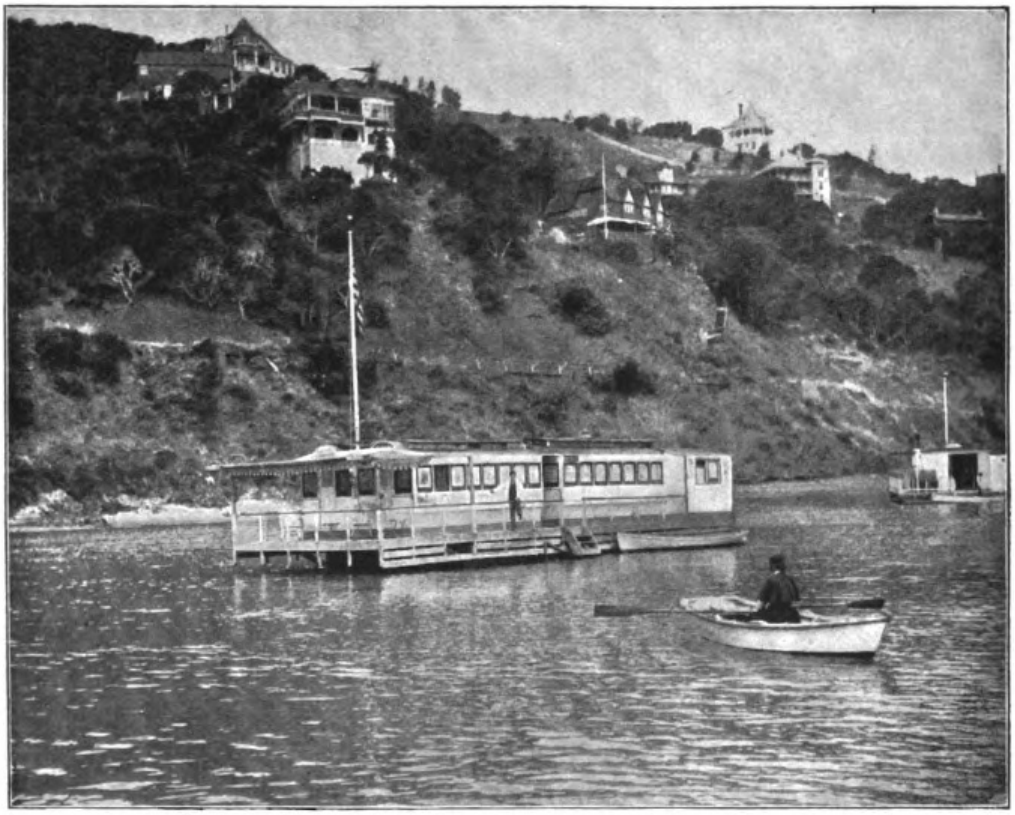
Illustrations from Photographs by Chas. Weidner, San Francisco.

AN Eastern fad becomes a poetic fancy when carried out by the picturesque-loving Californians. The gracious climate, the resources of the country which furnish everything man can desire, and the universal heritage of energy, ambition, and love of novelty which comes to them from their immediate forebears, are among the many factors which combine to bring about this result.

It was when they had become a little weary of the annual "camping-out," during the long, sunny, and cloudless summer, and the semi-occasional "jinks," both "high" and "low," of the Bohemian Club had paled somewhat, that someone suggested house-boats. The idea took root and grew, and the blossoming was a novelty.

The Californian house-boat should be called an "ark," and it should be modelled upon lines differing very materially from the "broad, square-nosed sloop" of the Chinese house-boat, or the more graceful sampan of the Japanese, or the solid, substantial house-boat of the Thames, though possessing the best qualities of all of them.

Who first conceived the idea of the California ark deponent sayeth not, but ten to one it originated in the fertile brain of some member of the Bohemian Club, that fountain-head of novelty and unique ideas. The shape it took was much the same as the one Noah built in obedience to the Lord's commandment, little thinking he was starting a fashion that would come sailing down the rivers of the world to the present time. The *Nautilus*, with a flat bottom and a deck-house built of four abandoned street-cars set end to end, two and two in a solid square, was the first one, quickly followed by the *Alameda* and others, built on the same lines.



THE ARK "NAUTILUS," AT BELVIDERE, CALIFORNIA, CONSTRUCTED OF FOUR STREET-CARS.

The partitions of the cars were removed, making two lovely rooms with windows galore, and sliding doors at each end; stationary lamps were built into the wall, and the transoms arranged for ventilation. The long seats flanking the walls on either side were upholstered and plentifully cushioned, making comfortable beds by night, and ease-inviting lounging-places by day.

A stationary table in each room was the common centre across which the events of

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SITTING-ROOM IN THE "NAUTILUS," SHOWING THE STREET-CAR FRAMEWORK.

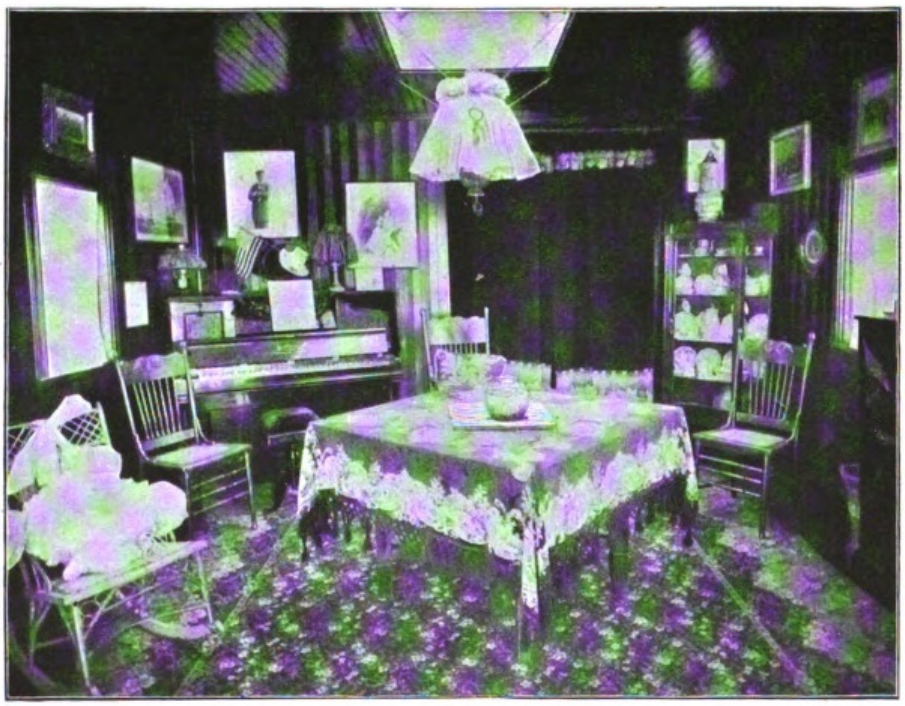
the day and plans for the morrow might be discussed, as well as other things besides liquid air. Oriental hangings and the necessary culinary outfit gave the quaint craft an air of home.

Within is found all the comfort, yea, even the luxury, of Dives; while without is the simplicity of green fields, the grandeur of mountain heights, the lulling, soothing gurgle of lapping waves and health-giving ozone. The deep green of the redwood trees forms a pleasing background for the golden eschscholtzias, the sweet-scented violets, and delicate fronds of the wild maidenhair fern which carpet the fields almost within arm's reach.

The first "ark" was such a success that others appeared almost by magic, although the *Nautilus* still bears the palm for uniqueness. Imitation—thatsincerest form of flattery—soon created a "town of arks" on the west side of San Francisco Bay, just over the way from the city of that name, within full view of the Golden Gate. If you are looking on the map for it, you will find it spelled "Belvidere."

During the summer there are thirty or forty "arks" moored within easy reach of each other, and the constant stream of visitors coming and going for the "week end," and other stated times, prove the popularity of the "ark" system. One of the pleasantest things about them is their power to expand: like the omnibus, there is always room for one more: the unexpected visitor never fails of a welcome and a bed somewhere, even though it may be on the top of the dining-room table.

There is an indescribable charm about the life: one has the pleasures of boating



DINING-ROOM OF THE "NAUTILUS."

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combined with the "comforts of home"; sea baths are at one's very threshold; fish are caught and cooked while you wait, in a manner that would give pleasure to any disciple of Izaak Walton, or even to that king of fishermen himself.

The monotony of the scenery is varied by the swinging of the ark, as it turns four times a day with the tide. There are neighbours, thirty or forty families of them, within easy reaching distance if one can pull a stroke, for there is always a following of row-boats lazily resting upon the water in the wake of each "ark."

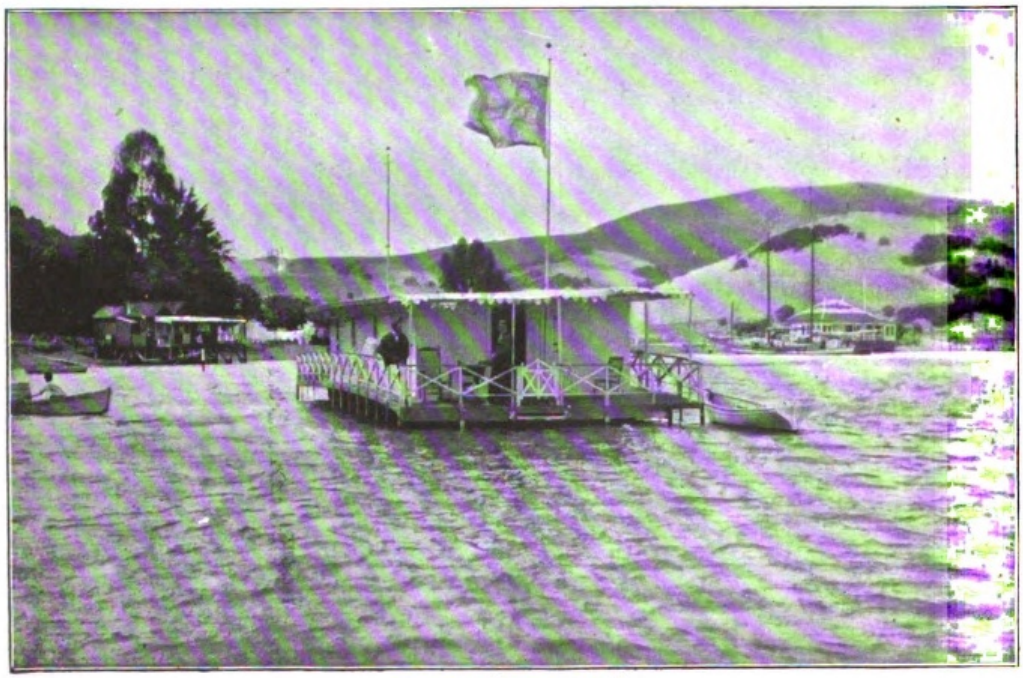


CORNER OF BEDROOM IN THE "NAUTILUS."

The economy of filthy lucre and the friction of daily life are evident when it is remembered that one has neither rent to pay nor taxes, only the inevitable bills of "the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker," which he must meet daily wherever he takes his stand on this wide globe.

The butcher, the baker, and others of that ilk who supply the needs of daily life have each his little boat, which he sends around every morning at the usual hour for his customary order, and the joint for dinner and the ice-cream for dessert are delivered as promptly to the "ark" dwellers as they are to those who are still in the city.

The majority of "arks" in this little town are built with a square deck-house, which is



THE ARK "BELVIDERE."

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divided into rooms according to the size of the "ark" and the family of the owner. Some of them present that "curious combination of flat-bottomed punt and tasteful bijou residence, which finds its more florid expression on the reaches of the Thames"; others are more pretentious, with resplendent upholstery, paint and varnish, and a look of newness that is rather a discordant note in an otherwise harmonious creation.

To the generality of Americans this little town of "arks" would be, perhaps, more of a novelty than to the ordinary Englishman, for the reason that house-boats have been more or less of an institution in England since 1884. The boat-life on the Thames is an ideal existence; a joy and delight for the time being, and a rose-coloured memory for all time to come.

The American rivers are too characteristically busy to encourage house-boating, though efforts in that direction are being made at the present time. Few of our people have yet sufficiently learned the delight of *dolce far niente* to introduce that acme of aquatic luxury. Most of us when we go in for aquatics at all want a boat with twin screws, triple expansion engines, and all the other means of "getting there."

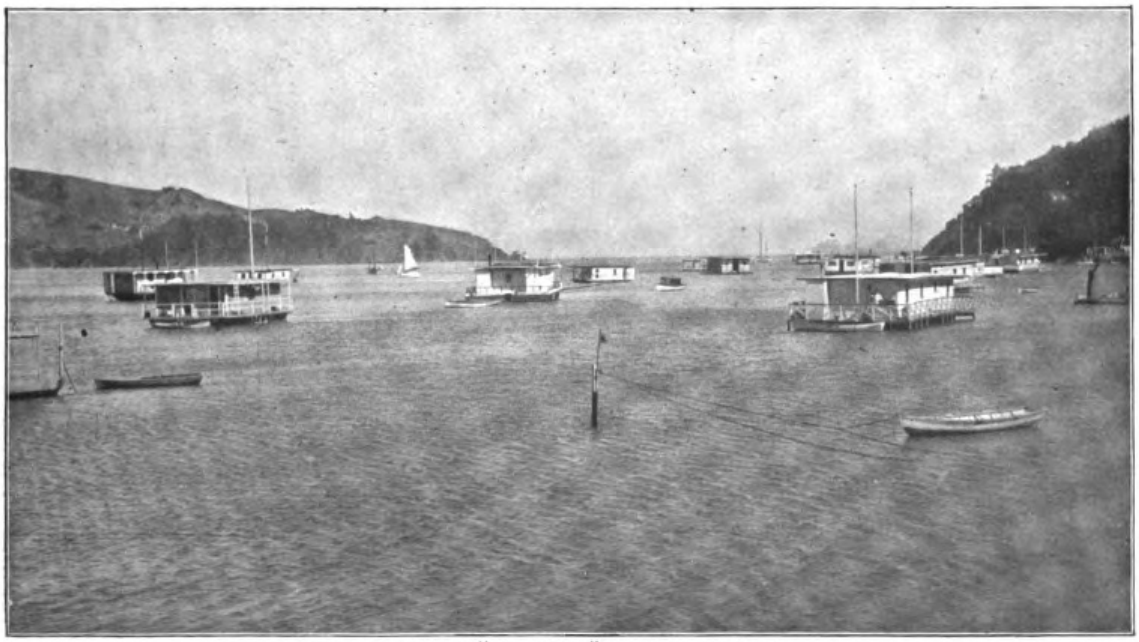
True, there are rare souls here and there, in our bustling commercial crowd, who steal away companioned congenially and earn for themselves the criticism of being "queer," by taking a trip in a canal-boat through the various waterways of New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, but, compared to the great army of holiday-seekers, they are in a small minority.

A few years ago several members of the Tile Club fitted up a canal-boat with all the comfort of city studios and the luxury of beautiful hangings and odd bric-à-brac, and drifted lazily and happily away in the track of the setting sun. The result was health regained, a fine collection of sketches, and a most fascinating narrative of the trip published in one of the magazines.

Later a quartette of artists—why is it that artists always do the nicest things?—went "Snubbing Through New Jersey" with a "plain, white-painted, three-hatched and pooped-cabined canal-boat, with two mules ahead and a rudder behind. There was a skipper to steer and his wife to help cook; a deck-hand forward to 'snub' the boat in the locks and take a line to the tow-path."

"Snubbing" is a term used by boatmen for checking the impetus of boats on entering a lock; it is a common expression used by canallers. The advantage of a canal-boat, as stated by one of the four, is that if you come up against a stone wall or any other immovable obstacle, you can hitch the mules to the rudder-post and go home backwards.

None of the house-boats mentioned have adopted the plan of decorating the border line of the deck-house with pots of flowering plants, which is one of the most picturesque features of the Thames boat. Many of them have awnings and deck chairs and settees, but there is lacking that cosy arrangement for afternoon tea which is such an important and pleasing feature of English boats.



GENERAL VIEW OF "ARKTOWN," BELVIDERE, CALIFORNIA.

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Sand Art.

By Thomas E. Curtis.

Illustrations from Photographs taken expressly for George Newnes, Limited.

IT is worth a trip to America merely to see Mr. James Taylor model in sand. He works on the beach at Atlantic City, one of the most famous watering-places in the world, about sixty miles from Philadelphia, on the coast of New Jersey. Here, throughout the summer, Mr. Taylor, who stands head and shoulders above all his imitators in sand art, manipulates the dull and unadhesive material, turning it into veritable gems of sculpture.

Unhappily, however, the labour of this clever man is ephemeral. The waves of old ocean ruthlessly wash away the artist's handiwork. There is a touch of sentiment in it, and the many thousands who have watched the artist moulding his fleeting figures within reach of the onward tide have not been less interested in the work because its life is short.

The variety of subjects which have sprung from the worker's fertile brain is astonishing. Hardly a thing happens in the world, such as the blowing up of the *Maine*, or the death of a noted man, but what some reproduction of it may be made with sand. The photographs in this article show how varied Mr. Taylor's talents are, and how quick he is to seize upon the subject of momentary note for the interest of his countless onlookers. His last subject, recently done expressly for this Magazine, as shown by the illustration below, touches, we think, the highest he has yet reached in sand art. The beautiful figure on the sand, with its flowing drapery, is really amazing in the naturalness of its lines. When we consider the haste with which it must have keen made, and the material of which it is composed, it is certainly a cause of admiration.

The tools with which the work is performed are two in number—a piece of wood and brains. In the centre of his circle of



RECUMBENT FEMALE FIGURE, MODELLED IN SAND AT ATLANTIC CITY EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY MR. JAMES TAYLOR.

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GROUP OF SAND FIGURES AT ATLANTIC CITY.

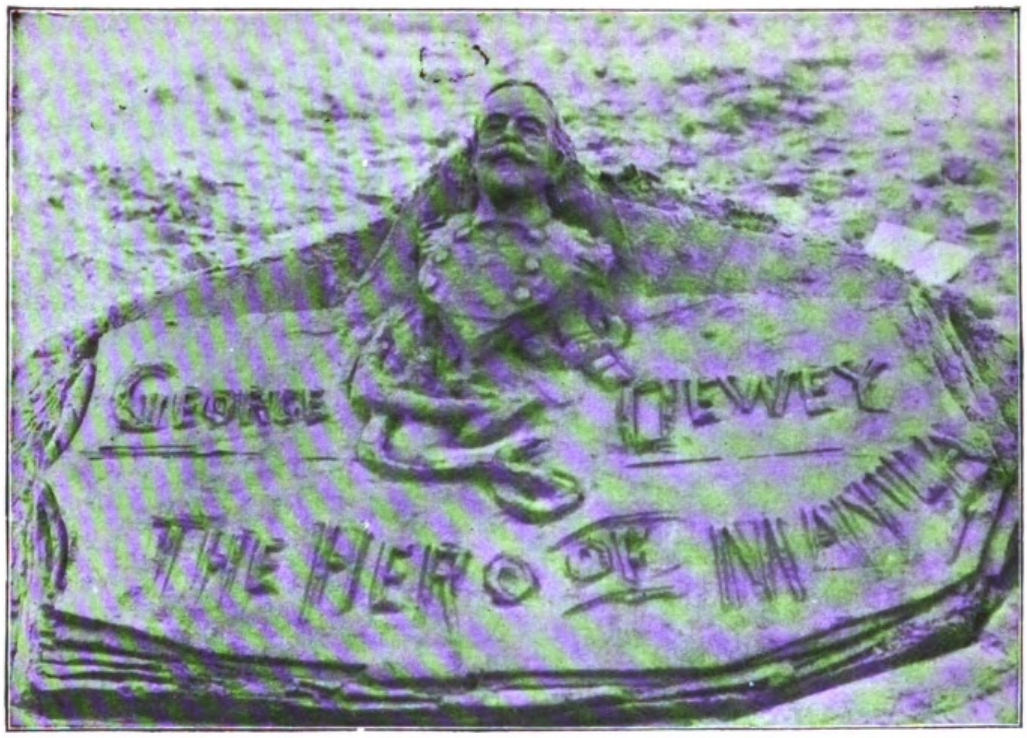
pleasure-seekers, the artist unassumingly collects a pile of damp sand, and, taking a small bit of wood from the beach, begins to carve his subject in the rough. If it is a bas-relief, such as the model of Gladstone, or "Love Rules the World," the tailpiece to our article, he first flattens the damp sand on one side, and then picks out his design with the sharp end of the stick. No matter what the subject, the touch of the artist is true, and the constant practice of years shows itself in the skill and rapidity with which the designs are concluded. When one is finished, no time is lost in beginning another, and thus between the tides we are likely to have made for us half-a-dozen sculptures, each successful, and each the cynosure of the passing throng. In the illustration above we see four of these models: the two at the right representing President McKinley and General Lee, who, during the troublous times last year, were the two most-talked-of men in the country. At the left is a fanciful reproduction of the American summer girl, with her gay "shirt-waist" and her jaunty air.

When Gladstone died, over a year ago, a most speaking likeness of him in sand stood against one of the pier supports of Atlantic



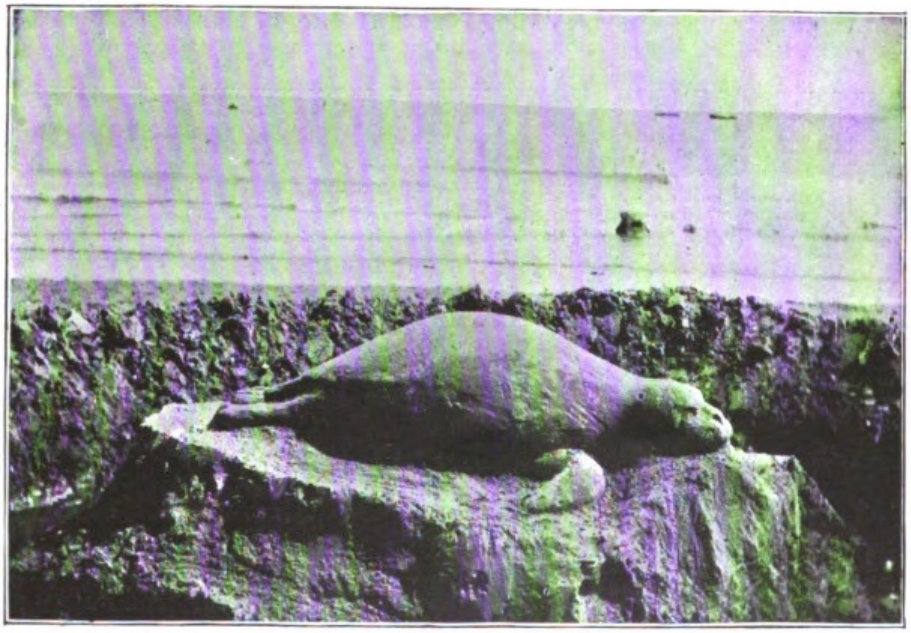
GLADSTONE.

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

Beach. When the war broke out with Spain the American battleship was a popular subject for reproduction. No sooner did Hobson burst into heroic prominence than his now familiar features appeared on the Jersey sand, and the memorable victory at Manila was quickly followed by a model of Admiral Dewey in uniform. Some of these we have been able to catch with the camera and reproduce herewith. Others, of which we are unable, through limitations of space, to reproduce the photographs, show classic and portrait subjects. One called "Late Arrivals" shows a mound of sand with three figures of people well known along the beach. Many of the photographs resemble our final illustration in showing the piers near which the sculptures are modelled.



SAND SEAL AT SHANKLIN, I.W.

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One of the most interesting things about our Atlantic City artist is that he has never had training of any sort. Like many of the pavement artists in London, he fell into occupation by chance, guided to good results by an artistic instinct. But what a difference between this man and the pavement artist. The one is up-to-date, versatile, and always moving forward with the times. The other, with just enough ingenuity to bring him a few daily pennies, rests content with the same pictures in coloured chalk from day to day until the passer-by gets weary of lighthouses, ships, and moons. A little more enterprise would doubtless make pavement art as profitable as sand art is upon the American beach.

This, of course, is not to say that the sand artist is not known in England. On the south coast he is not an unfamiliar figure. At Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, the seal which we show on the previous page, sent to us by Mr. A. Hugh Harper, Addiscombe Lodge, Thornton Heath, Surrey, was moulded by one of these men, and it certainly possesses a naturalness which makes it come a close second to the American work. But on the English beaches one does not see variety in sand art. Here and there a man portrays a cathedral, a bridge, a castle, or perhaps a portrait of some celebrity. But it is usually done on the flat surface of the sand. This is more back-breaking, but less difficult, and less effective than the other.

In any event, the art of sand modelling is not so easy as it looks—a fact that many of our readers may discover. Should they not fear the difficulties in the way, and should they be successful in sand art, we should welcome the privilege of looking over any snap-shots of their handiwork which they might care to send to us, and may publish a selection of the best in some future number.



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By E. Nesbit.

THE dark arch that led to the witch's cave was hung round with a black and yellow fringe of live snakes. As the Queen went in, keeping very carefully exactly in the middle of the arch, all the snakes lifted their wicked, flat heads and stared at her with their wicked, yellow eyes. You know it is not manners to stare, even at a Queen. And the snakes had been so badly brought up that they even put their tongues out at the poor lady. Nasty, thin, sharp tongues they were, too.

Now, the Queen's husband was, of course, the King. And besides being a King he was an enchanter, and considered to be quite at the top of his profession: so he was very wise, and he knew that when Kings and Queens want children, the Queen always goes to see a witch. So he gave the Queen the witch's address, and the Queen called on her, though she was very frightened and did not like it at all. The witch was sitting by a fire of sticks, stirring something bubbly in a shiny, copper cauldron.

"What do *you* want, my dear?" she said to the Queen.

"Oh, if you please," said the Queen, "I want a baby—a very nice one. We don't want any expense spared. My husband said——"

"Oh, yes," said the witch; "I know all about *him*. And so you want a child? Do you know it will bring you sorrow?"

"It will bring me joy first," said the Queen.

"Great sorrow," said the witch.

"Greater joy," said the Queen.

Then the witch said, "Well, have your own way. I suppose it's as much as your place is worth to go back without it?"

"The King would be very much annoyed," said the poor Queen.

"Well, well," said the witch; "what will you give me for the child?"

"Anything you ask for, and all I have," said the Queen.

"Then give me your gold crown."

The Queen took it off quickly.

"And your necklace of blue sapphires."

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The Queen unfastened it.

"And your pearl bracelets."

The Queen unclasped them.

"And your ruby clasps."

And the Queen undid the clasps.

"Now the lilies from your breast."

The Queen gathered together the lilies.

"And the diamonds of your little bright shoe-buckles."

The Queen pulled off her shoes.

Then the witch stirred the stuff that was in the cauldron, and, one by one, she threw in the gold crown, and the sapphire necklace, and the pearl bracelets, and the ruby clasps, and the diamonds of the little bright shoe-buckles, and, last of all, she threw in the lilies.

And the stuff in the cauldron boiled up in foaming flashes of yellow, and blue, and red, and white, and silver, and sent out a sweet scent, and presently the witch poured it out into a pipkin and set it to cool in the doorway among the snakes.

Then she said to the Queen: "Your child will have hair as golden as your crown, eyes as blue as your sapphires. The red of your rubies will lie on its lips, and its skin will be clear white as your pearls. Its soul will be white and sweet as your lilies, and your diamonds will be no clearer than its wits."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said the Queen, "and when will it come?"

"You will find it when you get home."

"And won't you have something for yourself?" asked the Queen. "Any little thing you fancy—would you like a country, or a sack of jewels?"

"Nothing, thank you," said the witch. "I could make more diamonds in a day than I could wear in a year."

"Well, but do let me do some little thing for you," the Queen went on. "Aren't you tired of being a witch? Wouldn't you like to be a duchess or a Princess, or something like that?"

"There is one thing I should rather like," said the witch, "but it's hard to get in my trade."

"Oh, tell me what," said the Queen.

"I should like someone to love me," said the witch.

Then the Queen threw her arms round the witch's neck and kissed her half a hundred times. "Why," she said, "I love you better than my life. You've given me the baby—and the baby shall love you, too."

"Perhaps it will," said the witch, "and when the sorrow comes send for me. Each of your fifty kisses will be a spell to bring me to you. Now, drink up your medicine, there's a dear, and run along home."

So the Queen drank the stuff in the pipkin, which was quite cool by this time, and she went out under the fringe of snakes, and they all behaved like good Sunday-school children. Some of them even tried to drop a curtsy to her as she went by, though that is not easy when you are hanging wrong way up by your tail. But the snakes knew the Queen was friends with their mistress; so, of course, they had to do their best to be civil.

When the Queen got home, sure enough there was the baby lying in the cradle, with the Royal arms blazoned on it, crying as naturally as possible. It had pink ribbons to tie up its sleeves: so the Queen saw at once it was a *girl*. When the King knew this he tore his black hair with fury.

"Oh, you silly, silly Queen!" he said. "Why didn't I marry a clever lady? Did you think I went to all the trouble and expense of sending you to a witch to get a *girl*? You knew well enough it was a boy I wanted—a boy, an heir, a Prince—to learn all my magic and my enchantments, and to rule the kingdom after me. I'll bet a crown—my crown," he said, "you never even thought to tell the witch what kind you wanted! Did you now?"

And the Queen hung her head and had to confess that she had only asked for a *child*.

"Very well, madam," said the King, "very well—have your own way. And make the most of your daughter, while she *is* a child."

The Queen did. All the years of her life had never held half so much happiness as now lived in each of the moments when she held her little baby in her arms. And the years went on, and the King grew more and more clever at magic, and more and more disagreeable at home, and the Princess grew more beautiful and more dear every day she lived.

The Queen and the Princess were feeding the gold-fish in the courtyard fountains with crumbs of the Princess's eighteenth birthday cake, when the King came into the courtyard, looking as black as thunder, with his black raven hopping after him. He shook his fist at his family, as indeed he generally did whenever he met them, for he was not a King with pretty home manners. The raven sat down on the edge of the marble basin and tried to peck the gold-fish. It was all he could do to show that he was in the same temper as his master.

"A girl indeed!" said the King, angrily. "I wonder you can dare to look me in the

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"HE SHOOK HIS FIST AT HIS FAMILY."

face, when you remember how your silliness has spoiled everything."

"You oughtn't to speak to my mother like that," said the Princess. She was eighteen, and it came to her suddenly and all in a moment that she was a grown-up: so she spoke out.

The King could not utter a word for several minutes. He was too angry. But the Queen said, "My dear child, don't interfere," quite crossly, for she was frightened.

And to her husband she said, "My dear, why do you go on worrying about it? Our daughter is not a boy, it is true—but she may marry a clever man who could rule your kingdom after you, and learn as much magic as ever you cared to teach him."

Then the King found his tongue.

"If she *does* marry," he said, slowly, "her husband will have to be a *very* clever man—oh, yes, very clever indeed! And he will have to know a very great deal more magic than *I* shall ever care to teach him."

The Queen knew at once by the King's tone that he was going to be disagreeable.

"Ah," she said, "don't punish the child because she loves her mother."

"I'm not going to punish her for *that*," said he; "I'm only going to teach her to respect her father."

And without another word he went off to his laboratory and worked all night, boiling different coloured things in crucibles, and copying charms in curious twisted letters from old brown books with mould stains on their yellowy pages.

The next day his plan was all arranged. He took the poor Princess to the Lone Tower, which stands on an island in the sea, a thousand miles from everywhere. He gave her a dowry, and settled a handsome income on her. He engaged a competent dragon to look after her, and also a respectable griffin whose birth and bringing-up he knew all about. And he said:—

"Here you shall stay, my dear, respectful daughter, till the clever man comes to marry you. He'll have to be clever enough to sail a ship through the Nine Whirlpools that spin round the island, and to kill the dragon and the griffin. Till he comes you'll never get any older or any wiser. No doubt he will soon come. You can employ yourself in embroidering your wedding gown. I wish you joy, my dutiful child."

And his car, drawn by live thunderbolts (thunder travels very fast), rose in the air and disappeared, and the poor Princess was left, with the dragon and the griffin, in the Island of the Nine Whirlpools.

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The Queen, left at home, cried for a day and a night, and then she remembered the witch and called to her. And the witch came, and the Queen told her all.

"For the sake of the twice twenty-five kisses you gave me," said the witch, "I will help you. But it is the last thing I can do, and it is not much. Your daughter is under a spell, and I can take you to her. But, if I do, you will have to be turned to stone, and to stay so till the spell is taken off the child."

"I would be a stone for a thousand years," said the poor Queen, "if at the end of them I could see my Dear again."

So the witch took the Queen in a car drawn by live sunbeams (which travel more quickly than anything else in the world, and much quicker than thunder), and so away and away to the Lone Tower on the Island of the Nine Whirlpools. And there was the Princess sitting on the floor in the best room of the Lone Tower, crying as if her heart would break, and the dragon and the griffin were sitting primly on each side of her.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother," she cried, and hung round the Queen's neck as if she would never let go.

"Now," said the witch, when they had all cried as much as was good for them, "I can do one or two other little things for you. Time shall not make the Princess sad. All days will be like one day till her deliverer comes. And you and I, dear Queen, will sit in stone at the gate of the tower. In doing this for you I lose all my witch's powers, and when I say the spell that changes you to stone, I shall change with you, and if ever we come out of the stone, I shall be a witch no more, but only a happy old woman."

Then the three kissed each other again and again, and the witch said the spell, and on each side of the door there was now a stone lady. One of them had a stone crown on its head and a stone sceptre in its hand; but the other held a stone tablet with words on it, which the griffin and the dragon could not read, though they had both had a very good education.

And now all days seemed like one day to the Princess, and the next day always seemed the day when her mother would come out of the stone and kiss her again. And the years went slowly by.

The wicked King died, and someone else took his kingdom, and many things were changed in the world; but the island did not change, nor the Nine Whirlpools, nor the griffin, nor the dragon, nor the two stone ladies. And all the time, from the very first,



"THE LONE TOWER ON THE ISLAND OF THE NINE WHIRLPOOLS."

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the day of the Princess's deliverance was coming, creeping nearer, and nearer, and nearer. But no one saw it coming except the Princess, and she only in dreams. And the years went by in tens and in hundreds, and still the Nine Whirlpools spun round, roaring in triumph the story of many a good ship that had gone down in their swirl, bearing with it some Prince who had tried to win the Princess and her dowry. And the great sea knew all the other stories of the Princes who had come from very far, and had seen the whirlpools, and had shaken their wise heads and said: "'Bout ship!" and gone discreetly home to their nice, safe, comfortable kingdoms.

But no one told the story of the deliverer who was to come. And the years went by.

Now, after more scores of years than you would like to add up on your slate, a certain sailor-boy sailed on the high seas with his uncle, who was a skilled skipper. And the boy could reef a sail, and coil a rope, and keep the ship's nose steady before the wind. And he was as good a boy as you would find in a month of Sundays, and worthy to be a Prince.

Now there is Something which is wiser than all the world—and it knows when people are worthy to be Princes. And this Something came from the farther side of the seventh world, and whispered in the boy's ear.

And the boy heard, though he did not know he heard—and he looked out over the black sea with the white foam horses galloping over it, and far away he saw a light. And he said to the skipper, his uncle:—

"What light is that?"

Then the skipper said, "All good things defend you, Nigel, from sailing near that light. It is not mentioned in all charts; but it is marked in the old chart I steer by, which was my father's father's before me, and his father's father's before him. It is the light that shines from the Lone Tower that stands above the Nine Whirlpools. And when my father's father was young he heard from the very old man, his great-great-grandfather, that in that tower an enchanted Princess, fairer than the day, waits to be delivered. But there is no deliverance: so never steer that way; and think no more of the Princess, for that is only an idle tale. But the whirlpools are quite real."

So, of course, from that day Nigel thought of nothing else. And as he sailed hither and thither upon the high seas he saw from time to time the light that shone out to sea across the wild swirl of the Nine Whirlpools. And one night, when the ship was at anchor and the skipper asleep in his bunk, Nigel launched the ship's boat and steered alone over the dark sea towards the light. He dared not go very near till daylight should show him what, indeed, were the whirlpools he had to dread.

But when the dawn came he saw the Lone Tower stand dark against the pink and primrose of the east—and about its base the sullen swirl of black water, and he heard the wonderful roar of it. So he hung off, and all that day and for six days besides. And when he had watched seven days he knew something. For you are certain to know something if you give for seven days your whole thought to it, even though it be only the first declension, or the nine-times table, or the dates of the Norman Kings.

What he knew was this: that for five minutes out of the 1,440 minutes that make up a day the whirlpools slipped into silence, while the tide went down and left the yellow sand bare. And every day this happened, but every day it was five minutes earlier than it had been the day before. He made sure of this by the ship's chronometer, which he had thoughtfully brought with him.

So on the eighth day at five minutes before noon Nigel got ready. But when the whirlpools suddenly stopped whirling and the tide sank, like water in a basin that has a hole in it, he stuck to his oars and put his back into his stroke, and presently beached the boat on the yellow sand. Then he dragged her into a cave, and sat down to wait.

By five minutes and one second past noon, the whirlpools were black and busy again, and Nigel peeped out of his cave. And on the rocky ledge overhanging the sea he saw a Princess as beautiful as the day, with golden hair and a green gown—and he went out to meet her.

"I've come to save you," he said. "How darling and beautiful you are!"

"You are very good, and very clever, and very dear," said the Princess, smiling and giving him both her hands.

He shut a little kiss in each hand before he let them go.

"So now, when the tide is low again, I will take you away in my boat," he said.

"But what about the dragon and the griffin?" asked the Princess.

"Dear me," said Nigel; "I didn't know about them. I suppose I can kill them?"

"Don't be a silly boy," said the Princess,

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"HE SHUT A LITTLE KISS IN EACH HAND."

pretending to be very grown-up, for, though she had been on the island Time only knows how many years, she was still only eighteen, and she still liked pretending. "You haven't a sword, or a shield, or anything!"

"Well, don't the beasts ever go to sleep?"

"Why, yes," said the Princess, "but only once in twenty-four hours, and then the dragon is turned to stone. But the griffin has dreams. The griffin sleeps at tea-time every day, but the dragon sleeps every day for five minutes, and every day it is three minutes later than it was the day before."

"What time does he sleep to-day?" asked Nigel.

"At eleven," said the Princess.

"Ah," said Nigel, "can you do sums?"

"No," said the Princess, sadly. "I was never good at them."

"Then I must," said Nigel. "I *can;* but it's slow work, and it makes me very unhappy. It'll take me days and days."

"Don't begin yet," said the Princess; "you'll have plenty of time to be unhappy in when I'm gone. Tell me all about yourself."

So he did. And then she told him all about herself.

"I know I've been here a long time," she said, "but I don't know what time is. And I am very busy sewing silk flowers in a golden gown for my wedding-day. And the griffin does the housework—his wings are so convenient and feathery for sweeping and dusting; and the dragon does the cooking: he's hot inside, so, of course, it's no trouble to him; and though I don't know what time is I'm sure it's time for my wedding-day, because my golden gown only wants one more white daisy on the sleeve, and a lily on the bosom of it, and then it will be ready."

Just then they heard a dry, rustling clatter on the rocks above them and a snorting sound.

"It's the dragon," said the Princess, hurriedly. "Good-bye. Be a good boy, and get your sum done." And she ran away and left him to his arithmetic.

Now the sum was this: "If the whirlpools stop and the tide goes down once in every twenty-four hours, and gets five minutes earlier every twenty-four hours, and if the dragon sleeps every day, and does it three minutes later every day, in how many days

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and at what time in the day will the tide go down three minutes before the dragon falls asleep?"

It is quite a simple sum, as you see: *you* could do it in a minute because you have been to a good school, and have taken pains with your lessons; but it was quite otherwise with poor Nigel. He sat down to work out his sum with a piece of chalk on a smooth stone. He tried it by practice and the unitary method, by multiplication, and by rule-of-three-and-three-quarters. He tried it by decimals and by compound interest. He tried it by square-root and by cube-root. He tried it by addition, simple and otherwise, and he tried it by mixed examples in vulgar fractions. But it was all of no use. Then he tried to do the sum by algebra, by simple and by quadratic equations, by trigonometry, by logarithms, and by conic sections. But it would not do. He got an answer every time, it is true, but it was always a different one, and he could not feel sure which answer was right.

And just as he was feeling how much more important than anything else it is to be able to do your sums, the Princess came back. And now it was getting dark.

"Why, you've been seven hours over that sum," she said, "and you haven't done it yet. Look here, this is what is written on the tablet of the statue by the lower gate. It has figures in it. Perhaps it is the answer to the sum."

She held out to him a big white magnolia leaf. And she had scratched on it with the pin of her pearl brooch, and it had turned brown where she had scratched it, as magnolia leaves will do. Nigel read:—

AFTER NINE DAYS
T 11. 24
D 11. 27 Ans.
P.S.—And the griffin is artificial. R.

He clapped his hands softly.

"Dear Princess," he said, "I know that's the right answer. It says R, too, you see. But I'll just prove it." So he hastily worked the sum backwards in decimals and equations and conic sections, and all the rules he could think of. And it came right every time.

"So now we must wait," said he. And they waited.

And every day the Princess came to see Nigel and brought him food cooked by the dragon, and he lived in his cave, and talked to her when she was there, and thought about her when she was not, and they were both as happy as the longest day in summer. Then at last came The Day. Nigel and the Princess laid their plans.



"EVERY DAY THE PRINCESS CAME TO SEE NIGEL AND BROUGHT HIM FOOD."

"You're sure he won't hurt *you*, my only treasure?" said Nigel.

"Quite," said the Princess. "I only wish I were half as sure that he wouldn't hurt *you*."

"My Princess," he said, tenderly, "two

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great powers are on our side: the power of Love and the power of Arithmetic. Those two are stronger than anything else in the world."

So when the tide began to go down Nigel and the Princess ran out on to the sands, and there, full in sight of the terrace where the dragon kept watch, Nigel took his Princess in his arms and kissed her. The griffin was busy sweeping the stairs of the Lone Tower, but the dragon saw, and he gave a cry of rage—and it was like twenty engines all letting off steam at the top of their voices inside Cannon Street Station.

And the two lovers stood looking up at the dragon. He was dreadful to look at. His head was white with age—and his beard had grown so long that he caught his claws in it as he walked. His wings were white with the salt that had settled on them from the spray of the sea. His tail was long and thick and jointed and white, and had little legs to it, any number of them—far too many—so that it looked like a very large fat silkworm; and his claws were as long as lessons, and as sharp as bayonets.



"HE BREATHED FIRE TILL THE WET SAND HISSED AGAIN."

"Good-bye, love!" cried Nigel, and ran out across the yellow sand towards the sea. He had one end of a cord tied to his arm.

The dragon was clambering down the face of the cliff, and next moment he was crawling and writhing and sprawling and wriggling across the beach after Nigel, making great holes in the sand with his heavy feet—and the very end of his tail, where there were no legs, made as it dragged a mark in the sand such as you make when you launch a boat; and he breathed fire till the wet sand hissed again, and the water of

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the little rock pools got quite frightened, and all went off in steam.

And still Nigel held on and the dragon after him.

The Princess could see nothing for the steam, and she stood crying bitterly, but still holding on tight with her right hand to the other end of the cord which Nigel had told her to hold; while with her left she held the ship's chronometer, and looked at it through her tears as he had bidden her look, so as to know when to pull the rope.

On went Nigel over the sand, and on went the dragon after him. And the tide was low, and sleepy little waves lapped the sand's edge.

Now at the lip of the water Nigel paused and looked back, and the dragon made a bound, beginning a scream of rage that was like all the engines of all the railways in England. But it never uttered the second half of that scream, for now it knew suddenly that it was sleepy--it turned to hurry back to dry land, because sleeping near whirlpools is so unsafe. But before it reached the shore sleep caught it and turned it to stone. And Nigel, seeing this, ran shoreward for his life—and the tide began to flow in, and the time of the whirlpool's sleep was nearly over, and he stumbled and he waded and he swam, and the Princess pulled for dear life at the cord in her hand, and pulled him up on to the dry shelf of rock just as the great sea dashed in and made itself once more into the girdle of Nine Whirlpools all round the island.

But the dragon was asleep under the whirlpools, and when he woke up from being asleep he found he was drowned, so there was an end of him.

"Now, there's only the griffin," said Nigel. And the Princess said:—

"Yes—only——" And she kissed Nigel and went back to sew the last leaf of the last lily on the bosom of her wedding gown. And she thought and thought of what was written on the stone above the griffin being artificial—and next day she said to Nigel:—

"You know a griffin is half a lion and half an eagle, and the other two halves when they're joined make the leo-griff. But I've never seen *him*. Yet I have an idea."

So they talked it over and arranged everything.

Then when the griffin fell asleep that afternoon at tea-time, Nigel went softly behind him and trod on his tail, and at the same time the Princess cried: "Look out! there's a lion behind you."

And the griffin, waking suddenly from his dreams, twisted his large neck round to look for the lion, and saw a lion's flank, and fastened its eagle beak in it. For the griffin had been artificially made by the King-enchanter, and the two halves had never really got used to each other. So now the eagle half of the griffin, who was still rather sleepy, believed that it was fighting a lion, and the lion-part, being half asleep, thought it was fighting an eagle, and the whole griffin in its deep drowsiness hadn't the sense to pull itself together and remember what it was made of. So the griffin rolled over and over, one end of it fighting with the other, till the eagle end pecked the lion end to death, and the lion end tore the eagle end with its claws till it died. And so the griffin that was made of a lion and an eagle perished, exactly as if it had been made of Kilkenny cats.

"Poor griffin," said the Princess, "it was very good at the house-work. I always liked it better than the dragon: it wasn't so hot-tempered."

And at that moment there was a soft, silky rush behind the Princess, and there was her mother, the Queen, who had slipped out of the stone statue directly the griffin was dead, and now came hurrying to take her dear daughter in her arms. The witch was clambering slowly off her pedestal. She was a little stiff with standing still so long.

When they had all explained everything over and over to each other as many times as was good for them, the witch said:—

"Well, but what about the whirlpools?" And Nigel said he didn't know. Then the witch said: "I'm not a witch any more. I'm only a happy old woman, but I know some things still. Those whirlpools were made by the enchanter-King's dropping nine drops of his blood into the sea. And his blood was so wicked that the sea has been trying ever since to get rid of it, and that made the whirlpools. Now you've only got to go out at low tide——"

So Nigel understood and went out at low tide, and found in the sandy hollow left by the first whirlpool a great red ruby. And that was the first drop of the wicked King's blood. And next day Nigel found another, and next day another, and so on till the ninth day, and then the sea was as smooth as glass.

The nine rubies were used afterwards in agriculture. You had only to throw them out into a field if you wanted it ploughed. Then the whole surface of the land turned itself over in its anxiety to get rid of some-

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thing so wicked, and in the morning the field was found to be ploughed as thoroughly as any young man at Oxford. So the wicked King did some good after all.

When the sea was smooth, ships came from far and wide bringing people to hear the wonderful story. And a beautiful palace was built, and the Princess was married to Nigel in her gold dress, and they all lived happily as long as was good for them.

The dragon still lies, a stone dragon on the sand, and at low tide the little children play round him and over him. But the pieces that were left of the griffin were buried under the herb-bed in the palace garden, because it had been so good at house-work, and it wasn't its fault that it had been made so badly and put to such poor work as guarding a lady from her lover.

I have no doubt that you will wish to know what the Princess lived on during the long years when the dragon did the cooking. My dear, she lived on her income: and that is a thing which a great many people would like to be able to do.



"LITTLE CHILDREN PLAY ROUND HIM AND OVER HIM."

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*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A BATTLEFIELD IN MINIATURE.

The battlefield scene shown in the two photographs reproduced on this page is not a phase of the Hispano-American War, but a clever miniature worked out in sand with toy soldiers, by Mr. Edward R. Jackson, 1,379, 8th Avenue, Oakland, California. It only occupied a small platform about 6ft. square, and was constructed in the open air. With his hands as tools Mr. Jackson built a range of hills as a background, scooped out a valley in front of them, constructed a road from the left down the valley, and extended it toward the centre of the foreground, finishing the topography of his sand-pile by making a small knoll to the right of the centre of the foreground. The soldiers he used in the first instance were cut out of pictures relating to the war with Spain, published in the magazines, but from a photographic point of view they were not a success. However, a small boy of his acquaintance came forward with the offer of his toy soldiers, and placed at Mr. Jackson's command three or four batteries of light artillery, a battery of heavy artillery, three or four troops of cavalry, nearly a regiment of infantry, tents, and even a small grove of lead trees and a few lead rocks and shrubs. With such an amount of material at his disposal it was quite an easy matter to complete the scene, additional realism being imparted to it by the introduction of a few hurriedly constructed wood fences. "With everything in position," Mr. Jackson adds, "there remained but one thing to be done. The sun, which had favoured me so far in my work, now turned traitor, and hid itself behind a huge black cloud. The sky, in fact, was heavily overcast, and threatened to produce a shower at any moment, so I photographed the miniature battlefield without delay. Half an hour later, all that was left of it was a shapeless pile of sand."



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A "DOUBLE-FACED" MAN.

The particularly humorous feature about our next photograph is the grinning caricature of a face worn by the man standing in a stooping position the second from the right. The explanation lies in the fact that being baldheaded he has had another face painted on the top of his scalp, and in the photograph he is merely bending down in order to show the curious effect to full advantage. The photograph was forwarded by Mr. D. F. Campbell, Old Hunstanton, Norfolk.



A NOVELTY IN JUGS.

An extremely interesting novelty in jugs is shown in our next photograph, which has been taken by Mr. Robert F. Day, 31, New York Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. The pitcher or jug is about 8in. high and 4½in. diameter at the top. It will hold a little over a quart of liquid. The neck or narrow part is of open fretwork, which prevents its usage as an ordinary jug. On the outside of the bowl are the following lines, written in Old English style :—

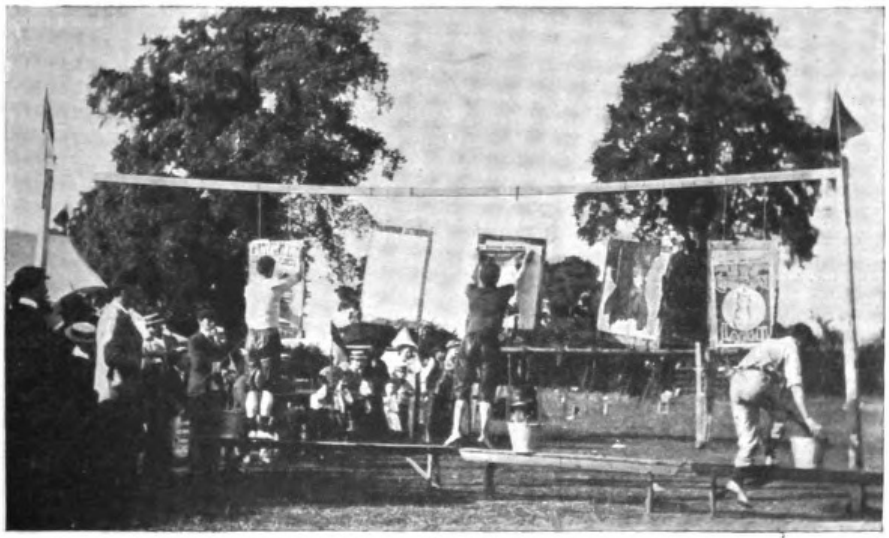
Here, gentlemen, come try your skill :
I'll hold a wager if you will
That you don't drink this liquor all
Without you spill or let some fall.

The innocent, thirsty traveller who ventures to drink out of this pitcher from the top or usual place will have the contents spilled upon his shirt-front unless he happen to understand the secret. The handle is a hollow tube, although outwardly bearing no indication of the fact, whilst inside the bowl of the pitcher near the bottom is a small hole through which the liquid passes into the handle and around the top to the nose. There are also two openings in the sides of the pitcher at the top. Whoever essays to drink must cover these two holes with his fingers, holding the jug perpendicularly, and then suck through the nose, where there is a small hole.



A BILL-POSTING RACE.

The accompanying photograph, sent by Mr. J. A. Reid, of Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford, was taken by Mr. Lewis Medland, of North Finchley, at the annual tradesmen's fête at Whetstone, N. It depicts an incident in the bill-posting race. The competitors had to stand on a given line 100yds. from the boards, each with a pail of paste, a brush, and a poster. They then had to race to the boards, paste and stick up their bills, and run back to the starting point, the prize going to the competitor who succeeded in pasting up his bill in the neatest and quickest manner. The competitor on the right promises to be a likely winner.



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BEARDING AND PHOTOGRAPHING THE LION.



Few photographers of the present day, amateur or otherwise, have the opportunity of snap-shotting the King of Beasts as he stands free and fearlessly out on open ground. Yet the intrepid photographer seems to have had such an opportunity here, and, what is more, availed himself of it to the fullest extent. There seems, in fact, such an air of realism about the picture, we confess to a feeling of hesitancy in having to admit that the noble lion here is but a foot and a half high, and does not roam till a string in his side is pulled with considerable force. In short, it is a beautiful Parisian toy, with a hide-covered body, an exquisitively coloured tawny mane, a head that wags at the slightest touch, and a jaw that opens and shuts in quite a hungry manner, whilst the "jungle" from which he appears to be so majestically emerging is composed of pampas grass placed against a hedge. The photograph was sent in by Miss Emmons, care of Lady Hardman, 55, Carlisle Place Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

A MAN'S ATTITUDE WHEN THROWING.

This is not a snap-shot of a contortionist, nor of a man making vain attempts to fly. It represents J. S. Ewen, of Aberdeen, a well-known Highland athletic champion, just after delivering a light ball



from a 7½ft. spring in a throwing competition. The ball has left the hand about 6ft. or 7ft., and the thrower is in the act of balancing himself in order to prevent a follow-over the mark. The camera caught him just as he was swinging round to the left on the one leg, and it is in this long and rapid stroke that the secret of this athlete's prowess is said to lie. The action is partly natural and partly acquired, through long practice with Gideon Perrie, the American champion. The photo. was taken and sent in by Mr. Harry S. Lumsden, 18, Bon-Accord Crescent, Aberdeen.

A SPECTRAL HORSE.

All sorts of curious and unlooked-for effects can be obtained by focusing objects with the camera held in a perpendicular position. In this instance Mr. N. Powell, of Lower Beeding Vicarage, Horsham, Sussex, placed his camera on the ground and pointed it upwards at a horse's neck and head. The effect as seen in the photograph is somewhat of a cross between a camel and a giraffe, though in neither case do the features come out very clearly; in fact, there is such a shadowy vagueness about the spectral-like creature, it might stand for almost anything—from a blotch of ink to a passing cloud of smoke.



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A RECORD IN "ANCIENT LIGHTS."

The house shown in the accompanying illustration does not present a very imposing spectacle for the parade of a fashionable seaside resort, nevertheless it may be seen at the little east coast watering-place of Felixstowe, Suffolk, where its peculiar surroundings have made it an object of curiosity to many visitors. Adjoining the house on either side there is a plot of building ground for sale, and as the house belongs to a different owner the holder of the plots has erected these hoardings in order to claim his right to the use of "light and air," so that no objection may be lodged when the adjacent sites are built upon. The hoardings run the entire length of the house at each end, and extend to the upper windows, so that the occupiers have to rest content with taking their view of the outside world from the front only. Photo. by W. Girling, Stradbrooke, sent by Mr. E. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk.

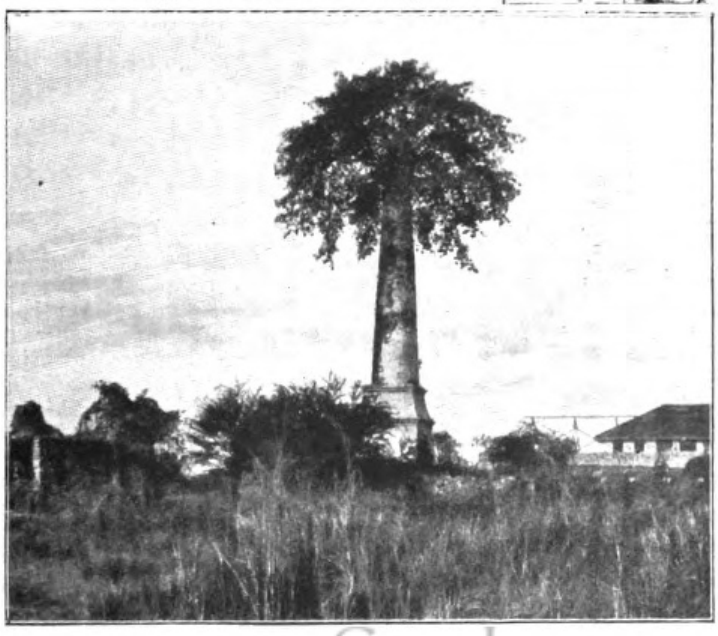
TREE GROWING OUT OF A CHIMNEY.

Mr. E. N. St. Stephens, Thyra House, North Finchley, the sender of this photograph, writes: "At Pachim, on the Bangpakong River, in Siam, there was formerly a mill for the extraction of gold from quartz obtained from a mine up country. The works were afterwards removed to the mine itself, and the buildings at Pachim demolished with the exception of the chimney. Since then a tree has grown up from the base inside the chimney, and now spreads out its branches from the top, as can be seen in the photograph. The chimney is approximately 40ft. high, and the interior almost entirely filled by the trunk. The photo. was taken by Mr. R. de Stephen in January last, when we were leaving the country."



THE MOLE-CATCHER'S TROPHY.

The next photograph we reproduce depicts a not uncommon sight in parts of the country where moles abound. Here we see the manner in which the mole-catcher strings his victims up when captured, "chalking up his score," so to speak, against the farmer, who is thus enabled to see that he has faithfully done his work. In this instance the moles have been fastened by string to a dead bough, but sometimes one sees them simply suspended on a hawthorn hedge by running a thorn through the animal's nose. It is really wonderful the dexterity the mole-catcher displays in tracking his quarry, which in itself is a task requiring much keenness of perception and the exercise of no end of patience. Our photograph, which has been sent in by Mr. T. R. Hodges, of 24, Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon, conveys but an inadequate conception of the extent of the "kill" a really expert mole-catcher will accomplish in the course of a day.



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Photo. by A. Horning, McGregor, Iowa.

AN ARTIST IN SAND.

The curious ornamentation seen in the bottle shown herewith has been worked out in sand of variegated colours by Mr. W. S. O'Brien, McGregor, Iowa. The sand was procured from the Pictured Rocks, but Mr. O'Brien says that it is impossible to expect a photo. to do justice to the brilliant, unfadable colours he has used, of which there are no fewer than sixteen. The sand is put into the bottle loose and dry, and is packed so tightly that no amount of jarring can mix it.



LEAPING UP A WALL.

This is a snap-shot of a dog jumping after a ball, which was fastened upon the wall, but which has not come into the picture. The effect is strikingly curious, for the fox-terrier has all the appearance of crawling up the wall. A still more surprising result would have been attained had the chair on the left, from which no doubt the jump was made, been removed, but of course there would not be time to do this. If the photograph is held sideways, the dog appears to be running on a level surface. Mr. C. F. Collier, of 7, Chelsea Embankment, S.W., is the sender.

A CURIOUS WHIM.

Our next photo. shows us the back of a large house in Co. Westmeath, Ireland, the particular feature about which is the curiously designed windows, which were built that shape in accordance with a whim of the owner because he wanted them to match the backs of the arm-chairs in his dining-room. The sender of the photograph, Mr. Richard Reynell, 37, Wilfred Street, Rose Hill, Derby, states that the house is now going to ruin.





AN EASTERN HORSE-SHOE.

It is not too much to say that horse-shoes vary in some particular or another in almost every country. The accompanying photograph shows the style of shoe affected in Palestine, and a very substantial, durable piece of footgear it looks, to be sure. Notice the size of the plate, and the position of the nail-holes. On the stony tracks in Palestine, which fulfil the purpose of roads for all except Emperors, a horse is less liable to injury when shod in this fashion. Sender of photo., Mr. Wm. Herrington, Cuckfield, Sussex.

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Painted by] "A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART." [*Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xviii. AUGUST, 1899. No. 104.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXVI.—MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

A DRAMATIST in colour. That, in a word, is Marcus Stone. No one who looks, even cursorily, at one of his pictures can fail to realize the effect or to discover the play upon the emotions which the dramatist in words uses in the evolution of his more diffuse, but not less highly specialized, art.

The son of an artist, an Associate of the Royal Academy, of which he has himself been for twelve years a full member, the student of heredity may see the reason for Mr. Stone's allegiance to art. His difficulty will arise when he has to explain the fact that Mr. Stone never had any so-called real tuition in his life, and owes none of the early bias which he showed towards his profession to direct influence, for at the time when he decided to be a painter he was practically a stranger to the arena of the studio—even his father's.



MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

The first step in any direction is always an interesting one to discover, so the day Mr. Stone received me in the studio in his magnificent house in the Melbury Road, my first question was, naturally, when he first began to draw.

"I can't tell you," he said; "I have no recollection of the time when I did not draw. I know I was scribbling when I was four years old, and I have some sketches which were preserved from my very youthful days, before I had ever even seen a picture. I was looking over them only a few days ago, and I confess that though they do not appear to me at all remarkable as sketches, even for a child of my then years, they were remarkable for the particular child that I was, for of art education I had had absolutely none. What of the artist I have in me was developed by circumstances, for although my father was an artist, I saw nothing of him as such until I was ten years of age. My father's studio was in London, and we as children lived in the country, or what was then the country, in the north of London—Bushey, Hendon, and Finchley. In those days—for I am speaking of half a century ago—locomotion was difficult, and my father came down only two or three times a week, and we never went to London. Even then, the meanest little picture-book was a prize to me, and I treasured every scrap of pictorial illustration which I could possibly procure, for I could count on the fingers of my two hands the picture-books of my childhood. There was no STRAND MAGAZINE then, and no wealth of graphic representation such as exists now for the delight of childhood.

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Painted by] "THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER." *[Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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"When I was about ten years old I went to live in London. My great recreation was to go to the Royal Academy, and no week of my life passed without my seeing pictures, so that I soon got a world of art of my own."

"Pictor nascitur non fit," I murmured, changing the quotation slightly. "When did you decide on becoming an artist?"

"I always decided on that. Certainly I never desired to be anything else than a painter. At ten I was allowed to go into my father's studio; but it was not until I was sixteen that I began to take up the pursuit of art seriously. My time before then was devoted to my general education. I fancy, though, I put more into my books in those days than I took out of them, for I filled them with sketches, as I filled every available scrap of paper that came into my possession. I remember when I was quite a little fellow that one day a bill came in from the local shoemaker, which my mother was sure had been paid. The receipt was searched for high and low, but it was not forthcoming. At length I was interrogated on the subject. I overhauled my sketches, and on the back of the receipt was a picture which might have been inscribed, 'Marcus Stone fecit.'

"The first studio except my father's I ever was in was Frith's. On one occasion I went to him with a message, and as a great kindness he allowed me to stay and watch him while he was at work. He was painting some drapery which lay on a piece of paper on the daïs, or throne, in his studio, as it represented a robe on the floor of his picture. I went roaming about from place to place, and accidentally kicked the paper with my foot and turned it completely round. Frith groaned aloud, but he was kindness itself, and didn't say anything. I was fully alive to the enormity of the offence I had committed, and expected to be forthwith ordered out of the room, but happily that fate was not meted out to me, and by a little rearrangement Frith found that I had not done very much harm.

"On another occasion I went to see Landseer, when he was finishing his picture 'Saved'—you remember the subject: a dog who has saved the life of a little boy. Landseer was painting the pebbles on the beach, and, to my youthful imagination, they seemed far more like potatoes than stones. That impression still remains with me as the result of a recent inspection of the picture.

"Landseer I remember as a remarkable talker, with that extraordinary power of telling a story which makes it impossible for anyone to tell it after him. A few weeks before he was seized with the mental malady which practically killed him, three years before he died, I saw him, and he told me a story. He had been at Windsor, where he was always received with special distinction, and the train in which he was travelling

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back to London was invaded at a quiet station by a party returning from a prize-fight. The officials were unable to cope with them, and the defeated combatant and his second were put into the carriage which had been specially reserved for Landseer. 'What was the man like?' I asked; 'was he badly knocked about?' 'He looked very pale,' replied Landseer; 'he was wrapped up in a blanket, and he moaned a good deal. He was very wet and he smelt of lemon.' The way in which the last four words were spoken was inimitable, and conveyed in a most lucid manner the idea of the prize-fighter of those days, who was revived between the rounds by being sponged and having a suck at a lemon."

"When did you paint your first picture?" was my next interrogation.

"The first which was exhibited at the Academy was done when I was seventeen, although it was not exhibited until the spring of 1858. I had long before this, however, been painting in oils, and I tried my hand at everything, from the family milk-jug upwards. My father's health began to fail for some years before he died, and so I was allowed to work as I pleased. That picture was called 'Rest,' and represented an old knight in a suit of armour, reclining under a tree, with some children looking at him. It found a purchaser, and as he was an absolute stranger to me, it must have had some sort of merit in it. It was not a large picture, the size known in the profession as a 'kitcat,' 3ft. by 2ft."

With a sudden impulse of curiosity I asked a decidedly impertinent question. "Will you tell me what you got for it, Mr. Stone?"

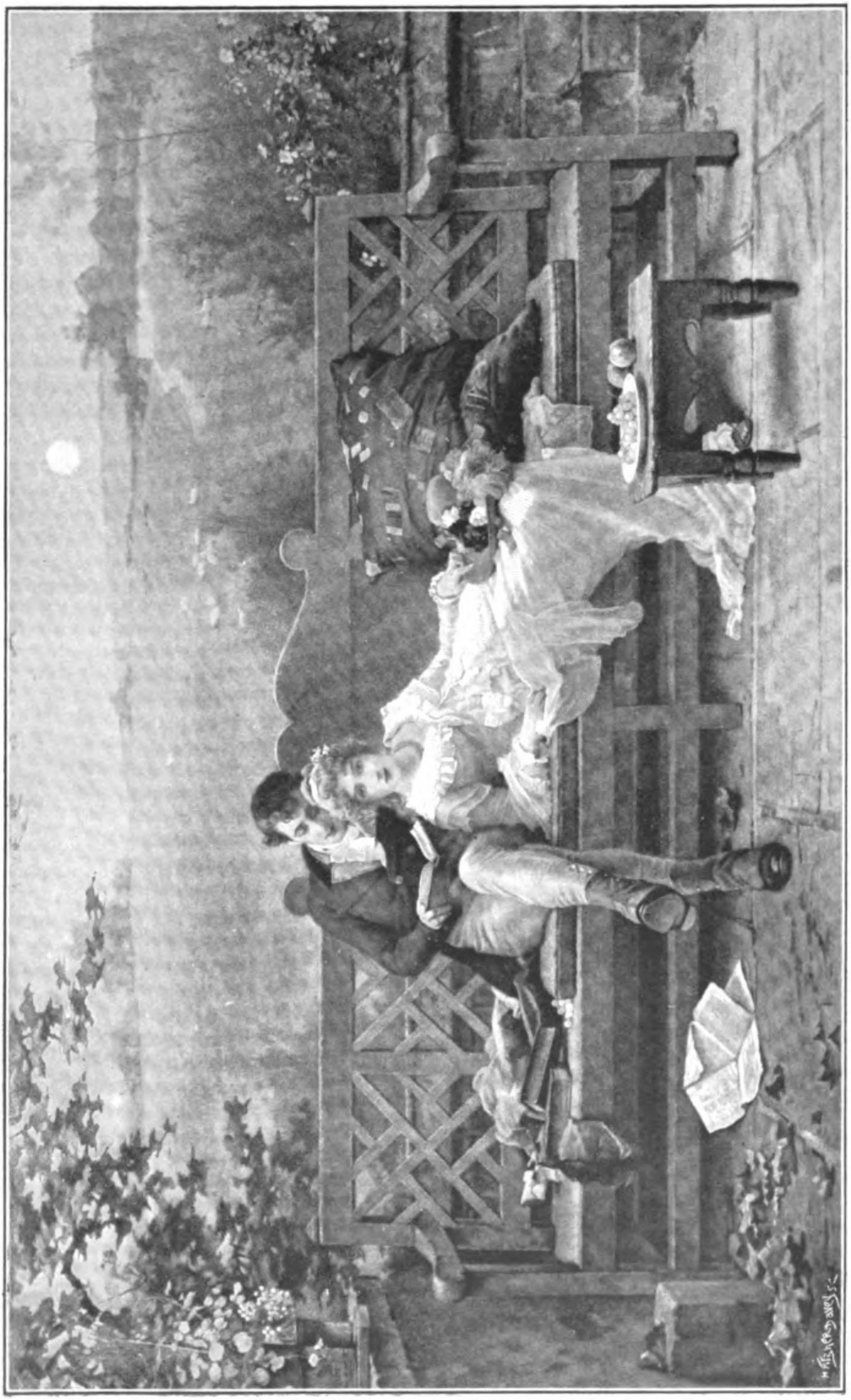
"Certainly," he replied, in such a way that I no longer felt that, in the interests of the



Painted by] "LOVE OR COUNTRY." *[Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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[*Marcus Stone, R.A.*

"A HONEYMOON."

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equally curious public, I had committed a *faux pas*. "Forty pounds was the price."

"And what happened after that?"

"Then I began to work very hard at self-imposed tasks. I began attending a life-school of an exceedingly interesting character. It was got up by some of the men at the top of the tree in order that they might resume the studies of their youth. They were good enough to allow me to join them. Among them were Frith, Mulready, Holman Hunt, John Phillip, Augustus Egg, and other well-known painters, and I drew side by side with Mulready, who was a contemporary of Wilkie. He was then a very old man, as you may judge by the fact that if he were alive now he would be one hundred and thirteen. He made the most beautiful drawings you can imagine, which were always being bought up for schools of design throughout the country. I naturally derived a great deal of benefit from watching the methods of such men. Indeed, had I a young artist to train, the thing I would desire most for him would be that he should be among his seniors and see the development of their work. Painting is an imitative art, and if an apt pupil he can do well what he has seen others do, and so save a great deal of time puzzling out things for himself."

"How long did you remain at the life-school?"

"About a couple of years. My father died when I was nineteen, and it then became necessary that I should earn my living. Work as well as study had to go on simultaneously, as they have since gone on until the present time."

When a man begins his work at so early an age, the influence of those who have "arrived" more or less counts for something in the formation of his character and his career, so I asked Mr. Stone who had influenced him most.

"As a man Dickens influenced my life enormously," he replied. "A great deal of the origin of my effort to deal with human sympathy in the way I have done is due to him, for that was the sheet-anchor of his whole life. He was a great friend of my father's. I constantly saw him under all conditions. There never was a man who gave himself more trouble and took more infinite pains in the pursuit of his art than did Dickens, and every detail and incident and character in the multitudinous personages in his books was given the greatest consideration. It was his example which was always before me which taught me habits of punctuality, diligence, and the like, and it was his example which saved me from the possibility of becoming an idler or dilettante, of whom there are too many in all arts."

"Everybody remembers your illustrations of 'Our Mutual Friend' and other of Dickens's novels," I said. Mr. Stone smiled.

"'Our Mutual Friend' was not the first of the Dickens novels which I illustrated," he replied, "for I began when I was quite a little boy. When 'Bleak House' was coming out I was about ten. Jo always appealed most vividly to my childish imagination, and I remember that when the part came out with that famous eleventh chapter in which, as every reader of the book will recall, Jo sweeps the step of the gateway of the graveyard in which the man who had been 'werry good' to him was buried, I was so impressed with the reality of the scene that I sat down at a table, took up a sheet of paper, and tried to draw it as I saw it. Dickens happened to call upon my father—my sketch caught his eye. He recognised the subject at once, and, taking it up, said, 'That is very good, Marcus; you will have to give it to me.' It was given to him, and a year after he wrote me a letter, of which I need hardly say I was inordinately proud, and with the letter came the first copy of a book I ever had given to me by the author. It was Dickens's 'Child's History of England.'

"When my father died I had only exhibited two pictures, and as I had no inheritance from him, my prospects were decidedly gloomy. I thought if I could get some illustrations to do it would be a resource which would be valuable. I therefore went to Dickens, and he wrote me letters to three publishers, Murray, Longmans, and Chapman and Hall. None of them bore fruit, however, but that to the last-named firm, who after a long interval, in 1861, gave me a frontispiece to do for the first cheap edition of 'Little Dorrit.' After two or three years came an offer for illustrating 'Our Mutual Friend.' Of course I accepted it, and the drawings were done, as well as others, such as the frontispiece for the first cheap edition of the 'Tale of Two Cities,' eight illustrations for the library edition of the 'Child's History of England,' four for the library edition of 'American Notes,' and as many for 'Pictures from Italy,' and eight illustrations for the library edition of 'Great Expectations.'"

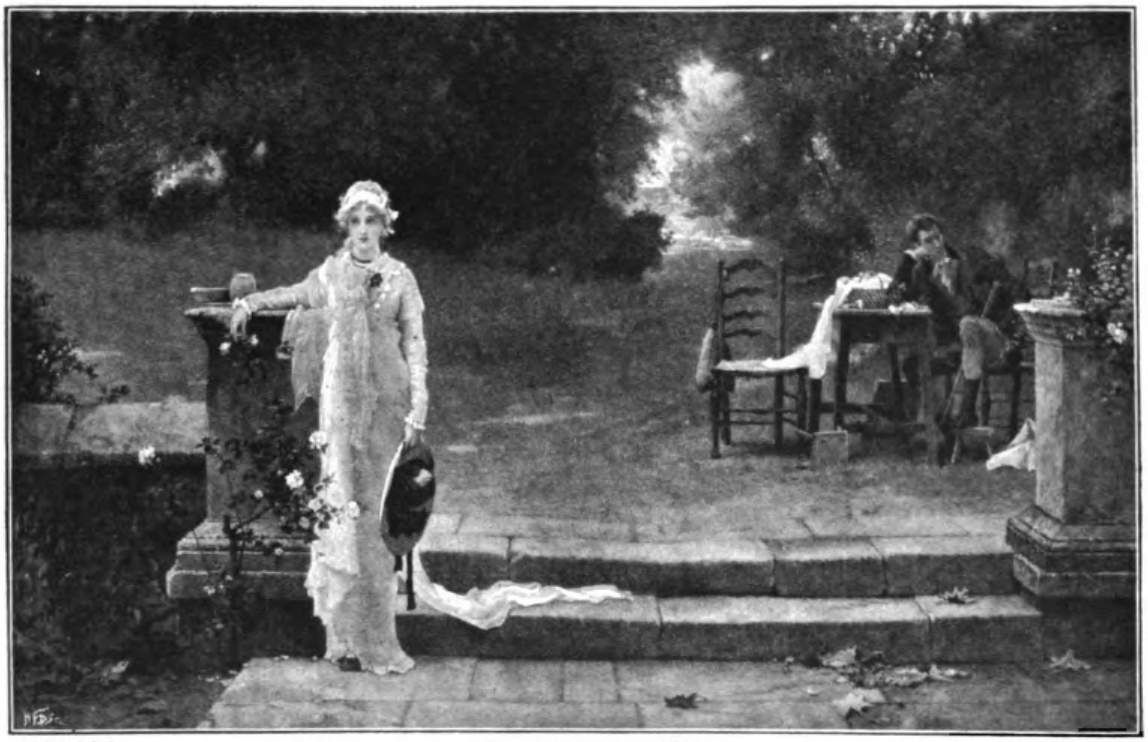
"A friend of yours told me that you discovered the original of Mr. Venus for Dickens. How did it happen?" I asked Mr. Stone.

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"I was painting a picture in which I required a begging dog. The ordinary dog is not at present sufficiently highly educated as a model, so I was recommended to go to a taxidermist named Willis, in the Seven Dials, who would supply my wants. He did, as a matter of fact, for he found the dog, killed it, and stuffed it in the attitude I needed. The day I called on him Dickens sent me an invitation to go to the theatre with him. During an interval between the acts he told me that he wanted a very striking and unusual and peculiar vocation to be introduced into the new story he was writing. 'I know the very man,' I replied. 'Take me to him,' said Dickens. The next day we went to call on Willis. He was out, and while waiting for him Dickens sat down and absorbed all the details of the establishment, although he made not a single written note of the surroundings. Willis did not come back in time, and Dickens went away without seeing him, but the interior of the shop was that which he so vividly described as Mr. Venus's."

"You knew Thackeray as well as Dickens, did you not?"

"Not as well as Dickens; but I knew Thackeray as I knew Anthony Trollope, whose story, 'He Knew He Was Right,' I illustrated, and as I knew Wilkie Collins, and most of the other literary men of my day. I heard that Thackeray was about to publish the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which there were to be illustrations. I thought I might perhaps get some work to do, so I called on him at his house. He was in bed with a sprained ankle, and I was shown up into his room. His man was bandaging his foot at the time, and he was surrounded with proofs of the first number. He showed them to me. One of the articles was illustrated by Thackeray himself. His people all had muffs instead of heads. 'Do you know what I mean by that?' he asked, in his characteristic fashion. Before giving me time to reply he answered the question himself. 'I mean that they are muffs.' He talked for a few minutes, and I showed him my sketches. 'Where do you get your pencils?' he asked me; 'mine don't draw like that.'"



Painted by "A PASSING CLOUD." [*Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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"Happily for art, you did not long remain in the field of black and white?"

"No, it was merely a means to an end, and luckily for me that end came sooner than I expected. My pictures began to make a certain headway, and all of them sold."

"When did you make your first great popular success?"

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"In 1863. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and called 'From Waterloo to Paris.' It was what the French call *genre historique*, and it was the line which I continued painting for ten years and more."

"Then what I may call the 'Stone age,' the period with which the later manifestation of your art is so intimately associated, did not materialize for a long time? What brought it about?"

"I had always been a great student of history," said Mr. Stone, "but a student with a political bias. I had come to the conclusion that history as written by the historian was a very different thing from that which was written by the people who made it. It seemed to me very much like the Court Circular, and the people were represented as they were at Astley's Theatre: the kings and nobles were very great and grand, and quite different from ordinary human beings. I felt that I could no longer conform to the prevailing ideas, as I also felt that the number of historical people who would appeal to the popular public taste was very limited indeed. I had for a long time been so struck with this thought that I used to clothe my modern thoughts in ancient dresses. One example will show you what I mean. When I was reading 'Dombey and Son,' I was greatly struck with the dramatic idea of Mr. Dombey's paternal pride in the birth of his heir, while he cared little or nothing for his first-born daughter. I determined to paint a picture on this subject, but nobody in those days would have cared for a literal representation of the subject. While turning over the matter in my mind, and wondering where I could place it, I came across the incident which is related of Henry VIII.'s visit to see Edward VI., while he ignored the little Princess Elizabeth, who was in the room at the time. There was the Dombey incident in characters which everyone would recognise, for Henry VIII. is one of the few historical personages familiar to the man in the street. I painted my picture of the 'Royal Nursery.' It was a historical picture, but it was Paul Dombey for all that."

"But for the 'Stone age'?" I queried.

"That came about in this way. I believe that the best and most valuable art work is done by the man who treats his own period. He knows his subject as, in a general way, he can know no other. He sees his people, he knows their thoughts, their feelings, and, in addition, everybody else knows what he knows. It is, of course, impossible in England, from what I may call the hourly change of fashion, to paint men and women in the costume of a given year. The dress would be out of fashion before the picture was finished. I therefore determined to get, if I could, some period in which the fashion would remain constant, while the thoughts and sympathies of the men and women would be sufficiently close to be readily sympathized with by the public. I saw this in the early days of the century, the days of our grandmothers, and so I adopted that for my general work. Had I been a Frenchman instead of an Englishman, however, I should have painted the peasant life of the moment, for that is exceedingly picturesque. We have, however, no peasant life in England, and no typical peasant dress, so that was impossible. In the same way, were I a writer of fiction I would never treat of any subject but that of to-day. Dickens and Thackeray both did this, departing from their custom very rarely indeed, and Shakespeare was in the same sense a modern writer, for he wrote of the things of his own time."

"Did any painter exercise a conscious influence over you in the early days of your career?" was my next question.

"No one," replied Mr. Stone. "It was at once my good and ill fortune, and left me catholic in my tastes. Whenever I saw a great work of art, and it is equally so to-day, I always tried to see the artist's aim and purpose, and was never drawn to one point to the exclusion of others. In this way I have always loved Van Eyck and Velasquez, who in painting are as opposite as the poles, but I always have been equally enthusiastic over other great painters. Millais I always counted the greatest man of my time, as well as one of the greatest painters of all time; but there is no evidence of my admiration of his work in my art, so far as I am aware, although I could well wish it were otherwise."

"You and he were great friends, were you not?"

"I knew him from the time I was a child, though he was my senior by eleven years, and was famous before I ever began to paint. As a young man he was an Apollo, and I remember seeing him and his wife, just after they were married, at a party at Dickens's, when I thought they were the most beautiful couple I had ever set eyes on."

"In your own case, Mr. Stone," I said, "can you tell me how your pictures come to be painted?"

"Only vaguely. I get some story which can be told in a picture, in much the same

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way as a playwright gets the germ of the idea for his drama. I 'chew' on it, as I may say, until I have evolved that scene which has gone before, as well as that which will come after. These ideas are put down in the note-book of my mind, and I make very elaborate studies in my head, and devote a great deal of time and trouble to my picture in that way. Then on a sheet of note-paper I make a sketch of the idea, with ovals for faces, so that the telling of my story may not depend on the faces of the characters."

Mr. Stone exemplified his meaning by taking some pieces of gummed paper and blotting out the faces of the characters in his pictures, "Two's Company, Three's None," and "A Peacemaker." Attitude and composition tell everything that there is to be told, as anyone may prove for himself by doing the same with the pictures which are here reproduced.

"And after the sketch on note-paper?"

"Then I make a very accurate sketch to scale, after having decided exactly what size my picture is going to be when finished. I consult Nature always and verify the possibilities, to see that the design is sound in every way and does not depend upon matters which are incompatible with truth. Then I have models to sit, and begin to work at my picture. At the same time, I keep on working at my sketch equally with my picture, so that, if necessary, I may make experiments on it and avoid painting out and painting in on the picture itself, too much of which one is compelled to do in the ordinary way. Unless my sketch were like the picture it would, of course, be impossible to do this, so that at times my sketches are very elaborate indeed."

"Do you paint your models as they are?"

"Never," said Mr. Stone, emphatically. "I have never painted and never would paint a recognisable portrait of a model. I may have half-a-dozen models for a single figure in a picture. What one has to do is to paint one's imaginary man or woman, not a picture of a given man or woman. So strongly do I feel on this subject that if I see my picture is getting like my model the illusion is gone for me, for my picture was not a picture of Miss —whatever her name happens to be, my model—but a picture of someone whom I have seen acting in the drama which I was endeavouring to evolve."

"When once you get to work, do you work rapidly?" I asked.

"Rapidly?" echoed Mr. Stone. "I am the slowest man who ever held a brush. Of course, one can cover a canvas rapidly with colour, but in painting, as in writing, although the public does not usually appreciate this fact, there are times when you don't know how to say what you have to say."

As Mr. Stone said these words my eyes alighted on two packs of cards piled together



Painted by] "A PEACEMAKER." *[Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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on his table. With a sort of Sherlock Holmes power of deduction I hazarded my next question.

"You find Patience helps you, then?"

"Very much," he replied, with a smile. "When I get into a tangle I find that the gentle stimulation of the mind which Patience necessitates produces a decidedly helpful effect, and so, you will probably be interested in knowing, do a great many of my brother painters."

All the time we had been talking I had noticed that anything in the nature of a picture or an easel was conspicuous by its absence, although we were in the studio. In reply to my question, Mr. Stone's explanation was pleasantly forthcoming.

"I rarely show anything I do to friends or casual visitors," he said, "for it really distresses me to have people looking at my work. If I had not had to earn my living with my brush, I doubt if I should ever have exhibited at all."

"Still, I suppose people do occasionally see your work when you are engaged at it?"

"Occasionally, certainly, but very occasionally. In this connection I remember an incident which always gives me a great deal of pleasure when I think of it, for I found one of my most sympathetic critics in a most unusual fashion. A gas-fitter was at work at the lamps over there while I was painting. After a time he stopped and came over to me, saying, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but will you let me look at the picture you are painting?' It was my picture, 'A Sailor's Sweetheart.' He looked at it long and silently—in itself a great satisfaction to me—and then I hazarded a question, for I had always wanted to find out exactly, from personal knowledge, whether my effects were as clear to men of that class as they were for the more cultivated or the artistic. 'Do you know what I mean by it?' I asked, after he had talked a good deal about it. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'there's no mistaking that. She's thinking about somebody in foreign parts.' I could have danced with delight at the 'foreign parts,' for the effect of the sea in the background of the picture had produced on him exactly the effect I had desired to convey. He went over the picture with the utmost care, and presently his eye lighted on the little bunch of blue forget-me-nots in the girl's hand. Immediately a smile played all over his face, and turning to me he said, '*He* won't forget her, sir.' I could have blessed that gas-fitter for his acumen, for it is extraordinary the amount of obtuseness one meets with in people from whom one would expect better things. I have treasured the memory of that gas-fitter, and have often longed for his criticism on other pictures, though I have never seen him since. If the world were full of such gas-fitters it would be a much more satisfactory place for painters to live in."

"To go for a moment from your art to your early life. You knew some of the actors of the past?" I asked.

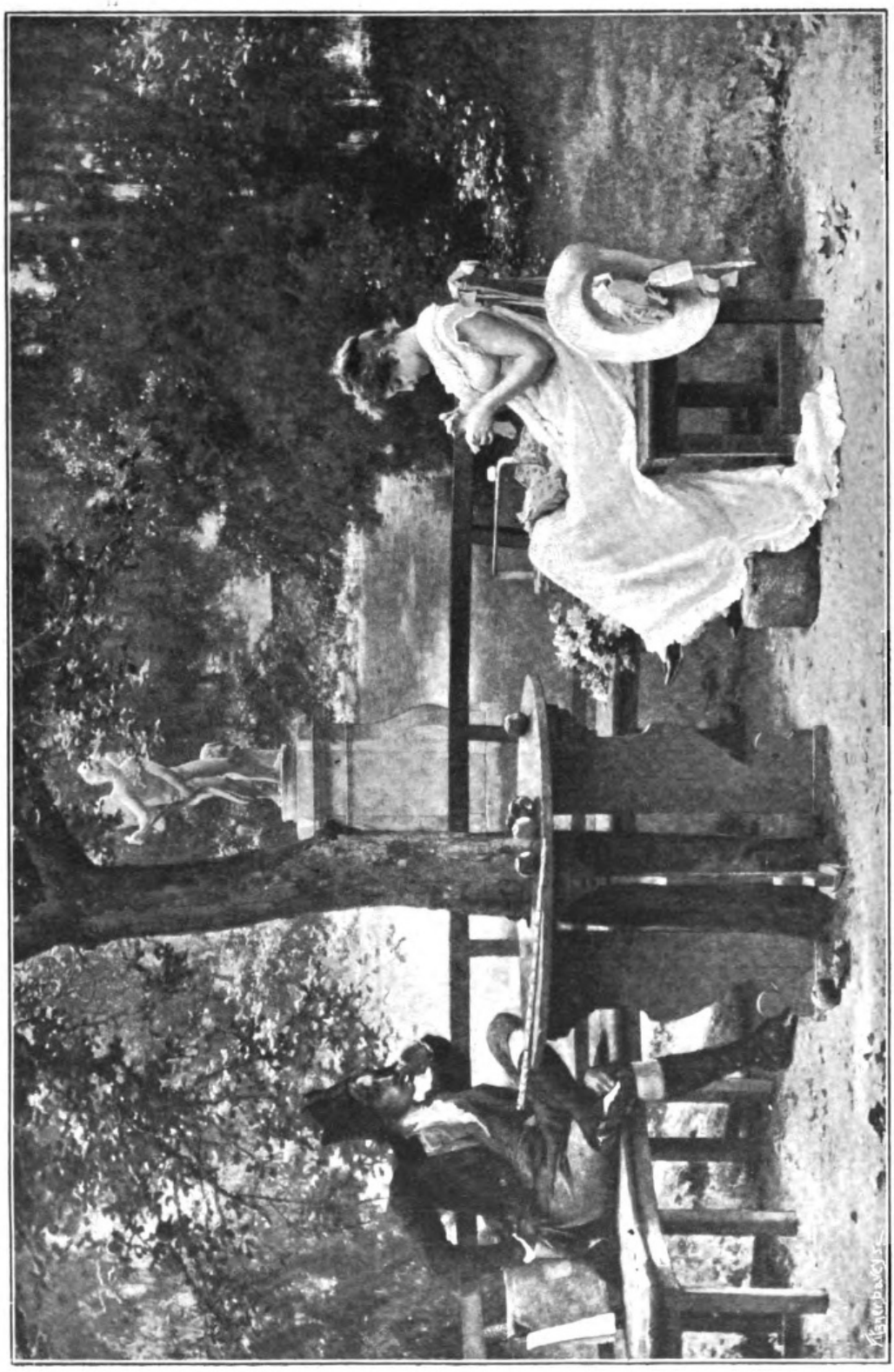
"I met Macready," he replied, "and one day he gave me some advice about speaking. 'I do not think there is very much to teach,' he said. 'I can tell you all about it in five minutes, but there is a great deal to do. Articulate every syllable, raise your voice at the end of every sentence, and as a matter of exercise try to see how many lines of verse you can say without taking a breath.' Then with a look of pride in his eyes, he added, slowly, 'I can speak fourteen lines of "Paradise Lost" with only one breath.'

"I knew Fechter, too. He used sometimes to ask me about the reading of a line, as he was not at all comfortable in his English when he first came here. Indeed, he actually proposed to me that I should go on the stage and act with him. He promised, if I would, to have a part written which would make a 'personage' of me. I need hardly say, however, that, great as the temptation was, my allegiance to my own art prevented the possibility of my accepting so flattering an offer."

Then I turned to matters of the moment, and glancing round the studio, rich with rare tapestries and hangings, I learnt that Mr. Stone was the first to build a studio for the painting of outdoor effects, for until about thirty years ago painters did not trouble about *plein air* effects, but painted their models in their studio, and afterwards added a background. The studio is one of the largest in London, and like the house was built from Mr. Stone's own plans. "With that reverence which we professional men have for one another," he quickly added, as he told me this fact, "I took my plans to Norman Shaw, who was good enough to approve them as a working basis, and I left the whole building of the house in his hands, so that it is his house—architecturally. In this studio I can verify all my effects, even out-of-door effects, for I can put my model on the balcony if necessary, as it is quite shut out from the outside world."

Mr. Stone led the way and I followed him on to the balcony, where looking through the trees one could see the late Lord Leighton's

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"IN LOVE." [*Marcus Stone, R.A.*

Painted by]

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house across the lawn, while the greening trees made it practically as much cut off as if it were a detached house in the country.

"I have been living here for twenty-two years," Mr. Stone said, answering my question; "before that I lived in Langham Chambers and in Tavistock Square, two doors from Dickens's house. It is a curious thing, but my wife and I went to Langham Chambers only for a few months, on our return from our honeymoon on the Continent, and we stayed there six years — stayed there, in fact, looking for a suitable house, but in vain, and at last we decided to have this one built." Referring to the hangings and furniture, Mr. Stone continued:—

"The tapestry in the studio was made probably before Shakespeare was born, while there is nothing in the room that does not represent a certain period.

"That chair you are sitting in," said Mr. Stone, "was the chairman's seat in the Hell Fire Club, while the other chairs came from Medmenham Abbey. That looking-glass on the wall belonged to the beginning of the last century, and whenever I look into it I can fancy I see Henry Esmond sitting there, arranging his wig in front of it."



Painted by "MY LADY IS A WIDOW AND CHILDLESS." [*Marcus Stone, R.A.*
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On a cabinet stands a very precious object, one of the largest pieces of turquoise crackle ware ever produced. It is four hundred years old, and gains greater value from the fact that the art which produced it is obsolete. Just outside the studio there is an enormous wardrobe, some 12ft. to 14ft. long, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, in which Mr. Stone keeps the costumes which he paints in his pictures. They are real old, short-waisted dresses, picked up here and there. One of Mr. Stone's hobbies is the collection of old brass, and in his dining-room there is a splendid pair of fifteenth-century plaques, which have a curious history. Some five-and-twenty years ago, or so, he picked up one piece in Wardour Street. Some years later he happened to be in Venice, and stopping at an art-seller's shop he noticed an almost facsimile reproduction of his plate at home. He bought it, and after having been separated probably for some centuries, these two pieces now hang on each side of the sideboard, in company with pictures by Velasquez, Etty, and other masters.

Though insignificant perhaps to the outsider, it is significant of Mr. Stone's admiration for Dickens that one of the most prized of his treasures, reposing in a cabinet full of beautiful art objects, in a delightful room which is Mrs. Stone's boudoir, is the pocket corkscrew Dickens used always to carry himself when travelling, which was given to Mr. Stone when the great novelist died.

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

II.—A VISIBLE SOUND.

IN the second year of the existence of the Club I received a letter from a gentleman in the county of Kent. He signed himself Walter Royal, and lived in a large place which went by the name of Court Royal. He was anxious to be admitted as one of our members, and further expressed a desire that his niece, a girl of about two-and-twenty, who lived with him, should also become a member of the Sanctuary Club. He inclosed a cheque for the entrance-fees for himself and his niece, and begged to know how soon the ceremony of his election might take place.

I wrote to him immediately, asking a few questions, and finally said that at the next meeting of the committee he and his niece would be duly elected. To this he replied by a somewhat longer letter.

"Your news has given me relief, Dr. Cato," he wrote; "I am an old man, and one never knows what may happen. I have heard a great deal of your Club from people who have derived benefit from your peculiar mode of treatment, and it is quite possible that in the future the institution which you have been good enough to inaugurate may be of use to my niece Primrose. In the present case it will undoubtedly be of service to me. I do not think that I shall last much longer, but while I am in the world I wish to keep as well as possible, and as I am suffering from various phases of a nervous disorder, I should like to put myself into your care as soon as possible. I shall probably be with you early next week. Before coming, however, it is as well for you to know that I am the victim of a very extraordinary malady, which is both overpowering and overmastering, and has such a curious effect on my nerves that I am obliged to yield to certain inclinations, knowing all the time that mischief will occur from my doing so. I will tell you more about this when I have the pleasure of meeting you."

In reply to this letter I wrote to Mr. Royal to say that the following Wednesday would suit Dr. Chetwynd and myself for his reception, and he replied to the effect that he and his niece would be with us on that date.

It was early in the spring of the year 1892 when he arrived, accompanied by his niece. He was a very tall and thin old man, with white hair hanging down over his shoulders, piercing, deeply-set black eyes, and aquiline features. There was an eagerness in his gaze which I have not often seen in anyone so advanced in life, and which I put down partly to the complaint from which he undoubtedly suffered.

His niece to a certain extent resembled him. She had the same bright, alert look, but her features were small, her figure graceful, and she had the rounded limbs and soft complexion of early youth. She had a gentle, affectionate manner, and I saw at once that she was a particularly amiable girl. I noticed, however, from the first that she was very anxious about the old man. At the first possible opportunity she hastened to tell me the cause of this anxiety.

"My uncle has not the slightest idea, Dr. Cato," she said, "that he is suffering from what almost amounts to mania; but, nevertheless, I who have known him all my life am certain that such is the case."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place, he will not consult his family physician. He has absolutely refused to see Dr. Winstanley for the last two years, and it is since then that the curious phase of nervous disorder to which I allude has become so manifest. I cannot tell you how relieved I was when he declared his intention of becoming a member of the Sanctuary Club, and of putting himself under your treatment."

"Pray describe the symptoms which give you uneasiness," I interrupted.

She paused for a moment, then said, slowly, "You do not know perhaps that my uncle, Mr. Royal, is one of the greatest authorities on archæology and Roman relics in England. About three months ago he sent some magnificent Roman pottery to the British Museum. This he had himself excavated in the neighbourhood of Court Royal out of a Roman villa, which he discovered within three miles of his estate. I trace the growth of his disorder almost from the day when he first discovered this villa. Since then he has scarcely lived for anything else, employing workmen in the

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task of excavation, and wet or fine, early and late, has spent his time at the villa. During the long winter evenings he has been hunting up the records of the place, and he told me not long ago that he believed the ruins in question had belonged to one of the Quæstors of Customs in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, when Britain was a Roman colony. He has searched through many old county records, and found that an old chronicler made mention of this very place, and said that it contained buried treasure of great value. Since reading this account my uncle's excitement has become greater and greater, and the one object of his life now is to discover the treasure which he believes to be hidden away in the old villa. I bitterly regret for his sake that he ever knew anything of its existence. He has certainly lost both health and sleep since that date."

"What has brought things to a crisis?" I asked.

"I will tell you," she answered. "Two months ago he returned home in a state of breathless and painful excitement. It was just about Christmas time, and the weather was bitterly cold. I think he had got a chill in body, but his excitement of mind almost passed all bounds. He brought with him an old bronze disc, which he had found deeply embedded in the clay. There was some Latin writing on it, and night after night he shut himself up with his old disc trying to make out the inscription round the edge. Whether he has ever done so or not is more than I can tell you; but a few days ago, just after you had consented to admit him here, I found him in a state of unconsciousness in his study. The bronze was lying on a table near, and he had evidently fainted while struggling to possess himself of its secret. I locked the bronze disc up in one of the cupboards in the study, and took immediate steps to bring my uncle here. I am most anxious about him."

"He certainly looks extremely ill," I replied, "but I trust the treatment and the great quiet of the place will go far to restore him. Has he shown any other eccentricities, Miss Seafield?"

She hesitated, then said, slowly, "There is one other craze which has manifested itself to an extraordinary degree. For nearly a year he has been hiding things of value in all sorts of unexpected places. Not long ago we could not find the old jewelled hunting watch which he always wore in his waistcoat-pocket. He himself seemed to have forgotten where he put it, and was in a terrible state about it. We eventually recovered it in an unused well in the garden. Some jewels left to me by my mother were also put by him into other as unlikely places, and of late I have been obliged to have a special attendant to follow him about in order to prevent his hiding things in daily use."

"Well," I answered, "he could not do better than come here. I am glad you have spoken so frankly about him. My friend Chetwynd and I will do our utmost to promote his recovery, and in the meantime I hope you will enjoy yourself. You at least look well and strong."

"I am fairly well," she replied; "but what with one thing and another, I have gone



"I FOUND HIM IN A STATE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS."

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through many anxieties. Perhaps I ought to tell you that my uncle has had a very sad story. He had three children, the elder two being sons. The eldest son died when quite young, and he has quarrelled with the other so effectually that nothing will induce him to see him again. He has not only quarrelled with him, but he has also disinherited him. The son in question, James Royal, is a very bad man, and has led a most reckless and extravagant life. My uncle has paid his debts many times and given him very large sums of money, but within the last five years he has absolutely refused to allow him to come near Court Royal, and has assured me that he will not leave him a farthing. James Royal, who used to terrify me when I was a little child by coming to the house and making fearful disturbances, has taken his father at his word, and we neither of us now know where he is or whether he is in existence at all."

"And who will inherit the property?" I ventured to ask.

"I do not mind telling you," she answered, her eyes growing bright; "my uncle has often told me that he will leave Court Royal to me. I am not particularly anxious to be rich, but I hope, if I do find myself possessed of so fine a property, that I shall know how to do my duty. I am the daughter of his only sister, who was very much younger than himself. My mother died when I was a baby, and my father soon followed her. Since then I have lived at Court Royal, and my uncle has been both father and mother to me."

At that moment my conversation with Miss Seafield was interrupted, and I did not renew it again. I repeated to Chetwynd what the young lady had told me, and we soon came to the conclusion that Walter Royal's malady was hopeless, and that, in all probability, the old man was not long for this world. He was a very gentle and agreeable person, and did not show the slightest sign of oddity when joining in general conversation, but his bodily weakness grew apace, and he was soon confined to his room.

Royal and his niece had been about a fortnight at the Sanctuary Club, when one day a visitor called. It was, I remember, early in the afternoon, and I was doing something in the hall. Miss Seafield was



"A VISITOR CALLED."

standing near helping me. Suddenly she almost dropped a valuable china plate which she was assisting me to move into a more prominent position, the colour fled from her face, and her hands trembled. A tall, eager-looking man of about thirty years of age was announced. Miss Seafield started forward, holding out both her hands.

"Jack!" she cried, "how did you know we were here?" Then she turned and intro-

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duced him to me. "Mr. Kelvin—Dr. Cato," she said.

I bowed to the stranger. He had an uncommon face, and I found myself looking at him with great interest. There was a certain untamed fire in his eyes, joined to some indications of weakness round his lips, which seemed at a first glance to point him out as the victim of hereditary nervous weakness, but the breadth of his brow and the rare sweetness of his smile immediately dissipated this first impression. I felt certain that he was a man of remarkable genius, and had not led an ordinary career. It also needed but a glance at the face of the beautiful girl who now stood close to his side to show that the pair loved each other, and were in all probability engaged.

"I must let Uncle Walter know that you have come, Jack, and then I will come back to you," was Primrose's next eager remark.

"Shall I do that for you?" I interrupted; "I am going to visit Mr. Royal in about half an hour, when he awakens after his nap."

"Oh, will you?" she asked, her eyes full of smiles, and her cheeks glowing with happiness; "then in that case we can go into the grounds. I have a good deal to say to Mr. Kelvin, Dr. Cato, and I am very much obliged to you."

I went upstairs to the old man. In the course of conversation I delivered his niece's message.

"Ah!" he said, "so Jack has found us out. Has Primrose told you anything more?"

"No," I answered; "what do you mean?"

"She is engaged to Kelvin, and more or less against my will. He is a clever fellow, very clever, almost a genius; he has written some books of rare distinction, and is also a poet of no mean order; but he is poor and rash and extravagant, and my impression is that he got himself into a serious scrape early in his life."

"In your niece's case you ought to be very careful," I said. "You are a man of large property, and if you mean her to inherit it, she must not be a prey to fortune-hunters."

"Oh, Kelvin is nothing of that sort," he said, somewhat impatiently. "If anything, he is too unworldly; he loves my girl devotedly, and she fairly worships the ground he walks on. I am not surprised, and when you know him better, Cato, you will yourself yield to his many fascinations."

That evening Miss Seafield asked me if her uncle had said anything with regard to Kelvin.

"He told me that you and he are engaged," I said.

She looked steadily at me for a moment, and then her dark-grey eyes filled with tears.

"It is my great privilege to love him, and to be loved back in return," she said. "He is the most wonderful man I have ever met. He is very clever, more than clever; his writings are beautiful. He will make his mark in the world of letters if he goes on, but he has had a sad life, and has had much trouble. Dr. Cato, I don't mind telling you, he put himself some years ago into the power of my cousin, James Royal."

"How so?" I asked.

"I don't quite know myself, but it has cast a shadow over his life. It is in my cousin's power to ruin him, and why he has not done so long ago is a marvel; but Jack's hope now is that he will never push things to extremities. Ah, I have told you too much—pray forget what I have said, but always remember that I regard myself as one of the most fortunate women in the world to have won the love of so good, so great a man."

Within a week from that date old Mr. Royal passed quietly away in his sleep. His illness had been hopeless from the first—but none the less was the shock a severe one to Miss Seafield. The old man was taken back to Court Royal to sleep in the vault of his ancestors, and in the rush of other work I almost forgot Primrose Seafield and her story.

Nearly six months passed, when I received the following letter:—

"Court Royal, Wrenhurst, Kent.

"DEAR SIR,—My name I know will be familiar to you as the son of the late Mr. Walter Royal, who was a member of your Club, and died under your roof. As I am rather anxious about myself in view of my father's malady, and as I hope to be married within a week, and there is no time to spare, I shall be exceedingly glad if you will come down and see me at your earliest convenience.

"Yours faithfully,

"JAMES ROYAL."

I read this letter with a good deal of astonishment. Had the reckless and wicked son who had more or less ruined his father's life turned up at Court Royal on hearing of the old man's death? Beyond doubt this had happened. But why was he staying there, when Primrose Seafield was the heiress? And whom was he going to marry immediately, and why had he requested me, of all persons under the sun, to diagnose his special symptoms?

Apprehending, I could not tell why, foul

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play of some sort, I was about to reply to this letter, when by the very next post I received one from Miss Seafield herself.

"DEAR DR. CATO," it ran, "I have just heard that my cousin, James Royal, has written asking you to come down here, and I am writing now to beg of you as a personal friend of my own to grant his request if possible. The fact is, I want to see you myself, and it is impossible for me to visit you at the Club just at present. I am in great and terrible trouble, and I want to ask your advice. I believe you can help me if you will. When you meet my cousin, please do not mention to him that I have written, nor speak about anything special in his presence. In particular, I hope you will not allude to Mr. Kelvin. I will tell you all when we meet.—Yours sincerely,

"PRIMROSE SEAFIELD."

"I will go down by the earliest train to-morrow morning," I reflected, "and find out for myself how matters really stand."

Soon after eleven o'clock on the following day I reached Wrenhurst. A well-appointed carriage had been sent to meet me. I learned from the coachman that Court Royal was about three miles away, but the spirited chestnuts were not long in getting over the ground. I presently found myself in a fine avenue, which contained some magnificent timber, and a sharp corner in the avenue brought the old house into full view, with its quaint gable-ends and Norman turrets.

Just as the carriage drew up before the front entrance, Primrose Seafield hurried to meet me. She was in deep black, and her shady hat was slightly pushed away from her face.

"You have come—I thought you would," she said. "I cannot tell you how thankful I am. My cousin is out, but there is no time to say much to you; he may be back at any moment. Oh, Dr. Cato, I am in fearful trouble—I wonder my senses do not give way. I must take an opportunity of speaking to you, and in private. Will you come to my uncle's study after lunch?"

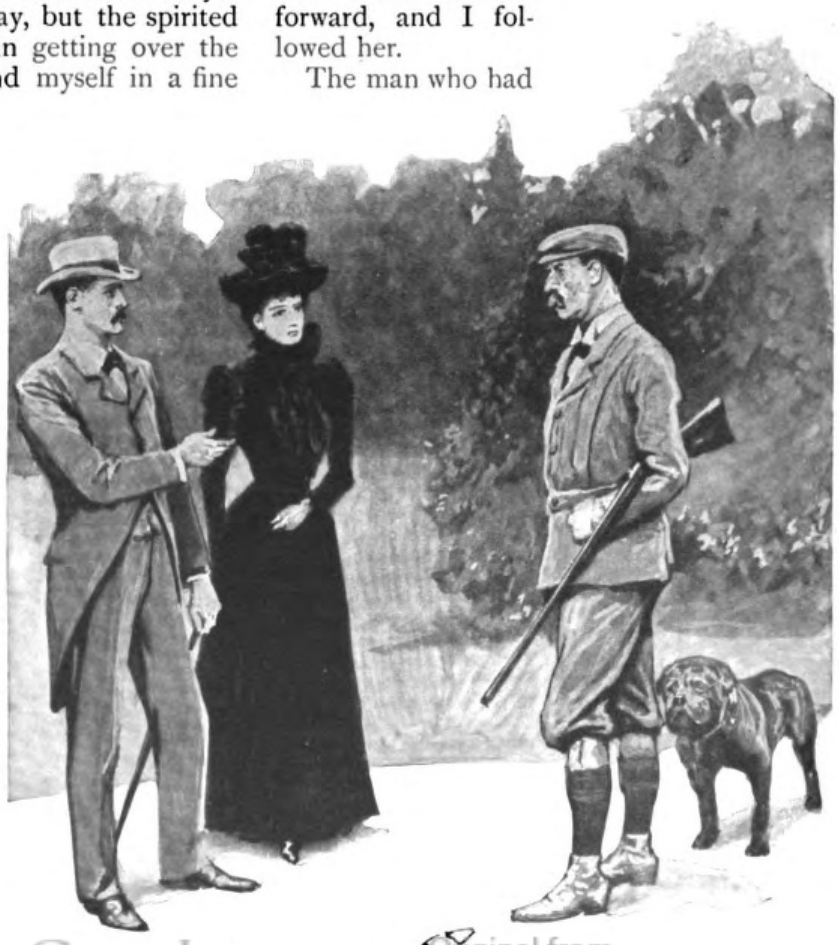
"Shall I find you there?" I asked.

"Yes; I have no chance of having a word alone with you before. My cousin will prevent it, but Mrs. Hall, my old governess, is staying with me, and she will bring you to the study if you ask her. After lunch my cousin, as a rule, goes away for a nap by himself. Ah, and here he is approaching."

She turned as she spoke and pointed in the direction of the shrubberies, through which I saw a tall, loosely-made man coming towards us. I scarcely glanced at him at first, however, so dismayed was I by the change in the girl's own bright face. She was now painfully thin, and her dark-grey eyes were almost too large for absolute beauty. There were heavy shadows under them, and her lips—beautiful and proud lips they used to be—were tremulous as though she had often indulged in heavy fits of crying. She looked sadly nervous, too, and as though her mental equilibrium had, in some curious way, got a severe shock.

"Come with me to meet my cousin," she said. She walked forward, and I followed her.

The man who had



"'HOW DO YOU DO, DR. CATO?' HE SAID."

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now almost reached us was above the middle height; he was followed by a bulldog, and wore a Norfolk suit and carried a rook-rifle in his hand. In some particulars his features resembled those of his father, being aquiline and thin; but the colour on his cheeks was fixed, and his mouth was completely hidden by a heavy moustache. His eyes were sunken into his head, and were too bright. They had a watchful gleam in them, too, which I have often connected with nervous disorder. It needed scarcely a glance to tell me that the man indulged in too much alcohol.

"How do you do, Dr. Cato?" he said, as we came up. "I presume this is Dr. Cato, Primrose?" he added, glancing at his cousin.

She bowed, without speaking.

"Ah! so I guessed. Your train must have been punctual, Doctor. I am sorry I was not on the premises when you drove up. Will you come into the house now?"

He did not take any further notice of Primrose. She left us and went slowly in the direction of the shrubbery. We entered a large hall, and Royal, opening a door on the right, took me into the dining-room.

"Have something before lunch, won't you?" he said, opening a door in a massive oak sideboard, and taking out a bottle of brandy.

"No, thank you," I answered.

"You had better," he said.

I shook my head.

"I never take stimulants except with meals," I said.

"All the worse for you," was his retort. "Well, you don't mind if I help myself?" He poured out a stiff glass of brandy and drank it off.

"Shall we go to my late father's smoking-room for our talk?" he said.

Without waiting for me to reply he led the way, crossing a large conservatory as he did so. We soon found ourselves in a small, comfortably furnished room; the French windows were open, and the soft summer air was coming gently in. Royal drew a chair forward for me, and sank himself into another nearly opposite.

"Well," he said, "to plunge into the matter without further delay, I am about to be married. You may think it rather soon after my father's death, but the wedding will be a very quiet one, and there are reasons that make it inexpedient to allow any further delay. This day week, I hope to see myself united to as good a girl as ever breathed. You guess, of course, that I allude to my cousin, Primrose Seafield."

"You astonish me very much," I said; "you engaged to Miss Seafield?"

"And why not?" he answered, his brow darkening, and an angry scowl passing across his features.

I was silent. Angry as I felt, I knew that the matter was scarcely my affair. He gazed at me steadily for a moment; then his eyes fell, he shuffled uneasily on his seat, and I saw his large hands tremble.

"It is these beastly nerves," he said. "Certainly, this age has its drawbacks, and the way we poor mortals are troubled by all kinds of out-of-the-way feelings is past a joke. Now, I don't pretend that I have led the most immaculate life in the world, and what with one thing and another, things are telling on me. I have heard much of you and your wonderful cures, Dr. Cato, and it has occurred to me that by-and-by I cannot do better than become a member of your Club, and put myself completely under your treatment."

"I shall be pleased to enter your name on my roll of members," I answered. "I will send you a form to fill up, and——"

He waved his hand to interrupt me.

"Presently, presently," he said; "those matters are for the future. I have sent for you now to consult you as an ordinary physician. I want to ask you a plain question. Is—in your opinion—my father's insanity (for he doubtless was insane in the latter years of his life) hereditary?"

"Your father was insane for the last six months of his life; certainly not longer," I answered. "My friend Dr. Chetwynd and I studied his case most carefully. He had a peculiar mania, but it was not of long duration, and was itself of quite an innocent character."

"Ah," he said; "well, I don't agree with you. I have known the old man intimately for some time, and can prove that he was very queer for several years; but now for my question. My father died at the age of eighty—I am a man of five-and-fifty: am I likely to be similarly affected?"

"No," I replied, boldly; "if your father was insane, it by no means follows that his insanity was hereditary. But tell me what you complain of."

"I am oppressed at times by an overpowering sense of fear, and since I came into this fine property I have in a most remarkable way lost every interest in life. I have gone through ups and downs in my rough-and-tumble existence, and I assure you there have

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been moments in my miserable life when I have scarcely known how to provide for my next meal. You will scarcely credit this, seeing that I am the son of one of the richest men in the county; but he was peculiar, my dear sir, peculiar from the very first. Now, indeed, things have righted themselves, and in an extraordinary and providential manner. You see before you a rich man, Dr. Cato. I have many thousands at my credit in the bank, and, as you see for yourself, am the owner of a large estate and a fine house. I am also about to be married to a very pretty girl, and one I have long been fond of. It seems unaccountable, does it not, that with all these advantages, these showers of blessings, so to speak, I am still thoroughly wretched? I sleep badly, and am troubled by dreams and nightmares of a terrifying description. Knowing what I do about my father, I have been getting quite fidgety of late, and thought I had best consult you at once. Naturally, before marriage, a man thinks of these things. Can you relieve my mind?"

"Your symptoms are not quite pleasant ones," I said, "but at the same time there is nothing to be seriously alarmed about. Granted that your father did suffer from mania, it behoves you to be more careful than ordinary men, and a quiet, open-air life is what will suit you best. Avoid all excitement, and, what is far more important, excess of every kind."

"Well, I do that," he said, with a laugh; "there is devilish little excitement here, and plenty of open air, so that's all right."

"Do you take much alcohol?" I asked.

"Oh, a nip now and then, and wine with meals."

"Have your wine with meals, by all means," I answered, "but I should stop the nips. A man who gets drunk once a month, and takes nothing in the interval, will live longer than a man who is never the worse for liquor but is constantly tippling; but pray remember, the man who does neither will outlive them both."

"I have no doubt that is so," he answered, "but I could not exist without wine, and I never drink to excess. I am much obliged to you for your opinion, Dr. Cato. You can assure me there is no present cause for alarm?"

"None, if you will be moderate," was my reply.

"I will tell Primrose what you say; she will be relieved, poor girl. I think I quite frightened her a couple of evenings ago. I was in a somewhat mirthful state, and she did not think I showed sufficient respect for my late father's memory. After all, Dr. Cato, I have nothing to thank him for. I should not be the owner of this property had he not over-reached himself and died intestate. But for that little fact Primrose would have been the heiress, and I should have been nowhere. Now matters are reversed, and I think I am behaving extremely well to the girl by marrying her."



"'DO YOU TAKE MUCH ALCOHOL?' I ASKED."

"But what does she say herself?" I asked.

"Say? What can she say? She is naturally delighted—who would not be? It is not every girl who has the chance of being

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mistress of a fine property like this. The fact is, the whole thing is a most lucky escape for her. Had my father made a will, she would have inherited Court Royal and thrown herself away upon a fellow in town, of the name of Kelvin, an imbecile sort of chap. He poses as a maker of poetry, and writes a lot of silly stuff; you must know the sort of fellow for yourself. Primrose thought herself in love with him, and would have married him, had I not stepped in to interfere. Our wedding-bells will ring in a week; and, now that you have quite relieved my mind, I can do what is left of my courtship with a light heart."

As he spoke he left the room. I sat, feeling almost stunned, by the open window. I had now got the secret of Primrose's trouble. But what hold had such a man over the poor girl? Why had she, even for a single moment, consented to marry him? Why was there no will? What did all this dark and inexplicable shadow mean?

Miss Seafield was not present at lunch; but the old lady, Mrs. Hall, whom she had already mentioned, took the head of the table. Royal was in high spirits, both eating and drinking freely. He made loud jokes, and did not seem to miss his cousin in the very least. As soon as the meal was over he rose abruptly.

"What train do you take back to town?" he said, looking at me.

"There is a good train, is there not, at 3.30?" was my reply.

"I should recommend the 4.30—that is an express. I am sure Mrs. Hall and my cousin Primrose will be glad to take you round the grounds. I will join you in an hour or so; I always have a nap after lunch—I acquired the habit when in the East. Good-bye for the present."

He left the room, waving his hand as he did so in the direction of Mrs. Hall.

"Look after him," he said to her.

The moment the door closed behind my host, the good lady turned to me.

"Will you come at once to Primrose Seafield?" she said. "We both knew that this would happen. He takes more wine than he can stand, and always goes away for his nap, as he expresses it. Dr. Cato, I know that you have been good to Primrose, and that she has in part confided her story to you. If you can help her, do, in the name of Heaven; no girl ever wanted someone to guide her more than she does at present. She is very unhappy and, unless matters can be quickly put right, will have a miserable life in the future."

As Mrs. Hall spoke, she led me from the dining-room down a long corridor, and a moment later we found ourselves in the late Mr. Royal's study. It was a beautiful room, lined with books from floor to ceiling, and was situated in the west wing of the building. Primrose Seafield was already there. She was standing in one of the deep windows, her hands clasped loosely behind her back. As soon as I appeared she started forward.

"Ah, thank you," she said. "Mrs. Hall, will you leave us?"

The old lady withdrew, closing the door softly behind her.

"There is not a moment to waste," said Miss Seafield, speaking eagerly. "Take a chair, Dr. Cato, and please do not lose a word of what I am going to tell you."

I sat down in the nearest chair.

"Won't you sit, too?" I said to her.

"No, I cannot; I am too restless to remain still for a moment. Please listen."

"I am all attention," I answered.

"Do you remember my telling you early in the spring about my dear uncle's great passion for Roman relics?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, the wretched story which I am about to confide to you has something to do with that fact, but I must start from another point. You know how suddenly my uncle died; his funeral took place from the Sanctuary Club, and I came back here. The lawyers immediately searched for the will, but no will could be found. Knowing my uncle's peculiarity with regard to hiding things of value, the search was most thorough and complete: not a corner of the old house was left without a complete investigation; the gardens and grounds were searched from end to end, but nowhere up to the present has there been the smallest clue to any will. Two months after the death my cousin, James Royal, appeared. He brought a London lawyer with him, said that he had heard that his father had died intestate, and that he was going to take possession of everything. I need not go into particulars, nor tell you all that he said and that the lawyers on my side said, and the amount of angry words that passed between them. All that mattered little or nothing to me. I was stunned. I could not believe that my cousin was to be the owner of the property, and that I myself was penniless. It was not, as I have already told you, that I wanted money for its own sake; but, oh! Dr. Cato, you do not know him. He will drag this noble

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property through the very mire—there will be nothing of it left in a year or two."

She paused as she spoke; the light from outside fell all over her figure, and lit up her pale face, bringing out strong bronze lights in her rich hair. She looked almost ethereal, and very beautiful—the suffering on each feature but accentuated her loveliness. As I watched her I trembled for her health. Would she long endure the severe strain to which she was now exposed?

"Oh, money is of so little value," she continued, "and yet what tragedies it causes; but I must go on—please listen. You know, of course, that when I was at the Sanctuary Club I was engaged, with the full sanction of my own heart, and with every prospect of happiness, to the man I love best on earth, Jack Kelvin. You remember my telling you that once, some years ago, he got himself into my cousin's power—he had alluded to this once or twice, but I did not know any particulars. I was to learn them all too soon. Jack, as I have told you, has very strong literary tastes, and is already making a name for himself in London; but in his early days he had serious troubles, and was once in severe money difficulties. At that time he knew my cousin, James Royal, well, and there was even a sort of friendship between them. Jack, in order to meet his liabilities, had borrowed money at very heavy interest from different money-lenders.

"One evening he confided the state of affairs to my cousin. It was just then that he and I had first met. He had fallen in love with me, and had even mentioned the hope that some day we should be husband and wife. James Royal discovered his feelings with regard to me. I cannot quite tell whether Jack confided in him or not, but James had a strange power in those early days of drawing people out; he could be full of tact when he pleased. Anyhow, he appeared then to be a very angel of sympathy. He had some money at the time, and told Jack that for my sake he would pay off some of his heaviest debts. He did so, taking over the mortgages himself, although the security they represented, if realized, would not have covered half the debts.

"This happened three years ago, but since then James Royal's career has gone from bad to worse, and, as you know, my uncle often said that he would not leave him a penny. The existence of no will, however, completely changed the aspect of affairs, and he inherits all. He arrived at the Court, as I told you, and about two months after his arrival came to me one day and explained the position. He said he had always thought it highly improbable that he would inherit the property. The fact of there being no will was an unforeseen contingency. There was, however, he said, always the possibility of a will being found, in which case he knew well that the estates would be mine.

"'I always guessed you would be the heiress,' he said, 'and I meant when the time came to marry you.'

"I laughed in his face when he said the words, but he proceeded, looking me full in the eyes.

"'I have got Kelvin in my power,' he cried. 'I can foreclose on those mortgages, and unless he pays up, which he cannot by any possibility do, some of his early speculations will be exposed—by no means to his credit—and he himself dragged through the Bankruptcy Court. Be sure of one thing—I shall have no mercy.'

"Oh, Dr. Cato, I knew his words were true—he looked the fiend he was as he spoke.

"'I have waited years for this moment,' he said, and he laughed. 'When you marry me I will destroy the mortgages, but not an hour before. It is for you to choose whether I ruin Kelvin or not.'

"I was nearly wild with misery. That very morning I had heard that Jack expected to be offered the post of editor on a new and important paper, but his chance of this long-looked-for success would be over if my cousin did his worst.

"I went on my knees to my cousin; I did all I could to implore his mercy, but I might as well have spoken to a stone."

Suddenly she turned and faced me.

"And I have yielded," she said; "under the horrible pressure, I have yielded. I have told Jack the truth. He is nearly mad with misery, but I know it will be best for him in the long run. I cannot be the cause of his utter ruin."

As she spoke she burst into painful sobs. I turned my head aside. After a moment or two she recovered herself.

"Your story is a most painful one," I said, "and what I have already felt with regard to your cousin is abundantly confirmed by your words. Believe me, I think you are doing very wrong in yielding to the entreaties of a man like James Royal. He has lived a wicked and dissolute life, and is, I also fear, a confirmed drunkard."

"I know it, I know it!" she said, clasping

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and unclasping her hands. "But," she added, "Jack owes him £20,000. If he forces Jack to pay now, all his prospects are ruined. Oh, what a terrible power my cousin holds over him! If I could only get £20,000, I should be a free girl!"

"Then there is nothing whatever for it," I said, "but to find the will. When the will is found, and it is proved that you are the heiress, you can defy your cousin, for you can pay Kelvin's debts yourself."

"Ah, yes, yes; and now I am coming to the real point of this interview. Please listen with all your might. Do you remember my telling you about the curious bronze disc which my uncle had discovered?"

"I do," I replied; "but how can it possibly help you now?"

"In a position like mine one clutches even at straws," she said. "I want to show you the disc." She crossed the room, unlocked the cupboard, and drew out what looked like a large metal plate. "Have you ever seen anything like this before?" she asked.

I took the disc in my hand, turning it over with some interest.

"It looks like a very curious piece of old bronze of an early date," I said.

"I see you understand something of these things!" she exclaimed. "That is exactly what my uncle told me. I shall never forget the evening he found it. Look at the inscription round the edge. It is very early Latin—can you read it?"

I held the disc obliquely, and deciphered the following words with some difficulty:—

"HIC ORBIS CELAT THESAURUM OBRUITUM RECOGNOSCE TRIA DIGITOS ARCUM SABULUM."



"I HELD THE DISC OBLIQUELY."

"If this is genuine it is interesting," I exclaimed; "do you know the translation?"

"I am not quite sure of some of the words," she said, "and my uncle never would read them to me. Can you translate that inscription, and, if so, will you, Dr. Cato?"

I looked again carefully at the old Latin, and then translated as follows:—

"*This Disc holds the Key to Buried Treasure. Remember three things:* FINGERS—BOW—SAND."

"Is that the meaning?" said the girl, with great eagerness. "How wonderful! I knew my uncle had a reason for his excitement. I had partly, but only partly, deciphered this for myself. I had discovered about the buried treasure; but what—what does the latter part mean, Dr. Cato? What have Fingers—Bow—Sand to do with buried treasure?"

"I wish I knew," I replied.

"It seems to me," continued Miss Seafield, "that here may be the key to get me out of my difficulty. I dream of this disc day and night, and the words '*buried treasure*' are ever ringing in my ears. Now, I have studied the laws of treasure-trove and discovered that the finder must hand over the treasure to the Crown, who pays him or her its intrinsic value. If this disc really contains the key to hidden treasure, and we can discover its meaning and get the treasure, I may be able to pay the debt which Jack Kelvin owes my cousin, and so save him and release myself."

I never saw anything brighter than her eyes as she spoke—the colour had come into her cheeks and courage into her voice. She was leaning against the table, and her fingers

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rested lightly on the disc. She looked down at it now with a glance of such hope, mingled with such despair, that all the enthusiasm within me rose up to try and help her.

"You are to be married in a week?" I said.

"Yes, this day week, unless—unless this can save me." Again she touched the disc. "Is there any hope, Dr. Cato?" she asked.

"Of a visionary character," I could not help saying. "In the first place, we must find out the meaning of this inscription. In the next, if there is treasure hidden anywhere in the old villa it may not be of large amount; but I tell you what I'll do—I'll go and see the Roman villa myself on my way back to the station. Does your cousin know about this disc?"

"He examined it, as he did everything else in the house, but evidently placed no value on it, and I took care not to acquaint him with its history."

"Then I will take possession of the disc—may I?" I said.

"Why?" she asked, reluctance in her tone.

"I should like Dr. Chetwynd to see it. He has all kinds of curious knowledge, and is, I fancy, an authority on this sort of thing."

"You will not keep me long in suspense?" she asked.

"No, you shall hear from me at the first possible moment, but do not build your hopes too much on this old thing. Continue to search for the will. If it is found, believe me you are saved."

Soon afterwards Royal joined us both in the grounds.

"By the way," I said to him, "I have just heard from Miss Seafield of a curious old Roman villa which has been excavated near here. I should like much to see it. Can I do so on my way back to town?"

He gave me a careless glance.

"If you really wish to see the old villa, there is no objection," he said; "but there is nothing for you to look at, except a lot of ruins and the holes my father dug. I will tell the coachman to point it out to you on your way to the station."

"Thank you," I answered. The carriage came up at that moment. I bade Royal good-bye, wrung Primrose's hand, and started back to London.

After about twenty minutes' drive the coachman drew up at a gate on the left-hand side of the road, from which a path led up a steep embankment covered with short grass.

"That is the place where the old master got his death, it seems to me, sir," said the man. "He was always poking round there, and I never could see that he gained much by it. The Roman villa is at the other side of the embankment."

Telling him to wait for me, I began to scramble up the mound. When I reached the top I saw at once the site of the Roman villa by the extensive excavations all round it, and hurried up to view it more closely. A rusty pick-axe and some other tools were left on the grass, and I was surprised to find that there was far more to see than I had anticipated. Of course, nothing approaching to a structure existed, but the extent of the ground-plan was well defined, and the tiled pavement of the atrium, laid in curious mosaic patterns, was still in a state of preser-



"I BEGAN TO SCRAMBLE UP THE MOUND."

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vation. I walked all round it, trying to rebuild it in my imagination from the scanty remains that the ravages of seventeen centuries had left. Time, however, was passing, and I was obliged to hurry back to catch the train.

As soon as I reached home I went in search of Chetwynd. I found him in his private laboratory. He looked up as I approached.

"I have nearly discovered what has puzzled me for some time," he said; "but what is the matter, Cato, you look worried?"

"So would you be if you had gone through the sort of day I have," was my answer. "I have something very important to tell you, Chetwynd. I have just come back from Court Royal."

"Well?" he asked.

I gave him a rapid outline of my experiences. He listened quietly.

"You must discover this cipher, Chetwynd," I said.

"Do you mean this moment?" he asked.

"Yes, now; can you not see for yourself there is not an hour to lose?"

"I will do my best," he answered; "leave the disc there."

I left him, and after a restless night I got up early, determined to see if Chetwynd were awake and to discover the result of his investigations. I went to his room and knocked several times, but as there was no reply I opened the door and went in. The room was empty—the bed had not been slept in. What could this mean? I hurried down to his study—it was likewise empty.

"I think Mr. Chetwynd is in his laboratory, sir," said one of the servants as I passed him.

"In his laboratory at this hour!" I exclaimed, in some wonder. In a moment I had reached the door and quietly opened it. Chetwynd was seated at the bench. Though it was broad daylight, the blinds were still down and the electric light burning. Upon the bench, fastened in an iron vice, was the disc; beside it lay Chetwynd's open violin-case and several books.

"My dear fellow," I cried, "what are you up to?"

"You must not do this again, Cato," he said, in a quiet voice, a twinkle coming into his bright eyes.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Bring me your abominable enigmas to solve. You know I cannot leave a thing when I have once started it, but I have solved this, at any rate. Whether it will lead to buried treasure or not is quite another question."

"You have?" I cried. "How? Tell me!"

"Did you not say that the pavement of the old Roman villa was in a state of preservation and in mosaic patterns?"

"Yes, certainly; but why do you ask?"

"Fingers—Bow—Sand," he replied. "If what I have discovered here is the key to the cipher, it will be something that will show the scientists of the present day that the old Romans knew more about the laws of acoustics than they give them credit for."

"But what do you mean?" I cried, impatiently.

"Why, Chladni's sand figures, of course—you know them, surely?"

"Chladni's sand figures!" I echoed, "of course, I have heard of them; but explain yourself, for God's sake."

"Well, see here. I struck the idea at about four o'clock this morning. You know when you sprinkle sand on a metal disc, and draw a violin bow down the edge of the disc, the sand forms itself into beautiful and symmetrical patterns, and when you place your fingers on the edge at places called Nodes, the pattern is of constant form. Well, here are the three things—Fingers, Bow, Sand."

"But whatever have they to do with treasure in a Roman villa?" I asked.

"Ah! that we have to find out. All I know is that I get this as a constant figure"—here he showed me a sheet of paper with a strange pattern drawn on it—"and if we find one of the mosaics corresponding to this," he continued, "I should say there might be a chance for us."

I gazed at him for a moment without speaking, as his extraordinary solution dawned upon me.

"By Jove!" I cried, at last, "you have discovered the key. It would be a triumph if we found something of real value, and so saved poor Primrose Seafield."

"We will start off immediately after breakfast," he cried; "I am as keen about the affair as you are yourself. Now, look here, Cato, this is what the bow does."

Some fine sand lay sprinkled on the disc; he placed his fingers at certain points on its edge, marked by indications that I had overlooked; he then drew the bow smartly along the edge. The musical note rang out, and the sand, from being a shapeless heap, fell into a perfect symmetrical figure, traced as if by the pencil of some skilled but invisible

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draughtsman, and corresponding exactly to the copy he had made on paper.

"It is marvellous," I said. "Yes, we will take this down with us. I will go and look up the trains; there is not a moment to lose."



"'IT IS MARVELLOUS,' I SAID."

I went into the hall, where the servant handed me my morning's post: there was a letter from Miss Seafield. I tore it open at once.

"DEAR DR. CATO," it ran. "Immediately after you left this afternoon my cousin questioned me about your desire to visit the old Roman villa—and an hour or so later discovered that the bronze disc was gone. He flew into a frightful rage, and said that you and I were plotting something against his interests, and that only sinister motives took you to the ruins. He finally declared that he would go to you to get back the disc by the earliest train in the morning. He is almost like a madman to-night—what is to be done?—Yours sincerely,

"PRIMROSE SEAFIELD."

"The brute," I could not help exclaiming. "Well, he won't find me here. I am glad he will be out of the way while we are overhauling the ruins."

Chetwynd and I reached Wrenhurst in good time. We had already decided to go first to Court Royal and bring Primrose with us to the scene of the excavations. When we got there she hurried to meet us.

"Have you discovered anything?" she cried. The colour left her face and then returned to it in a crimson flood.

"We have news for you, and want you to come with us immediately," I said.

"Have you met my cousin?" she asked. "He left by the eight o'clock train for London—meaning to go straight out to Hampstead."

"Then in that case he will soon be back," I answered; "and we have not a moment to lose. Dr. Chetwynd has discovered the key to the secret of the disc. Will you come with us at once to the old Roman villa?"

"We ought to take tools with us," said Chetwynd.

"I noticed some there yesterday," I replied, "left behind doubtless by the workmen. Come, Miss Seafield."

On our way to the ruins I told the excited girl something of what Chetwynd had explained to me. From the depths of despair she seemed suddenly to reach the very pinnacle of hope.

"Oh, I am certain now I shall be saved, I am certain of it," she said. She could scarcely sit still owing to the feverish excitement which was consuming her

At last we reached the mound and hurried to the site of the old Roman villa. Without a word Chetwynd went forward, gazing eagerly to and fro with his eyes bent upon the mosaic of the pavement. Suddenly he stopped.

"Look at this, Cato," he said. He knelt down and pointed from the paper he held in his hand to one of the patterns on the pavement.

"Line for line the same," he said; "this is it beyond doubt. Now for one of those pick-axes—there is something more than mere coincidence here."

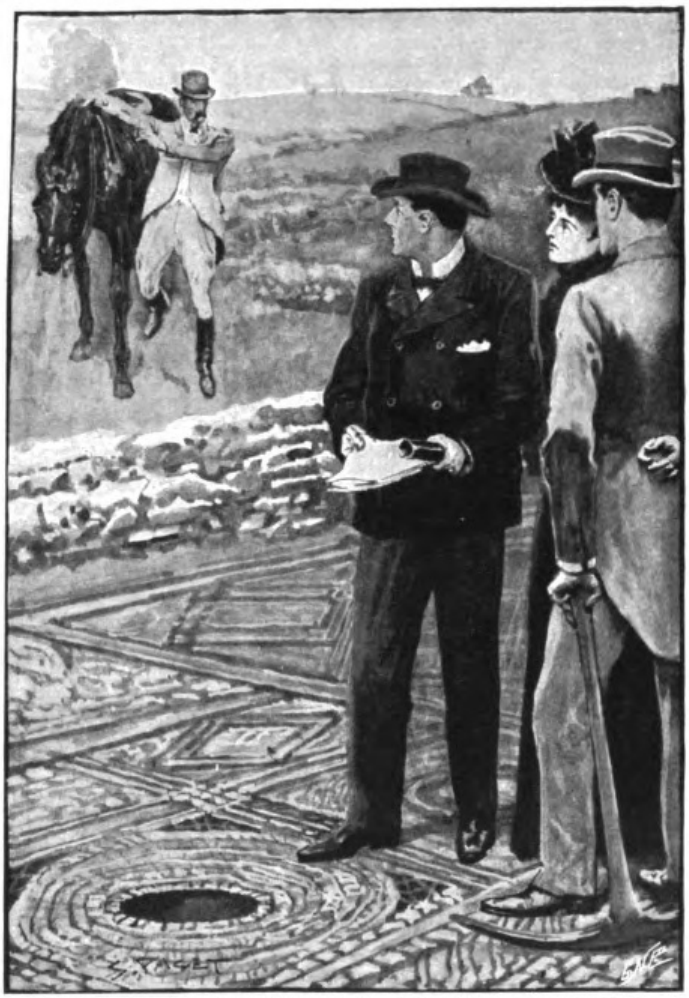
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I quickly fetched one of the picks, and inserting the point beneath the edge of the tile levered it up, at once discovering a deep cavity. My heart sank at the ease with which it came up. It had evidently been quite recently disturbed.

"We have been forestalled," cried Chetwynd; "your uncle, Miss Seafield, must have found the pottery here." He lay down as he spoke, and thrust his arm into the hole.

"Yes, it is quite empty," he said; "but, no, there is something. It is no Roman treasure, however, nothing but a modern tin case."

He drew out a long, symmetrical case, and tearing off the top, exposed a roll of parchment. He had scarcely done so before the sound of horse's hoofs at full gallop were heard to our right, and the next moment James Royal had drawn up and sprung from his saddle.



"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, YOU SCOUNDRELS?' HE CRIED."

"What are you doing here, you scoundrels?" he cried. "You have found something; hand it over to me—it is my property."

His face was literally aflame with passion and drink.

"Pardon me," replied Chetwynd, as he glanced through the parchment. "This belongs to your father's executors. It is a holograph will dated three years ago, and made before his illness. From its contents I see that he disinherits you, and bequeaths Court Royal and his whole real and personal estate to his niece, Primrose Seafield."

These words fell upon us all like a thunderbolt. The scene of the next few moments baffles description, and I need not mention the disgraceful exhibition of frenzied rage and bad language that Royal gave way to. Had I not been there, it is almost certain he would have overpowered Chetwynd and destroyed the will. We returned, however, with it to Court Royal in triumph, and later in the day I explained my theory with regard to it to Primrose Seafield.

"Your uncle's craze for hiding things led him to put the will here," I said; "beyond doubt, his mind was not right when he did so. You had a narrow shave, Miss Seafield, of being the most unhappy woman in the world, but things are all right now."

"They are, they are," she cried, "and I owe it all to you. I shall never, as long as I live, be able to thank you enough. I have already wired to Mr. Kelvin, and he is coming down here this evening."

"And your cousin?" I said.

"He left Court Royal half an hour ago. Whether he will come back or not remains to be proved."

"His game is up," I answered. "I do not think you will be troubled with him any more."

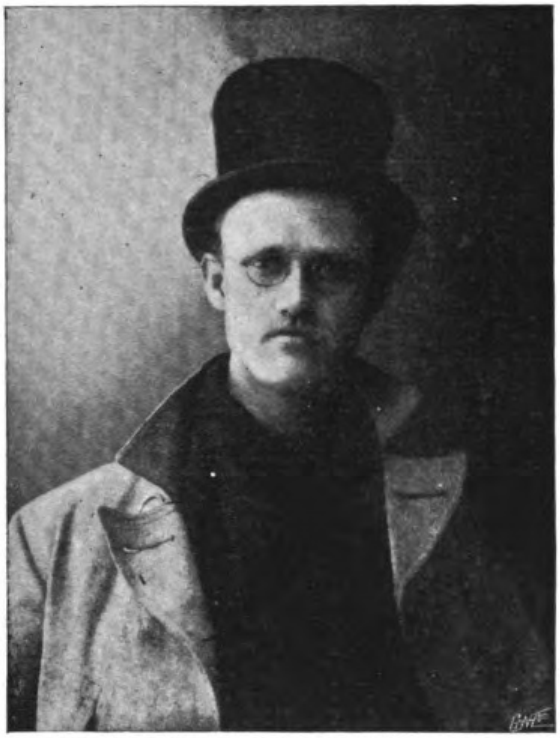
In this conjecture I was partly right. James Royal died within the year, a hopeless victim to the worst form of the drink mania.

Primrose, however, long before that event took place became the happy wife of the man she loved best in the world.

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Paying an Election Bet.

(Some facts regarding the election wager made between Benjamin Lillard and R. Pitcher Woodward in the autumn of 1896, in New York City. Illustrations mainly from Mr. Woodward's own Photographs.)

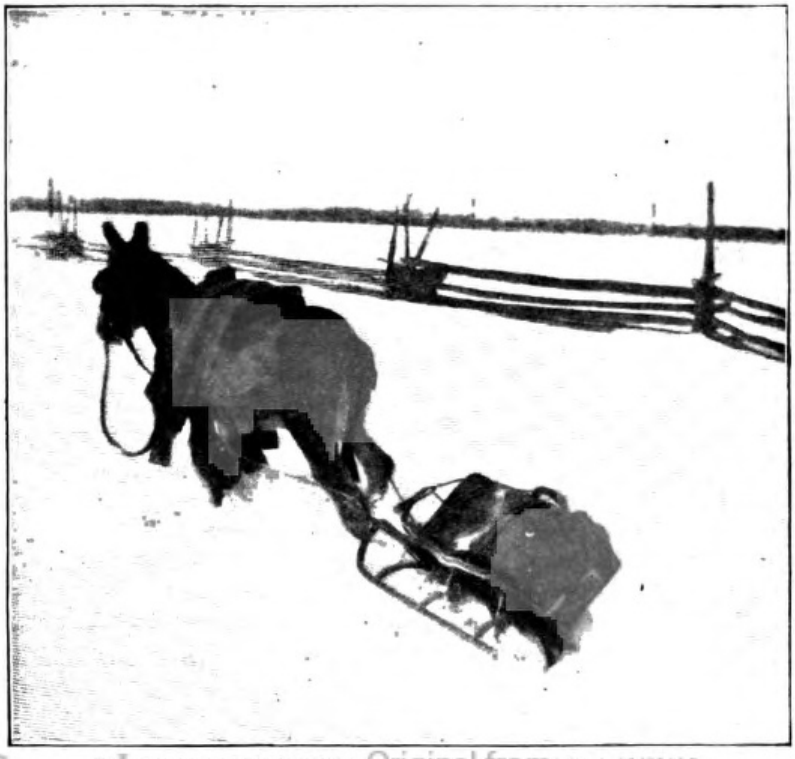


MR. R. PITCHER WOODWARD, AS HE LOOKED AFTER TRAVELLING 1,000 MILES, SHOWING DILAPIDATED SILK HAT, SWEATER, AND REGULATION SPECTACLES.
From a Photograph.

IN the event of Bryan being elected President, Mr. Lillard must pay me $5,000 cash. If McKinley were elected I must pay Mr. Lillard $5,000 cash, or ride a donkey from New York to San Francisco within one year from election day, Nov. 3rd, 1896, starting from New York within one month from said date without a dollar in pocket, and honestly earning my way to my destination. I must not beg, or receive gratuities in money. I could accept presents or hospitality.

The opportunity to save my $5,000 in case of Bryan's defeat by accomplishing the proposed extraordinary feat was given as a form of odds, as in all cases of betting at the time odds were offered in favour of McKinley, and money, or cash odds, Lillard declined to give. I must wear a frock-coat, top-hat, and large spectacles, and my donkey must wear spectacles too. At the end of my thousandth mile I was photographed in my curious rig, and the opening illustration shows my dilapidated silk hat, and my storm-coat worn over my frock-coat, also my sweater and regulation spectacles. I was not required to take one particular donkey across the continent, but I must purchase the first one before leaving the city, and pay for it from my earnings after my official start. I was required to traverse certain popular thoroughfares in New York City on the donkey in my route, and besides my clothes and 99 cents (which was not a dollar) I was allowed one firearm.

At 2 p.m., Friday, November 27th, 1896, Mr. Lillard assisted me into the saddle of a borrowed donkey in front of the Bartholdi Hotel, Broadway and Twenty-third Street, and I forthwith retired to the hotel parlour to sell photographs of myself seated on my borrowed steed. Several hundred acquaintances had gathered there to give me a "send-off," and while I sold the pictures I had secured on credit, the photographer waited in the parlour to receive his pay.



DONKEY AND SLEDGE STUCK IN A SNOWDRIFT AFTER A BLIZZARD.

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CHOPPING WOOD IN OHIO TO PAY FOR A MEAL.

Mr. Lillard saw that the contract was carried out to the letter, and I had reason to believe I was watched by his agents along my route of travels. I was unable to sell sufficient pictures to obtain the price of the donkey, $25, without engendering much delay and consequent arrest by the police for causing a blockade in the street, so, hearing a newsboy call the afternoon paper, "All about the Silver-man's ride," I rushed to the door, bought his papers, scribbled my name on them in blue lead, and sold them for various sums to the crowd without. In a few moments I sent for the donkey, and amid cheers from the multitude I rode down Broadway.

It was the most embarrassing moment of my life. Society lady friends, club friends, and college friends were there to see the "fun," as they termed it. My long-eared steed seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with his lot, and particularly his rider, and continually placed us in perilous positions in front of cable cars. At Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, I traded him for a younger and nimbler animal, Macaroni II.; and this little donkey I brought through to the Golden Gate, over 4,000 miles by trail actually travelled, within the prescribed time. I reached San Francisco and registered at the hotel twenty-two hours ahead of time, having consumed 340 days on the journey, thus saving my $5,000.

I visited *en route* the cities of Canton, O., the home of McKinley, who was under doctor's orders not to receive visitors, and Lincoln, Neb., the home of Bryan, where I was entertained by his wife at home. I met Mr. Bryan in Chicago, *en route*. The visiting of McKinley and Bryan were conditions of my wager.

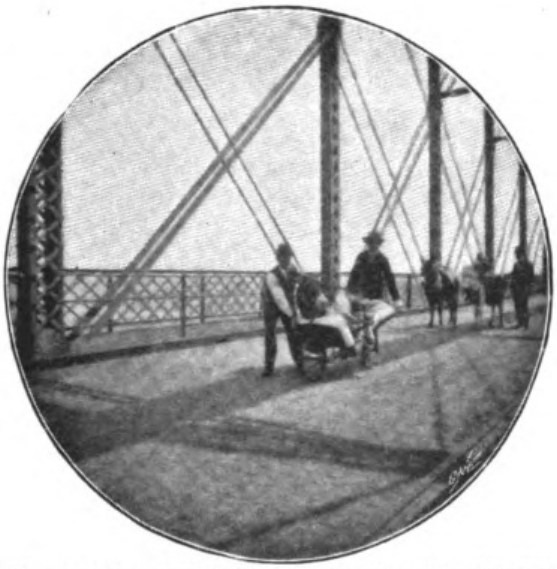
On the early part of my journey I was very sensitive to criticism and ridicule, but I finally travelled and lived and thrived on "nerve." The blizzards I encountered during the winter in New York were a severe menace to my health and progress, and one of the photographs shows the hardships in transit over the snow which my donkey and sledge were forced to overcome. My donkey is shown stuck fast in a drift. The hard times were even more menacing to my success. I could scarcely support myself and donkey at times. It being a Republican, or "gold coinage" State, I was discouraged on every hand by high prices and disappointing returns from sales, lectures, bills at the theatres, etc. I often traded a photo. for a



From a] IN ILLINOIS—MAKING HEADWAY FOR THE MISSISSIPPI. [*Photo.*

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milk punch as a substitute for a meal, and paid my last ten cents for a loaf of bread for my donkey. Here and there I chopped wood to pay for a meal, and was often photographed while at my arduous task. I sometimes lost my way, and all winter long had to walk and trail or drive my donkey to keep warm. I froze my ears twice, once my nose, and one night Macaroni refused to proceed farther, compelling me to sleep in a haymow, several degrees below zero.



THE DONKEY, MACARONI, REFUSED TO CROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER BRIDGE TO OMAHA, AND HAD TO BE CARRIED IN A WHEELBARROW.



THE MAYOR OF AN INDIANA TOWN, AFTER RIDING MR. WOODWARD'S DONKEY BEFORE A CROWD OF SILVER DEMOCRATS, BIDS MR. WOODWARD GOOD-BYE.

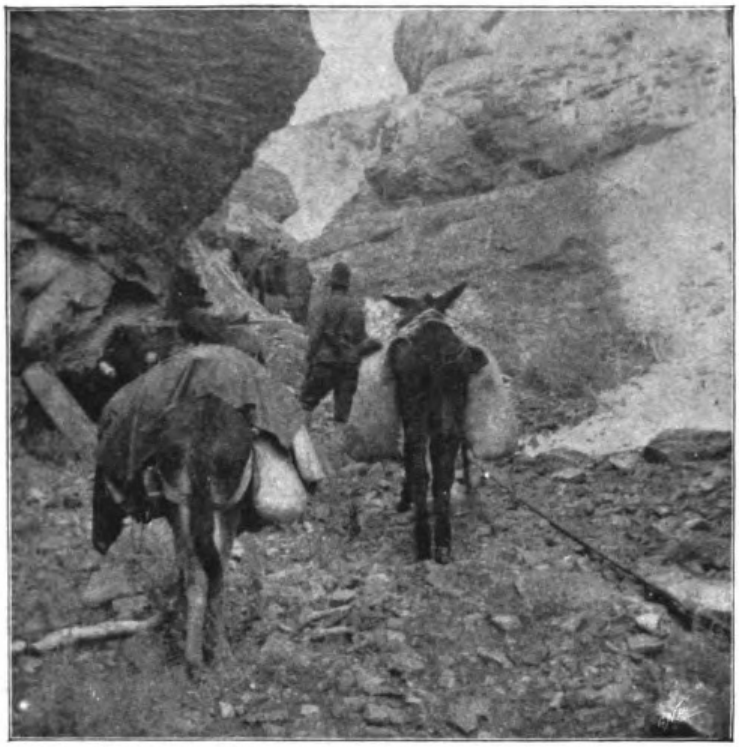
It was only the determination of my resolve to accomplish what I set out to do, and the knowledge of my disgrace before my friends should I give up the task, which held me patiently and persistently to my trying wager. It took me over eleven weeks, nearly three months, to pass through New York State, and there were nine more States in my direct route to traverse in less than nine months. But the farther westward I went, the easier I made money, and the more favourable the weather. Besides, my steed and myself were both becoming initiated to the trials of the journey.

The plains of Nebraska were lovely in May, and the Rocky Mountains afforded me a delightful change of scenery. From Chicago I had two donkeys, and from Central Iowa three, one of which was ridden by my valet, whom I had engaged at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The distance began to increase between towns and habitations the farther west I travelled, and necessitated my camping out. One of my photographs shows the outfit, and several show the faithful mules which accompanied me. When nearing Omaha, Macaroni refused to cross the Missouri River bridge, and had to be bundled into a wheelbarrow, and wheeled across by force.



CAMPING ON THE PLAINS.

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TRAILING THROUGH THE CHIHUAHUA PASS TO EUREKA, NEVADA.

In Omaha I purchased a tent and camp outfit, and soon after a fowling-piece, with which I provided game, grouse, quail, doves, rabbits, etc. As I moved westward, the more cordial, generous, and hospitable I noticed the people. I could discard my top-hat at the Mississippi River, and I did so, substituting a sombrero. From the commencement of my overland journey I was entertained at private residences, at clubs, by mayors and high officials generally; and many times mayors rode my donkey up and down the street when I had concluded my out-of-door lecture to the amusement and applause of the multitude.

One photograph shows an Indiana mayor bidding me good-bye—an interesting and affecting farewell, which had been preceded by an exhibition of donkey-riding by the mayor himself, before a crowd of Silver Democrats.

I visited the governors and mayors everywhere, received their best wishes and their autographs. I escaped sickness throughout my journey, save a severe cold I suffered in the Hudson Valley, and narrowly averted injury or death on several occasions, from a mad bull, from footpads who shot at me, from a fall through a bridge, and again down a precipice in the Rockies, from two desperadoes on the Nevada desert, and from a storm while crossing the Sierras; I was also lost in the desert on two occasions.

On the plains my experiences were amusing and exciting. The photograph of my camp on the plains shows a band of cowboys in the background, giving an exhibition of riding before starting out on a "round-up." In the foreground is my dog Don, presented to me in New York State, resting his sore feet. Through the Chihuahua Pass to Eureka, Nevada, I was kindly trailed by a ranchman—another evidence of the helpfulness that met me at nearly every stage of my journey.

My method of defence against the two desperadoes is shown below. It took place at "Thirty Mile Spring," on the eastern border of Nevada, and Macaroni played in this little drama a quiet but effective part. I must not omit to mention that when crossing the dreaded red desert of Utah, which is



MR. WOODWARD'S METHOD OF DEFENCE AGAINST TWO DESPERADOES IN NEVADA.
From a Photo. by Taber, San Francisco.

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THE LAST DROP IN THE CANTEEN. CROSSING THE DREADED RED DESERT.

part of the great Salt Lake Desert, my store of water gave out. Desperadoes were but a trifle in comparison with such a catastrophe, for the journey across was seventy-five miles, taking three days. It may be imagined with what bitterness I drained the last drop from my canteen.

The goal of my long journey hove in sight when I arrived in Oakland, and it was in a dirty and dilapidated condition that I embarked on the ferry-boat for San Francisco. The wager was won, and there was no longer need for my outlandish costume. The barber soon took me in hand, and quickly sheared me into a gentleman again, and the tailor clothed me in civilized garb. I was then photographed, as shown below, and with little delay began a well-earned rest.

I had eleven donkeys from start to finish, five at one time, when crossing the great Salt Desert, but arrived in San Francisco with only two. I wore out ten pairs of boots, had over 100 shoes put on my donkeys, sometimes costing me $1 for each shoe. I lived comfortably, even luxuriously, from Chicago westward, enjoyed good health, and many pleasant experiences, derived a more thorough knowledge of my country than I could have done by crossing by train a hundred times, made many valued friends, and arrived at my journey's end with money in pocket, 20lb. more flesh than I ever before had registered, and with the satisfaction of letting others know that when I say I shall do a certain thing I shall do it if it is possible to be accomplished. I may add that it is not a little satisfaction to know that, in case reverses should come, one can rely on his own resources to pull him through the dilemma, even if suddenly stranded with less than a dollar in pocket. But I say, for the benefit of those who grow enthusiastic over elections, do not be led to wager anything more than a hat on the result at the polls.



MR. WOODWARD CROSSING FROM OAKLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO AT THE END OF HIS JOURNEY.



MR. R. PITCHER WOODWARD, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.
From a Photo. by Taber, San Francisco.

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A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

VII.

HE brought up off Greenwich in the cold grey of the breaking day. Craft of all shapes and sizes were passing up and down, but he looked in vain for any sign of the skipper. It was galling to him as a seaman to stay there with the wind blowing freshly down the river; but over an hour elapsed before a yell from Tim, who was leaning over the bows, called his attention to a waterman's skiff, in the stern of which sat a passenger of somewhat dejected appearance. He had the air of a man who had been up all night, and in the place of returning the hearty and significant greeting of the mate, sat down in an exhausted fashion on the cabin skylight, and eyed him in stony silence until they were under way again.



"OFF GREENWICH."

"Well," he said, at length, ungraciously.

Chilled by his manner, Fraser, in place of the dramatic fashion in which he had intended to relate the events of the preceding night, told him in a few curt sentences what had occurred. "And you can finish this business for yourself," he concluded, warmly; "I've had enough of it."

"You've made a pretty mess of it," groaned the other; "there'll be a fine set-out now. Why couldn't you coax 'em away? That's what I wanted you to do. That's what I *told* you to do."

"Well, you'll have plenty of opportunities of coaxing yourself, so far as I can see," retorted Fraser, grimly. "Then you'll see how it works. It was the only way of getting rid of them."

"You ought to have sent round to me and let me know what you were doing," said Flower. "I sat in that blamed pub till they turned me out at twelve, expecting you every minute. I'd only threepence left by then, and I crossed the water with that, and then I had to shuffle along to Greenwich as best I could with a bad foot. What'll be the end of it all, I don't know."

"Well, you're all right at present," said Fraser, glancing round; "rather different to what you'd have been if those two women had come to Seabridge and seen Cap'n Barber."

The other sat for a long time in thought. "I'll lay up for a few weeks with this foot at Seabridge," he said, slowly, "and you'll have to tell the Tipping family that I've changed into another trade. What with the worry I've had lately, I shall be glad of the rest."

He made his way below, and turning in slept soundly after his fatigue until the cook aroused him a few hours later with the information that breakfast was ready.

A wash and a change, together with a good breakfast, effected as much change in his spirits as in his appearance. Refreshed in mind and body he slowly paced the deck, his chest expanding as he sniffed the fresh air, and his soul, encouraged by the dangers he had already passed through, bracing itself for fresh encounters.

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"I 'ope the foot is goin' on well, sir," said Tim, breaking in upon his meditations respectfully.

"Much easier this morning," said the skipper, amiably.

Tim, who was lending the cook a hand, went back into the galley to ponder. As a result of a heated debate in the fo'c's'le, where the last night's proceedings and the mysterious appearance of the skipper off Greenwich had caused a great sensation, they had drawn lots to decide who was to bell the cat, and Tim had won or lost according as the subject might be viewed.

"You don't want to walk about on it much, sir," he said, thrusting his head out again.

The skipper nodded.

"I was alarmed last night," said Tim. "We was all alarmed," he added, hastily, in order that the others might stand in with the risk, "thinking that p'r'aps you'd walked too far and couldn't get back."

The master of the *Foam* looked at him, but made no reply, and Tim's head was slowly withdrawn. The crew, who had been gazing over the side with their ears at the utmost tension, gave him five minutes' grace, and then, the skipper having gone aft again, walked up to the galley.

"I've done all I could," said the wretched youth.

"Done all ye could?" said Joe, derisively; "why, you ain't done nothin' yet."

"I can't say anything more," said Tim. "I dassent. I ain't got your pluck, Joe."

"Pluck be blowed," said the seaman, fiercely; "why, there was a chap I knew once, shipwrecked he was, and had to take to the boats. When the grub give out they drew lots to see who should be killed and eaten. He lost. Did 'e back out of it? Not a bit of it; 'e was a man, an' 'e shook 'ands with 'em afore they ate 'im and wished 'em luck."

"Well, you can kill and eat me, if that's what you want," said Tim, desperately. "I'd sooner 'ave that."

"Mind you," said Joe, "till you've arsked them questions and been answered satisfactory—none of us'll 'ave anything to do with you, besides which I'll give you such a licking as you've never 'ad before."



"'E WAS A MAN, AN' 'E SHOOK 'ANDS WITH 'EM AFORE THEY ATE 'IM."

He strolled off with Ben and the cook as the skipper came towards them again, and sat down in the bows. Tim, sore afraid of his shipmate's contempt, tried again.

"I wanted to ask your pardon in case I done wrong last night, sir," he said, humbly.

"All right, it's granted," replied the other, walking away.

Tim raised his eyes to heaven, and then lowering them, looked even more beseechingly at his comrades.

"Go on," said Ben, shaping the words only with his mouth.

"I don't know, sir, whether you know what I was alloodin' to just now," said Tim, in trembling accents, as the skipper came within earshot again. "I'm a-referring to a cab-ride."

"And I told you that I've forgiven you,"

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said Flower, sternly, "forgiven you freely. All of you."

"It's a relief to my mind, sir," faltered the youth, staring.

"Don't mix yourself up in my business again, that's all," said the skipper; "you mightn't get off so easy next time."

"It's been worrying me ever since, sir," persisted Tim, who was half fainting. "I've been wondering whether I ought to have answered them ladies' questions, and told 'em what I did tell 'em."

The skipper swung round hastily and confronted him. "Told them?" he stuttered, "told them what?"

"I 'ardly remember, sir," said Tim, alarmed at his manner. "Wot with the suddenness o' the thing, an' the luckshury o' riding in a cab, my 'ead was in a whirl."

"What did they ask you?" demanded the skipper.

"They asked me what Cap'n Flower was like an' where 'e lived," said Tim, "an' they asked me whether I knew a Mr. Robinson."

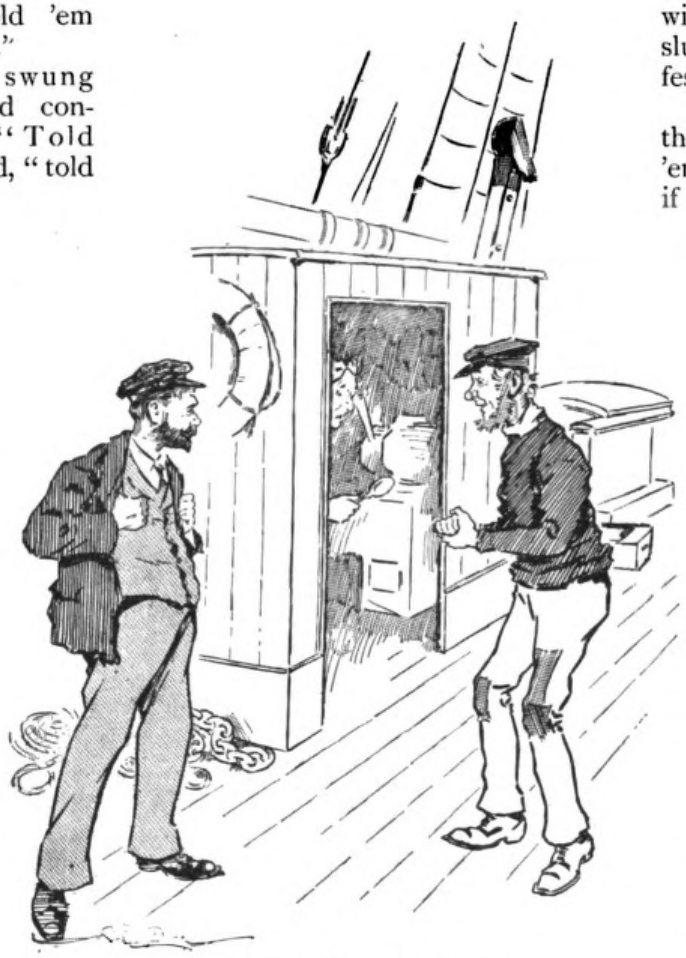
Captain Flower, his eyes blazing, waited.

"I said I 'adn't got the pleasure o' Mr. Robinson's acquaintance," said Tim, with a grand air. "I was just goin' to tell 'em about you when Joe 'ere gave me a pinch."

"Well?" inquired the skipper, stamping with impatience.

"I pinched 'im back agin, sir," said Tim, smiling tenderly at the reminiscence.

"Tim's a fool, sir," said Joe, suddenly, as the overwrought skipper made a move towards the galley. "'E didn't seem to know wot 'e was a-sayin' of, so I up and told 'em all about you."



"I TOLD 'EM YOU WAS A BALD-HEADED CHAP."

"You did, did you? Curse you," said Flower, bitterly.

"In answer to their questions, sir," said Joe, "I told 'em you was a bald-headed chap marked with the small-pox, and I said when you was at 'ome, which was seldom, you lived at Aberdeen."

The skipper stepped towards him and laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. "You ought to have been an admiral, Joe," he said, gratefully, without intending any slur on a noble profession.

"I also told George the watchman to tell 'em the same thing, if they came round again worrying," said Joe, proudly.

The skipper patted him on the shoulder again.

"One o' these days, Joe," he remarked, "you shall know all about this little affair; for the present it's enough to tell you that a certain unfortunate young female has taken a fancy to a friend o' mine named Robinson, but it's very important, for Robinson's sake, that she shouldn't see me or get to know anything about me. Do you understand?"

"Perfeckly," said Joe, sagely.

His countenance was calm and composed, but the cook's forehead had wrinkled itself into his hair in a strong brain effort, while Ben was looking for light on the deck, and not finding it. Flower, as a sign that the conversation was now ended, walked aft again, and taking the wheel from the mate, thoughtfully suggested that he should go below and turn in for five minutes.

"I'll get through this all right after all," he said, comfortably. "I'll lay up at Seabridge for a week or two, and after that I'll get off

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the schooner at Greenwich for a bit and let you take her up to London. Then I'll write a letter in the name of Robinson and send it to a man I know in New York to post from there to Miss Tipping."

His spirits rose and he slapped Fraser heartily on the back. "That disposes of one," he said, cheerily. "Lor', in years to come how I shall look back and laugh over all this!"

"Yes, I think it'll be some time before you do any laughing to speak of," said Fraser.

"Ah, you always look on the dark side of things," said Flower, briskly.

"Of course, as things are, you're going to marry Miss Banks," said Fraser, slowly.

"No, I'm not," said the other, cheerfully; "it strikes me there's plenty of time before that will come to a head, and that gives me time to turn round. I don't think she's any more anxious for it than I am."

"But suppose it does come to a head," persisted Fraser, "what are you going to do?"

"I shall find a way out of it," said the skipper, confidently. "Meantime, just as an exercise for your wits, you might try and puzzle out what would be the best thing to do in such a case."

His good spirits lasted all the way to Seabridge, and, the schooner berthed, he went cheerfully off home. It was early afternoon when he arrived, and, Captain Barber being out, he had a comfortable *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Church, in which he was able to dilate pretty largely upon the injury to his foot. Captain Barber did not return until the tea was set, and then, shaking hands with his nephew, took a seat opposite, and in a manner more than usually boisterous, kept up a long conversation.

It was a matter of surprise to Flower that, though the talk was by no means of a sorrowful nature, Mrs. Church on three separate occasions rose from the table and left the room with her handkerchief to her eyes. At such times his uncle's ideas forsook him, and he broke off not only in the middle of a sentence, but even in the middle of a word. At the third time Flower caught his eye, and with a dumb jerk of his head toward the door inquired what it all meant.

"Tell you presently," said his uncle, in a frightened whisper. "Hush! Don't take no notice of it. Not a word."

"What is it?" persisted Flower.

Captain Barber gave a hurried glance towards the door and then leaned over the table. "Broken 'art," he whispered, sorrowfully.

Flower whistled, and, full of the visions which this communication opened up, neglected to join in the artificial mirth which his uncle was endeavouring to provoke upon the housekeeper's return. Finally he worked up a little mirth on his own account, and after glancing from his uncle to the housekeeper, and from the housekeeper back to his uncle again, smothered his face in his handkerchief and rushed from the room.

"Bit on a bad tooth," he said, untruthfully, when he came back.

Captain Barber eyed him fiercely, but Mrs. Church regarded him with compassionate interest, and, having got the conversation upon such a safe subject, kept it there until the meal was finished.

"What's it all about?" inquired Flower, as, tea finished, Captain Barber carried his chair to the extreme end of the garden and beckoned his nephew to do likewise.

"You're the cause of it," said Captain Barber, severely.

"Me?" said Flower, in surprise.

"You know that little plan I told you of when you was down here last?" said the other.

His nephew nodded.

"It came off," groaned Captain Barber. "I've got news for you as'll make you dance for joy."

"I've got a bad foot," said Flower, paling.

"Never mind about your foot," said his uncle, regarding him fixedly. "Your banns are up."

"Up! Up where?" gasped Flower.

"Why—in the church," said the other, staring at him; "where'd you think? I got the old lady's consent day before yesterday, and had 'em put up at once."

"Is she dead, then?" inquired his nephew, in a voice the hollowness of which befitted the question.

"How the deuce could she be?" returned his uncle, staring at him.

"No, I didn't think of that," said Flower; "of course, she couldn't give her consent, could she?—not if she was dead, I mean."

Captain Barber drew his chair back and looked at him. "His joy has turned his brain," he said, with conviction.

"No, it's my foot," said Flower, rallying. "I've had no sleep with it. I'm delighted! Delighted! After all these years."

"You owe it to me," said his uncle, with a satisfied air. "I generally see my way clear to what I want, and generally get it, too. I've

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played Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Church agin one another without their knowing it. Both 'elpless in my hands, they was."

"But what's the matter with Mrs. Church?" said his depressed nephew.

"Ah, that's the worst of it," said Uncle Barber, shaking his head. "While I was in play that pore woman must have thought I was in earnest. She don't say nothing. Not a word, and the efforts she makes to control her feelings is noble."

"Have you told her she has got to go, then?" inquired Flower.

Captain Barber shook his head. "Mrs. Banks saved me that trouble," he said, grimly.

"But she can't take notice from Mrs. Banks," said Flower, "it'll have to come from you."

"All in good time," said Captain Barber, wiping his face. "As I've done all this for you, I was going to let you tell her."



"I WAS GOING TO LET YOU TELL HER."

"*Me!*" said Flower, with emphasis.

"Certainly," said Captain Barber, with more emphasis still. "Just get her to yourself on the quiet, and allude to it casual. Then after that bring the subject up when I'm in the room. As it's to make room for you and your wife, you might fix the date for 'er to go. That'll be the best way to do it."

"It seems to me it is rather hard on her," said his nephew, compassionately; "perhaps we had better wait a little longer."

"Certainly not," said Captain Barber, sharply; "don't I tell you your banns are up? You're to be asked in church first time next Sunday. You'll both live with me as agreed, and I'm going to make over three o' the cottages to you and a half share in the ship. The rest you'll have to wait for. Why don't you look cheerful? You ought to."

"I'm cheerful enough," said Flower, recovering himself. "I'm thinking of you."

"Me?" said his uncle.

"You and Mrs. Church," said his nephew; "so far as I can see you've committed yourself."

"I can manage," said Uncle Barber. "I've always been master in my own house. Now you'd better step round and see the bride that is to be."

"Well, you be careful," said his nephew, warningly.

"I'm coming too," said Captain Barber, with some haste; "there's no need to stay and wait for trouble. When you go into the house, come back as though you'd forgotten something, and sing out to me that you want me to come too—hard enough for 'er to hear, mind."

VIII.

THE bewildered master of the *Foam* spent the remainder of the time at Seabridge in a species of waking nightmare.

A grey-haired dressmaker and a small apprentice sat in the Banks's best parlour, and from a chaos of brown paper patterns stuck over with pins a silk dress of surpassing beauty began slowly to emerge. As a great concession Flower was allowed to feel the material, and even to rub it between his finger and thumb in imitation of Captain Barber, who was so prone to the exercise that

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"A SILK DRESS OF SURPASSING BEAUTY BEGAN SLOWLY TO EMERGE."

a small piece was cut off for his especial delectation. A colour of unwonted softness glowed in the cheek of Elizabeth and an air of engaging timidity tempered her interview with Flower, who had to run the gauntlet of much friendly criticism on the part of his fair neighbours.

Up to the time of sailing for London again the allusion to Mrs. Church's departure desired of Captain Barber had not been made by the younger man. The housekeeper was still in possession, and shook hands with him at the front door as he limped slowly off with Miss Banks and his uncle to go down to the schooner. His foot was still very bad, so bad that he stumbled three times on the way to the quay despite the assistance afforded by the arm of his betrothed.

"Seems to be no power in it," he said, smiling faintly; "but I daresay it'll be all right by the time I get back."

He shook hands with Captain Barber and, as a tribute to conventionality, kissed Miss Banks. The last the two saw of him, he was standing at the wheel waving his handkerchief. They waved their own in return, and as the *Foam* drew rapidly away gave a final farewell and departed.

"What's the game with the foot?" inquired the mate, in a low voice.

"Tell you by-and-by," said the skipper; "it's far from well, but even if it wasn't I should pretend it was bad. I suppose that don't suggest anything to you?"

The mate shook his head.

"Can you see any way out of it?" inquired the other. "What would you do if you were in my place?"

"Marry the girl I wanted to marry," said the mate, sturdily, "and not trouble about anything else."

"And lose thirteen cottages and this ship, and my berth in the bargain," said the skipper. "Now, you try and think of some other way, and if you haven't thought of it by dinner-time, I'll tell you what I'm going to do."

No other scheme having suggested itself to the mate by the time that meal arrived, he prepared to play the part of listener. The skipper, after carefully closing both the door and the skylight, prepared to speak.

"I'm in a desperate fix, Jack—that you'll admit," he said, by way of preparation.

The mate cordially agreed with him.

"There's Poppy down at Poplar, Matilda at Chelsea, and Elizabeth at Seabridge," continued Flower, indicating various points on the table with his finger as he spoke. "Some men would give up in despair, but I've thought of a way out of it. I've never got into a corner I couldn't get out of yet."

"You want a little help, though, sometimes," said Fraser.

"All part of my plans," rejoined Flower, airily. "If it hadn't been for my uncle's interference I should have been all right. A man's no business to be so officious. As it is, I've got to do something decided."

"If I were you," interrupted Fraser, "I should go to Captain Barber and tell him straight and plain how the thing stands. You needn't mention anything about Miss Tipping. Tell him about the other, and that you intend to marry her. It'll be best in the long run, and fairer to Miss Tyrell, too."

"You don't know my uncle as well as I

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do," retorted the skipper. "He's as obstinate an old fool as ever breathed. If I did as you say I should lose everything. Now, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. To-night, during your watch, I shall come up on deck and stand on the side of the ship to look at something in the water, when I shall suddenly hear a shout."

The mate, who had a piece of dumpling on his fork, half-way to his mouth, put it down again and regarded him open-mouthed.

"My foot," continued the skipper, in surprisingly even tones, considering his subject, "will then give way and I shall fall overboard."

The mate was about to speak, but the skipper, gazing in a rapt manner before him, waved him into silence.

"You will alarm the crew and pitch a lifebelt overboard," he continued; "you will then back sails and lower the boat."

"You'd better take the lifebelt with you, hadn't you?" inquired the mate, anxiously.

"I shall be picked up by a Norwegian barque, bound for China," continued the skipper, ignoring the interruption; "I shall be away at least six months, perhaps more, according as things turn out."

The mate pushed his scarcely tasted dinner from him, and got up from the table. It was quite evident to him that the skipper's love affairs had turned his brain.

"By the time I get back, Matilda'll have ceased from troubling, any way," said the skipper, "and I have strong hopes that Elizabeth'll take Gibson. I shall stay away long enough to give her a fair chance, any way."

"But s'pose you get drowned before anything can pick you up!" suggested the mate, feebly.

"*Drowned?*" repeated the skipper. "Why, you didn't think I was really going overboard, did you? I shall be locked up in my state-room."

The mate's brow cleared and then darkened again, suddenly. "I see, some more lies for me to tell, I suppose," he said, angrily.

"After you've raised the alarm and failed to recover the body," said the skipper, with relish, "you'll lock my door and put the key in your pocket. That would be the proper thing to do if I really did go overboard, you know, and when we get to London I'll just slip quietly ashore."

The mate came back to his dinner and finished it in silence, while the skipper kept up a rambling fire of instructions for his future guidance.

"And what about Miss Tyrell?" said the mate, at length. "Is she to know?"

"Certainly not," said Flower, sharply. "I wouldn't have her know for anything. You're the only person to know, Jack. You'll have to break the news to 'em all, and mind you do it gently, so as not to cause more grief than you can help."

"I won't do it at all," said the mate.

"Yes, you will," said Flower, "and if Matilda or her mother come down again, show it to 'em in the paper. Then they'll know it'll be no good worrying Cap'n Flower again. If they see it in the paper they'll know it's true. It's sure to be in the local papers, and in the London ones too, very likely. I should think it would; the master of a vessel!"

Fraser being in no mood to regard this vanity complacently, went up on deck and declined to have anything to do with the matter. He maintained this attitude of immovable virtue until tea-time, by which time Flower's entreaties had so won upon him that he was reluctantly compelled to admit that it seemed to be the only thing possible in the circumstances, and more reluctantly still to promise his aid to the most unscrupulous extent possible.

"I'll write to you when I'm fixed up," said the skipper, "giving you my new name and address. You're the only person I shall be able to keep touch with. I shall have to rely upon you for everything. If it wasn't for you I should be dead to the world."

"I know what you'll do as well as possible," said Fraser; "you've got nothing to do for six months, and you'll be getting into some more engagements."

"I don't think you have any call to say that, Jack," remarked Flower, with some dignity.

"Well, I wish it was well over," said the mate, despondently. "What are you going to do for money?"

"I drew out £40 to get married with—furniture and things," said Flower; "that'll go overboard with me, of course. I'm doing all this for Poppy's sake more than my own, and I want you to go up and see her every trip, and let me know how she is. She mightn't care what happened to her if she thinks I'm gone, and she might marry somebody else in desperation."

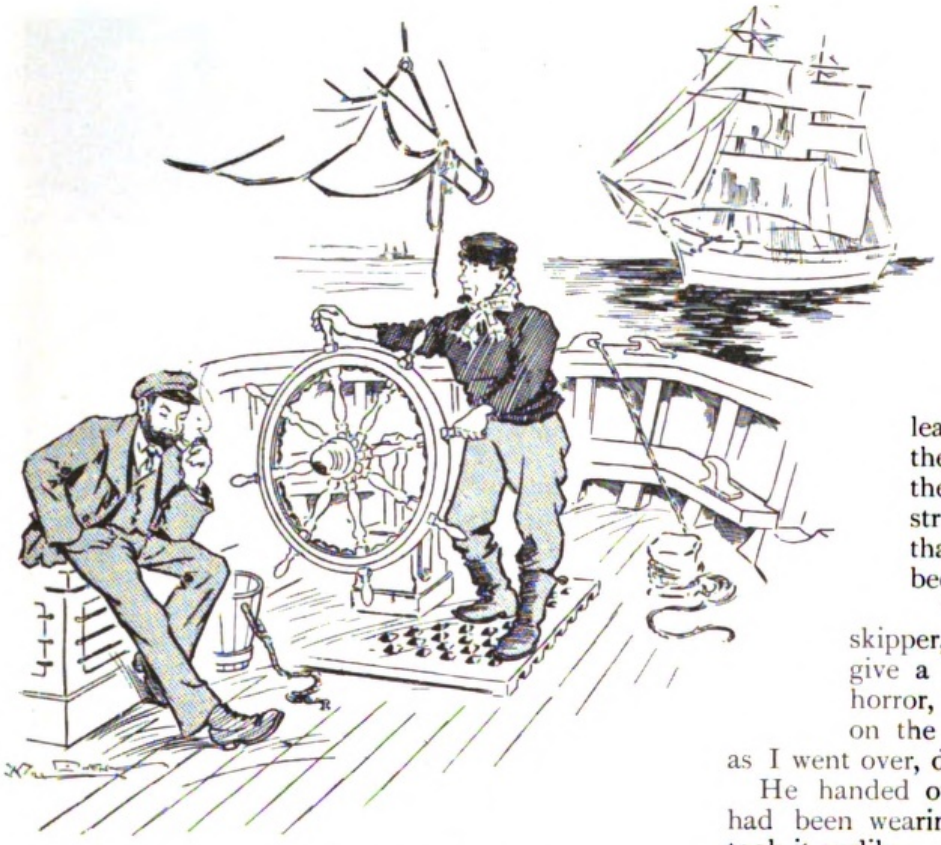
"I don't care about facing her," said

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Fraser, bitterly; "it's a shady business altogether."

"It's for her sake," repeated Flower, calmly. "Take on old Ben as mate, and ship another hand for'ard."

The mate ended the subject by going to his bunk and turning in; the skipper, who realized that he himself would have plenty of time for sleep, went on deck and sat silently smoking. Old Ben was at the wheel, and



"THE SKIPPER SAT SILENTLY SMOKING."

the skipper felt a glow of self-righteousness as he thought of the rise in life he was about to give the poor fellow.

At eight o'clock the mate relieved Ben, and the skipper, with a view of keeping up appearances, announced his intention of turning in for a bit.

The sun went down behind clouds of smoky red, but the light of the summer evening lasted for some time after. Then darkness came down over the sea, and it was desolate except for the side-lights of distant craft. The mate drew out his watch and, by the light of the binnacle-lamp, saw that it was ten minutes to ten. At the same moment he heard somebody moving about forward.

"Who's that for'ard?" he cried, smartly.

"Me, sir," answered Joe's voice. "I'm a bit wakeful, and it's stiflin' 'ot down below."

The mate hesitated, and then, glancing at the open skylight, saw the skipper, who was standing on the table.

"Send him below," said the latter, in a sharp whisper.

"You'd better get below, Joe," said the mate.

"W'y, I ain't doin' no 'arm, sir," said Joe, in surprise.

"Get below," said the mate, sharply. "Do you hear?—get below. You'll be sleeping in your watch if you don't sleep now."

The sounds of a carefully modulated grumble came faintly aft, then the mate, leaning away from the wheel to avoid the galley which obstructed his view, saw that his order had been obeyed.

"Now," said the skipper, quietly, "you must give a perfect scream of horror, mind, and put this on the deck. It fell off as I went over, d'ye see?"

He handed over the slipper he had been wearing, and the mate took it surlily.

"There ought to be a splash," he murmured. "Joe's awake."

The skipper vanished, to reappear a minute or two later with a sack into which he had hastily thrust a few lumps of coal and other rubbish. The mate took it from him, and, placing the slipper on the deck, stood with one hand holding the wheel and the other the ridiculous sack.

"Now," said the skipper.

The sack went overboard, and, at the same moment, the mate left the wheel with an ear-splitting yell and rushed to the galley for the life-belt which hung there. He crashed heavily into Joe, who had rushed on deck, but, without pausing, ran to the side and flung it overboard.

"Skipper's overboard," he yelled, running back and putting the helm down.

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Joe put his head down the fore-scuttle and yelled like a maniac: the others came up in their night-gear, and in a marvellously short space of time the schooner was hove to and the cook and Joe had tumbled into the boat and were pulling back lustily in search of the skipper.

Half an hour elapsed, during which those on the schooner hung over the stern listening intently. They could hear the oars in the rowlocks and the shouts of the rowers. Tim lit a lantern and dangled it over the water.

"Have you got 'im?" cried Ben, as the boat came over the darkness and the light of the lantern shone on the upturned faces of the men.

"No," said Joe, huskily.

Ben threw him a line, and he clambered silently aboard, followed by the cook.

"Better put about," he said to the mate, "and cruise about till daylight. We ain't found the belt either, and it's just possible he's got it."



"AN EAR-SPLITTING YELL."

The mate shook his head. "It's no good," he said, confidently; "he's gone."

"Well, I vote we try, anyhow," said Joe, turning on him fiercely. "How did it happen?"

"He came up on deck to speak to me," said the mate, shortly. "He fancied he heard a cry from the water and jumped up on the side with his hand on the rigging to see. I s'pose his bad foot slipped and he went over before I could move."

"We'll cruise about a bit," said Joe, loudly, turning to the men.

"Are you giving orders here, or am I?" said the mate, sternly.

"I am," said Joe, violently. "It's our duty to do all we can."

There was a dead silence. Tim, pushing himself in between Ben and the cook, eyed the men eagerly.

"What do you mean by that?" said the mate at last.

"Wot I say," said Joe, meeting him eye to eye, and thrusting his face close to his.

The mate shrugged his shoulders and walked slowly aft; then, with a regard for appearances which the occasion fully warranted, took the schooner for a little circular tour in the neighbourhood of the skipper's disappearance.

At daybreak, not feeling the loss quite as much as the men, he went below, and, having looked stealthily round, unlocked the door of the state-room and peeped in. It was almost uncanny, considering the circumstances, to see in the dim light the figure of the skipper sitting on the edge of his bunk.

"What the blazes are you doing, dodging about like this?" he burst out, ungratefully.

"Looking for the body," said the mate. "Ain't you heard us shouting? It's not my fault—the crew say they won't leave the spot while there's half a chance."

"Curse the crew," said the skipper, quite untouched by this devotion. "Ain't you taking charge o' the ship?"

"Joe's about half mad," said the mate. "It's wonderful how upset he is."

The skipper cursed Joe separately, and the mate, whose temper was getting bad, closed the interview by locking the door.

At five o'clock, by which time they had chased three masses of weed and a barnacle-covered plank, they abandoned the search and resumed the voyage. A gloom settled on the forecastle, and the cook took advantage of the occasion to read Tim a homily

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upon the shortness of life and the suddenness of death. Tim was much affected, but not nearly so much as when he discovered that the men were going to pay a last tribute to their late captain's memory by abstaining from breakfast. He ventured to remark that the excitement and the night air had made him feel very hungry, and was promptly called an unfeeling little brute by the men for his pains. The mate, who, in deference to public opinion, had to keep up appearances the same way, was almost as much annoyed as Tim, and, as for the drowned man himself, his state of mind was the worst of all. He was so ungrateful that the mate at length lost his temper, and when dinner was served allowed a latent sense of humour to have full play.

It consisted of boiled beef, with duff, carrots, and potatoes, and its grateful incense filled the cabin. The mate attacked it lustily, listening between mouthfuls for any interruption from the state-room. At length, unable to endure it any longer, the prisoner ventured to scratch lightly on the door.

"*Hist!*" said the mate, in a whisper.

The scratching ceased, and the mate, grinning broadly, resumed his dinner. He finished at last, and lighting his pipe sat back easily in the locker, watching the door out of the corner of his eye.

With hunger gnawing at his vitals the unfortunate skipper, hardly able to believe his ears, heard the cook come down and clear away. The smell of dinner gave way to that of tobacco, and the mate, having half finished his pipe, approached the door.

"Are you there?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Of course I am, you fool," said the skipper, wrathfully; "where's my dinner?"

"I'm very sorry"—began the mate, in a whisper.

"What?" inquired the skipper, fiercely.

"I've mislaid the key," said the mate, grinning fiendishly. "An', what's more, I can't think what I've done with it."

At this intelligence, the remnants of the skipper's temper vanished, and every bad word he had heard or read of, or dreamt of, floated from his hungry lips in frenzied whispers.

"I can't hear what you say," said the mate. "What?"

The prisoner was about to repeat his remarks with a few embellishments, when the mate stopped him with one little word. "*Hist!*" he said, quietly.

At the imminent risk of bursting a blood-vessel or going mad the skipper stopped short, and the mate, addressing a remark to the cook who was not present, went up on deck.

He found the key by tea-time, and, his triumph having made him generous, passed the skipper in a generous hunk of the cold beef with his tea. The skipper took it and eyed him wanly, having found an empty stomach very conducive to accurate thinking.

"The next thing is to slip ashore at Wapping, Jack," he said, after he had finished his meal; "the wharf'll be closed by the time we get there."

"The watchman's nearly sure to be asleep," said Fraser, "and you can easily climb the gate. If he's not, I must try and get him out of the way somehow."

The skipper's forebodings proved to be correct. It was past twelve by the time they reached Wapping, but the watchman was wide awake and, with much bustle, helped them to berth their craft. He received the news of the skipper's untimely end with well-bred sorrow, and at once excited the wrath of the sensitive Joe by saying that he was not surprised.

"I 'ad a warning," he said, solemnly, in reply to the indignant seaman. "Larst night exactly as Big Ben struck ten o'clock the gate-bell was pulled three times."

"I've pulled it fifty times myself before now," said Joe, scathingly, "and then had to climb over the gate and wake you up."

"I went to the gate at once," continued George, addressing himself to the cook; "sometimes when I'm shifting a barge, or doing any little job o' that sort, I do 'ave to keep a man waiting, and, if he's drunk, two minutes seems like ages to 'im."

"You ought to know wot it seems like," muttered Joe.

"When I got to the gate an' opened it there was nobody there," continued the watchman, impressively, "and while I was standing there I saw the bell-pull go up an' down without 'ands and the bell rung ag'in three times."

The cook shivered. "Wasn't you frightened, George?" he asked, sympathetically.

"I knew it was a warning," continued the veracious George. "W'y 'e should come to me I don't know. One thing is I think 'e always 'ad a bit of a fancy for me."

"He 'ad," said Joe; "everybody wot sees you loves you, George. They can't help theirselves."

"And I 'ave 'ad them two ladies down ag'in asking for Mr. Robinson, and also for pore Cap'n Flower," said the watchman;

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"I SAW THE BELL-PULL GO UP AN' DOWN WITHOUT 'ANDS."

"they asked me some questions about 'im, and I told 'em the lies wot you told me to tell 'em, Joe; p'r'aps that's w'y I 'ad the warning."

Joe turned away with a growl and went below, and Tim and the cook, after greedily waiting for some time to give the watchman's imagination a further chance, followed his example. George, left to himself, took his old seat on the post at the end of the jetty, being, if the truth must be told, somewhat alarmed by his own fertile inventions.

Three times did the mate, in response to the frenzied commands of the skipper, come stealthily up the companion-way and look at him. Time was passing, and action of some kind was imperative.

"George," he whispered, suddenly.

"Sir," said the watchman.

"I want to speak to you," said Fraser, mysteriously; "come down here."

George rose carefully from his seat, and, lowering himself gingerly on board, crept on tiptoe to the galley after the mate.

"Wait in here till I come back," said the latter, in a thrilling whisper; "I've got something to show you. Don't move, whatever happens."

His tones were so fearful, and he put so much emphasis on the last sentence, that the watchman burst hurriedly out of the galley again.

"I don't like these mysteries," he said, plainly.

"There's no mystery," said the mate, pushing him back; "something I don't want the crew to see, that's all. You're the only man I can trust."

He closed the door and coughed, and a figure, which had been lurking on the companion-ladder, slipped hastily on deck and clambered noiselessly on to the jetty. The mate clambered up beside it, and hurrying with it to the gate helped it over, and with much satisfaction heard it alight on the other side.

"Good-night, Jack," said Flower. "Don't forget to look after Poppy."

"Good-night," said the mate. "Write as soon as you're fixed."

He walked back leisurely to the schooner and stood in some perplexity, eyeing the galley which contained the devoted George. He stood for so long that his victim lost all patience, and, sliding back the door, peered out and discovered him.

"Have you got it?" he asked, softly.

"No," replied Fraser; "there isn't anything. I was only making a fool of you, George. Good-night." He walked aft, and stood at the companion, watching the outraged George as he came slowly out of the galley and stared about him.

"Good-night, George," he repeated.

The watchman made no reply to the greeting, but, breathing heavily, resumed his old seat on the post; and, folding his arms across his panting bosom, looked down with majestic scorn upon the schooner and all its contents. Long after the satisfied mate had forgotten the incident in sleep, he sat there striving to digest the insult of which he had been the victim, and to consider a painful and fitting retribution.

(*To be continued.*)

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

"WE COME AS SHADOWS."

SEVEN years ago this month Mr. Gladstone formed his fourth and last Administration. Looking down the catalogue, it is startling to find how few then mustered are in the line of battle to-day. Mr. Gladstone is dead, so are his Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell; his President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Mundella; his Second Whip, Mr. Ellis; and his Master of Horse, Lord Oxenbridge. Of the rest, his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Rosebery, has retired from official connection with the Party. So have his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, and his Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Morley. His Secretary for Scotland, Sir George Trevelyan, has gone back to his first love, Literature. His Vice-President of the Council, Mr. Acland, has retired owing to ill-health. His Postmaster-General, Mr. Arnold Morley, has long been out of Parliament; whilst his First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre; his Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Hibbert; his Parliamentary Secretary for India, Mr. George Russell; his Vice-Chamberlain, Mr. "Bobbie" Spencer; and his Controller of the Household, Mr. Leveson-Gower, are also shelved owing to lack of appreciation on the part of the constituencies.

His President of the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Herbert Gardner, is sunk in the obscurity of the House of Lords, where he has been joined by the Chief Whip of the new Parliament of 1892, Mr. Marjoribanks. His Under-Secretary for War, Lord Sandhurst, is Governor of Bombay. His Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, is Lord Chief Justice of England. His Solicitor-General, Mr. Rigby, is also wrapped in the dignity of the ermine. His Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. Walker, is Lord Justice of Appeal. All this in seven short years.

CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES'S "PITCH."



"IN THE CORNER."

The game which used to be played round the seat of Mr. Gibson Bowles had its serious effect in drawing from the Speaker judgment on a nice question. The member for Kings Lynn, with characteristic discernment, early in his Parliamentary career secured the corner seat on the bench immediately behind that on which Ministers sit. It has many advantages, being central, easy of access, and conveniently contiguous to Her Majesty's Ministers, who are able to benefit by prompt communication of any counsels that may occur to Mr. Bowles at crises of debate.

The coign of vantage was, to begin with, secured in the ordinary fashion by early arrival and attendance at prayers. After a while Mr. Bowles grew slack in these observances. In other cases where eminent men have appropriated particular seats it is the custom to regard them as sacred. Mr. Courtney, for example, has a corner seat below the gangway, and if by chance he were absent from prayers, and so lose his legal claim to the place, he would doubtless on arriving find it reserved for him. It is



MR. TOMMY BOWLES—HIS CORNER SEAT.

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one of the penalties of greatness that it excites jealousy. Envious eyes were cast upon Mr. Bowles's seat. One day, arriving at question time, he was pained and shocked to find Mr. Gedge installed in his place, holding it by the invulnerable right of a ticket with his name on it stuck in the receptacle at the back.



MR. GEDGE IN POSSESSION.

MR. GEDGE'S STRATEGY.

Mr. Gedge, when he is not looking after the bishops, or keeping the Prime Minister straight on constitutional points, is the guardian of ancient customs pertaining to the appropriation of seats on the floor of the House. His detection of the manœuvre whereby the corner seat and the one next to it on the Front Bench below the gangway on the Opposition side were invariably secured by Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke is a matter of history. Long suspecting unlawful procedure, and failing to detect the criminal from his accustomed seat above the gangway, Mr. Gedge one day, with something more than usual of his air of innocence, strolled across the gangway, and during prayer time bowed his head in reverential attitude immediately opposite the right hon. but unsuspecting baronet who represents the Forest of Dean.

To the casual observer, Mr. Gedge's vision of earthly things was absolutely obstructed by his hands laid open upon his face. Actually he was peeping between his parted fingers, and distinctly saw Sir Charles Dilke slip a card into the receptacle at the back of the corner seat. Divine service over, and the congregation dispersed, Mr. Gedge, crossing the aisle, read the name of Mr. Labouchere on the card he had seen manipulated by Sir Charles Dilke.

The murder was out. He, a constant worshipper, had never seen Mr. Labouchere on his knees. Unless he were present at prayers he could not secure this particular seat. Yet night after night he held it, and this was how it was done!

Later in the day Mr. Gedge unmasked the conspirators, and the Speaker, trying to look grave, administered rebuke. But to this day Mr. Labouchere regularly secures the corner seat below the gangway, and the Chaplain does not recollect being supported with his presence during prayers.

THE SIEGE OF THE CORNER SEAT.

Mr. Gedge's incursion on Mr. Bowles's territory led to a succession of scenes, watched with boyish delight by the House. On the day after the first incursion, Mr. Bowles came down in good time for prayers, resolved that nothing in the way of regularity should be lacking. Marching up to his place to deposit his hat, a preliminary process to obtaining the ticket that completes a claim, he found a hat already in possession. Robinson Crusoe coming on a man's footstep in what he had regarded as a desert island was not more startled. From a certain indefinable air of truculence combined with implacable respectability, he recognised the headgear as Mr. Gedge's.



TOUJOURS GEDGE.

Mr. Bowles is not easily beaten. The next day he went down before luncheon, marked the seat as his own by placing his hat on it, and enjoyed full possession throughout the evening sitting. Then followed a series of marching and countermarching, accompanied by varied results. The member for Walsall had the advantage of living close by, and being an early riser, Mr. Bowles, reaching the House as early as six o'clock in the morning, elate with the certainty of triumph, was confronted with the silent sardonic regard of Mr. Gedge's hat.

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It was at this stage of the campaign the Speaker's attention was called to the matter. He was asked to give a ruling on the point whether it is lawful for a member, having pegged out a claim to a particular seat by depositing his hat, straightway to depart about his business in the City or at the West-end, a strategy made possible by the possession of a second hat. The Speaker, having taken thought and consulted the authorities, gave judgment in the negative. A member, he said, having claimed a seat in the usual manner, must remain within the precincts of the House till his right be fully established by possession of the ticket.

MR. DILLWYN'S SEAT.

Twenty-one years ago the competition for seats led to a striking scene. Mr. Dillwyn, long time member for Swansea, was the regular occupant of the corner seat below the gangway, now filled by Mr. Labouchere. He held it undisturbed till Mr. Roebuck was returned for Sheffield at a by-election. The old gentleman, presuming on his years and fame, coming down to the House at whatever hour suited his convenience, dislodged Mr. Dillwyn.

This genial custom was suffered for some time. But the worm will turn at last, and one day Mr. Dillwyn did. The situation is described in the following letter here published for the first time. I take it from a copy in the neat handwriting of Mr. Dillwyn which he gave me at the time. It bears date House of Commons, May 23rd, 1878, and commences :—

"My Dear Mr. Roebuck,—Some time ago I mentioned to you that, although I wished to accommodate you by giving up to you the seat which I usually occupy in the House when you come here, I would ask you to let me know when you intended to come, as otherwise I am left without a place, and as I take rather an active part in the business of the House, this often occasions me considerable inconvenience. I understood you to assent to the reasonableness of this request, and upon one occasion you did so inform me. Of late, however, you have not done so, and, consequently, I have several times during recent debates been without a place, although I had secured my usual one, as I did not like to prevent you from occupying it. Under these circumstances I hope you will excuse me if I consider the arrangement at an end, and that I shall decline to give you up my usual seat should I have secured it. I may say that several members who sit on the Opposition side of the House do not like to hear speeches directed against the Opposition, and in praise of the Government, such as you almost invariably make, emanating from their own side of the House, and they are surprised that you should like to make them from that side and that I should make way for you on it. Very many representations to this effect have been made to me since your speech this evening, and I cannot say that I am surprised at it. Wishing to act with courtesy with you, I think it right to inform you before you come next to the House that I shall in future decline to vacate for you any place which I may have secured.—Believe me,

"Yours truly,

"L. L. Dillwyn."

Before a week had sped after the dispatch of this letter crisis came. During question time, when the House was densely crowded, Mr. Roebuck entered, dragging his leaden footsteps in the direction of the corner seat. His habit was to stand there till Mr. Dillwyn either rose and left or moved lower down the bench. Now, as he stood and waited, Mr. Dillwyn steadily stared at the Treasury Bench, ignoring his presence. Not a word passed. The House paused, watching the scene. Finding the member for Swansea immovable, Mr. Roebuck crossed over to the Conservative side, half-a-dozen members, amid wild cheering, springing up to give him a seat within the Government fold.

AN ODD FISH.

Sir William Hart-Dyke is at least free from the charge of intentional humour. He trotted his bull out caparisoned in almost funereal trappings. Debate sprang up upon a motion, made by Mr. James Lowther, charging the Lord Chancellor with breach of privilege, inasmuch as he had presided at a meeting summoned to select a Unionist candidate to represent Oxford University in place of the ever-lamented Sir John Mowbray. Sir William argued that such conduct on the part of a peer became actionable only if the interference took place after a writ had been issued. At the same time he was willing to concede to Mr. Lowther that he had for his purposes been fortunate in finding an offender in a person so highly placed as the Lord Chancellor.

"I admit," he said, "that the right honourable gentleman has undoubtedly gone up to the top of the tree and caught a very big fish."

STOCK BULLS.

I remember, during the debates on foreign policy in the days of the Jingo excitement that bubbled round Lord Beaconsfield, hear-

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MR. HART-DYKE'S BULL: "CATCHING A BIG FISH ON THE TOP OF A TREE."

ing Mr. Alderman Cotton exclaim, "And this, Mr. Speaker, may be the one spark that will let slip the dogs of war!"

Mr. Shaw, during the time he was Leader of the Home Rule Party, was called upon to defend himself for having desecrated the Sabbath by appearing at a public meeting in Cork to discuss the Land Question. "If," he said, accepting the challenge, "an ox or an ass fall into the pit on the Sabbath day, we have the highest authority for the effort to take him out. Our brother is in the pit to-day, the farmer and the landlord are both in it, and I was at Cork last Sunday engaged in the effort to try to lift them out." Which was the ox and which the ass was information Mr. Shaw withheld from a laughing House.

It was Mr. O'Connor Power, one of the most finished speakers Ireland sent to the House of Commons in Mr. Parnell's time, who shrewdly remarked: "Since the Government has let the cat out of the bag there is nothing to be done but to take the bull by the horns."

A NEW DINNER DISH.

A striking success on somewhat different lines was obtained this Session by Mr. Kilbride. It was during the discussion on the second reading of the Food and Drugs Bill. Question arose as to how far the use of margarine might be safely encouraged. Mr. Kilbride startled the House, and after a moment's consideration sent it into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, by announcing that margarine is "chiefly used for cooking porpoises."

That is how the humble familiar word "purposes" sounds when enunciated in fine rotund Galway accent.

Only Scotland could equal that. To the Parliament of 1874 was returned a gentleman named Smollett, who, though of Scotch blood and residence, represented Cambridge. He was, as he made a point of reminding the public in the pages of Dod and elsewhere, "the great-grand-nephew of the celebrated historian and novelist." Not gifted in either direction himself, Mr. Smollett endeavoured to keep his great-uncle's memory green by introducing into the House of Commons something of the manner of a surgeon's mate of the last century. He distinguished himself in the early days of the first Session of Parliament by a coarse attack on Mr. Gladstone, whom he accused in the matter of the recent dissolution of "concocting a pious fraud," of being "guilty of sharp practice more likely to have come from an attorney's office than from a Cabinet of English gentlemen."

This brought Mr. Gladstone up in a towering rage. He bestowed upon the new member a memorable castigation which, by the way, led to the birth of something of the bull pedigree. Amongst other genialities Mr. Smollett called Mr. Gladstone a "trickster." "Let the hon. member," the angry statesman thundered, "rise in his place and say whether he holds to the utterance of the word 'trickster.'"

Mr. Gladstone paused. All eyes were turned to Mr. Smollett seated above the gangway behind Ministers. After a moment's hesitation, he jumped up and hotly said: "I shall not rise again from my seat."

AN UNPARLIAMENTARY WORD.

It was on a later occasion Mr. Smollett forestalled Mr. Kilbride by mystifying the House with broad pronunciation of an innocent word. It happened in debate on an Indian topic, through which Mr. Smollett strode, whacking his flail on both sides. In the course of his boisterous harangue, Sir George Balfour, sitting in his accustomed place above the gangway, ventured to interpolate a meek but critical "Hear! hear!" Smollett turned upon him with the ferocity of a tiger disturbed in its native jungle. "The hon. member cheers," he said, "and I will admit to the fool——"

The few members present stared at each other in indignant surprise. The Speaker half rose from the Chair: in his present

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mood Smollett might be expected to say anything. But publicly to allude to poor old Sir George Balfour as a fool seemed going a little too far.

Smollett, not observing the consternation he had created, concluded his sentence: "I will admit to the fool all that has been said about these unjustifiable annexations."

Then the House discovered that misapprehension had arisen out of the Northerner's pronunciation of the innocent word "full."



"OH, IT WAS ONLY YOU, WAS IT?"

THE RETORT CONCLUSIVE.

A friend old enough to have been in the House of Commons when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister recalls a scene in which there was delivered a speech at once the shortest and, as far as my memory goes, the bitterest ever uttered. It was in the Session of 1862, and, as happened in those days, Lord Palmerston, seated on the Treasury Bench, had fallen fast asleep. A member speaking from a bench immediately behind Ministers delivered a violent diatribe against the foreign policy of the Government. He was, as nearly as the undeveloped resources of the century permitted, something approaching the Ashmead-Bartlett type. It happened that, contrary to his custom, he had said something that needed answering. A colleague rousing the Premier hastily whispered in his ear.

Palmerston, with the instincts of an old war-horse, instantly rose to join in the fray. In his half-dazed state he had evidently misunderstood the source of the attack. "In reply to the right honourable gentleman opposite," he said, concluding assault had come from the usual quarter.

His colleague hastily whispered correction, but was again misunderstood.

"The hon. member below the gangway," said Palmerston, turning in that direction, "has thought fit to attribute to Her Majesty's Ministers——"

Once more his coat-tails were pulled, and with audible inquiry, "Eh? What? What?" This time he mastered the name of the assailant of his policy. He turned round, looked his hon. friend full in the face, and bent towards his colleague, saying, "Oh, it was only you, was it?" and then resumed his seat.

We manage things differently now. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs is hedged about with a ring fence of prohibition to reply to inconsiderate questions from inconsiderable members. Palmerston's procedure was equally effective and more dramatic. But it needs a Palmerston to carry it off.



MR. BRODRICK, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A PROPHECY.

Does anyone read Kinglake's "Eothen" now? Temptation is provided by a little volume, excellently printed and neatly bound, recently issued at a small price by Messrs. Newnes. Looking over it I find a remarkable forecast of the present state of things in Egypt. In the shortest chapter of the book, containing an eloquent apostrophe of the Sphinx, Kinglake writes: "And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will be watching, and watching, the works of the new, busy race with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlastingly."

"Eothen" was published in 1844, at which time Mehemet Pasha had, of his strength, forced the Sultan to concede to him the position of hereditary Viceroy. England had not at the time the slightest foothold in the country, nor was there anything visibly working in that direction. But Kinglake had a clear vision of the far-off future, and fitly framed it in this glowing passage.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

I read in the newspapers how, preaching in the Abbey on a Sunday afternoon, "Canon Gore told a striking story, which he said had come to his ears within the last

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few days. A hardened professional pick-pocket found himself within sight of death, and for the first time in his life had leisure to think. During a somewhat protracted illness the reality of the love of God was vividly borne in upon him, and he became, in the deepest sense, converted from darkness to light. He had received the Sacrament, and was *in articulo mortis*, when the priest, who was reading the commendatory prayer by his bedside, heard a hoarse whisper in his ear, 'Look out for your watch.' As the clergyman raised his head, the man lay dead with the watch in his hand. The will, said Canon Gore, was not strong enough to resist the habitual instinctive motions of the body, yet was strong enough to protest against its own act with the voice."

I know that story. It comes from THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and has journeyed many times round the world since, "within the last few days," it struck the Canon's ear. I am subdued by paternal regret on observing how sadly its points have been rubbed off in the journey. "The priest" was the late Mr. Henry White, and it was during his chaplaincy of the House of Commons that the grim incident occurred. Late one winter night a messenger came to his door and besought his attendance at the bedside of a sick man. He obeyed the summons, and was led to a house in a squalid neighbourhood by Waterloo Bridge. Entering a room lit by a tallow candle, he found a man of wasted frame and haggard features lying on a truckle-bed.

Curious to know why he, living some distance off, should be sent for, he questioned the sick man, who told him that he once dropped in at St. Margaret's Church, where Mr. White was preaching. The subject chanced to be the repentance and salvation of the thief on the Cross. The dying man admitted that he had been a thief from his boyhood, had spent a considerable portion of his still young life in prison. But he was so much touched by the sermon that he had abjured his evil courses, had striven to lead an honest life, had mostly starved, and, feeling he was dying, there came upon him a strong desire to hear again the voice that once so strangely uplifted him.

Mr. White, much affected, prayed by the bedside, then sat and talked with the man. As he grew weaker he leaned over and whispered consoling words. Rising as he heard the death-rattle, he found himself grasped by the watch-chain, his watch in the closed hand of the penitent thief.

The ruling passion, literally, strong in death, propinquity had been irresistible.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

In a recent number I quoted the following verse, with the explanation that I found it among some old papers and was not able to identify the handwriting or the author:—

The head of the Army and Chief of the Fleet
Went out on a visit to Cyprus and Crete.
The natives received them with joyful hurrahs,
Called one of them Neptune, the other one Mars.
They ran up an altar to Stanley forthwith,
And ran up a bookstall to W. H. Smith.

A reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in far-off Rio de Janeiro writes: "The poetry is without doubt twin-brother to the verse which appears in Chapter XII. of the new edition of Maxwell's 'Life of W. H. Smith.' It is there attributed to Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P."

Sir Herbert Maxwell confirms this reference, but admits that he was in error. The author of the *jeu d'esprit* is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, to whom the House of Commons is indebted for many similar flashes of good-humoured badinage. Sir Herbert tells me he found opportunity to correct the error in the pages of *Notes and Queries*.



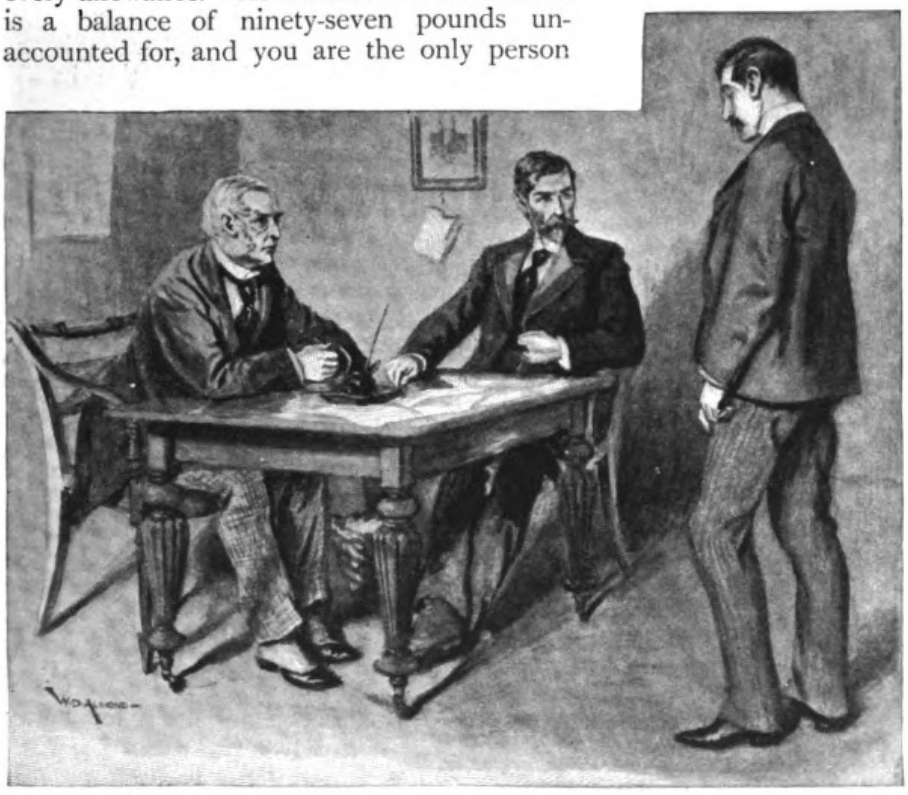
"THE HEAD OF THE ARMY AND CHIEF OF THE FLEET"
MARS: COL. THE HON. A. F. STANLEY.
NEPTUNE: THE LATE W. H. SMITH.

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Saved by a Train Wrecker.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"I THINK you had better attempt no explanation, Mr. Halbon," the senior partner was saying to me, very quietly. "No," he went on, as I was on the point of interrupting him, "either to excuse or to incriminate yourself. For the sake of your father, who was one of the staunchest and best servants the firm ever possessed, and for the sake of his widow, Mr. Sampson and myself have determined to make his son every allowance. As the matter stands there is a balance of ninety-seven pounds unaccounted for, and you are the only person who can make it right. If the amount is—ahem!—replaced by this day fortnight, nothing more will be said. But if not——" "Then," went on Mr. Sampson, the junior partner, "the firm will require your services no longer, Mr. Halbon. Possibly, for the sake of those whom Mr. Marsh has mentioned, we shall not take any more stringent measures; but, of course, such a dismissal, without reason or references, would be ruin to you. We trust, therefore, that you will be able to rectify the mistake. Good afternoon."



"THERE IS A BALANCE OF NINETY-SEVEN POUNDS UNACCOUNTED FOR."

Ruin! That was just the word for it all, and it rang in my ears with terrible significance as I left the presence of the two partners and took my seat at a desk in the office outside. For although they had not named the word, the terrible charge that was staring me in the face was embezzlement. They had discovered it all. Fool that I had been; alas, the duplicate of many. Not half-a-dozen years out of my teens, with a berth that many an older man might have envied, the under-cashier in the wealthy firm of Marsh and Sampson, of Silkminster, one of the largest houses in the Midlands, a business in which my father had seen fifty years' service, with a good and increasing salary, and a certain prospect of advancement and retiring pension, that was the position from which I, Frank Halbon, had now every chance of falling. It was the old story—tipsters' advertisements, turfy associates, a bulky betting-book, bad starters and worse losers, debts of honour, and threatened exposure, and with it all the constant handling of cash. And so the temptation came. Like many another, I simply "borrowed it"—nothing more. But before I had time to pay it back the hideous transaction stood revealed, and I knew that my employers regarded me as a thief. And yet they were giving me one chance: just one chance for honour—for everything that makes life worth living—a breathing spell of a fortnight.

Could I do it? I asked myself the question that night in the solitude of my lodgings. I

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had been invited out to spend the evening at the house of my *fiancée*. Alas, I dared not face her now. So I sat alone in an agony of anxious thought. Time after time I counted out my resources. The utmost I could scrape together was twenty-four shillings, and, look where I would, I could not see my way to laying my hand on more.

The game was up; that was evident. And out of the situation there grew the desire, stronger and stronger, to get away, anywhere from Silkminster — to London, perhaps—London, whither every fortune-hunter or fortune-loser turns his steps. At length a definite plan took possession of me. I had one article of value left, my bicycle, and I determined to ride it up to London, a distance of a hundred odd miles or so, and sell it when I got there. More than that, I made up my mind to start that very night. I was just in the mood for it. I wanted to do something, and here was the chance.

Hastily I packed a few things in my bicycle "hold-all," filled my lamp, knocked at my landlady's door, and said: "I am going for a long ride, Mrs. Smith—to see a friend. He'll be almost sure to ask me to stay the night, so don't expect me till to-morrow evening."

"Lor', sir," said Mrs. Smith, "you're going rather sudden, ain't you?"

I had been with her for some years, and she was quite devoted to me. I felt the parting—the first wrench from the world of my friends.

"Yes," I said, hastily, "I have made up my mind rather quickly. Good night, Mrs. Smith."

And in another minute I was bowling through the suburbs of Silkminster, until the houses became more and more scattered, the lamp-posts began to disappear, and at length I was out in the open country speeding away on the road that led to London.

It must have been after half-past eight when I started. It was a dark night, but I knew this part of the road pretty well, and was putting in a good ten miles an hour. Just before eleven o'clock I pulled up for a few minutes in the little town of Dullminster, and refreshed myself with a pint of ale at an inn.

"Don't ye want a bed for the night?" asked the landlord, seeing my dusty condition.

"Oh, I think I'll get on a bit farther," I replied.

"A bit farther? Which way are ye ridin', young man?"

"Towards London."

"Lunnon, eh? Well, there ain't a decent place till ye get to Egghurst, and that's a good fourteen miles further, through a lonesome bit o' country, too. And it's a chance but what ye'll get none there so late. Better stop, sir!"



"'DON'T YE WANT A BED FOR THE NIGHT?' ASKED THE LANDLORD."

But he urged me in vain. Foolish as I knew it was to go on, the demon of unrest held unbounded possession of me, and I determined to ride till I could go no farther—it was the only thing that took me at all out of myself. So, once more mounting my machine, I was soon pedalling along through the lonely darkness.

Dullminster was now a good five miles behind me, and I had entered upon a stretch of road that was more than usually dreary and secluded. On my right was an open expanse of common, and on my left, on the top of an embankment, the main line of the Great West-Northern Railway ran for some two

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or three miles parallel with the road, a hedge between me and the bottom of the embankment. The momentary flash of a warning red light on a signal-post as I began riding by the side of this embankment set my mind flowing in a new channel. The whole country had recently been aroused to the sense of a terrible danger. The most cold-blooded and dastardly attempts were being made on certain of our great trunk railways to wreck express trains. Some of these attempts were successful, and more than one accident was the result; some were discovered only just in time to prevent an appalling disaster; while others fortunately proved powerless to upset the magnificent engines and trains for which they were intended.

In spite of every precaution, in spite of systems of patrolling the line and the work of scores of detectives, the miscreant or miscreants who plied this abominable trade remained undetected.

Engine-drivers, one of the pluckiest class of men in the kingdom, grew nervous and distrustful. The foot-plate became a post that meant a terrible and sudden danger. Strong men clutched tremblingly at the regulator handle as they dashed away through the open country in the darkness of the night, and heaved a sigh of relief as they signed "off duty" at the journey's end. Many a man actually refused promotion point-blank because he feared to drive a night express. The matter was, in short, becoming serious, and more than one railway company offered a very large reward for the discovery and arrest of the train-wrecking fiend. All this flashed across me as I plodded along, slowly now, for I was riding on rising ground, and my legs were beginning to give out a bit. I had ridden over thirty miles with only a few minutes' stop, and the nervous and physical strain was telling on me a little.

Suddenly, as I was riding thus slowly I happened to glance upward at the railway embankment, and started violently at what I saw. There, outlined against the dim sky, was the figure of a man, now standing, now stooping downward, seemingly doing something to the metals. The situation flashed across me in a moment. It was the train-wrecking fiend at work! Carefully I alighted from my machine, making up my mind the while how to act. The whole thing came as a flood of relief to me. If he were really placing something on the line he was a desperate fellow, and to attack him would be desperate—just the very thing for a man in my mood. And then there came across me another thought. The Great West-Northern had offered a hundred pounds' reward. What if I should win it? If so, I was saved!

This idea gave me courage as I clambered over the low hedge and crawled stealthily up the embankment. At length my head came on a level with the top. Good! He had seen and heard nothing. There he was stooping down with his back towards me, lashing something with a rope to the down metals. Ten yards separated us. Setting my teeth, I prepared for the attack.

With a spring I was upon him; but too late. He had heard me as soon as I left the grassy slope and my feet sounded upon the ballast, and in a moment he was on his legs and facing me.

I managed to get in one good blow under his guard with my left hand, which caught him square on the jaw, and with my right hand I seized him by the collar.



"I SEIZED HIM BY THE COLLAR."

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"Curse you, let go!" he cried.

"Not I," I shouted back.

"Then take that," he replied.

There was a glitter of steel as he raised his right hand aloft and struck at my breast. But I was too quick for him. Half-turning the blow aside, I caught it on the left fore-arm. I felt the knife slip up under my sleeve, and the sharp point as it entered my flesh. That only gave me redoubled fury. Releasing my grip on his collar, I gave his right elbow an upward blow, that sent the knife spinning away out of his hand right down the embankment, and the next instant I had dodged to the left, made a feint of rushing past him, and had tripped him up with a heavy back-throw with my right arm and leg—a dodge which I had picked up during a holiday in Cornwall. He fell, with an oath, striking the back of his head against the rail, and lay there, stunned, like a log. The battle was mine!

But there was more to be done and no time to be lost. I had to remove the obstructions from the metals and to secure my prisoner. I wanted light on the scene. Hastily I dashed down the embankment, took off my bicycle lamp, and hurried back again. Then I saw the extent of his devilment.

He had managed to get three old sleepers, which were probably lying by the side of the track awaiting removal. Two of these he had lashed firmly across the metals, with a space of about a couple of feet between. The third he had been in the act of securing between them, pointing at an angle towards the train, so that it would catch under the bed-plate of the engine and wreck the works. The third sleeper I removed. Then I took the piece of rope he had been about to use, and tied the wretch's arms behind him, lashing his feet together also. Having disposed of him, I was turning my attention to the other two sleepers, when an ominous roar in the distance, in the direction of London, startled me. A train was coming! With a yell of despair, I set to work at those ropes. It was no use. I could not undo them in time. I felt in my pockets—no! I had left my knife at home. Ah, there was the train-wrecker's weapon! Where was it? Alas! it would have taken me too much time to find it in the long grass of the embankment. With horror, I glanced ahead. There, in the distance, were two gleaming lights of the approaching train. How could I stop it?

As I asked myself this question I felt something warm trickling from my left arm. I turned my lantern on it. Blood—dripping red blood from the knife-wound, which I had forgotten.

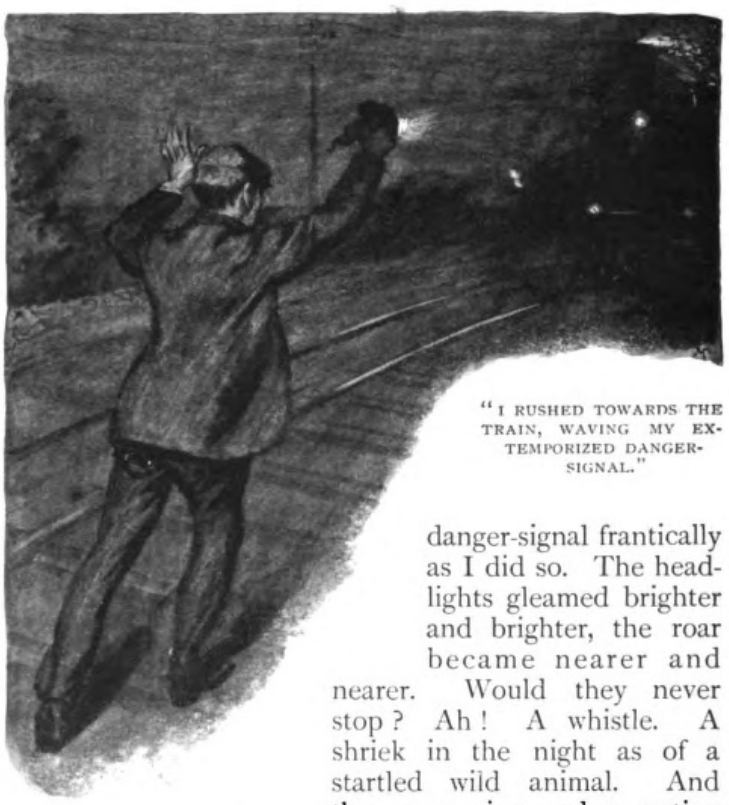
Ah! An inspiration. And with a prayer that it might not be too late, I proceeded to put it into execution. Drawing out my handkerchief I quickly applied it to my arm. In three or four seconds it was saturated with blood.

I glanced ahead again. Oh, those lights! They were only about half a mile from me now.

Hastily I folded the dripping handkerchief twice or thrice, and stretched it across the face of my bicycle lamp.

Eureka! I held in my hand a red light!

Stumbling, running, leaping, I rushed towards the train, waving my extemporized danger-signal frantically as I did so. The head-lights gleamed brighter and brighter, the roar became nearer and nearer. Would they never stop? Ah! A whistle. A shriek in the night as of a startled wild animal. And then a rasping and a grating of brake-blocks, a stream of flying sparks from the rails as the wheels dragged along them, a glare of light in my very face, and a hoarse voice from the foot-plate.



"I RUSHED TOWARDS THE TRAIN, WAVING MY EXTEMPORIZED DANGER-SIGNAL."

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"What's up, then? D'ye know you're stopping the Silkminster Express?"

"Thank God, I have!" I answered. And then for a few minutes all was black—the excitement and the loss of blood were too much for me. When I came to there was a crowd of passengers around me, and they gave me some stimulant.

"Have they got him?" I asked.

"Got him? Aye, we've got him," said the guard, "and we won't let him go in a hurry. You tied him uppretty tight. Lucky you stopped us, for we'd have been wrecked certain. But it's the rummiest danger-signal I ever heard of. Now then," he added, "take your seats, please. The line's clear now. What can we do with you, sir?"

"I'll go with you to Silkminster," I said. "I live there. And I think you'll carry my bicycle without charging for it, eh?"



"'WE WILL NOT ASK,' HE SAID, 'FOR ANY EXPLANATION.'"

They got my machine from the road, and I travelled in a first-class carriage back to Silkminster. The kindly guard, who had a knowledge of ambulance work, had bound up my wound, which was a very slight one. One of my travelling companions, curiously enough, was a director of the line, and to him I told the story how I had captured the train-wrecker. He congratulated me heartily, and told me that the company would certainly pay me the reward.

"Excuse me," I said, "but may I ask for it at once—that is, within this fortnight? The truth is that the money is a god-send to me. It will save me from ruin."

And it did. A week afterwards I was able to walk into the partners' office with my books properly balanced. Mr. Marsh shook me by the hand.

"We will not ask," he said, "for any explanation of the mistake or how it has been rectified. We only trust that our method of dealing with you will prevent such a mistake from ever occurring again, for in that case not even such a plucky action as that which you achieved last week—or the result of it—will save you. But now we trust the matter is at an end for ever."

And so it was. I do not think the partners will have cause to complain of me again. And the day that I saw Joseph Berch, ex-servant of the Great West-Northern, discharged in disgrace, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for attempting to wreck the express, I could not help inwardly thanking the wretch for saving me from ruin and given me back all.

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Over the Alps in a Balloon.

By Charles Herbert.

IN the June Number of The Strand Magazine a number of photographs of Switzerland, taken by the famous aeronaut, Captain Edward Spelterini, during his balloon trips, were given, and promise was then made that some of the captain's beautiful mountain photographs would appear in an early number. We are now able to fulfil this promise, and to present to our readers a series of pictures which we have no hesitation in proclaiming absolutely unique.

As everyone knows, the camera has been very successfully applied to the photography of mountain scenery, and the Alpine views of Signor Vittoria Sella, Mr. Clinton T. Dent, and others are beautiful specimens of this branch of the art. What gives to the photographs here reproduced their extraordinary charm and interest is the fact that they have been taken from a balloon. To take photographs from a balloon is, of course, in itself nothing new, but no one before Captain Spelterini conceived the idea of crossing the Alps in a balloon, and of utilizing a camera to depict the scenery through which it travels. On the difficulty of balloon photography we touched in the article to which reference has just been made. It will be enough, therefore, to say that to attain the best results great patience, ingenuity, resource, and skill are required.

The pictures in these pages could not have been obtained in any other way, for although striking photographs may be taken from the tops of high peaks, still, the effects are nothing compared to the grandeur and magnificence of photographs taken from a swiftly moving air-ship of the country below.

Captain Spelterini's original intention was to go from Sion, in Canton Valais, to Lake Constance. In conjunction with many eminent savants, he had studied, for some time past, the direction of the principal wind-currents of Switzerland. It was discovered that the currents in the Central Alps flowed, as a rule, either from north-east to south-west, or west-south-west to east-north-east. As a matter of fact, instead of being carried north-east, Captain Spelterini and his companions were taken in a north-westerly direction.



CAPTAIN EDWARD SPELTERINI.
From a Photo. by C. Ruf, Basel.

Starting from Sion, the "Vega" (so the balloon was named) went towards the Lake of Geneva, then crossed the Jura, and was brought down at a place called Rivière les Fosses, on the boundaries of the Departments of Haute-Marne and Côte d'Or, between Dijon and Langres. It may be as well now to describe the photographs taken on this trip which appear in these pages.

No. 1 is Sion, the capital of Canton Valais, whence the start was made. The old town, with its castles on isolated hills and its background of mountains, has a romantic appearance. On the height to the left of the photograph are the ruins of the episcopal castle of Tourbillon, erected in 1294, and burned down in 1788. On the lower hill to the right, on the site of a Roman fort, stands the old castle of Valeria, surrounded by towers and other buildings, among which is the Church of Notre Dame de Valère.

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1.—SION, WHERE THE BALLOON STARTED.

This photograph of Sion was taken at a height of 900 mètres at 10.53, just after the "Vega" had slowly been released from her moorings. "We rose," said Captain Spelterini, "in bright sunshine towards a magnificent blue sky. Thousands of lusty throats below shouted their farewells to the fast-disappearing adventurers. We rose to 1,000 mètres and then to 2,000 mètres. A grand sight was presented to our wondering gaze, and so beautiful and inspiring was the picture that no one of the occupants of the car could find words to adequately express his feelings."

No. 2 was taken at 11.15 at a height of 3,000 mètres. It shows the Valley of the Rhone, looking towards Sion. No. 3 was taken fourteen minutes later than the preceding one, and the "Vega" had now ascended to a height of 4,100 mètres.

"The glorious Valley of the Rhone," writes Dr. Maurer, who accompanied Captain Spelterini, "extended far below us; the mountains rising on both sides were seen with beautiful clearness. Further south, half hidden by seas of wondrous clouds, we



2.—THE RHONE VALLEY, LOOKING TOWARDS SION.

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3.—THE RHONE VALLEY FOURTEEN MINUTES LATER.

discerned the mountains of Savoy. The glorious expanse of the dark blue Lake of Geneva greeted us from below, but words are not to be found wherewith even the very faintest description can be given of the glorious panorama that unfolded itself before our awestruck eyes."

In No. 3 the Rhone can just be seen winding its way between its watershed. No. 4 is a striking picture of mountains and clouds. It was taken at a height of 4,300 mètres at 11.42¾. We are looking north-east over the valley known as Ormont-Dessus to the heights of the Bernese Oberland. No. 5 was taken a few minutes later, and the cloud effects are quite different. In the foreground we have a great billowy mass completely obscuring the view, but in the distance majestic peaks rear their heads. No. 6 was taken at an altitude of 4,200 mètres while the "Vega" was almost directly over the rocky Creux de Champ, the base of the Diablerets. The valley of Ormont-Dessus lies to the left. When No. 7 was taken the "Vega" had reached an altitude of 4,300 mètres (over 2½ miles): the photograph will give some idea of the magnificent sights which rewarded those who undertook the historic voyage we are now describing. The huge masses of snowy clouds certainly obscure the view beneath, but we get, nevertheless, a picture of sublime beauty.

Still pursuing its course to the north-west the "Vega" comes again within sight of the Rhone Valley. From Sion the Rhone flows south till it reaches Martigny, where it turns sharply to the north and makes for the Lake of Geneva. In No. 8 the Rhone is visible



4.—MOUNTAINS AND CLOUDS. THE ORMONT-DESSUS VALLEY.

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5.—SAME VIEW A FEW MINUTES LATER.

to the left of the photograph. The next two photographs (Nos. 9 and 10) were taken while the "Vega" was making its way towards the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva, at heights varying from 4,500 to 5,000 mètres.

In No. 11 the river is seen running right across the middle of the photograph, which was taken while the "Vega" was at a height of 5,300 mètres.

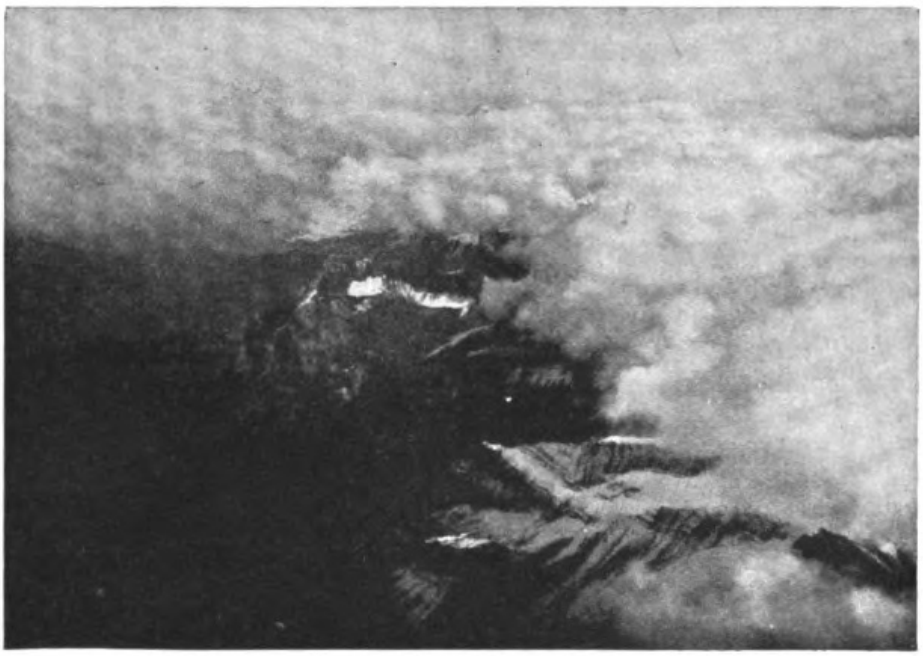
No. 12 shows us that the Lake of Geneva has been reached, and Villeneuve, Veytaux, Montreux, and Clarens are visible. The time was eight minutes past twelve. On leaving the Lake of Geneva the "Vega" was carried almost in a straight line to the south-west end of the Lake of Neuchâtel, when the balloon was almost over Moudon and at an altitude of 5,200 mètres.

No. 13, taken at three minutes past one, shows us that the "Vega" has arrived at the Lake of Neuchâtel. The town at the extremity of the lake is Yverdon.

The last photograph (No. 14) was taken one hour and twenty minutes later, when the "Vega" was at a height of 6,500 mètres. The cloud effects here are of extraordinary beauty, and from the picture some faint idea of the loveliness of the actual scene may be obtained. The voyagers were now over French soil, and right below the clouds in our illustration is the Valley of the Oignon.

Captain Spelterini was interviewed after his ascent, and expressed himself as follows:—

"The balloon at first ascended to a height of 2,500 mètres. I sought a favourable wind-current, but I was taken to the north-west and driven over the Diablerets and the Glacier of the Fleuron, at an altitude of 4,500 mètres. Then we mounted perpendicularly over the Rochers de Naye, and over Oron we sailed 6,300 mètres high, the temperature being 21deg. Centigrade below zero. We were then 2,100 mètres higher than the summit of the Jungfrau. The view over the whole of Switzerland was of immense grandeur. Towards the west all was bright. On the



6.—OVER THE CREUX DE CHAMP.

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east Rigi, Pilatus, and Saintes reared their heads above the seas of cloud. We suffered but little from the cold, scarcely shivered, in fact; but we felt sleepy. For a long time the balloon hovered above the mountains to a height exceeding 5,000 mètres, and travelled at about fifteen mètres per second. When over Le Grey, near Besançon, the 'Vega' again attained an altitude of 6,300 mètres, or 20,670ft. From that point we sought a landing-place, and the balloon eventually descended at 4.30 p.m. in a field between Langres and Dijon, in the Côte d'Or. A strong east wind was blowing, but after some dragging the anchor held fast, and we all landed in safety."



7.—CLOUDS ON ALPINE SUMMITS. FROM AN ELEVATION OF OVER 2½ MILES.

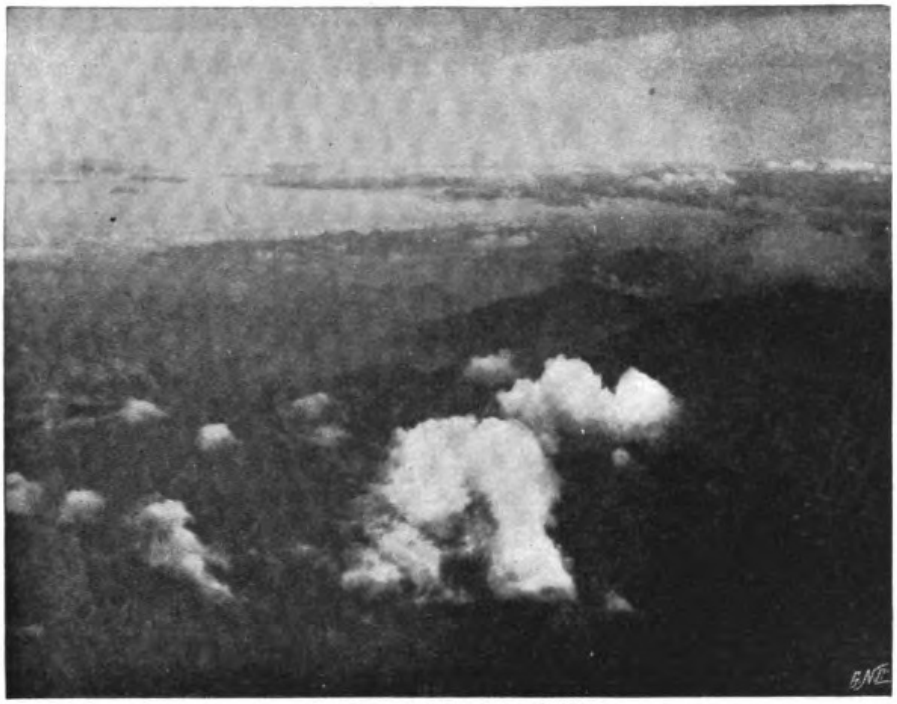
The photographs of mountain scenery and of Swiss towns, taken by Captain Spelterini, are the finest of their kind in existence. The point of view from which they were taken, in order that they might be of the greatest use for cartography, geography, and geology, was carefully planned and thought out before the balloon started on its journey.

During the voyage frequent observations were made simultaneously at the Swiss meteorological stations, and by various instruments (such as registering aneroid barometers and controlling quicksilver barometers) carried in the balloon itself. By this plan the differences of the direction and rapidity of the wind in the various high



8.—THE RHONE, NEAR MARTIGNY.

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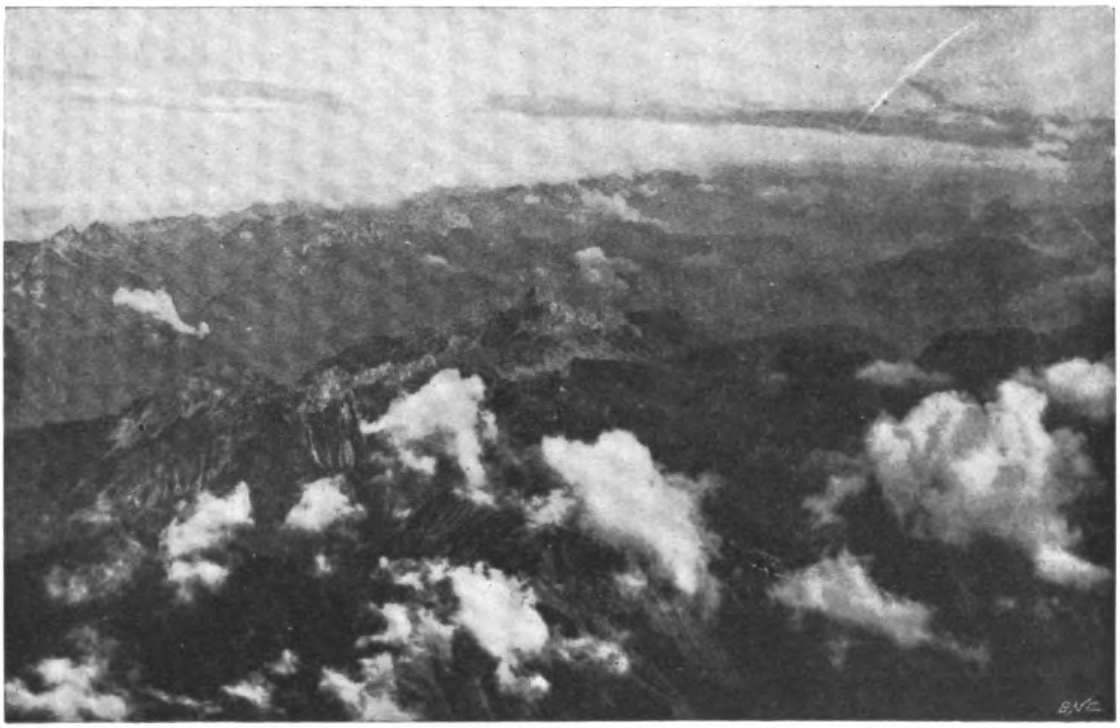


9.—APPROACHING LAKE GENEVA.

strata of air were obtained. Careful observations were made from the air-ship as to the humidity, temperature, air-pressure, the radiation of solar heat, the colour phenomena of the atmosphere, the various strata of vapour, and the formation of clouds.

Dr. Maurer, Director of the Meteorological Institute at Zurich, who accompanied Captain Spelterini on his journey, has been good enough to write for THE STRAND MAGAZINE a little account of the voyage of the "Vega" over the Alps, and some extracts from this may here be given. Dr. Maurer remarks that for a journey such as this it was necessary to have the very latest balloon fittings and material, and that the purest hydrogen gas had to be used.

"A special commissioner was appointed to decide upon the route to be taken and to fix upon the starting-point, and the advice of experts in meteorology, geology, geography, and photography was requisitioned. A special balloon of great size was constructed in the factory of George Besaçon, at Paris, for the purpose of the expedition. Great care was taken in its manufacture, and no fewer than 6,336 different pieces of silk were used. The dimensions were as follows: Diameter, 60ft. 3in.; contents, 115,414 cubic feet; weight of balloon, basket, and network, about 2,020lb.; carrying power,



10.—STILL APPROACHING THE LAKE.

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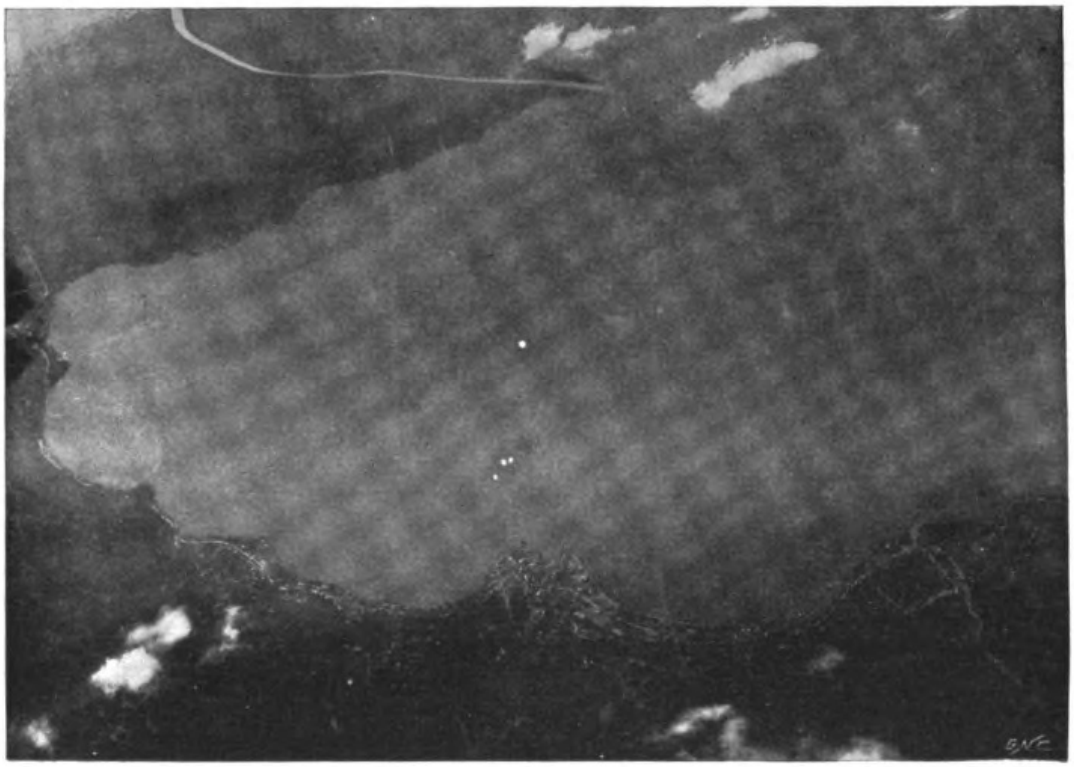


11.—THE RHONE NEAR THE LAKE.

7,400lb. The 'Vega' contained 3,268 cubic mètres of gas, was nearly 200ft. in height, and two tons of ballast were carried. The car contained a complete set of observatory fittings wherewith to register and record permanently important meteorological observations on air-pressure, temperature, and moisture.

"The directing of the 'Vega' and the photographic work were intrusted to Captain Spelterini. I myself (viz., Dr. Maurer) accompanied the expedition as special scientific observer of meteorological phenomena. Professor Heim, of Zurich, and Dr. Biedermann, of Warsaw, a former pupil of Professor Heim, made up the party. Captain Spelterini's original intention was to start towards the latter end of September, as from former experiments it had been found that a suitable south-westerly wind blowing over the Alpine crest might then be expected.

"Sion was chosen as the place of ascent, because if the expected south-westerly wind



12.—THE RHONE ENTERING THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

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13.—YVERDON, ON LAKE NEUCHATEL.

were to fail it would at least be possible to pass over some of the other glacial stretches of Switzerland. Much sympathy and interest at home and abroad were shown in this remarkable expedition, the International Aeronautical Commission arranging for simultaneous scientific ascents to take place at as many European centres as possible. Passenger balloons rose simultaneously from the Trappe Observatory, near Paris, and also from Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Balloons without passengers, but carrying recording instruments, were also sent from Sion and St. Petersburg, and were destined to reach specially high altitudes.

"The 'Vega' was ready at Sion on the 2nd of October, 1898, but only on Monday, October 3rd, at 8 a.m., did messages arrive from the Meteorological Institute and mountain stations on Pilatus and Saintes to the effect that the atmospheric prospects were considered favourable. Immediately Professor D. Hergesell, President of the Aeronautical Commission, telegraphed to the various International stations throughout Europe that the other balloons were to be liberated on the stroke of 11 a.m. on the same day.

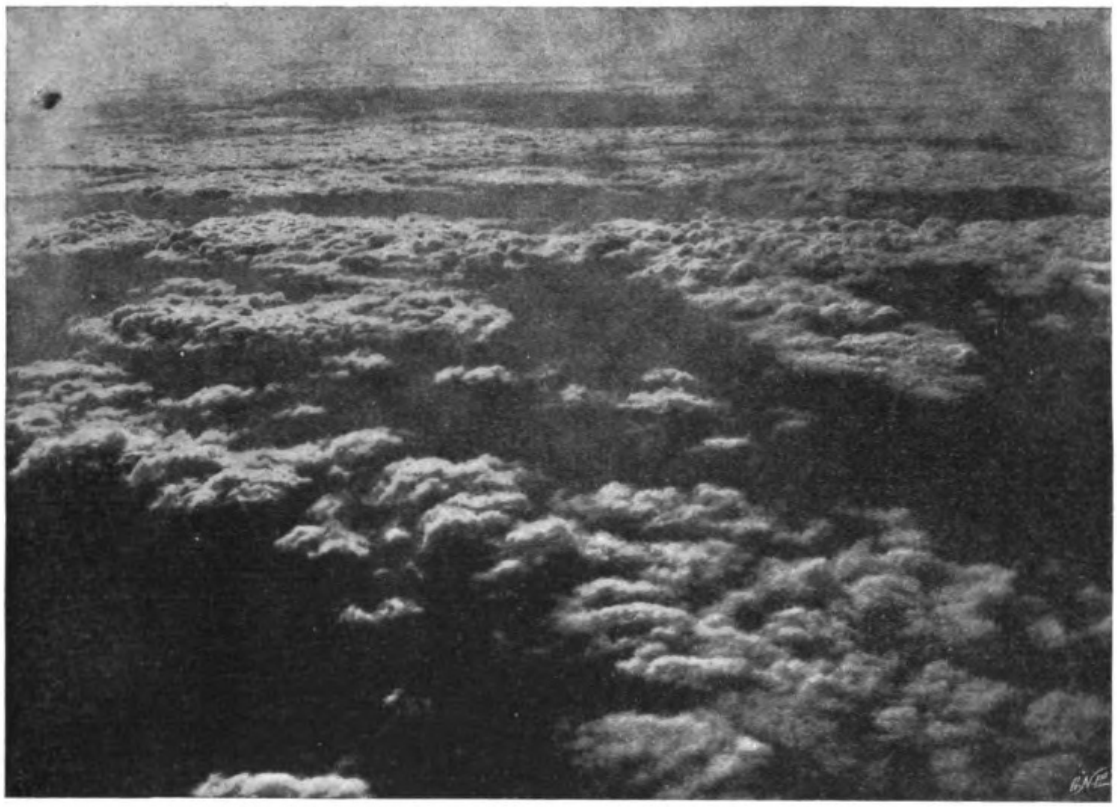
"The weather on the day of the ascent was magnificent, and a great crowd assembled to see the 'Vega' start, for immense interest had been aroused in this daring attempt to cross the Alps. At 10.53 M. Surcouf, the Paris engineer who had superintended the filling of the balloon with hydrogen, gave the order to let go. Immediately it shot upwards in a straight line to a great height, while the crowd below gave us a right good send off.

"The 'Vega' was seized by air-currents and driven in a north-westerly direction towards the Diablerets. The Matterhorn and Monte Rosa bowed their snowy heads to us as we were whirled along, and through broken seas of clouds we obtained glimpses of nearly the whole of Northern Switzerland as far as Saintes, whilst Pilatus, Rigi, and other giants towered high above the sea of clouds. Far ahead of us lay the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, Jungfrau, Monch, and Finster-Aarhorn, partly hidden by clouds, yet recognisable. At 12.40 we had risen to nearly 6,000ft., and the barometer registered 17deg. C. I began to feel weaker, little by little; an almost overpowering desire for sleep possessed me, and I had to rouse myself with a will. My pulse increased rapidly. I seized the tube that led from the oxygen-cylinder, and inhaled the life-giving gas deep into my lungs. The headache and heart-thrilling ceased like magic, and I became myself once more.

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"Looking round at my companions I saw that Professor Heim's beard was one mass of icicles and his usually fresh complexion was as yellow as wax. Captain Spelterini's complexion assumed a dark-brown hue; his usually powerful voice sounded hollow and toneless, not unlike a voice from another world. The silence was almost unbearable and painful in its intensity. A little after four o'clock we decided to descend, and it was only when the 'Vega' began to seek lower regions that I noticed how cold it must have been in spite of the beautiful sunshine we had enjoyed. My fingers were numbed with the cold. We descended speedily, however, as the rapid falling of the barometer showed. Two bags of ballast were thrown overboard, My neighbour on the right and I grasped the ropes above our heads and lifted ourselves as best we could, whilst the captain again pulled the valve-strings, and the gas escaped with a tremendous hiss. The car struck mother earth with considerable force, and the 'Vega' lifted itself once more and dragged us yet farther; we experienced more bumps and then a tremendous pull, the anchor held fast, and we were safe, while the instruments escaped with but slight injuries.

"We came down on French soil at Rivière les Fosses at 4.30. The direct north-westerly route of the 'Vega' measured 232 kilomètres, and this distance was covered in 5hrs. 42min. The average speed of the whole voyage was about 11·3 mètres per second.



14.—CLOUDS ABOVE THE VALLEY OF OIGNON—FROM AN ELEVATION OF OVER 4 MILES.

covering both instruments and passengers with a fine layer of sand, as the 'Vega' fell ever so much quicker than the fine sand which our bags contained. The earth seemed to fly towards us with amazing rapidity.

"Captain Spelterini's sharp eye had quickly chosen an advantageous landing-place, and the anchor was thrown. I proceeded to pack up the various instruments, when Spelterini cried out, 'Beware, we are bumping!' The lowest temperature recorded (at an altitude of 6,400 mètres) was 21deg. below zero.

"Never before has a balloon been known to travel in a direct horizontal line for so long a distance, considering the great altitude of nearly 7,000 mètres. Needless to add, the wonders of the journey will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to accomplish it, so long as they live."

In our former article, entitled "SWITZERLAND FROM A BALLOON," it was erroneously stated that the greatest height attained by Captain Spelterini was 2,500 mètres; the correct figures were 6,800 mètres.

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

VI.—THE EPISODE OF THE LETTER WITH THE BASINGSTOKE POST-MARK.

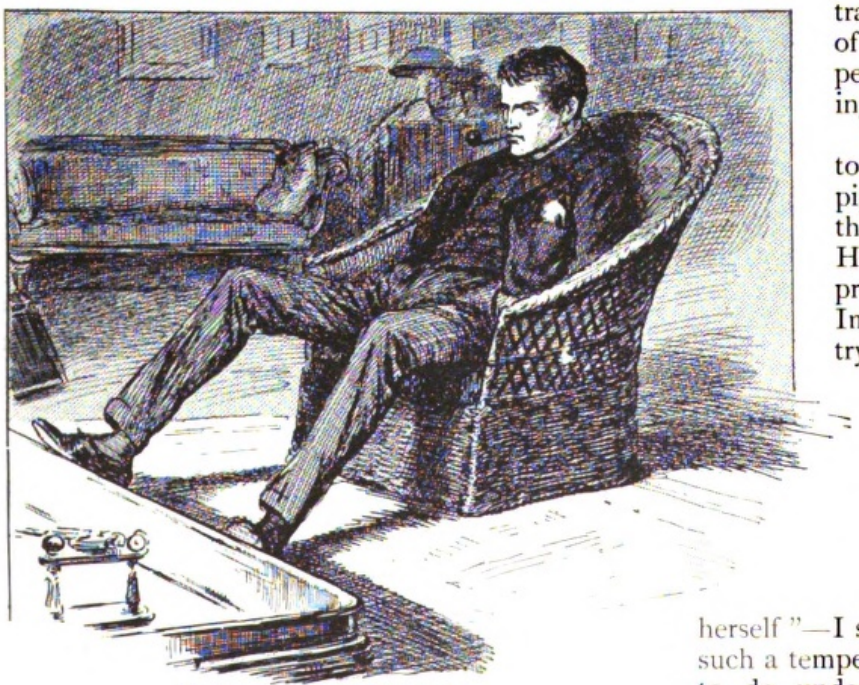
I HAVE a vast respect for my grandfather. He was a man of forethought. He left me a modest little income of seven hundred a year, well invested. Now, seven hundred a year is not exactly wealth; but it is an unobtrusive competence: it permits a bachelor to move about the world and choose at will his own profession. *I* chose medicine: but I was not wholly dependent upon it. So I honoured my grandfather's wise disposition of his worldly goods: though, oddly enough, my cousin Tom (to whom he left his watch and five hundred pounds) speaks *most* disrespectfully of his character and intellect.

Thanks to my grandfather's silken-sailed barque, therefore, when I found myself practically dismissed from Nathaniel's, I was not thrown on my beam-ends, as most young men in my position would have been: I had time and opportunity for the favourite pastime of looking about me. Of course, had I chosen, I might have fought the case to the bitter end against Sebastian: he could not dismiss me—that lay with the committee. But I hardly cared to fight. In the first place, though I had found him out as a man, I still respected him as a great teacher: and in the second place (which is always more important), I wanted to find and follow Hilda.

To be sure, Hilda, in that enigmatic letter of hers, had implored me not to seek her out: but I think you will admit there is one request which no man can grant to the girl he loves—and that is the request to keep away from her. If Hilda did not want *me*, I wanted Hilda: and being a man, I meant to find her.

My chances of discovering her whereabouts, however, I had to confess to myself (when it came to the point) were extremely slender. She had vanished from my horizon, melted into space: my sole hint of a clue consisted in the fact that the letter she sent me had been posted at Basingstoke. Here then was my problem: given an envelope with the Basingstoke postmark, to find in what part of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America the writer of it might be discovered. It opened up a fine field for speculation.

When I set out to face this broad puzzle, my first idea was: "I must ask Hilda." In all circumstances of difficulty I had grown accustomed to submitting my doubts and surmises to her acute intelligence; and her instinct almost always supplied the right solution. But now Hilda was gone; it was Hilda herself I wished to track through the labyrinth of the world; I could expect no assistance in tracking her from Hilda.



"OVER A REFLECTIVE PIPE."

"Let me think," I said to myself, over a reflective pipe, with feet poised on the fender. "How would Hilda herself have approached this problem? Imagine I'm Hilda. I must try to strike a trail by applying her own methods to her own character. She would have attacked the question, no doubt"—here I eyed my pipe wisely—"from the psychological side: she would have asked herself"—I stroked my chin—"what such a temperament as hers was likely to do under such-and-such circum-

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stances. And she would have answered it aright. But then"—I puffed away once or twice—"*she* is Hilda."

When I came to reconnoitre the matter in this light, I became at once aware how great a gulf separated the clumsy male intelligence from the immediate and almost unerring intuitions of a clever woman. I am considered no fool: in my own profession, I may venture to say, I was Sebastian's favourite pupil. Yet, though I asked myself over and over again where Hilda would be likely to go—Canada, China, Australia—as the outcome of her character, in these given conditions, I got no answer. I stared at the fire and reflected. I smoked two successive pipes, and shook out the ashes. "Let me consider how Hilda's temperament would work," I said, looking sagacious. I said it several times—but there I stuck. I went no further. The solution would not come. I felt that in order to play Hilda's part it was necessary first to have Hilda's headpiece. Not every man can bend the bow of Ulysses.

As I turned the problem over in my mind, however, one phrase at last came back to me—a phrase which Hilda herself had let fall when we were debating a very similar point about poor Hugo Le Geyt: "If I were in his place, what do you think I would do?—why, hide myself at once in the greenest recesses of our Carnarvonshire mountains."

She must have gone to Wales, then. I had her own authority for saying so. . . . . And yet—Wales? Wales? I pulled myself up with a jerk: in that case, how did she come to be passing by Basingstoke?

Was the postmark a blind? Had she hired someone to take the letter somewhere for her, on purpose to put me off on a false track? I could hardly think so. Besides, the time was against it. I saw Hilda at Nathaniel's in the morning: the very same evening I received the envelope with the Basingstoke postmark.

"If I were in his place": yes, true; but, now I come to think on it, *were* the positions really parallel? Hilda was not flying for her life from justice: she was only endeavouring to escape Sebastian—and myself. The instances she had quoted of the mountaineer's curious homing instinct—the wild yearning he feels at moments of great straits to bury himself among the nooks of his native hills—were they not all instances of murderers pursued by the police? It was abject terror that drove these men to their burrows. But Hilda was not a murderer: she was not dogged by remorse, despair, or the myrmidons of the law: it was murder she was avoiding, not the punishment of murder. That made, of course, an obvious difference. "Irrevocably far from London," she said. Wales is a suburb. I gave up the idea that it was likely to prove her place of refuge from the two men she was bent on escaping. Hong-Kong, after all, seemed more probable than Llanberis.

That first failure gave me a clue, however, as to the best way of applying Hilda's own methods. "What would such a person do under the circumstances?" that was her way of putting the question. Clearly, then, I must first decide what *were* the circumstances. Was Sebastian speaking the truth? Was Hilda Wade, or was she not, the daughter of the supposed murderer, Dr. Yorke-Bannerman?

I looked up as much of the case as I could, in unobtrusive ways, among the old law-reports, and found that the barrister who had had charge of the defence was my father's old friend, Mr. Horace Mayfield, a man of elegant tastes, and the means to gratify them.

I went to call on him on Sunday evening at his artistically luxurious house in Onslow Gardens. A sedate footman answered the bell. Fortunately, Mr. Mayfield was at home, and, what is rarer, disengaged. You do not always find a successful Q.C. at his ease among his books, beneath the electric light, ready to give up a vacant hour to friendly colloquy.

"Remember Yorke-Bannerman's case?" he said, a huge smile breaking slowly like a wave over his genial fat face—Horace Mayfield resembles a great good-humoured toad, with bland manners and a capacious double chin—"I should just say I *did!* Bless my soul—why, yes," he beamed, "I was Yorke-Bannerman's counsel. Excellent fellow, Yorke-Bannerman—most unfortunate end, though—precious clever chap, too! Had an astounding memory. Recollected every symptom of every patient he ever attended. And *such* an eye! Diagnosis? It was clairvoyance! A gift—no less. Knew what was the matter with you the moment he looked at you."

That sounded like Hilda. The same surprising power of recalling facts: the same keen faculty for interpreting character or the signs of feeling. "He poisoned somebody, I believe," I murmured, casually. "An uncle of his, or something."

Mayfield's great squat face wrinkled: the double chin, folding down on the neck,

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became more ostentatiously double than ever. "Well, I can't admit that," he said, in his suave voice, twirling the string of his eye-glass. "I was Yorke-Bannerman's advocate, you see; and therefore I was paid not to admit it. Besides, he was a friend of mine, and I always liked him. But I *will* allow that the case *did* look a trifle black against him."

"Ha? Looked black, did it?" I faltered.

The judicious barrister shrugged his shoulders. A genial smile spread oilily once more over his smooth face. "None of my business to say so," he answered, puckering the corners of his eyes. "Still, it was a long time ago: and the circumstances certainly *were* suspicious. Perhaps on the whole, Hubert, it was just as well the poor fellow died before the trial came off: otherwise"—he pouted his lips—"I might have had my work cut out to save him." And he eyed the blue china gods on the mantelpiece affectionately.

"I believe the Crown urged money as the motive," I suggested.

Mayfield glanced inquiry at me. "Now, why do you want to know all this?" he asked, in a suspicious voice, coming back from his dragons. "It is irregular, very, to worm information out of an innocent barrister in his hours of ease about a former client. We are a guileless race, we lawyers: don't abuse our confidence."

He seemed an honest man, I thought, in spite of his mocking tone. I trusted him, and made a clean breast of it. "I believe," I answered, with an impressive little pause, "I want to marry Yorke-Bannerman's daughter."

He gave a quick start. "What, Maisie?" he exclaimed.

I shook my head. "No, no; that is not the name," I replied.

He hesitated a moment. "But there *is* no other," he hazarded cautiously at last. "I knew the family."

"I am not sure of it," I went on. "I have merely my suspicions. I am in love with a girl, and something about her makes me think she is probably a Yorke-Bannerman."

"But, my dear Hubert, if that is so," the great lawyer went on, waving me off with one fat hand, "it must be at once apparent to you that *I* am the last person on earth to whom you ought to apply for information. Remember my oath. The practice of our clan: the seal of secrecy!"

I was frank once more. "I do not know whether the lady I mean is or is not Yorke-Bannerman's daughter," I persisted. "She may be, and she may not. She gives another name—that's certain. But whether she is or isn't, one thing I know—I mean to marry her. I believe in her: I trust her. I only seek to gain this information now because I don't know where she is—and I want to track her."

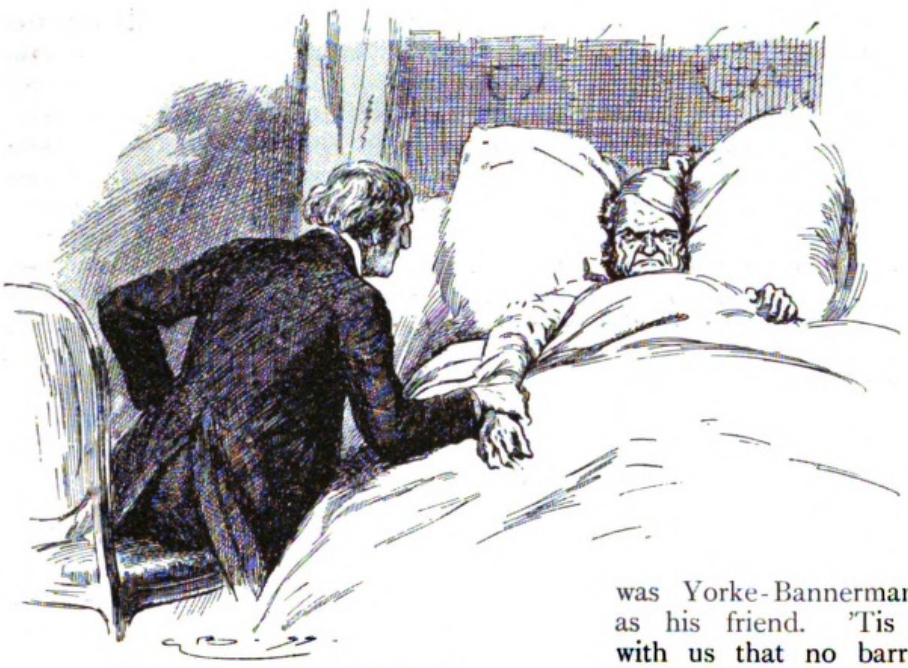
He crossed his big hands with an air of Christian resignation, and looked up at the panels of the coffered ceiling. "In that," he answered, "I may honestly say, I can't help you. Humbug apart, I have not known Mrs. Yorke-Bannerman's address—or Maisie's either—ever since my poor friend's death. Prudent woman, Mrs. Yorke-Bannerman! She went away, I believe, to somewhere in North Wales, and afterwards to Brittany. But she probably changed her name: and—she did not confide in me."

I went on to ask him a few questions about the case, premising that I did so in the most friendly spirit. "Oh, I can only tell you what is publicly known," he answered, beaming, with the usual professional pretence of the most sphinx-like reticence. "But the plain facts, as universally admitted, were these. I break no confidence. Yorke-Bannerman had a rich uncle from whom he had expectations—a certain Admiral Scott Prideaux. This uncle had lately made a will in Yorke-Bannerman's favour; but he was a cantankerous old chap—naval, you know—autocratic—crusty—given to changing his mind with each change of the wind, and easily offended by his relations—the sort of cheerful old party who makes a new will once every month, disinheriting the nephew he last dined with. Well, one day the Admiral was taken ill at his own house, and Yorke-Bannerman attended him. *Our* contention was—I speak now as my old friend's counsel—that Scott Prideaux, getting as tired of life as we were all tired of him, and weary of this recurrent worry of will-making, determined at last to clear out for good from a world where he was so little appreciated, and, therefore, tried to poison himself."

"With aconitine?" I suggested, eagerly.

"Unfortunately, yes: he made use of aconitine for that otherwise laudable purpose. Now, as ill luck would have it"—Mayfield's wrinkles deepened—"Yorke-Bannerman and Sebastian, then two rising doctors engaged in physiological researches together, had just been occupied in experimenting upon this very drug—testing the use of aconitine—indeed, you will no doubt remember"—he crossed his fat hands again comfortably—"it was these precise researches

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"THE ADMIRAL WAS TAKEN ILL."

on a then little-known poison that first brought Sebastian prominently before the public. What was the consequence?" His smooth, persuasive voice flowed on as if I were a concentrated jury. "The Admiral grew rapidly worse, and insisted upon calling in a second opinion. No doubt he didn't like the aconitine when it came to the pinch—for it *does* pinch, I can tell you—and repented him of his evil. Yorke-Bannerman suggested Sebastian as the second opinion; the uncle acquiesced; Sebastian was called in, and, of course, being fresh from his researches, immediately recognised the symptoms of aconitine poisoning."

"What, Sebastian found it out?" I cried, starting.

"Oh, yes. Sebastian. He watched the case from that point to the end; and the oddest part of it all was this—that though he communicated with the police, and himself prepared every morsel of food that the poor old Admiral took from that moment forth, the symptoms continually increased in severity. The police contention was that Yorke-Bannerman somehow managed to put the stuff into the milk beforehand; my own theory was—as counsel for the accused"—he blinked his fat eyes—"that old Prideaux had concealed a large quantity of aconitine in the bed, before his illness, and went on taking it from time to time—just to spite his nephew."

"And you *believe* that, Mr. Mayfield?"

The broad smile broke concentrically in ripples over the great lawyer's face. His smile was Mayfield's main feature. He shrugged his shoulders and expanded his big hands wide open before him. "My dear Hubert," he said, with a most humorous expression of countenance, "you are a professional man yourself: therefore you know that every profession has its own little courtesies—its own small fictions. I was Yorke-Bannerman's counsel as well as his friend. 'Tis a point of honour with us that no barrister will ever admit a doubt as to a client's innocence—is he not paid to maintain it?—and to my dying day I will constantly maintain that old Prideaux poisoned himself. Maintain it with that dogged and meaningless obstinacy with which we always cling to whatever is least provable. . . . Oh, yes. He poisoned himself. And Yorke-Bannerman was innocent. . . . But still, you know, it *was* the sort of case where an acute lawyer, with a reputation to make, would prefer to be for the Crown rather than for the prisoner."

"But it was never tried," I ejaculated.

"No, happily for us, it was never tried. Fortune favoured us. Yorke-Bannerman had a weak heart, a conveniently weak heart, which the inquest sorely affected: and besides, he was deeply angry at what he persisted in calling Sebastian's defection. He evidently thought Sebastian ought to have stood by him. His colleague preferred the claims of public duty—as he understood them, I mean—to those of private friendship. It was a very sad case—for Yorke-Bannerman was really a charming fellow. But I confess I *was* relieved when he died unexpectedly on the morning of his arrest. It took off my shoulders a most serious burden."

"You think, then, the case would have gone against him?"

"My dear Hubert," his whole face puckered with an indulgent smile. "Of course the case must have gone against us. Juries are fools, but they are not such fools as to swallow everything—like ostriches: to let me throw dust in their eyes about so plain an issue. Con-

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sider the facts, consider them impartially: Yorke-Bannerman had easy access to aconitine, had whole ounces of it in his possession: he treated the uncle from whom he was to inherit: he was in temporary embarrassments —that came out at the inquest: it was known that the Admiral had just made a twenty-third will in his favour, and that the Admiral's wills were liable to alteration every time a nephew ventured upon an opinion in politics, religion, science, navigation, or the right card at whist, differing by a shade from that of the uncle. The Admiral died of aconitine poisoning: and Sebastian observed and detailed the symptoms. Could anything be plainer—I mean, could any combination of fortuitous circumstances"—he blinked pleasantly again—"be more adverse to an advocate sincerely convinced of his client's innocence—as a professional duty?" And he gazed at me comically.

The more he piled up the case against the man who I now felt sure was Hilda's father, the less did I believe him. A dark conspiracy seemed to loom up in the background. "Has it ever occurred to you," I asked at last, in a very tentative tone, "that perhaps—I throw out the hint as the merest suggestion —perhaps it may have been Sebastian who——"

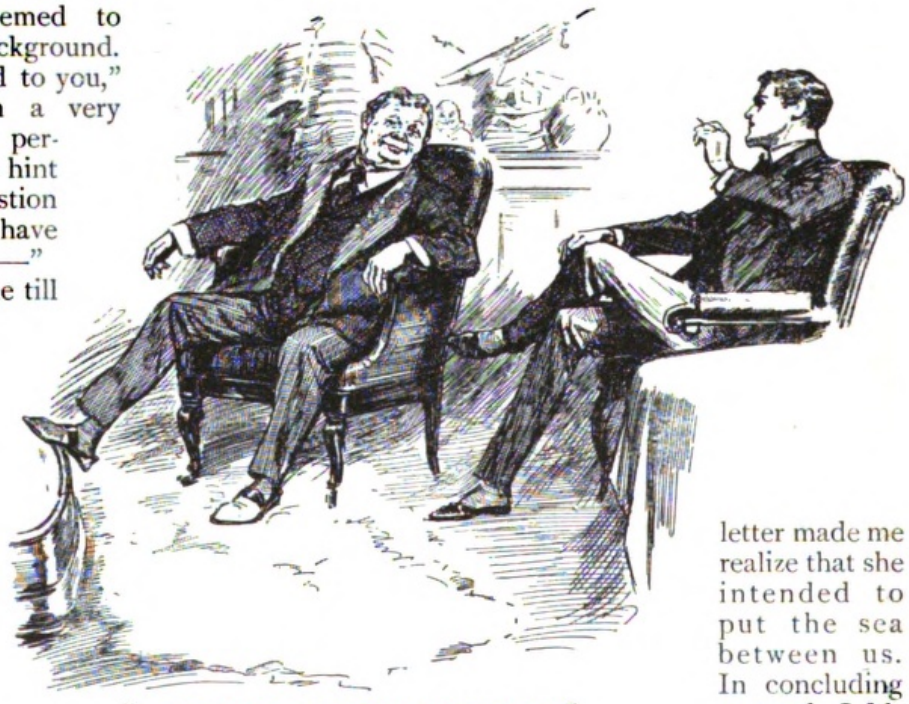
He smiled this time till I thought his smile would swallow him.

"If Yorke-Bannerman had *not* been my client," he mused aloud, "I might have been inclined to suspect rather that Sebastian aided him to avoid justice by giving him something violent to take, if he wished it: something which might accelerate the inevitable action of the heart-disease from which he was suffering. Isn't *that* more likely?"

I saw there was nothing further to be got out of Mayfield. His opinion was fixed: he was a placid ruminant. But he had given me already much food for thought. I thanked him for his assistance, and returned on foot to my rooms at the hospital.

I was now, however, in a somewhat different position for tracking Hilda from that which I occupied before my interview with the famous counsel. I felt certain by this time that Hilda Wade and Maisie Yorke-Bannerman were one and the same person. To be sure, it gave me a twinge to think that Hilda should be masquerading under an assumed name: but I waived that question for the moment, and awaited her explanations. The great point now was to find Hilda. She was flying from Sebastian to mature a new plan. But whither? I proceeded to argue it out on her own principles, oh, how lamely! The world is still so big! Mauritius, the Argentine, British Columbia, New Zealand!

The letter I had received bore the Basingstoke postmark. Now, a person may be passing Basingstoke on his way either to Southampton or Plymouth, both of which are ports of embarcation for various foreign countries. I attached importance to that clue. Something about the tone of Hilda's



"I THOUGHT HIS SMILE WOULD SWALLOW HIM."

letter made me realize that she intended to put the sea between us. In concluding so much, I felt sure I was not mistaken. Hilda had too big and too cosmopolitan a mind to speak of being "irrevocably far from London," if she were only going to some town in England, or even to Normandy or the Channel Islands. "Irrevocably far" pointed rather to a destination outside Europe altogether—to India, Africa, America, not to Jersey, Dieppe, or Saint-Malo.

Was it Southampton or Plymouth to which she was first bound?—that was the next

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question. I inclined to Southampton. For the sprawling lines (so different from her usual neat hand) were written hurriedly in a train, I could see: and on consulting Bradshaw, I found that the Plymouth expresses stop longest at Salisbury, where Hilda would therefore have been likely to post her note if she were going to the far west: while some of the Southampton trains stop at Basingstoke, which is indeed the most convenient point on that route for sending off a letter. This was mere blind guesswork, to be sure, compared with Hilda's immediate and unerring intuition: but it had some probability in its favour, at any rate. Try both: of the two, she was likeliest to be going to Southampton.



"THE BASINGSTOKE POSTMARK."

My next move was to consult the list of outgoing steamers. Hilda had left London on a Saturday morning. Now, on alternate Saturdays, the steamers of the Castle Line sail from Southampton, where they call to take up passengers and mails. Was this one of these alternate Saturdays? I looked at the list of dates: it was. That told further in favour of Southampton. But did any steamer of any passenger line sail from Plymouth on the same day? None, that I could find. Or from Southampton elsewhere? I looked them all up. The Royal Mail Company's boats start on Wednesdays: the North German Lloyd's on Wednesdays and Sundays. Those were the only likely vessels I could discover. Either, then, I concluded, Hilda meant to sail on Saturday by the Castle Line for South Africa, or else on Sunday by North German Lloyd for some part of America.

How I longed for one hour of Hilda to help me out with her almost infallible instinct. I realized how feeble and fallacious was my own groping in the dark. Her knowledge of temperament would have revealed to her at once what I was trying to discover, like the police she despised, by the clumsy "clues" which so roused her sarcasm.

However, I went to bed and slept on it. Next morning, I determined to set out for Southampton on a tour of inquiry to all the steamboat agencies. If that failed, I could go on to Plymouth.

But, as chance would have it, the morning post brought me an unexpected letter, which helped me not a little in unravelling the problem. It was a crumpled letter, written on rather soiled paper, in an uneducated hand, and it bore, like Hilda's, the Basingstoke postmark.

"Charlotte Churtwood sends her duty to Dr. Cumberledge," it said, with somewhat uncertain spelling, "and I am very sorry that I was not able to Post the letter to you in London, as the lady ast me, but after her train ad left has I was stepping into mine the Ingine started and I was knocked down and badly hurt and the lady give me a half-sovering to Post it in London has soon as I got there but bein unable to do so I now return it dear sir not knowing the lady's name and adress she having trusted me through seeing me on the platform, and perhaps you can send it back to her, and was very sorry I could not Post it were she ast me, but time bein an objeck put it in the box in Basingstoke station and now inclose post office order for ten Shillings whitch dear sir kindly let the young lady have from your obedient servant, Charlotte Churtwood." In the corner was the address, "11, Chubb's Cottages, Basingstoke."

The happy accident of this letter advanced things for me greatly—though it also made me feel how dependent I was upon happy accidents, where Hilda would have guessed right at once by mere knowledge of character. Still, the letter explained many things which had hitherto puzzled me. I had felt not a little surprise that Hilda, wishing to withdraw from me and leave no traces, should have sent off her farewell letter from Basingstoke—so as to let me see at once in what direction she was travelling. Nay, I even wondered at times whether she had really posted it herself at Basingstoke, or given it to somebody who chanced to be going there to post for her as a blind. But I did not

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think she would deliberately deceive me; and, in my opinion, to get a letter posted at Basingstoke would be deliberate deception, while to get it posted in London was mere vague precaution. I understood now that she had written it in the train, and then picked out a likely person as she passed to take it to Waterloo for her.

Of course I went straight down to Basingstoke, and called at once at Chubb's Cottages. It was a squalid little row on the outskirts of the town. I found Charlotte Churtwood herself exactly such a girl as Hilda, with her quick judgment of character, might have hit upon for such a purpose. She was a conspicuously honest and transparent country servant, of the lumpy type, on her way to London to take a place as housemaid. Her injuries were severe, but not dangerous. "The lady saw me on the platform," she said, "and beckoned to me to come to her. She ast me where I was going, and I says, 'To London, miss.' Says she, smiling kind-like, 'Could you post a letter for me, certain sure?' Says I, 'You can depend upon me.' An' then she give me the 'arf-sovering, an' says, says she, 'Mind, it's *very* particklar: if the gentleman don't get it, 'e'll fret 'is 'eart out.' An' through 'aving a young man o' my own, as is a groom at Andover, o' course I understood 'er, sir. An' then, feeling all full of it, as you may say, what with the arf-sovering, and what with one thing and what with another, an' all of a fluster with not being used to travelling, I run up, when the train for London come in, an' tried to scramble into it, afore it 'ad quite stopped moving. An' a guard, 'e rushes up, an' 'Stand back!' says 'e; 'wait till the train stops!' says 'e, an' waves his red flag at me. But afore I could stand back, with one foot on the step, the train sort of jumped away from me, and knocked me down like this: and they say it'll be a week now afore I'm well enough to go on to London. But I posted the letter all the same, at Basingstoke station, as they was carrying me off: an' I took down the address, so as to return the arf-sovering."

Hilda was right, as always. She had chosen instinctively the trustworthy person. Chosen her at first sight, and hit the bull's-eye.

"Do you know what train the lady was in?" I asked, as she paused. "Where was it going, did you notice?"

"It was the Southampton train, sir. I saw the board on the carriage."

That settled the question. "You are a good and an honest girl," I said, pulling out my purse: "and you came to this misfortune through trying—too eagerly—to help the young lady. A ten-pound note is not over much as compensation for your accident. Take it, and get well. I should be sorry to think you lost a good place through your anxiety to help us."



"SHE AST ME WHERE I WAS GOING."

The rest of my way was plain sailing now. I hurried on straight to Southampton. There, my first visit was to the office of the Castle Line. I went to the point at once. Was there a Miss Wade among the passengers by the *Dunottar Castle*?

No: nobody of that name on the list.

Had any lady taken a passage at the last moment?

The clerk perpended. Yes: a lady had come by the mail train from London, with no heavy baggage, and had gone on board direct, taking what cabin she could get. A young lady in grey. Quite unprepared. Gave no name. Called away in a hurry.

What sort of lady?

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Youngish: good-looking: brown hair and eyes, the clerk thought: a sort of creamy skin: and a—well, a mesmeric kind of glance that seemed to go right through you.

"That will do," I answered, sure now of my quarry. "To which port did she book?"

"To Cape Town."

"Very well," I said, promptly. "You may reserve me a good berth in the next outgoing steamer."

It was just like Hilda's impulsive character to rush off in this way at a moment's notice. And just like mine to follow her. But it piqued me a little to think that but for the accident of an accident I might never have tracked her down. If the letter had been posted in London as she intended, and not at Basingstoke, I might have sought in vain for her from then till Doomsday.

Ten days later, I was afloat on the Channel, bound for South Africa.

I always admired Hilda's astonishing insight into character and motive: but I never admired it quite so profoundly as on the g'orious day when we arrived at Cape Town. I was standing on deck, looking out for the first time in my life on that tremendous view—the steep and massive bulk of Table Mountain, a mere lump of rock, dropped loose from the sky, with the long white town spread gleaming at its base, and the silver-tree plantations that cling to its lower slopes and merge by degrees into gardens and vineyards—when a messenger from the shore came up to me tentatively.

"Dr. Cumberledge?" he said, in an inquiring tone.

I nodded. "That is my name."

"I have a letter for you, sir."

I took it, in great surprise. Who on earth in Cape Town could have known I was coming? I had not a friend to my knowledge in the colony. I glanced at the envelope. My wonder deepened. That prescient brain! It was in Hilda's handwriting.

I tore it open and read: "MY DEAR HUBERT,—I *know* you will come: I *know* you will follow me. So I am leaving this letter at Donald Currie and Co.'s office, giving their agent instructions to hand it to you as soon as you reach Cape Town. I am quite sure you will track me so far at least: I understand your temperament. But I beg you, I implore you, to go no further. You will ruin my plan if you do. And I still adhere to it. It is good of you to come so far: I cannot blame you for that. I know your motives. But do not try to find me out. I warn you beforehand, it will be quite useless. I have made up my mind. I have an object in life, and dear as you are to me —*that* I will not pretend to deny—I can never allow even *you* to interfere with it. So be warned in time. Go back quietly by the next steamer.

"Your ever attached and grateful,

"HILDA."

I read it twice through with a little thrill of joy. Did any man ever court so strange a love? Her very strangeness drew me. But go back by the next steamer! I felt sure of one thing: Hilda was far too good a judge of character to believe that I was likely to obey that mandate.

I will not trouble you with the remaining stages of my quest. Except for the slowness of South African mail coaches, they were comparatively easy. It is not so hard to track strangers in Cape Town as strangers in London. I followed Hilda to her hotel, and from her hotel up country, stage after stage —jolted by rail, worse jolted by mule-waggon — inquiring, inquiring, inquiring— till I learned at last she was somewhere in Rhodesia.

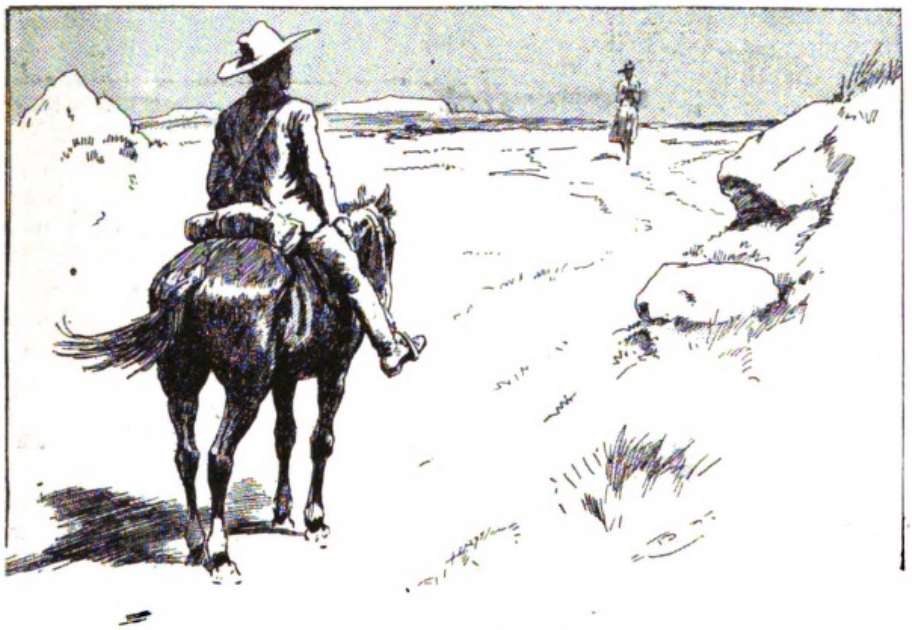
That is a big address; but it does not cover as many names as it covers square miles. In time, I found her. Still, it took time: and before we met, Hilda had had leisure to settle down quietly to her new existence. People in Rhodesia had noted her coming, as a new portent, because of one strange peculiarity. She was the only woman of means who had ever gone up of her own free will to Rhodesia. Other women had gone there to accompany their husbands, or to earn their livings: but that a lady should freely select that half-baked land as a place of residence—a lady of position with all the world before her where to choose—that puzzled the Rhodesians. So she was a marked person. Most people solved the vexed problem, indeed, by suggesting that she had designs against the stern celibacy of a leading South African politician. "Depend upon it," they said, "it's Rhodes she's after." The moment I arrived at Salisbury and stated my object in coming, all the world in the new town was ready to assist me. The lady was to be found (vaguely speaking) on a young farm to the north—a budding farm whose general direction was expansively indicated to me by a wave of the arm, with South African uncertainty.

I bought a pony at Salisbury—a pretty little seasoned sorrel mare—and set out to find Hilda. My way lay over a brand-new

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road—or what passes for a road in South Africa—very soft and lumpy, like an English cart-track. I am a fair cross-country rider in our own Midlands, but I never rode a more tedious journey than that one. I had crawled several miles under a blazing sun along the shadeless new track, on my African pony, when to my surprise I saw, of all sights in the world, a bicycle coming towards me.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Civilization indeed! A bicycle in these remotest wilds of Africa!



"I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES."

I had been picking my way for some hours through a desolate plateau—the high veldt—about five thousand feet above the sea level, and entirely treeless. In places, to be sure, a few low bushes of prickly aspect rose in tangled clumps; but for the most part the arid table-land was covered by a thick growth of short brown grass, about nine inches high, burnt up in the sun, and most wearisome to look at. The distressing nakedness of a new country confronted me. Here and there a bald farm or two had been literally pegged out—the pegs were almost all one saw of them as yet: the fields were in the future. Here and there, again, a scattered range of low granite hills, known locally as kopjes—red, rocky prominences, flaunting in the sunshine—diversified the distance. But the road, itself, such as it was, lay all on the high plain. looking down now and again into gorges or kloofs, wooded on their slopes with scrubby trees, and comparatively well-watered. In the midst of all this crude, unfinished land the mere sight of a bicycle, bumping over the rubbly road, was a sufficient surprise: but my astonishment reached a climax when I saw as it drew near that it was ridden by a woman!

One moment later I had burst into a wild cry, and rode forward to her hurriedly. "Hilda!" I shouted aloud in my excitement, "Hilda!"

She stepped lightly from her pedals as if it had been in the park: head erect and proud: eyes liquid, lustrous. I dismounted, trembling, and stood beside her. In the wild joy of the moment, for the first time in my life, I kissed her fervently. Hilda took the kiss, unreproving. She did not attempt to refuse me.

"So you have come at last!" she murmured, with a glow on her face, half nestling towards me, half withdrawing, as if two wills tore her in different directions. "I have been expecting you for some days, and somehow, to-day, I was almost certain you were coming!"

"Then you are not angry with me?" I cried. "You remember, you forbid me!"

"Angry with you? Dear Hubert, could I ever be angry with you, especially for thus showing me your devotion and your trust? I am never angry with you. When one knows, one understands. I have thought of you so often: sometimes, alone here in this raw new land, I have longed for you to come. It is inconsistent of me, of course: but I am so solitary, so lonely!"

"And yet you begged me not to follow you!"

She looked up at me shyly—I was not accustomed to see Hilda shy. Her eyes gazed deep into mine beneath the long soft lashes. "I begged you not to follow me," she repeated, a strange gladness in her tone. "Yes, dear Hubert, I begged you—and I meant it. Cannot you understand that sometimes one hopes a thing may never happen—

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and is supremely happy because it happens in spite of one? I have a purpose in life for which I live: I live for it still: for its sake I told you you must not come to me. Yet you *have* come against my orders: and——" she paused and drew a deep sigh—"oh, Hubert, I thank you for daring to disobey me."

I clasped her to my bosom. She allowed me, half resisting. "I am too weak," she murmured. "Only this morning I made up my mind that when I saw you I would implore you to return at once. And now that you are here——" she laid her little hand confidingly in mine—"see how foolish I am!—I cannot dismiss you."

"Which means to say, Hilda, that after all you are still a woman!"

"A woman: oh, yes: very much a woman! Hubert, I love you: I half wish I did not."

"Why, darling?" I drew her to me.



"THEN YOU KNEW I WOULD COME?"

"Because—if I did not, I could send you away—so easily! As it is—I cannot let you stop—and . . . . I cannot dismiss you."

"Then divide it," I cried gaily: "do neither: come away with me!"

"No, no: nor that either. I will not stultify my whole past life: I will not dishonour my dear father's memory."

I looked around for something to which to tether my horse. A bridle is in one's way—when one has to discuss important business. There was really nothing about that seemed fit for the purpose. Hilda saw what I sought, and pointed mutely to a stunted bush beside a big granite boulder which rose abruptly from the dead level of the grass, affording a little shade from that sweltering sunlight. I tied my mare to the gnarled root—it was the only part big enough—and sat down by Hilda's side under the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. I realized at that moment the force and appropriateness of the Psalmist's simile. The sun beat fiercely on the seeding grasses. Away on the southern horizon we could faintly perceive the floating yellow haze of the prairie fires lit by the Mashonas.

"Then you knew I would come?" I began, as she seated herself on the burnt-up herbage, while my hand stole into hers to nestle there naturally.

She pressed it in return. "Oh, yes, I knew you would come," she answered, with that strange ring of confidence in her voice. "Of course you got my letter at Cape Town?"

"I did, Hilda—and I wondered at you more than ever as I read it. But if you *knew* I would come, why write to prevent me?"

Her eyes had their mysterious far-away air. She looked out upon infinity. "Well, I wanted to do my best to turn you aside," she said, slowly. "One must always do one's best, even when one feels and believes it is useless. That surely is the first clause in a doctor's or a nurse's rubric."

"But *why* didn't you want me to come?" I persisted. "Why fight against your own heart? Hilda, I am sure—I *know* you love me."

Her bosom rose and fell. Her eyes dilated. "Love you?" she cried, looking away over the bushy ridges, as if afraid to trust herself.

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"Oh, yes, Hubert, I love you. It is not for *that* that I wish to avoid you. Or rather, it is just because of that. I cannot endure to spoil your life—by a fruitless affection."

"Why fruitless?" I asked, leaning forward.

She crossed her hands resignedly. "You know all by this time," she answered. "Sebastian would tell you, of course, when you went to announce that you were leaving Nathaniel's. He could not do otherwise: it is the outcome of his temperament—an integral part of his nature."

"Hilda," I cried, "you are a witch! How *could* you know that? I can't imagine."

She smiled her restrained Chaldean smile. "Because I *know* Sebastian," she answered, quietly. "I can read that man to the core. He is simple as a book. His composition is plain, straightforward, quite natural, uniform. There are no twists and turns in him. Once learn the key, and it discloses everything, like an *open sesame!* He has a gigantic intellect, a burning thirst for knowledge: one love, one hobby—science: and no moral instincts. He goes straight for his ends: and whatever comes in his way," she dug her little heel in the brown soil, "he tramples on it as ruthlessly as a child will trample on a worm or a beetle."

"And yet," I said, "he is so great."

"Yes, great I grant you, but the easiest character to unravel that I have ever met: it is calm, austere, unbending, yet not in the least degree complex. He has the impassioned temperament, pushed to its highest pitch: the temperament that runs deep, with irresistible force: but the passion that inspires him, that carries him away headlong, as love carries some men—is a rare and abstract one—the passion of science."

I gazed at her as she spoke, with a feeling akin to awe. "It must destroy the plot-interest of life for you, Hilda," I cried—out there in the vast void of that wild African plateau—"to foresee so well what each person will do—how each will act under such given circumstances."

She pulled a bent of grass and plucked off its dry spikelets one by one. "Perhaps so," she answered, after a meditative pause; "though, of course, all natures are not equally simple. Only with great souls can you be sure beforehand like that, for good or for evil. It is essential to anything worth calling character that one should be able to predict in what way it will act under given circumstances—to feel certain, 'This man will do nothing small or mean,' 'That one could never act dishonestly, or speak deceitfully.' But smaller natures are more complex. They defy analysis, because their motives are not consistent."

"Most people think to be complex is to be great," I objected.

She shook her head. "That is quite a mistake," she answered. "Great natures are simple and relatively predictable, since their motives balance one another justly. Small natures are complex and hard to predict, because small passions, small jealousies, small discords and perturbations come in at all moments, and override for a time the permanent underlying factors of character. Great natures, good or bad, are equably poised: small natures let petty motives intervene to upset their balance."

"Then you knew I would come," I exclaimed, half pleased to find I belonged inferentially to her higher category.

Her eyes beamed on me with a beautiful light. "Knew you would come? Oh, yes. I begged you not to come: but I felt sure you were too deeply in earnest to obey me. I asked a friend in Cape Town to telegraph your arrival: and almost ever since the telegram reached me I have been expecting you and awaiting you."

"So you believed in me?"

"Implicitly—as you in me. That is the worst of it, Hubert. If you did *not* believe in me I could have told you all—and then, you would have left me. But, as it is, you *know* all—and yet, you want to cling to me."

"You know I know all—because Sebastian told me?"

"Yes: and I think I even know how you answered him."

"How?"

She paused. The calm smile lighted up her face once more. Then she drew out a pencil. "You think life must lack plot-interest for me," she began, slowly, "because, with certain natures, I can partially guess beforehand what is coming. But have you not observed that, in reading a novel, part of the pleasure you feel arises from your conscious anticipation of the end, and your satisfaction in seeing that you anticipated correctly? Or part, sometimes, from the occasional unexpectedness of the real *dénouement?* Well, life is like that. I enjoy observing my successes, and, in a way, my failures. Let me show you what I mean. I think I know what you said to Sebastian—not the words, of course, but the purport: and I will write it down now for you. Set down *your* version, too. And then we will compare them."

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It was a crucial test. We both wrote for a minute or two. Somehow, in Hilda's presence, I forgot at once the strangeness of the scene, the weird oddity of the moment. That sombre plain disappeared for me. I was only aware that I was with Hilda once more—and therefore in Paradise. Pison and Gihon watered the desolate land. Whatever she did seemed to me supremely right. If she had proposed to me to begin a ponderous work on Medical Jurisprudence under the shadow of the big rock, I should have begun it incontinently.

She handed me her slip of paper; I took it and read, "Sebastian told you I was Dr. Yorke-Bannerman's daughter. And you answered, 'If so, Yorke-Bannerman was innocent, and *you* are the poisoner.' Is not that correct?"

I handed her in answer my own paper. She read it with a faint flush. When she came to the words, "Either she is not Yorke-Bannerman's daughter; or else, Yorke-Bannerman was not a poisoner, and someone else was—I might put a name to him," she rose to her feet with a great rush of long-suppressed feeling and clasped me passionately. "My Hubert," she cried, "I read you aright. I knew it! I was sure of you!"

I folded her in my arms, there on the rusty-red South African desert. "Then, Hilda dear," I murmured, "you will consent to marry me?"

The words brought her back to herself. She unfolded my arms with slow reluctance. "No, dearest," she said, earnestly, with a face where pride fought hard against love. "That is *why* above all things I did not want you to follow me. I love you; I trust you: you love me; you trust me. But I never will marry anyone till I have succeeded in clearing my father's memory. I *know* he did not do it: I *know* Sebastian did. But that is not enough. I must prove it, I must prove it!"

"I believe it already," I answered. "What need then to prove it?"

"To you, Hubert? Oh, no, not to you. There, I am safe. But to the world that condemned him. Condemned him untried. I must vindicate him: I must clear him!"

I bent my face close to hers. "But may I not marry you first?" I asked—"and after that, I can help you to clear him."

She gazed at me fearlessly. "No, no," she cried, clasping her hands; "much as I love you, dear Hubert, I cannot consent to it. I am too proud, too proud! I will not allow the world to say—not even to say falsely"—her face flushed crimson; her voice dropped low—"I will not allow them to say those hateful words, 'He married a murderer's daughter.'"

I bowed my head. "As you will, my darling," I answered. "I am content to wait. I trust you in this too. Some day, we will prove it."

And all this time, preoccupied as I was with these deeper concerns, I had not even asked where Hilda lived or what she was doing!



"MY HUBERT."

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A Peep into "Punch."

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]

Part VIII.—1880 to 1884.

This part contains the first of Mr. Harry Furniss's "Punch"-drawings.

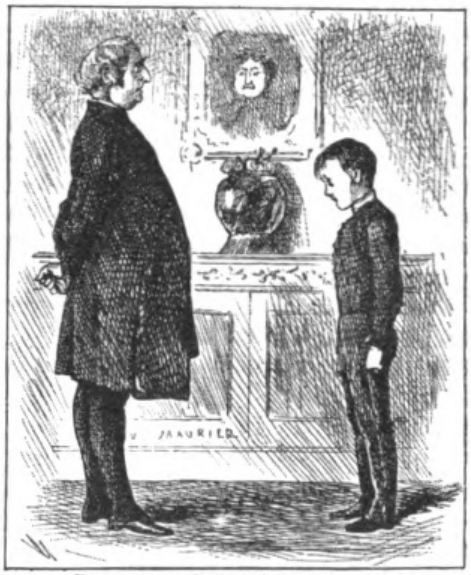


1.—BY TENNIEL, 1880.

THE powerful and impressive Tenniel-cartoon in No. 1 was published in *Punch* on May 1, 1880. On April 28th of that year, Mr. Gladstone again became Prime Minister, the Conservative party having been utterly routed at the General Election. The Liberals went back to the House of Commons with a great majority of one hundred and twenty votes, and Lord Beaconsfield—now near to the end of his life—saw the sun of his popularity go down to rise no more. Sir John Tenniel finely drew the great statesman on this bare cliff, lonely and impressed by his disastrous defeat, watching across the sea the last gleam of his setting sun as it drops into the horizon.

The ten volumes of *Punch* which cover the five years now illustrated (Vols. 78 to 87) are very rich in fine pictures. Du Maurier, Charles Keene (the great master of black-and-white art), Linley Sambourne, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. A. C. Corbould, and others are all in full swing; and now, in 1880, Mr. Harry Furniss comes to add his lustre to Mr. Punch's shining band of artists.

It is all very well to laugh with Mr. Punch at his smart jokes as we turn over the pages



Natural Religion.—*Bishop (reproving delinquent Page).* "Wretched Boy! *Who* is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom *even I* am but as a Crushed Worm?" *Page.* "The Missus, my Lord!"

2.—BY DU MAURIER, 1880.

of his wonderful books; but we ought not to let our appreciation of *Punch* stop at the



"A Predestinate R.A."—*Mamma (entering).* "Now, I'm sure you Children are in Mischief, you are so quiet!"

Ethel (in a rapturous Whisper). "Hush, Ma'! Tommy's been Paintin' a Spider's Web on Gran'pa's Head while he's asleep, to keep the Flies off!"

3.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1880.

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jokes—it is well to remember that his pages contain a gallery of art as well as a gallery of jokes. Mr. Punch's gallery of art, through which we are now happily privileged to stroll, contains, without exception, the most splendid collection of pictures in black-and-white that has ever been got together by anyone.



REPUDIATION.—*Butcher (rushing out).* "Hey—ess that yoer Doag, Mun?" *Donald.* "Aweel—he waus mine ance, but he's aye daein' for hessel ye noo!!" 4.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1880.

There is a most amusing bit of Du Maurier's social pictorial satire in No. 2,



5.—THE FIRST "PUNCH"-DRAWING BY MR. HARRY FURNISS; OCTOBER 30, 1880.

followed in No. 3 by one of Charles Keene's pictures in which we see the group of four just exactly caught, and drawn with their surroundings as a piece of actual life without a shade of exaggeration.

There is another inimitable Keene-picture in No. 4. Just read the joke, and then enjoy the picture, comparing the facial expression of the two Scots with the words put into their mouths—a first-class joke and the picture a gem.

No. 5 is Mr. Harry Furniss's first *Punch*-picture; it refers to the ugly Temple



AN AFTER-THOUGHT.—*Professional Temperance Orator.* "Waiter, have you got any Soda-Water?"
Barman. "Yessir—plenty, Sir. A Bottle of Soda, Sir?"
Prof. Temp. Orator (ostentatiously). "A Bottle of Soda-Water, please; and—*(sotto voce)*—I think you can put a Glass of Brandy into it!" 6.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1880.

Bar "Griffin" (really a heraldic dragon) which now marks the ancient standing-place of poor old Temple Bar that was removed from Fleet Street in 1877 as being an obstruction to traffic, and which now serves as an entrance to Theobald's Park, near Cheshunt.



A POSER.—"It's not so much a *Durable* Article that I require, Mr. Crispin. I want something *Dainty*, you know—something *Coy*, and at the same time just a wee bit *Saucy!*" 7.—BY DU MAURIER, 1880.

In No. 6—by Keene—the long, black-gloved finger of the Professional Temperance

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Orator instinctively points his craftily-managed *sotto voce* instruction to the barman, "I think you can put a Glass of Brandy into it!"



UNCOMPROMISING.—*The Doctor's Daughter.* "I declare you're a dreadful Fanatic, Mrs. McCizzom. I do believe you think nobody will be saved but you and your Minister!"

Old Lady. "Aweel, my dear, ah whiles hae ma doobts aboot the Meenister!"

8.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1880.

Another amusing du Maurier social satire in No. 7, and then two first-rate Keene-pictures (both with funny "cackle") in Nos. 8 and 9. The old woman's face in No. 8 is an extraordinarily truthful representation of her character—just look into this face—as she replies, "Aweel, my dear, ah whiles hae ma doobts aboot the Meenister!"



A NOTE AND QUERY.—*Wife (given to Literature and the Drama).* "George, what is the meaning of the Expression, 'Go to!' you meet with so often in Shakspeare and the old Dramatists?"

Husband (not a reading Man). "'Don't know, I'm sure, Dear, unless—— Well,—p'raps he was going to say—but thought it wouldn't sound proper!"

9.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1881.



ENDYMION.

—"AND THE MINISTER FLATTERED HIMSELF THAT BOTH THE LITERARY AND THE GRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS OF HIMSELF IN *SCARAMOUCH* MIGHT POSSIBLY FOR THE FUTURE BE MITIGATED."—Vol. i. p. 312. [*Ah—! He did flatter himself!*]

10.—BY TENNIEL, 1880.

The cartoon in No. 10 shows to us Lord Beaconsfield presenting to Mr. Punch a copy of his book "Endymion," published at the close of 1880. Beaconsfield is represented as Endymion the shepherd who would be always young, and Mr. Punch's dog, Toby, comes to sniff. The words at the bottom of



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.—*Mrs. Muggles.* "Well, Doctor, I don't know as what's the matter with Marier since she come from her last Siterwation in Lunnon. There she sits all Day a-staring at an old Chiney Dish, which she calls a-going in for *Asthletix!*"

11.—BY HARRY FURNISS, 1881.

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this cartoon are quoted from the novel "Endymion," *Scaramouch* meaning *Punch*, and they refer to the rather severe and sometimes contemptuous handling that Beaconsfield had in past times received from *Punch*. You observe that Mr. Punch adds the remark, "Ahem! He did flatter himself!" thus expressing his intention *not* to mitigate "for the future" . . . . "the literary and the graphic representations of" Lord Beaconsfield when dealing with the statesman in *Punch*, otherwise *Scaramouch*. Mr. Punch could never be flattered into friendship, not even by so astute a man as Benjamin Disraeli.



INDUCTIVE.—*Officer.* "How's this, Murphy? The Sergeant complains that you called him Names!"

Private Murphy. "Plaze, Surr, I niver called him anny Names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant,' says I, 'some of us ought to be in a Menagerie!!'"

13.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1881.

In No. 11, Mr. Harry Furniss gives us an amusing caricature of the æsthetic craze descended into the kitchen. The awe-stricken Mrs. Muggles is very good,



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones. "I WILL!"

12.—BY DU MAURIER, 1881.

and so is the quite nonplussed village doctor, who, it is clear to see, has "a case" that is quite outside of his experience.

We laugh at du Maurier's picture No. 12, but it is certain that poor Jones didn't. As we compare the relative degrees of determination in the faces of Jones and of his bride (who "takes after" her father) we realize that no very long time will pass before Jones will most heartily indorse du Maurier's words, "Things one would rather have left unsaid," and will bitterly regret his "I will!" just now spoken at the altar.

In No. 13 Private Murphy had good reason for his remark to his sergeant, although it *was* rather personal, for we may be sure that Charles Keene drew this sergeant from life.

Here is a splendid "old master" for you! A happy conceit indeed of Mr. Harry Furniss when he drew the picture in No. 14!

Du Maurier gives us a good thing in



AN UNDOUBTED OLD MASTER.

(*By Himself.*)

14.—BY HARRY FURNISS, 1882.

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.—*Eminent Provincial Tragedian.* "Come hithorr, Sweet One! Your Mothorr tells me that you shed Teorrs during my Soliloquy in Exile, last night!"

Sweet One. "Yes, Sir. Mother kept on Pinching me, 'cause I was so Sleepy!"

15.—BY DU MAURIER, 1882.



Governess Gladdy Blarneystone (to Master Paddy, who is still crying for the Moon). "Come and tell its Gladdy quietly then! And, if he can't have it *all*, his Gladdy will see if she can give hiin a little bit of it!"

17.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, 1882.

No. 15; one hardly knows which to admire the more—the drawing of the Eminent Provincial Tragedian's face, or the very cleverly thought-out-and-



"BY PROXY."—*Humorous Little Boy.* "Plea' Sir, will you Ring the Bottom Bell but One, Four times, Sir?"

Old Gent (Gouty, and a little Deaf, but so fond o' Children). "Bottom Bell but One, Four times, my Boy?" *(Effusively).* "Certainly, that I will!" [*In the meantime off go the Boys, and, at the Third Peal, the irritable Old Lady on the Ground Floor——TABLEAU!*]

16.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1882.

even then. But, in No. 16, if one may venture to point to a thing that strikes one as being the cleverest part of this picture, there is the back-view of the running boy who has just started to run, after making sure that the old gentleman quite understands what he has to do with the bell.

No. 17 is a very fine drawing by Mr. Linley Sambourne. It refers, as we see, to the Irish Home Rule matter which in 1882 was so much to the fore. Who can say what has been the effect of this one picture—which *crystallizes* the Home Rule affair into the shape in which it is regarded by the great majority of people in this country—upon killing

spelt words of the "cackle" which are put into his mouth.

In any one of Charles Keene's pictures it is not easy to pick out pieces that are better than other pieces of the same picture—he was not content until the whole of each picture was as near perfection as possible, and probably *he* was not content



GETTING GLADSTONE'S COLLAR UP.

18.—MR. HARRY FURNISS'S DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAMOUS GLADSTONE-COLLAR; APRIL 8, 1882.

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the Home Rule question as a matter of practical politics? One cannot, of course, gauge the effect of this very clever picture, but it is reasonable to think that it did have a quite appreciable influence in that unhappy mistake which cut up Gladstone's great victorious Liberal Party of 1880—splendid as the old man's fight was!

We see in No. 18 Harry Furniss's development of the famous Gladstone-collar which subsequently was such a prominent feature in the Gladstone-caricatures. Lord Randolph Churchill is here shown as the "getter-up" of Mr. Gladstone's collar (or choler), and we see that Lord Randolph diminishes to gnat-like size as the old man's collar grows to its biggest.

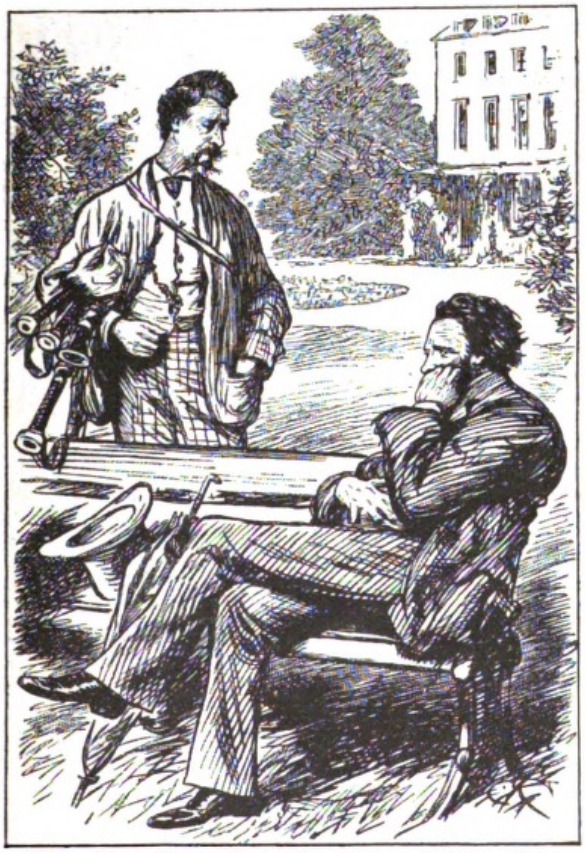


"HOLD ON!"

"AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE."—Mrs. Malaprop.

19.—BY TENNIEL, 1882.

Sir John Tenniel's strong and vivid cartoon



"THE MAN THAT HATH NOT MUSIC," ETC.—*Brown (musical) invites his Highland friend, M'Clanky, to stay a few days with him. But M'Clanky was musical too! M'Clanky (the next morning).* "Will I give you a Chune?"

Brown (he had wondered what was in that Green Bag!). "Oh—eh? Thanks, very much!" *(Puts on invalid expression).* "But my Doctor tells me I must on no account indulge my passion for Music for some time!"

20.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1882.



RETROSPECTION. Scene—*Æsthetic Neighbourhood.—Converted Betting Man (plays First Concertina in Salvation Army Band).* "Pooty 'Ouses they builds in these Subu'bs, Mr. Swagget."

Mr. S. (Reformed Burglar, and Banner-Bearer in the same). "Ah! and how 'andy them little Bal-co-nies would 'a' been in former——"

[*A warning flourish on the Concertina, and Mr. S. drops the subject!*]

21.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1883.

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in No. 19 takes us back to the early days of the Egyptian Question, in which France then (1882) shared with us part of the responsibility for setting things right on the Nile. No. 20, by Charles Keene, contains a portrait of Keene himself, the man with the bag-pipes, who says to his musical friend, "Will I give you a Chune?" Keene was devoted to this strange instrument, and it is probable that the incident here illustrated



CANDOUR.—*Pastor (who was preparing his Pupils for Confirmation).* "Now, my Boy, tell me, who is your Spiritual and Ghostly Enemy?"
Pupil (after painful hesitation). "Please, Sir, YOU ARE, Sir!"
22.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1883.

actually happened to himself, and that his proffered tune was politely refused by his host.

Just look at No. 21. Did ever you see anything better than this picture, looking at it as a piece of black-and-white art, apart from its value as a first-rate joke? See how



A "SELF-DENYING" POLICY!
François (our Ally). "C'est très bien fait, Mon Cher Jean! You 'ave done ze vork! Voyons, mon ami, I shall share wiz you ze glory!"
24.—BY TENNIEL, 1882.

this marvellous Charles Keene gives the houses in the background, and the foliage of the trees, the lights of the picture, and then the two men: just look at them! Charles Keene had a magic hand, trained by years of technical study, and guided by his own great genius.

We pass Nos. 22 and 23, by Keene, noting the excellence of characterization in them; and in No. 24, published July 29, 1882, we see a fine Tenniel that sums up the Anglo-



"ON THE ALERT."—*Parson (catechising).* "And what is your Duty towarJs your Neighbour?"
Sharp Boy. "To Keep your Eye on 'im, Sir!"
23.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1882.



GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.
"I USED YOUR SOAP TWO YEARS AGO; SINCE THEN I HAVE USED NO OTHER."
25.—BY HARRY FURNISS, 1884.

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French position at that date as regards the Egyptian question. The British bluejacket's big nonchalance to the proposal of the dapper Frenchman—a proposal that we have consistently brushed aside since 1882—is admirably put by Tenniel into the face and attitude of the burly sailor who is lighting his pipe after the bombardment of Alexandria.

No. 25 is Harry Furniss's original of the picture which later became the famous soap-advertisement so well known to all of us.

Another splendid Tenniel cartoon in No. 26 illustrates the distressful condition of France's home affairs in 1883, a condition which has been



THE IMPENDING CHINAMAN.—*Policeman (who had been whistling down this Area all the Morning).* "Ullo! What are you doing 'ere? Is the Cook in?"

Chinaman (blandly). "Me am Cookey!"

["*You might have knocked him down with a Peacock's Feather!*" *he said.*]

27.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1882.



THE FRENCH ANDROMEDA;

OR, WANTED, A PERSEUS.

26.—BY TENNIEL, 1883.

going from bad to worse since then, and this cartoon might well stand as a picture of France's condition to-day—she does indeed need a quick, strong Perseus to save her from her fate.

Imagine the policeman's shock of disgust when, in response to his repeated signals down the area, the new cook appeared with the bland remark in Chinese pigeon-English, "Me am Cookey!" This picture, No. 27, by Charles Keene is in *Punch's Almanac*, December 7, 1882. The contrast between the bobby's taken-aback face and the bland composure of the Chinaman is worth looking into.

In No. 28, examine Keene's drawing of the Reduced Party who "did not specify the coin"—is it not a wonderful piece of work? Despite the rags and tatters you can see that this crossing-sweeper is really a *reduced* man who has seen better days, not an ordinary street-sweeper of the lower class, and the half-wistful, half-try-it-on



"POOR SWEEPAR, SIR!"—*Benevolent Stroller (feeling in his pockets).* "I'm afraid I haven't a Penny——"

Reduced Party (wistfully). "I did not specify the Coin, Sar!" [*It came to Sixpence!*]

28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1883.

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"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

29.—BY TENNIEL; APRIL 30, 1881.

expression of the man's face and attitude is most vividly rendered. The man's mouth, done by practically a single line, shows that his own sense of humour is tickled by the neat suggestiveness of his reply to the passer-by who says, "I'm afraid I haven't a Penny——"

The next cartoon, No. 29, is Tenniel's tribute to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, who died on April 19, 1881. The conception of this picture is most dignified and simple, the figure of Britannia is beautiful, and with the picture are included these words, "Peace with Honour," which will always be linked, and justly linked, with the name of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

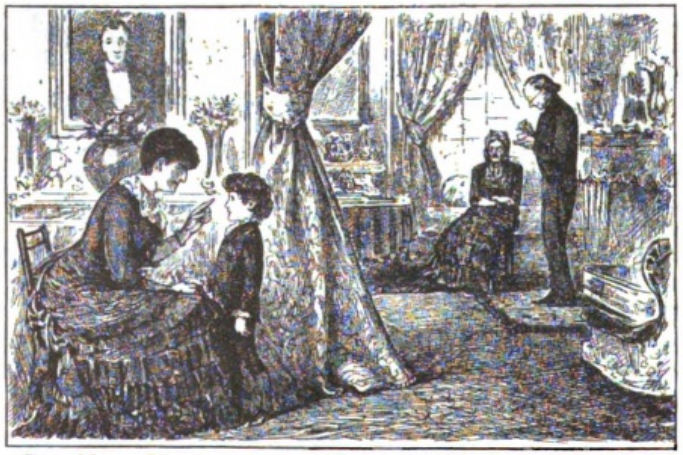
Now we have two of du Maurier's pictures, Nos. 30 and 31. His work is nearly always pleasing, one reason of this being that du Maurier loved beauty of face and form so much that he put a plenty of both into his charming pictures. And all of us like to see pretty faces. But, despite his great talent and his popularity, du Maurier's work cannot be compared with that of Charles Keene; du Maurier himself has told us in his charming little book, "Social Pictorial Satire," "with all my admiration for Leech, it was at the feet of Charles Keene that I found myself sitting." And du Maurier also says about Charles Keene's way of using lines to get his effects:—



HEARD IN MID-ATLANTIC.—*The Bishop (severely).* "When *I* was your age, my young Friend, it was not considered Good Manners for Little Boys to join in the Conversation of Grown-up People, unless they were invited to do so."

Small American. "Guess that was Seventy or Eighty Years ago. We've changed all that, you bet!"

30.—BY DU MAURIER, 1883.



ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—*Mamma (a Widow of considerable personal attractions).* "I want to tell you something, Tommy. You saw that Gentleman talking to Grandmamma in the other room. Well, he is going to be your new Papa. Mamma's going to Marry him!"

Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old Papa used to lead). "D-d-does he *know* it yet, Mamma?"

31.—BY DU MAURIER, 1883.

I think Keene's is the firmest, loosest, simplest, and best way that ever was, and—the most difficult to imitate. His mere pen-strokes have, for the expert, a beauty and an interest quite apart from the thing they are made to depict, whether he uses them as mere outlines to express the shape of things animate or inanimate, even such shapeless, irregular things as the stones on a sea-beach—or in combination to suggest the tone and colour of a dress-coat, or a drunkard's

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nose, of a cab or omnibus—of a distant mountain with miles of atmosphere between it and the figures in the foreground.

His lines are as few as can be—he is most economical in this respect, and loves to leave as much white paper as he can; but one feels in his best work that one line more or one line less would impair the perfection of the whole—that of all the many directions, curves, and thicknesses they might have taken he has inevitably hit upon just the right one. He has beaten all previous records in this respect—in this country, at least. I heard a celebrated French painter say: "He is a great man, your Charles Keene; he take a pen and ink and a bit of paper, and wiz a half-dozen strokes he know 'ow to frame a gust of wind!"

Ah! the great French painter summed up Charles Keene's genius in his words—"and wiz a half-dozen strokes he know 'ow to frame a gust of wind!" As soon as one begins to look at Keene's pictures, without wanting mere prettiness or fun (although there is a plenty of fun in them), they open out to us in a most delightful and surprising



"THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHING."—*Nondescript.* "Yer like yer noo Business, don't yer, 'Erree?" *Mute.* "Tollol! It's a Profession that 'as its Drawbacks, mind yer. For instance (betwixt You and I), there's so few *Gentlemen* in it!"

32.—BY DU MAURIER, 1884.



"DISTRACTION!!"

N-RE. "LOR', MASTER JOHNNIE, DON'T GO WORRITTING YERSELF OVER THAT 'EGYPTIAN PUZZLE'! JUST SEE WHAT A NICE LITTLE PRESENT I 'VE BROUGHT YOU!!"

34.—BY TENNIEL, 1884.



CONCLUSIONS!—*Pitman (to Dignitary of the Church).* "Au'se war'nt ye're a Poor Curate, noo, travellin' wi' the likes o' huz!"

Bishop (who thinks it right to travel Third Class occasionally). "I once was, my Friend—but——"

Pitman (compassionately). "Ah!—I see—that wretched Drink!"

33.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1884. [*Explanations!*]



DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.—*French Hatter (with very limited knowledge of English, to Anglican Bishop, whose Hat has just been blown away in the Sea).* "Comme ça vous va bien! Bootifool, m Boy!"

35.—BY DU MAURIER, 1884.

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way to gratify our intelligence, rather than merely to please our sense of personal beauty. The more one looks at Keene's work, the more one finds in it to admire and to satisfy our sense of intelligent interest in seeing the many wonderful effects that his pictures contain.

Pictures 32 and 33 bring us to Tenniel's suggestive cartoon, "Distraction!!"—No. 34. This was published March 8, 1884, when the country was getting uneasy about the Soudan, General Gordon having gone on his last special mission to Khartoum in January, 1884 — and Mr.



TRUE MODESTY.—*Mr. Spinks.* "I had such a beautiful Dream last night, Miss Briggs! I thought I was in the Garden of Eden——"

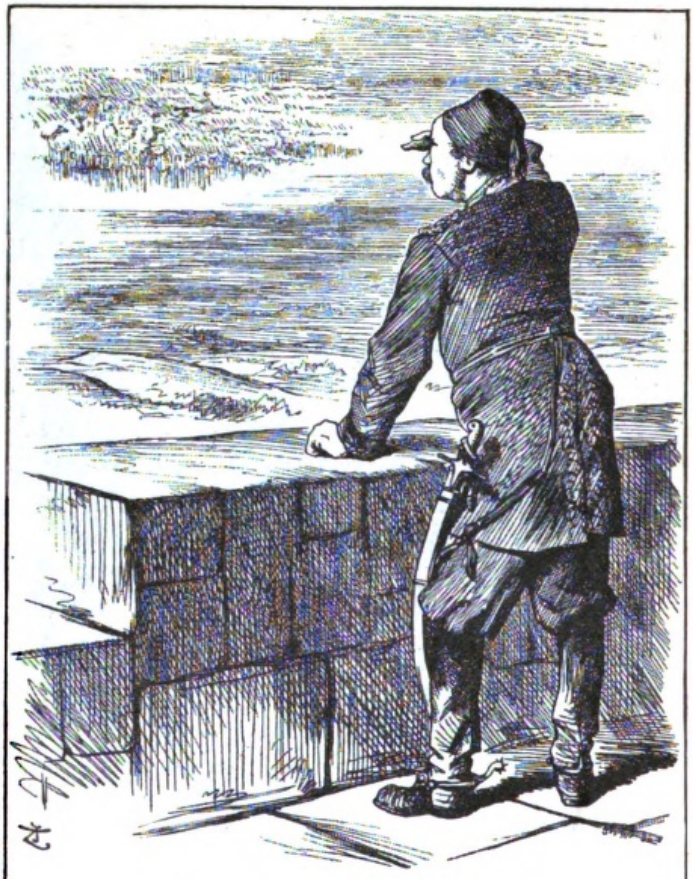
Miss Briggs (with simplicity). "And did Eve appear as she is generally represented, Mr. Spinks?"

Mr. Spinks. "I—I—I—I didn't Look!"

36.—BY DU MAURIER, 1884.

Gladstone, to distract little Johnnie Bull's attention from the Soudan Puzzle, offered him a Franchise-Bill-Toy worked with real strings that pull the bumpkin-voter this way and that!

Glancing at Nos. 35 and 36, we come to the magnificent Tenniel-cartoon, "Mirage"—No. 37. This was published April 12, 1884. General Gordon stands on the wall of Khartoum and shades his eyes to see what it is that comes up in the distance—the quick gleam of English steel, or the mocking mirage of the wilderness! Alas! it was but a mocking mirage that Gordon saw in that far-off array which Tenniel has so well



"MIRAGE."

GENERAL GORDON. . . . . "*WHAT* IS IT THAT I SEEM TO SEE ACROSS THE SAND WASTE? IS IT THE QUICK GLEAM OF ENGLISH STEEL, OR BUT A DESERT-DREAM? HELP—OR, THAT LAST ILLUSION OF DISTRESS, THE MOCKING *MIRAGE* OF THE WILDERNESS?"

37.—BY TENNIEL; APRIL 12, 1884.

pictured on the misty horizon at which Gordon is anxiously gazing.

Pictures 38 and 39 are two fine Keenes. In No. 38 the extraordinary vividness of the bull-chased-old-man incident must strike the most casual observer, and notice also how deftly Keene



"BENEFITS FORGOT!"—*Old Gentleman (he had been chased across the Field by the infuriated Animal, and only just scrambled over the Gate in time—gasping for breath).* "You in-fernal un-gra'ful Beast!—An' me—'been Veg'tarian allm'life!!" 38.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1884.

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"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS," ETC.—*Husband (airily, they had just returned from their Wedding Trip).* "If I'm not Home from the Club by—ah—Ten, Love, you won't wait——" *Wife (quietly).* "No, Dear"—*(but with appalling firmness)* —"I'll Come for you!!" *[He was back at 9.45 sharp.]*

39.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1884.

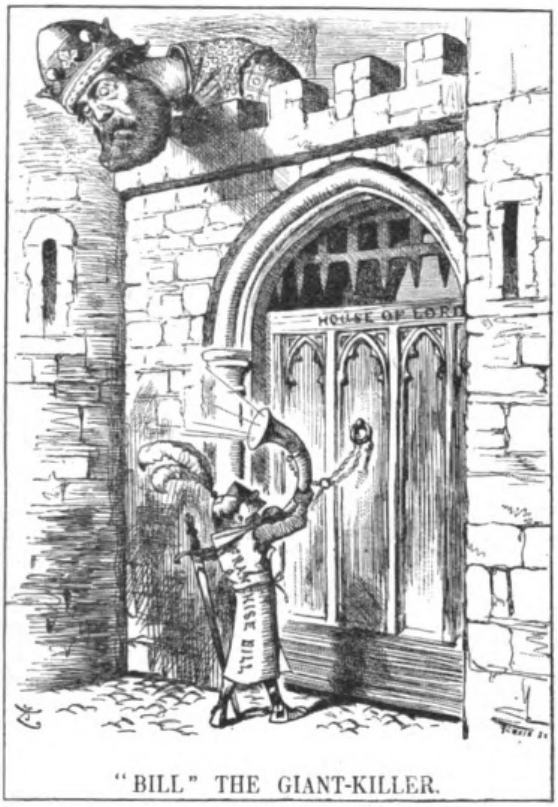
has given the idea of *distance* to the other side of the big field across which the panting old man has just run. Then, again, there is most masterly management of light and shade here, and the old man and the bull are actually alive.

Pleasant for the newly-married man in No. 39, is it not?

The cartoon in No. 40, published November 22, 1884, was accompanied in *Punch* by verses that commenced with two lines from "Jack the Giant-Killer":—

Whoever dares this horn to blow
Shall wreak the Giant's overthrow!

Lord Salisbury, as the Giant, peers over the battlement of his castle—the House of Lords—at the small "Bill" (Mr. Gladstone's "popular" Franchise Bill) which has just been sent up to the House of Lords.



"BILL" THE GIANT-KILLER.

40.—BY TENNIEL, 1884.

Negotiations took place between Gladstone's Government and the Opposition, with the result that this "Bill" was ultimately admitted into the Giant's Castle and duly made into law—without the disastrous effects that were foretold by some of the Conservatives.

No. 41 is our concluding *bonne-bouche* for this month. Charles Keene has given the stupid witness a stupid thumb.



IMPRACTICABLE.—*Judge (to Witness).* "Repeat the Prisoner's Statement to you, exactly in his own Words. Now, what did he say?"
Witness. "My Lord, he said he stole the Pig——"
Judge. "Impossible! He couldn't have used the Third Person."
Witness. "My Lord, there was no Third Person!"
Judge. "Nonsense! I suppose you mean that he said, 'I stole the Pig'!"
Witness (shocked). "Oh, my Lord! He never mentioned your Lordship's Name!" *[Dismissed ignominiously!]*

41.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1884.

(To be continued.)

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By Robert Barr.

I QUITE agree with the literary critics in their opinion that the recently-published biography of Howard Carruth is a well-written book. I have perused the volume myself with both pleasure and profit. Talented works of fiction have always interested me, and I admit that the book forms, as some of the papers have said, a noble and stirring example to those who are young and ambitious, as going to show to what eminence a man may attain by dogged perseverance in the face of difficulty, when united with the talents which we all admit Howard Carruth possessed.

The biographer, Mr. James Gourley (it seems odd to see his name on the title-page as "James," for I never knew anybody who did not call him "Jim"), was a talented newspaper man; an expert in graphic writing; yet no one knows better than he that Howard Carruth's rise to fame is not to be attributed entirely to his mental qualities; but rather to his muscle than his mind. I do not allude to the well-remembered nobility of Howard Carruth's presence on the stage; he was an ideal *Hamlet*, a picturesque *Richelieu*, and a most subtle *Iago*. What I referred to was rather his physical prowess, and that is touched upon but once in the biography where, on page 67, the reader will find some slight allusion to his strength.

Of course we now can never know, as Gourley and Carruth are both gone (Jim did not live to see the last proofs of his book through the press, which is a fact to be deplored, because no one would have enjoyed its success better than Jim, attributing it, no doubt, to the popularity of the actor rather than to his own picturesque style of writing, for such was the modesty of this clever artist in words); in the circumstances, as I was about to say, no one can know why Jim suppressed what seems to be so interesting a chapter in the life of Howard Carruth, for he well knew its value as a picturesque episode, none better, and the fact that he did not use it when he might well have done so, Carruth being dead, indicates that the great actor forbade him to touch upon this phase of his life, and that Jim loyally respected the request.

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Jim says in his introduction to the book that he first met the actor in Syracuse, New York. This statement is rather a play on words. He first met the actor there, no doubt, and first knew him there as Howard Carruth; but years before he had encountered the same person under his real name, at a time when he was connected with the stage, and yet no actor. I cannot set down the particulars in the vivid language Jim Gourley would have used, making the scene live again before the reader's eyes; but I must just do the best I can, acting as reporter for Jim's own words, for he was even more brilliant as a *raconteur* than as a writer; a combination seldom found. Indeed, if I were to turn biographer, as Jim did in the latter years of his life, the setting down of his sayings and doings would be more attractive to me than recounting the deeds and successes of even the greatest actor in the world.

Jim was too brilliant and talented to be successful; others reaped the benefit of his genius, and wondered why he touched the very skirts of great success only to have them whisked away from him. He had laboured on nearly all the noted papers from San Francisco to New York, yet never kept a place for long. There must have been a strain of gipsy blood in Jim's veins, for he was ever on the move. Jim was almost always sure of a job on any paper to whose city editor he applied; for, although he never attained the celebrity various funny men of the Press achieved, his work was nevertheless known throughout the States, and many newspaper men consider that his terse account of the all-night wrestling match in Morgan's Hall, San Francisco, was one of the most brilliant pieces of writing that had ever been done into type by a newspaper compositor. Jim was now in New Orleans and now in Omaha, now in New York and now in Cincinnati; you never knew exactly where to find him, and you ran up against him in the most unexpected places. He told me once that a letter addressed "Jim Gourley, on some paper or other," ran him down at Spokane Falls, to the honour and glory of the United States postal department.

"My name is Jim Gourley," he said to the city editor, "of no place in particular, and I can do mostly anything on a newspaper, from cleaning rollers down to writing editorials."

"I guess we've got a letter for you, Mr. Gourley," replied the city editor, fishing it out. "It dropped in unexpectedly to-day, and, from the appearance of it, has been everywhere else in creation."

Jim had started several papers of his own, mostly weekly society sheets, but when they lived, they lived to profit somebody else, and when they died, they always died on Jim's hands. A cheerful, uncomplaining fellow, optimistic as a Western town, a fascinating story-teller, ever ready to drop whatever he was at if he could push forward a helping hand to a friend, or even to an enemy, it made little difference to Jim, always positive that he was just on the verge of a great success, and always letting go too soon or holding on too long. And now, to think that he has died and left a book that is in its fourteenth edition! With not a soul to whom the rich publisher can pay the ever-accumulating royalties; for Jim, the friend of everyone, had no known relatives on earth, which seems an irony of fate. But, as I said at the beginning, it was not about Jim Gourley that I intended to write, although I find myself drifting in that direction. I am well aware that the friends of Howard Carruth will claim that the success of the biography rises through public interest in the great actor, but I very much doubt if such is the case. The volume itself is absorbingly interesting; indeed, Jim Gourley could not have written of a microbe without imbuing it with everything that is human and lovable.

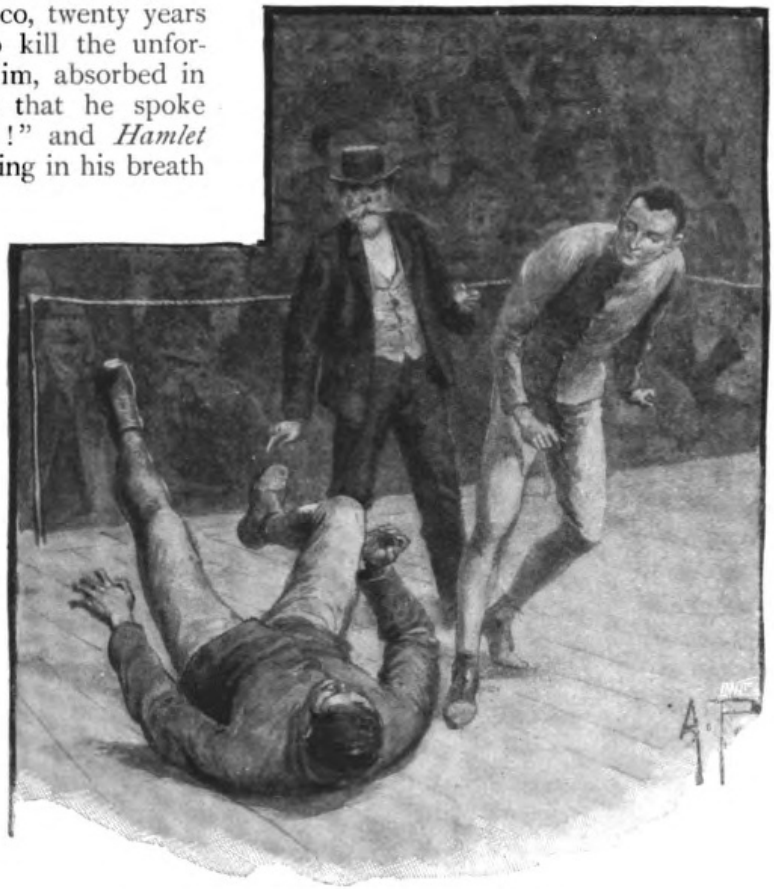
Among other interests that Jim had taken up in his varied career was, of course, the theatrical profession. His acquaintance with newspaper men was so extensive that naturally he made an excellent advance agent, and often he held forth in some newspaper office the brilliant prospects of a troupe that had already gone on the rocks behind him, for it was always Jim's luck to be associated with some company approaching its break-up.

One evening Jim was in the office of a Syracuse paper seeking a job when there was no vacancy, and he had worked off his latest stories on the dramatic critic, always a dangerous man on whom to experiment, for the dramatic critic hears everything that is fresh if anyone on the staff does, when finally this gentleman said he had to go to the theatre, and he invited Jim to come along with him. Howard Carruth was to appear as *Hamlet*, and the critic held that Carruth was a coming man, although he admitted sorrowfully that he had been a mighty long time on the way, for the public did not appear to take to the "legitimate." There

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was a very scant audience, and the critic stayed but a short time, as was his custom, for he had often seen Carruth in that part and his critique was already written, even to the phrase, "a small but discriminating audience"; a phrase which is the horror of the box-office. Jim, however, stayed on in the theatre, to the critic's amazement, for he had admitted when they set out that *Hamlet* was not enough up-to-date to suit him. It was not that *Hamlet* had awakened new appreciation in Jim's mind, but because from the moment the actor came on the stage Jim was haunted by an idea which he could not drive into a corner—an idea which would not accept any definite locality—that somewhere, and in exceptional circumstances, he had met this man, Carruth, before. When the critic left his place in the circle, Jim, between the acts, moved down to one of the empty seats next to the orchestra to study the man more closely and arrive at some solution of the problem. He tried his idea in juxtaposition with Washington, Boston, Chicago, Salt Lake City—but it would fit into none of those places. All at once a quick movement of *Hamlet* as he was talking with his mother flashed like a lime-light through Jim's remembrance, and illuminated Morgan's Hall, in San Francisco, twenty years before. As *Hamlet* turned to kill the unfortunate, inopportune *Polonius*, Jim, absorbed in his thought and unconscious that he spoke aloud, cried: "No, you don't!" and *Hamlet* nearly dropped his sword, drawing in his breath with a gasp. The actor darted one quick, apprehensive look over the slender audience, then pulled himself heroically together and went on with his work.

Jim gazed steadily at the play, but saw little of it, living again in the years gone by. He recognised Howard Carruth as Nick Bingley, the champion wrestler of America, if not of the world, then in the first flush of his youth, skilful and irresistible, the holder of the diamond belt, which no living man seemed able to wrest from him. At San Francisco there had lived a powerful butcher, Pete McGorkal, who, it was said, could knock down an ox with his fist; but then they say that of every strong man, although, probably, few oxen have come to their death in this way. Pete was a good-natured giant, who could throw any man in California over his head, and his confident friends sent a challenge to young Nick Bingley, the champion of that form of contest. The manager of Morgan's Hall saw money in the arousing of local interest, so he himself gave the requisite guarantee, entered into negotiations with Nick Bingley's agent, and found his confidence justified by the assembling of a greater audience at five dollars a head than the most noted genius of the world could have collected at fifty cents. Instead of King and Queen and Prince, which Jim's physical eyes seemed to behold, his mental vision saw before him, confronting each other, two splendid specimens of stalwart, healthy manhood: Nick Bingley, much the smaller, but a well-knit, well-proportioned man; the butcher stood a Hercules, simply radiating power. It was skill and considerable strength opposed to apparently irresistible force, lacking the skill. The knowing ones made their bets on skill, but the great majority of the local crowd plumped their money on brute force, and brute force stood upon the stage confident in his strength.



"FIRST FALL FOR NICK BINGLEY."

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I know so little of this game that I cannot tell the particular brand of wrestling under which the contestants met, but each was dressed in tights, and each wore a very short, stout jacket. After the two gladiators had shaken hands, each grasped the other by the collar of the jacket, and thus they stood for a moment, braced one against the other. To the non-professional, it seemed foolish for an ordinary-sized man like Nick Bingley to hope to wage a contest with a giant like Pete McGorkal. There had been wild acclamation when Pete came upon the stage, but now the great audience was breathless, and in the silence you might almost hear the ticking of a watch. Nick slowly but strenuously pushed the giant away from him, and the giant pushed back, his great, sturdy legs, wide-spread, not giving an inch; then, suddenly, like a stroke of lightning, the champion reversed his action, the steady push of the butcher assisting in his own discomfiture. Bingley pulled McGorkal towards himself, whisked him round, and there on his back, both shoulder-blades palpably on the floor according to the rules of the game, lay the startled butcher, the champion springing nimbly back from him and the umpire crying: "First fall for Nick Bingley. Time, 31sec."

For one tense moment the silence continued, then there rose from the audience a roar as from a wild beast when they saw their chances of gain vanish.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you stand on your feet?" came the angry shouts from the butcher's backers. The butcher got up dazed and dismayed, and drew a huge, trembling hand across a perplexed brow. Silence was only restored when the combatants faced each other again. Whether the butcher adhered to the rules of the game or not I don't know, but probably, if he didn't, the umpire would have made some endeavour to check him, but the umpire had all he could do to keep out of the way. The infuriated man rushed at his antagonist, who eluded him like an eel. It was the opinion of everyone there that once the butcher got hands on his opponent he would crush him to the floor by main strength. But this was not the case. Once, indeed, Bingley was caught in that gigantic grasp, and McGorkal flung him over his head as if he were a two-year-old infant, but the champion turned in the air as an acrobat revolves when dropping from a trapeze, landing like a cat on his feet, and on the next onslaught of the man of strength, Bingley exactly repeated the tactics of the first round. He sprang aside, then with incredible nimbleness he darted in at his opponent, seized him by his jacket, and again using the butcher's own momentum, gave a sharp twist and a jerk, and once more the shoulder-blades of his antagonist coincided with the floor.

"Second fall! Best two out of three, and the contest goes to Nick Bingley! Time, 2min. 14sec.!" shouted the umpire. Was this what the crowd had paid its five dollars to see? Best two out of three—and the whole thing over in less than five minutes! The butcher had sold them like a herd of his own steers. They had been betrayed! Then for a moment the manager of Morgan's feared he had made a bad bargain, and his speculation would result in the destruction of his property by the maddened mob. Cries of "Sold! sold! sold!" rang through the immense building.

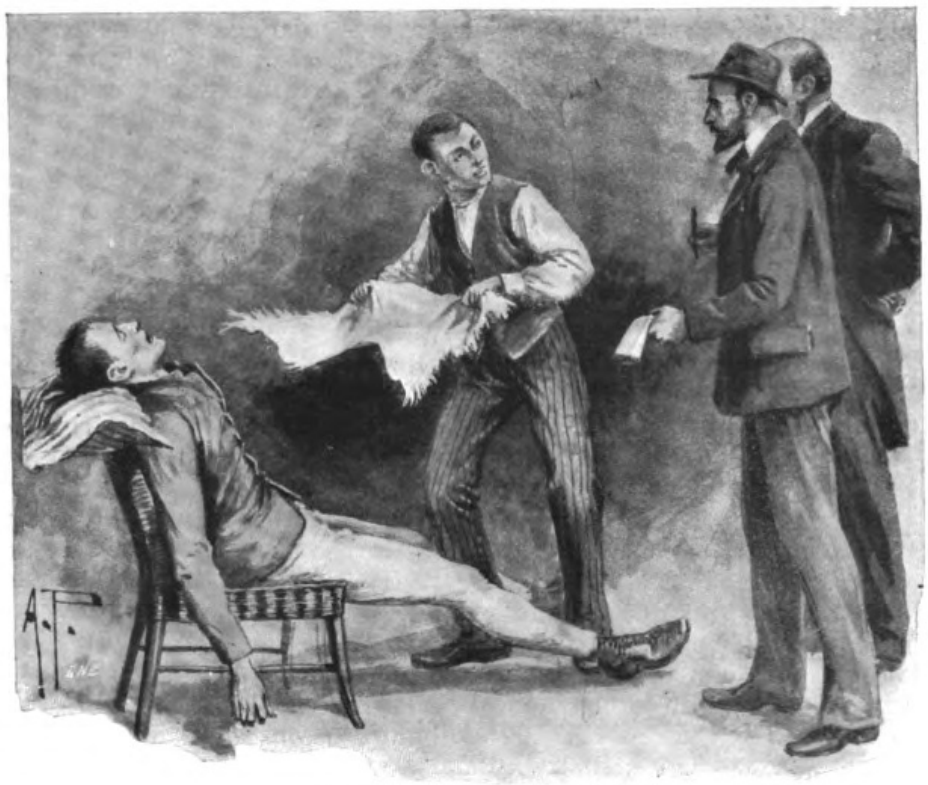
At this critical moment there rose from the front and climbed leisurely on the stage the one cool man in the place, a tall, spare individual, clear-cut, clean-shaven, vulpine-faced, with eyes of steel, well known in San Francisco as the gamest man and most daring gambler even in that city. He was a man universally respected, who won imperturbably, lost calmly, shot straight, and his word was held as good as most men's bonds. He stood on the stage and looked at the seething crowd for a moment, then held up his hand, and everyone paused to listen.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are entirely mistaken in thinking this contest was sold, and I say this in spite of the fact that I have backed the winning man, for I always back the professional against the amateur when I know the contest is straight. I have seen in my time many hundreds of affairs like this, a number of which I knew to be sold before they began, and I give you my word that if any arrangement had been made between Mr. McGorkal and Mr. Bingley you would have had full value for your money in the exhibition of wrestling you would have seen. It wouldn't have been over in five minutes; you would have had a couple of hours of the toughest struggling you ever witnessed; and, although you would have lost your money just the same, you would all have gone home with the impression that but for a bit of ill-luck your man would have won. You may wreck this hall if you want to; it doesn't matter a button to me, for I don't own a bench or a chair in it, and besides, I am going to leave the place by the stage door; but I should be sorry to see

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so much exertion wasted and the police called in upon an entirely erroneous impression on your part. I haven't the pleasure of Mr. McGorkal's acquaintance, but nevertheless I give you my word that he didn't sell you: he did the best he could, and had just as much chance from the beginning as one of you with a club would have against me with a six-shooter, and you know what that means. Gentlemen, good-night!"

These words had the effect of a douche of cold water. The crowd dimly recognised their truth, hasty action was reconsidered, and thus Morgan's Hall was not wrecked on that occasion. Jim Gourley reported this episode in his vivid, picturesque manner, and the account made a sensation in San Francisco next day. The sudden defeat of the butcher by an outsider seemed to touch the local pride of San Francisco, and a number of men put up a certain amount of money which they bestowed upon McGorkal under the condition that he would take lessons in wrestling and again challenge the champion. This celebrated contest was the all-night wrestle to which I have referred; it ended in a draw, both men exhausted when the grey daylight forced its way into Morgan's Hall. Every time Nick Bingley tried one of his professional tricks on the butcher, the latter roared out, like one of his own bulls, "No, you don't!" — if we can imagine a bull to use that phrase —and every time the accents of "No, you don't!" rolled through the hall the acclamations of the butcher's partisans rose to the roof. Through all that long night neither man achieved a fall. Sometimes, indeed, the brute passions of the athletes became apparent, but this did not allow either of them to master the other.



"IN A STATE OF COLLAPSE."

Towards morning it was evident that both men were completely done out, but the indomitable spirit of each would not permit either to succumb. In the last grapple both men fell clinched on the stage, and it was apparent that if one had an atom of strength remaining he might turn the other over on his back and win the contest, but neither man had an ounce of wrestle left in him, and each had to be helped to his feet by his seconds. Jim Gourley, as spry as a cricket, in spite of the lateness of the hour, thinking only of his paper and of when the contest would be renewed, endeavoured to interview each man. He found the butcher lying on a sofa in one of the dressing-rooms, and all he could gasp was:—

"He's a good man—a mighty good man."

The champion sat in a chair in another room, being fanned with an outspread towel, evidently in a state of collapse. His eyes were closed, his mouth open, and he drew in his breath mechanically at long intervals.

"He'll be all right in a minute, Jim," said the manager. "It's no use questioning him; he can't talk to you now."

"No, you don't," said Bingley, in a feeble whisper, a faint smile on his lips as he opened his eyes, repeating the phrase his opponent had so often made use of, and which had thus become the cant sentence of the night.

"Newspaper man?" inquired Nick

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Bingley. "What is it you want to know? I can talk, if you give me a sip of something."

"Not just now," said the manager.

"When do you think you'll be in shape to meet him again?" persisted Jim.

The wrestler shook his head.

"I shall never meet him. This ends my wrestling."

"Nonsense," said Jim, "your nerve has gone for the moment, and no wonder, but it will be all right again after a day or two. Why, you are not going to give up the diamond belt?"

Again the wrestler smiled faintly and shook his head.

"He can have the belt," he said, "for all of me. He's a good man; the best man I ever met, and I never want to meet such another."

When these reminiscences had finished percolating through Jim Gourley's mind, the drama on the stage before him had ended, and the few dozens of people in the auditorium were making their way slowly out into the street. Jim, however, did not follow the crowd. He knew his way as instinctively in a strange theatre as in a strange newspaper office, so passing round and opening a forbidden door, he found himself behind the scenes, and, with unerring instinct, brought up at the star dressing-room. Here he found Howard Carruth sitting in an arm-chair, in much the same attitude that he had left him years before in Morgan's Hall, San Francisco. It was the pose of a tired and deeply disappointed man—not thrown yet, but weary, weary of the game. Why endeavour to play *Hamlet* to a generation that wanted real waterfalls, blue fire, and crimson lime-light varied with horse-play? The times were out of joint indeed. The actor raised his languid eyes as Jim entered and closed the door behind him.

"Well, Nick Bingley," said the incomer.

The same wan smile wreathed the lips of *Hamlet* that had greeted Jim from the wrestler's face on the morning that ended the great but inconclusive contest.

"So you are the man who flung the butcher's phrase at me to-night," said the actor. "You saw me, I take it, enacting a different *rôle* in San Francisco?"

"Yes," said Jim, brightly, "also a tragedy, but with more money in the house."

"Alas, yes," murmured Carruth, dolefully. "But am I so little changed that you recognise me even in this make-up?"

"It was a motion of your shoulders that I knew, not your face. Your face, if you will forgive me saying so, is much more refined than it was when you were a wrestler."

"Thank you," replied Carruth, without enthusiasm. "But in recognising me you have shown yourself to have a better memory than I. Were you one of the audience that night?"

"I was the reporter who interviewed you just after the struggle. It was to me you said that you would never wrestle again."

"Ah, I said that to you, did I? Well, I was wofully wrong. I have been doing nothing but wrestle ever since, and with even a more implacable opponent than the butcher; wrestling with bitter ill-luck. I am near the end of my tether, so, perhaps, you have come in time to hear me say that I will give up acting, as before I told you I was going to give up wrestling."

"No," said Jim, "I am out of the newspaper business, and such an item would now be of no use to me. I have come instead to beg the position of your advance agent."

"Advance agent?" said Carruth, dreamily. "Yes, I suppose some actors do possess such a luxury, but I have none, nor can I afford one. Really, I do not need an advance agent; the newspapers have always been very kind to me, and I have sheaves of appreciative notices. I don't know exactly what it is I lack, but certainly not an advance agent."

"There's where you are wrong," cried Jim, enthusiastically. "Now let me tell you my qualifications for the position. I don't suppose there's a man——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Carruth, "but let me tell you of one disqualification on my part which will far overtop all your advantages, whatever they may be. It is simply this, that I have not the money to pay you. You saw the audience I had to-night. Well, there's your answer."

"As a matter of fact, that's no answer at all, Mr. Carruth. Of course I never have any money of my own, and so I shall need a little something to square up hotel bills, but even that I could get along without if it were necessary, for I think I could work my way from here to San Francisco and live in luxury all the time. The hotel men all know me, and they know I'll get them the money from somewhere or other—even if I didn't they wouldn't mind; they're all good fellows. Now, you are the greatest actor I ever saw, small audience or not, and if you'll tell me the biggest house you ever had, I'll draw my pay on the basis of a percentage over that, which percentage I leave you to name. The

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plain, bald fact is, that you are badly managed, Mr. Carruth, and I propose to manage you well."

"Your terms are certainly reasonable, but there are still obstacles in the way. In the first place, I am the head of a Shakespearean combination, such as it is, and I am not going to take on any new and popular dramas, even if there is money in them. I am going to succeed or go under as a Shakespearean actor."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied Jim, buoyantly. "If you think I am going to interfere with you in any way you will soon see your mistake. You can stick to Shake all right enough; I believe there is money in the old man yet."

"Then, another thing," continued the actor, with a smile. "I am not going to descend into popular advertising. This is the Howard Carruth Company, and not Barnum's Circus."

"I quite understand that, and nothing will be done that you can object to; still, I should like to have a little influence in the arranging of the plays."

"Ah," said the actor, freezing up again.

"I see you don't like that, but, nevertheless, I submit that great as 'Hamlet' undoubtedly is, it isn't what you would call a cheerful play."

"No, I suppose not."

"There is too much slaughter and too much gloom about it. A tired business man when he comes to the theatre wants something to liven him up a bit, therefore he goes to the Daisy Deane Comedy Company and takes his wife with him, or, if he is alone or with a friend, to the Variety Theatre. Now, I propose that we leave 'Hamlet' till Saturday night, when the business man has Sunday to recover. We can open in each town with 'As You Like It.' You wouldn't have any objection to that, would you, Mr. Carruth?"

"Oh, no."

"Very well, then, that is settled. Do you carry a wrestler with you, or do you take a super from whatever town you are in?"

"We take a super, but I am not going to change 'As You Like It' into a wrestling match, you know."

"Of course not, of course not," said Jim, soothingly. "Where do you open next Monday when you are through with Syracuse?"

"In Rochester, after that in Buffalo, and then Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit, and so on to the West, if we hold together."

"Then that settles it," said Jim, "and I'm off to Rochester early to-morrow morning, and we'll see what sort of a house we can get up for you by Monday night."

The actor smiled sorrowfully on Jim as he shook hands with him, and after the enthusiastic young man had gone, remembered that he did not even know his name.

When Gourley entered the office of one of the Rochester daily papers it was not to the dramatic critic that he presented himself, but to the sporting editor, a rakish-looking young man, who wore his hat well to the back of his head, and smoked a corn-cob pipe.

"Halloa, Billy," said Jim.

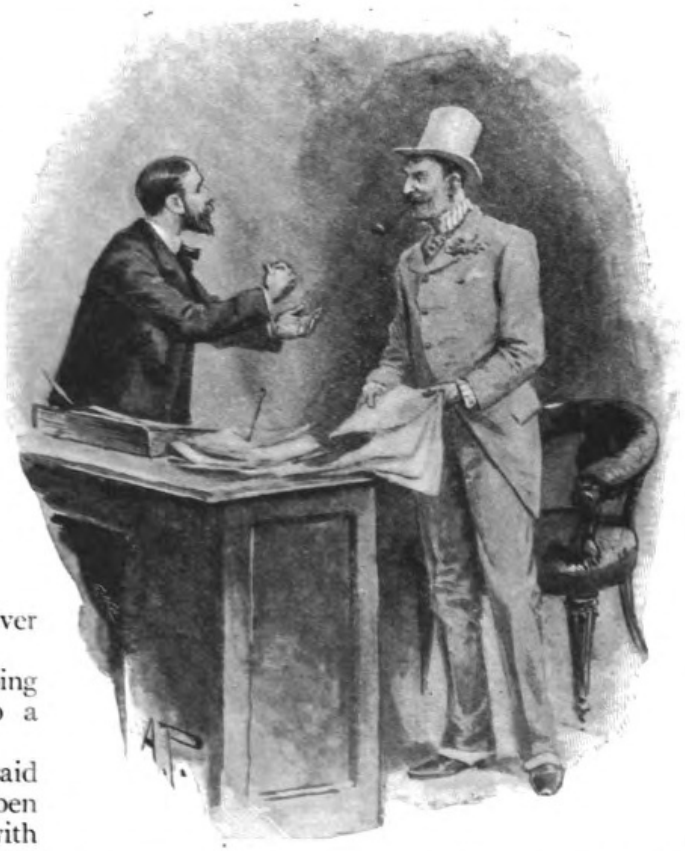
"Halloa, Jim," said Billy. "Where'd you spring from? Coming on the paper again?"

"No," replied Jim. "I'm advance agent for the Howard Carruth travelling combination. We open here Monday night."

"Oh, Carruth's no good, is he; doesn't draw?"

"Not very much," admitted Jim. "The truth is, I haven't had a cent of salary from him since I began with him."

"Then why don't you throw him down



"I'M ADVANCE AGENT FOR THE HOWARD CARRUTH COMBINATION."

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and join the staff of this paper? The old man would give you a place."

"It's just about throwing it down that I wanted to see you. The truth is, I want to put up a little job on Howard Carruth, who is a proud, distant, haughty beggar. You'd think he owned the earth, and yet he can't draw a twenty-dollar house."

"Well, what's your game?" asked the sporting editor, always on the alert for anything new.

"You see, Carruth opens here in 'As You Like It,' and in the beginning of this play there is a wrestling scene, you know."

"I didn't know," answered the sporting editor.

"Well, there is, just the same. Of course, Carruth is an actor, of a sort, and he doesn't know anything about wrestling, so it's usually a pretty poor scene. The super comes up, *Orlando* clinches him, turns him over gently, and on to the floor with him, like putting a baby to sleep. Now, the troupe doesn't carry a wrestler with them; so I've got to hire one in every town we go to, and I wish you could put me on to a real good, rough-and-tumble wrestler here in Rochester, who would simply throw Carruth over his head and paralyze the play. It would be great fun for the audience, even though it would surprise old Shakespeare."

"It would that," replied the sporting editor, "and Tommy Sloan's your man. He can throw his weight in wild cats. Let's go down to Micky Doolan's saloon and see if we can find him."

The two went together to the saloon of Micky Doolan, and picked up three or four congenial spirits on the way, to whom the plot was confidentially disclosed. Tommy Sloan was not at Micky Doolan's, but a number of others were there, one of whom received the sporting editor's eulogy of Sloan with scorn.

"Tommy Sloan can't throw anything," he shouted, contemptuously. "He can't even throw a fit; why, Archie Bond would toss him over the Genesee Falls and up back again while Tommy was gettin' a hitch on his trousers."

"Archie Bond, nothing," said the sporting editor, with withering scorn.

"I bet you ten dollars he throws him three times out of three."

Sporting editors know too much of the inside of things, and so they don't bet; the offer, however, was promptly taken by another member of the company.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the volatile Jim, who had made friends with all present, "we'll get up a little wrestling match here between Bond and Sloan, and the man that wins shall tackle Howard Carruth. But, of course, boys, you'll all keep this quiet?"

"Oh, of course, of course," they all said, unanimously.

Short as the notice was, there was a good audience to see the match between Tommy Sloan and Archie Bond, and Tommy quite justified the sporting editor's prediction, throwing Bond twice hand-running, not, however, without some difficulty. Sloan accepted the position as super in "As You Like It," and Jim Gourley delivered a short address from the ring, stating the situation and asking them all to keep it dark.

For a dead secret the matter was discussed in Rochester more universally than might have been expected. On Monday night, when Howard Carruth came to the peep-hole of the curtain, dressed as *Orlando*, and placed his eye to the aperture, he was amazed at what he beheld. The theatre was packed from the furthest corner of the upper gallery to the front row by the orchestra. Before the play began, the box-office sent round word to the green-room that they were selling standing-room only, and would soon have to quit even that. Carruth was in splendid form that night; never had Jim seen him act better. The lavish and somewhat indiscriminate applause of the great audience seemed to inspire him. When Tommy Sloan, as *Charles the Wrestler*, came on, he was received with a burst of enthusiasm, which might have put Mr. Carruth in some suspicion of the real state of things were it not that an actor, like a magnet, draws everything to himself, and is a very self-centred man. The moment they clinched, *Orlando* felt himself in a grip of iron, and, taken by surprise, was very nearly thrown. As he recovered himself, staggering back, there arose a yell of delight from the gallery.

The unexpected opposition coming on Carruth's already high exaltation roused all his old wrestling blood. He pounced on Sloan like a hawk, and as the two men struggled up and down the stage, the other actors pressed back against the scenery to be out of the way. But Carruth was out of practice and his wind was not as sound as it had been years before, and after a most severe tussle that brought beads of sweat on his brow, he found himself down on one knee, and Sloan pressing him hard to lay him over backward prone on the boards. In the storm of applause, Carruth

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was enabled to speak to his opponent unheard by any of the audience.

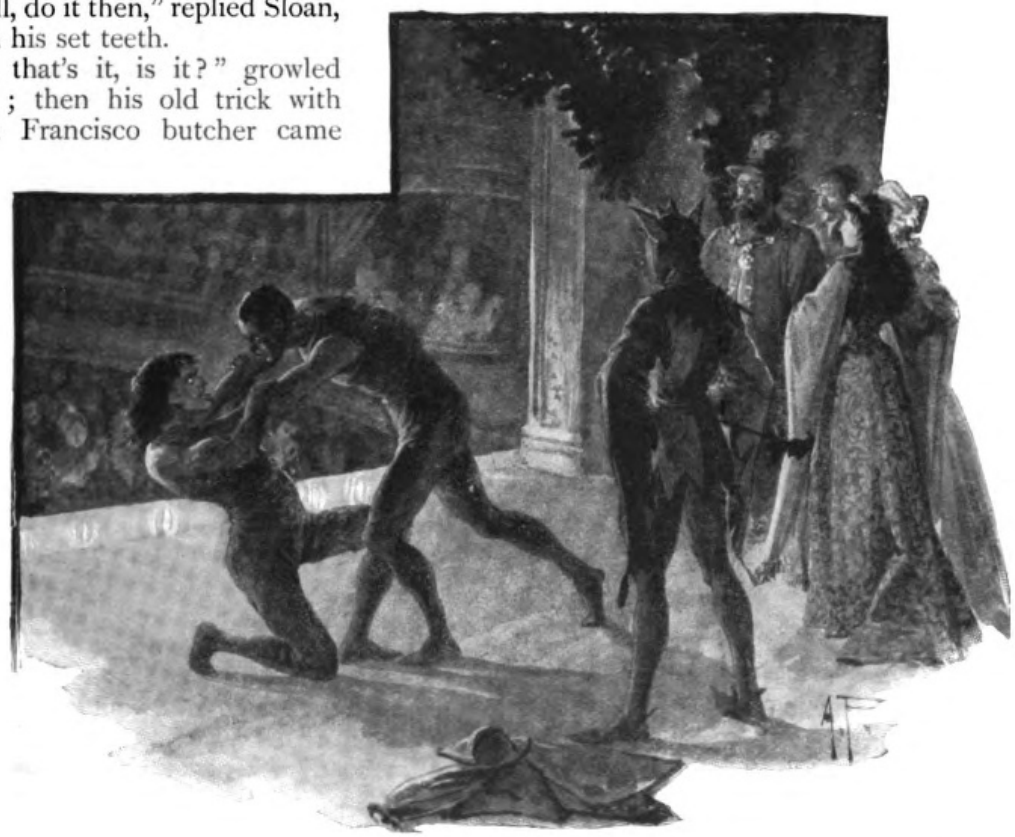
"Look here, my man," he said, in quick gasps, "you are not to throw me, you know; I'm to throw you."

"Well, do it then," replied Sloan, between his set teeth.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" growled Carruth; then his old trick with the San Francisco butcher came back to him. He whipped out sideways, almost from under Sloan, gave the little jerk at the coat collar, whirled him round in transit, and plump went Sloan's broad back on the boards, Carruth standing erect over the prostrate body with heaving chest. The audience rose and cheered. Never before had Shakespeare been so enthusiastically received in Rochester, and the frantic applause saved the break in the play, for the *Duke Frederic*, standing with his back against the painted canvas forest, was so astounded at the contest that he forgot he had to cry "No more, no more," until a sharp whisper from Carruth reminded him, and then the audience, having calmed down, could not but well laugh when Carruth himself said: "Yes, I beseech your grace, I am not yet well breathed," because it was quite palpable from his heavy breathing that he was as near done out as any man could well be. Then when the *Duke*, bending over the prostrate man, said:—

"How dost thou, Charles?" there was truth in the other actor's response, "He cannot speak, my lord."

Although nearly everyone else in Rochester was into the secret, the dramatic critics were innocent. Sporting editors look upon dramatic critics as an encumbrance upon a paper, whose pretentious effusions no sane man should care to read, when there is a sporting page to devour. So the critics knew nothing of the plot, but waxed enthusiastic next morning on the excellence of Howard Carruth's acting and stage management.



"I'M TO THROW YOU."

"He has made," said one of them, "the wrestling scene in 'As You Like It' as notable as was Barry Sullivan's sword contest in 'Richard III.'"

It was announced in the papers that because of the numerous disappointments, which excluded much of the town, on account of lack of room at the Opera House, "As You Like It" would be repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday. As a matter of fact, this play occupied the boards all the week, Tommy Sloan and Archie Bond taking the part of *Charles* on alternate nights, always doing their best, but always being thrown.

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And thus Jim Gourley, prince of advance agents, worked up local pride in every city he touched, just as if he were running a base-ball team, and Howard Carruth came at last to San Francisco not only a rich man, but also a magnificent actor in the pink of physical condition.

His admirers may say what they like—in fact, I am one of them myself—but it seems to me it is an indication of his unbounded conceit, or else a slur on his intelligence, that never, until they came to San Francisco, did he suspect the game that Jim Gourley was playing. Gourley knew his opposition to anything in the shape of what he called the Barnum style of advertising, and so he did not dare to take the actor into his confidence, fearing he would veto the scheme. It was in San Francisco that the actor was nearly thrown on his back, and that rather through surprise than through the skill of his opponent. Jim, with an eye to dramatic effect, looked up the butcher, but did not tell him that the actor he was to meet was his old opponent, Nick Bingley, and the butcher had never heard of Howard Carruth. Carruth, when confronted for the last time with Pete McGorkal, had no suspicion that he was opposite his old enemy until, once within clutches, he tried his former trick of pulling the huge man to him, and the latter bellowed out, in spite of the fact that the words were not set down by Shakespeare, "No, you don't!" The phrase startled Carruth, and brought the true state of the case to his mind. In that moment the butcher seized him and whirled him over his head, but, as before, to the intense delight of the gallery, Carruth turned his somersault and landed on his feet. The butcher had become stout and short of wind, and the actor, as I have said, was now in good condition, so he eluded the fat man, who trod the stage a puffing *Falstaff*, and, at last, closing in with him, got the grape-vine twist on his leg, and over went the butcher like a falling tower, *Orlando* on top of him.



"THE BUTCHER SEIZED HIM AND WHIRLED HIM OVER HIS HEAD."

"Yes, I do," said the actor, grimly, as he held him there helpless.

At San Francisco the mercurial Jim came to the actor and said he had concluded to leave business management and take up his old newspaper duties. The actor looked at him with a kindly gleam in his eye, then thrust forward his hand.

"No, you don't," he said, whereat Jim smiled. "You've been the making of me somehow, and you must stick by me."

And stick by him Jim did until the actor's sudden death on the stage. And thus he came to write Howard Carruth's biography, and I have no doubt that it was at Carruth's request that Jim left out of the book all reference to wrestling. But I hold it should be written if only to do justice to a man ever kindly to others, although I cannot tell the incidents as graphically as Jim himself would have done.

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The Australian Cricketers at Home.

By M. Randal Roberts.

IF one looks at the fixture list of the Australians, which extends without a break from the beginning of May to the middle of September, it seems almost a misnomer to speak of them as ever being at home. It is difficult to have a fixed abode when you are compelled to be at the Oval one day, at Eastbourne the next, and two days afterwards at Sheffield. However, if the exigencies of their cricketing programme deprive the Australian Eleven of the delights of hearth and home during their campaign in England, the team, like other invading armies, occasionally enjoys the luxury of head-quarters. And the head-quarters of the Eleven, as everyone knows, are situated at the Inns of Court Hotel in Holborn. The hotel is, in fact, the base of operations from which Major Wardill, the manager, directs the movements of his troops, and to which the army of invaders periodically returns after a victorious onslaught on one of the counties.



From a] MAJOR WARDILL IN HIS COSY CORNER. *[Photograph.*

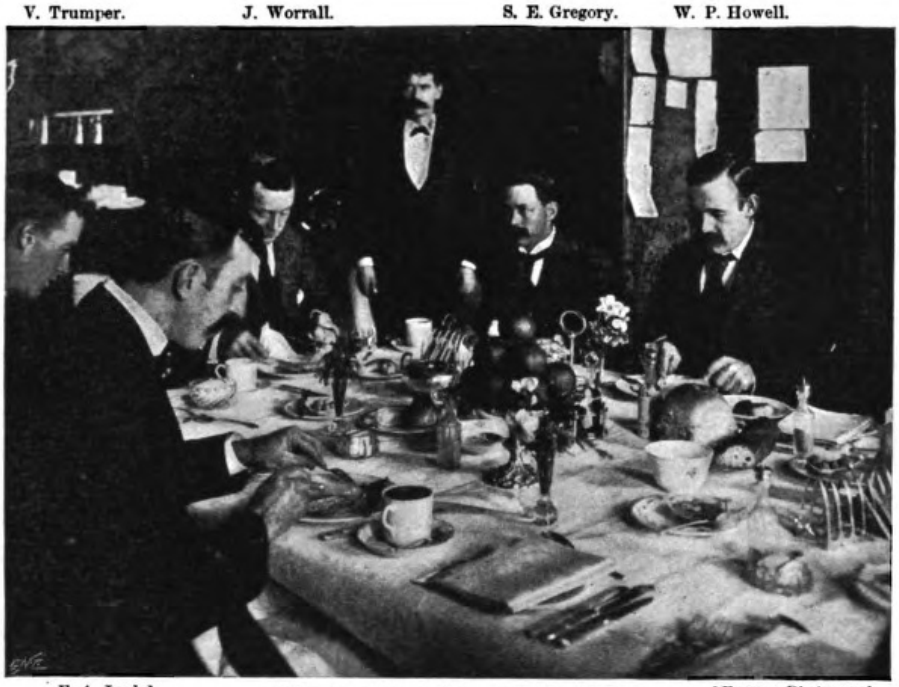
Truth compels me to admit that on the occasion of my spending a day with the Australians at their London home I was not an invited guest. It was I who proposed the visit. However, I didn't meet with the fate that usually awaits the self-invited guest. On the contrary, Major Wardill and his merry men gave me as warm a welcome as if I had been an old friend whom they had long been pressing to visit them. Probably I bored them, but at any rate they didn't show it, though for one whole day I lived and moved and had my being among them, just as if I had been a member of the eleven.

The clocks in Holborn only pointed to a few minutes past nine when I reached the Inns of Court Hotel, but, early as it was, two or three of the Australians had already finished breakfast. Major Wardill was sitting at a table in the corner of the room, with a huge pile of letters in front of him, which told plainly enough that the manager of a touring team must have the pen of a ready writer if he attends personally to all his correspondence. Hugh Trumble was reclining in a capacious saddle-bag, deep in thought, and looking as if he were devising new methods (it wanted only three weeks to the first of the test matches) for getting England's batsmen out. But Hugh Trumble has always a preoccupied air, so perhaps his thoughts may have been engaged on a far less interesting problem.

Presently the rest of the team began to drop in one by one. I hope I am not giving away any secrets when I state that the last to put in an appearance was Clem Hill.

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V. Trumper. J. Worrall. S. E. Gregory. W. P. Howell.

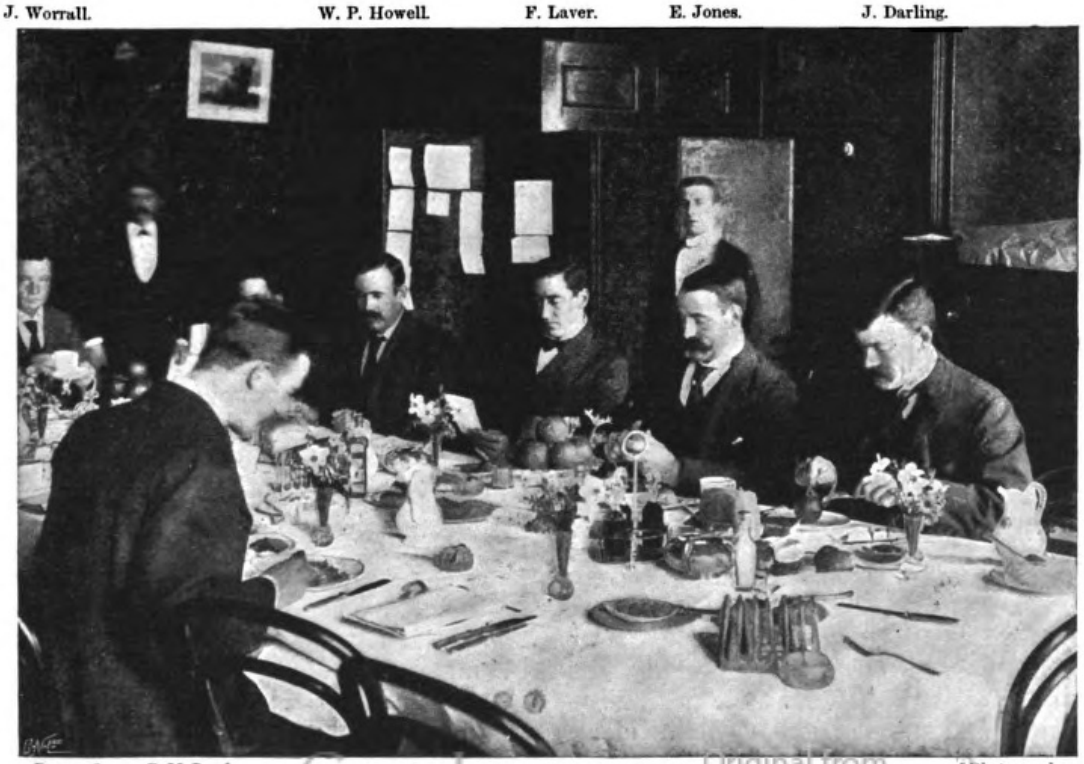


F. A. Iredale. SOME OF THE ELEVEN AT BREAKFAST. [*From a Photograph.*

I can conscientiously recommend a breakfast with the Australians as a first-rate recipe to anyone afflicted with an attack of the blues. There was a joke ready for each new-comer, and there was a general air of hilarity which one associates more with a party of light-hearted schoolboys than with a team which has travelled all the way from Australia on the serious business of trailing the flag of English cricket in the dust. As Mr. Trumble moved across the room to Major Wardill and came within range of the photographer's weapon, one of his companions at the breakfast table threw an elongated bâton of bread over to him, with the remark, "Here, Hughie, you mustn't be photographed without a bat in your hand." Trumble caught the impromptu bat and made a fine forward stroke with it, but he declined altogether to let the tableau be preserved in a photograph.

Long before breakfast was over I descried a familiar figure in the doorway. It was the burly form of Jem Phillips, the Anglo-Australian cricketer, who can boast that for the last seven years he has never seen a winter. This pleasant feat he has achieved by the simple expedient of playing cricket in

J. Worrall. W. P. Howell. F. Laver. E. Jones. J. Darling.



From a] C. McLeod. MORE OF THE ELEVEN AT BREAKFAST. [*Photograph.*

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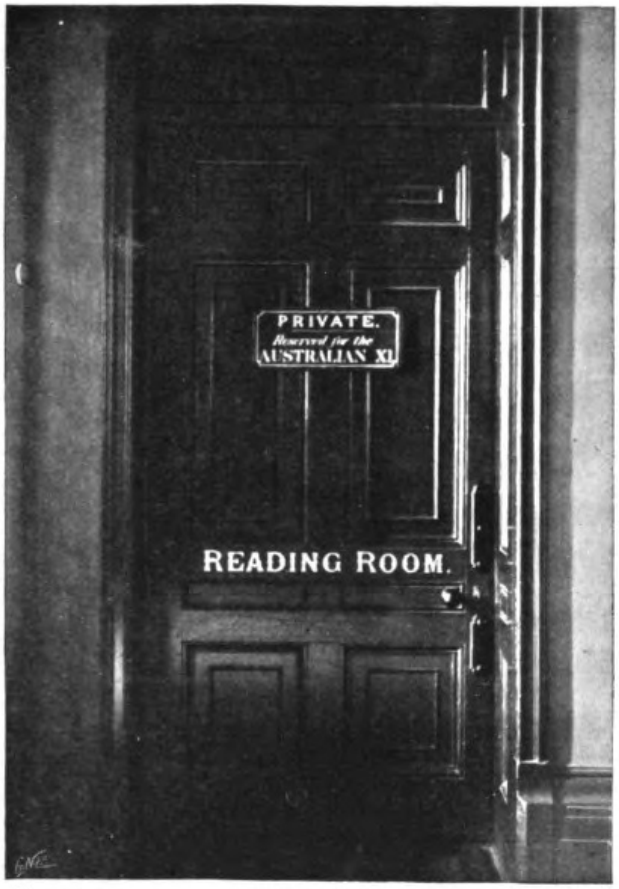
JEM PHILLIPS CONSULTING WITH THE MAJOR. MR. IREDALE READING THE PAPER.
From a Photograph.

England during the summer and in Australia during our winter—a see-saw piece of work that most of us envy him. Phillips is engaged with the Australian team as official scorer, and on that particular morning had looked in to see Major Wardill on a matter of business, as he had doubtless done on many mornings before. But it at once occurred to my mind that there was quite a dramatic touch about Phillips's presence there. Here was the man whose action in no-balling Mr. Jones during Mr. Stoddart's last tour in Australia had caused more commotion than any event of the last twenty years in the cricket world, standing side by side and chatting pleasantly with the very cricketer whose bowling he had condemned. As a matter of fact, there was really nothing remarkable about the incident, as the Australians, like the good sportsmen they are, feel nothing but respect for an umpire who has the courage of his convictions; but not having seen the two men in the same room before, the scene struck me in much the same light as if I had found Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt hob-nobbing together.

The post that morning had brought to each of the team a small pamphlet, the work of some one of the multitudinous army of cricket writers whom every visit of Australians to this country brings into being, giving a highly imaginative life-story of every member of the team, which proved far more interesting than the historian could possibly have anticipated. It added a relish to Mr. Darling's breakfast to find himself described as the finest batsman in Australia. This was satisfactory so far as it went, and his natural pride was not abated on discovering that exactly the same terms of praise were applied to Mr. Hill. Any batsman living could feel well disposed towards the writer who bracketed him with Clem Hill, but the glow of satisfaction began to cool when it appeared that the pamphleteer, in his desire to extol the merits of the team, had described each and every member of it as "undoubtedly the best batsman in Australia."

The quarters specially reserved for the Australians in the hotel consist of a cluster of bedrooms, all on the same floor, and a large room overlooking the comparatively peaceful wastes of Lincoln's Inn Fields which is used as a common room and dining-room by the team. On the outside of the door of this room is affixed a conspicuous placard bearing the legend, "PRIVATE. RESERVED FOR THE AUSTRALIAN XI." This placard is mainly intended to warn off interviewers and other irresponsible callers, and for the sake of further security a waiter is told off specially to guard the threshold.

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From a] THE AUSTRALIANS' ROOM. *[Photograph.*

Speaking as a mere native of the British Isles I should have called the weather warm, but the Australians evidently thought differently, for a bright fire was burning in the breakfast-room. The sight of that fire was very suggestive of the contrast between the climates here and "down under." There is nothing, Clem Hill remarked to me, which strikes the Australian cricketer on his first visit to this country more than the premature stiffness which is so prevalent among English players.

The everyday sight on an English ground of a man who is unable to "shy," and can do nothing but "jerk," is unknown in Australia. Even Colonials who have passed their cricket prime, and have reached the age of forty, can still throw with much the same dash as of old. Among the best English teams there is often a woful deficiency in this essential to good fielding; the cold and damp of our Northern climate penetrates into the bones and creates a chronic and incurable stiffness often before a man is thirty.

"Major," said Mr. Noble, from the end of the room, where he was attentively examining a barometer, "what time did you say that train of ours starts?" The Major replied that there was no need to worry about trains, as he had ordered a four-horse shay to convey the team to Leyton that morning. This was the signal for a general move. Within a couple of minutes the Major was left alone trying to solve the problem of how the team was to be at Bradford till 6.31 Wednesday evening, and at Lord's the next morning, without travelling in the night; while the said team were in their bedrooms, tumbling bats, boots, and shirts into eleven cricket bags, preparatory for their battle against Essex, which was to begin at Leyton a couple of hours later.

Mr. Jones I found in his room with one hand on his cricket bag and the other on the button of the electric bell, in a state of consternation, because one of his cricket boots was missing. Finally, however, the absent boot was recovered, and the eleven came clattering down the stairs to the front hall. The Major's



From a] MR. JONES PREPARES TO START. *[Photograph.*

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MR. KELLY AND MR. GREGORY ATTEND TO THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.
From a Photograph.

four-horse shay, which took the form of a remarkably smart drag, was standing in readiness at the Holborn entrance. Oddly enough, though the street was crowded at the time, it apparently did not occur to any of the passers-by that the coach contained the Australian Eleven. A couple of small boys and their smaller sister tumbled to the fact and raised a weak cheer, but, otherwise, the team passed unnoticed from the hall door to the roof of the four-in-hand.

As the story of how the Australians fared at Leyton will be stale history by the time this appears in print, the reader must now imagine, after the manner of Acts I. and II. in a melodrama, a period of eight hours to have elapsed.

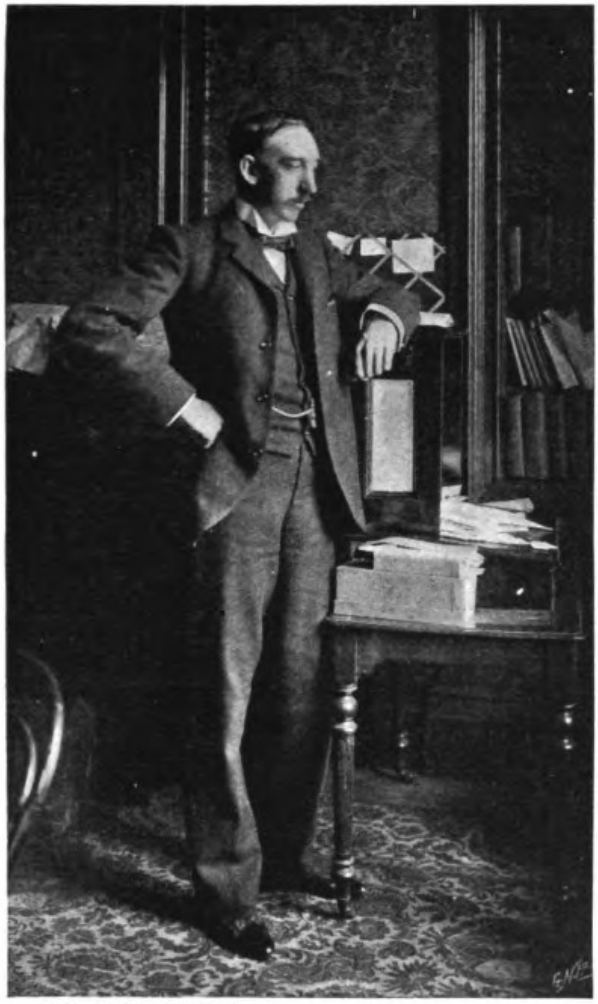
The official dinner-hour of the team, when they are in London at any rate, is seven o'clock, but this fixture is an elastic one. However, on this particular evening, as the men returned in good time from Leyton, it was punctually observed. Inasmuch as the Australians dine on exactly the same lines as other less distinguished mortals, I am not going to describe the dinner. But it may possibly interest those who hold the creed that stimulants are necessary to sustained exertion to learn that two of the team are confirmed water drinkers.

Judging from the bushels of invitation cards which lay piled on Major Wardill's table, it seemed as if there were a conspiracy among the managers of every entertainment in London to deprive the Australians of their well-earned repose after a match. However, as luck had it, on this particular day they had an off evening. So after dinner, when cigars were produced, we still sat about the room



From a] MR. CLEM HILL PACKS HIS CRICKET BAG. *[Photograph.*

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MR. HUGH TRUMBLE.
From a Photograph.

chatting of everything in general and cricket in particular.

The conversation drifted to the comparative merits of devoting only three days to a match, as is done in county cricket, and of playing every important game to a finish, as the custom is in Australia. Gregory, Trumble, and Hill were very emphatic in declaring that they enjoy cricket far more in England than in Australia. That our three-day fixtures produce much more lively batting than the indefinitely extended matches in Australia is a fact with which every cricket spectator will agree, but it was interesting to hear the opinion of three players who have had practical experience of the pros and cons of the methods which prevail in both countries.

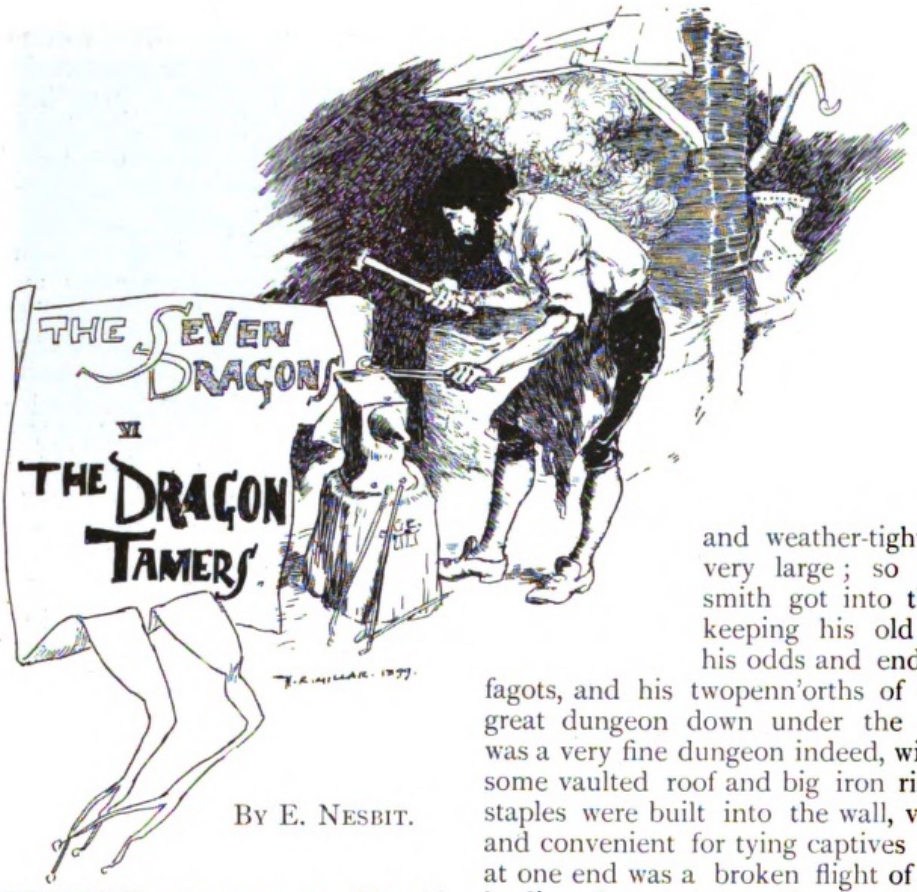
The visit of an Australian team to this country, I learned, is a far more formal affair than any of the tours in Australia undertaken by English cricketers. Before the present Australian team started each of the members signed an official agreement under which he bound himself to observe certain conditions. One of the most notable of these conditions was that during the tour none of the team should contribute to the Press either in this country or in Australia. I only mention this as a good instance of the serious spirit in which the tour was undertaken. The Australians have come over with the object of beating England if they can, and anything likely to interfere with their attaining that result is to be rigidly eschewed.

There is no recipe for making time fly like talking cricket gossip. Before I had heard half of what the new-comers had to tell me of their impressions of cricket in the old country the clock had struck eleven, and as there was evidently a disposition to move bedwards, I considerately took my departure.



From a] THE ELEVEN OFF TO A MATCH. *[Photograph.*

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By E. Nesbit.

THERE was once an old, old castle—it was so old that its walls and towers and turrets and gateways and arches had crumbled to ruins, and of all its old splendour there were only two little rooms left; and it was here that John the blacksmith had set up his forge. He was too poor to live in a proper house, and no one asked any rent for the rooms in the ruin, because all the lords of the castle were dead and gone this many a year. So there John blew his bellows, and hammered his iron, and did all the work which came his way. This was not much, because most of the trade went to the mayor of the town, who was also a blacksmith in quite a large way of business, and had his huge forge facing the square of the town, and had twelve apprentices, all hammering like a nest of woodpeckers, and twelve journeymen to order the apprentices about, and a patent forge and a self-acting hammer and electric bellows, and all things handsome about him. So that of course the townspeople, whenever they wanted a horse shod or a shaft mended, went to the mayor. And John the blacksmith struggled on as best he could, with a few odd jobs from travellers and strangers who did not know what a superior forge the mayor's was. The two rooms were warm and weather-tight, but not very large; so the blacksmith got into the way of keeping his old iron, and his odds and ends, and his fagots, and his twopenn'orths of coal in the great dungeon down under the castle. It was a very fine dungeon indeed, with a handsome vaulted roof and big iron rings, whose staples were built into the wall, very strong and convenient for tying captives up to, and at one end was a broken flight of wide steps leading down no one knew where. Even the lords of the castle in the good old times had never known where those steps led to, but every now and then they would kick a prisoner down the steps in their light-hearted, hopeful way, and, sure enough, the prisoners never came back. The blacksmith had never dared to go beyond the seventh step, and no more have I—so I know no more than he did what was at the bottom of those stairs.

John the blacksmith had a wife and a little baby. When his wife was not doing the house-work she used to nurse the baby and cry, remembering the happy days when she lived with her father, who kept seventeen cows and lived quite in the country, and when John used to come courting her in the summer evenings, as smart as smart, with a posy in his button-hole. And now John's hair was getting grey, and there was hardly ever enough to eat.

As for the baby, it cried a good deal at odd times; but at night, when its mother had settled down to sleep, it would always begin to cry, quite as a matter of course, so that she hardly got any rest at all. This made her very tired. The baby could make up for its bad nights during the day, if it liked, but the poor mother couldn't. So whenever she had nothing to do she used to sit and cry, because she was tired out with work and worry.

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One evening the blacksmith was busy with his forge. He was making a goat-shoe for the goat of a very rich lady, who wished to see how the goat liked being shod, and also whether the shoe would come to fivepence or sevenpence before she ordered the whole set. This was the only order John had had that week. And as he worked his wife sat and nursed the baby, who, for a wonder, was not crying.

Presently, over the noise of the bellows, and over the clank of the iron, there came another sound. The blacksmith and his wife looked at each other.

"I heard nothing," said he.

"Neither did I," said she.

But the noise grew louder—and the two were so anxious not to hear it that he hammered away at the goat-shoe harder than he had ever hammered in his life, and she began to sing to the baby—a thing she had not had the heart to do for weeks.

But through the blowing and hammering and singing the noise came louder and louder—and the more they tried not to hear it, the more they had to. It was like the noise of some great creature purring, purring, purring—and the reason they did not want to believe they really heard it was, that it came from the great dungeon down below, where the old iron was, and the firewood and the twopenn'orth of coal, and the broken steps that went down into the dark and ended no one knew where.

"It *can't* be anything in the dungeon," said the blacksmith, wiping his face. "Why, I shall have to go down there after more coals in a minute."

"There isn't anything there, of course. How could there be?" said his wife. And they tried so hard to believe that there could be nothing there that presently they very nearly did believe it.

Then the blacksmith took his shovel in one hand and his riveting hammer in the other, and hung the old stable lantern on his little finger, and went down to get the coals.

"I am not taking the hammer because I think there is anything there," said he, "but it is handy for breaking the large lumps of coal."

"I quite understand," said his wife, who had brought the coal home in her apron that very afternoon, and knew that it was all coal-dust.

So he went down the winding stairs to the dungeon, and stood at the bottom of the steps holding the lantern above his head just to see that the dungeon really *was* empty, as usual. Half of it was empty as usual, except for the old iron and odds and ends, and the firewood and the coals. But the other side was not empty. It was quite full, and what it was full of was *Dragon*.

"It must have come up those nasty broken steps from goodness knows where," said the blacksmith to himself, trembling all over, as he tried to creep back up the winding stairs.

But the dragon was too quick for him—it put out a great claw and caught him by the leg, and as it moved it rattled like a great bunch of keys, or like the sheet-iron they make thunder out of in the pantomime.



"THE DRAGON WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM."

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"No you don't," said the dragon, in a spluttering voice, like a damp squib.

"Deary, deary me," said poor John, trembling more than ever in the claw of the dragon; "here's a nice end for a respectable blacksmith!"

The dragon seemed very much struck by this remark.

"Do you mind saying that again?" said he, quite politely.

So John said again, very distinctly:—

"Here—Is—A—Nice—End—For—A—Respectable—Blacksmith."

"I didn't know," said the dragon. "Fancy now! You're the very man I wanted."

"So I understood you to say before," said John, his teeth chattering.

"Oh, I don't mean what you mean," said the dragon; "but I should like you to do a job for me. One of my wings has got some of the rivets out of it just above the joint. Could you put that to rights?"

"I might, sir," said John, politely, for you must always be polite to a possible customer, even if he be a dragon.

"A master craftsman—you *are* a master, of course?—can see in a minute what's wrong," the dragon went on. "Just come round here and feel of my plates, will you?"

John timidly went round when the dragon took his claw away; and, sure enough, the dragon's off wing was hanging loose and all anyhow, and several of the plates near the joint certainly wanted riveting.

The dragon seemed to be made almost entirely of iron armour—a sort of tawny, red-rust colour it was; from damp, no doubt—and under it he seemed to be covered with something furry.

All the blacksmith welled up in John's heart, and he felt more at ease.

"You could certainly do with a rivet or two, sir," said he; "in fact, you want a good many."

"Well, get to work, then," said the dragon. "You mend my wing, and then I'll go out and eat up all the town, and if you make a really smart job of it I'll eat you last. There!"

"I don't want to be eaten last, sir," said John.

"Well, then, I'll eat you *first*," said the dragon.

"I don't want that, sir, either," said John.

"Go on with you, you silly man," said the dragon; "you don't know your own silly mind. Come, set to work."

"I don't like the job, sir," said John, "and that's the truth. I know how easily accidents happen. It's all fair and smooth, and 'Please rivet me, and I'll eat you last'—and then you get to work and you give a gentleman a bit of a nip or a dig under his rivets—and then it's fire and smoke, and no apologies will meet the case."

"Upon my word of honour as a dragon," said the other.

"I know you wouldn't do it on purpose, sir," said John; "but any gentleman will give a jump and a sniff if he's nipped, and one of your sniffs would be enough for me. Now, if you'd just let me fasten you up?"

"It would be so undignified," objected the dragon.

"We always fasten a horse up," said John, "and he's the 'noble animal.'"

"It's all very well," said the dragon, "but how do I know you'd untie me again when you'd riveted me? Give me something in pledge. What do you value most?"

"My hammer," said John. "A blacksmith is nothing without a hammer."

"But you'd want that for riveting me. You must think of something else, and at once, or I'll eat you first."

At this moment the baby in the room above began to scream. Its mother had been so quiet that it thought she had settled down for the night, and that it was time to begin.

"Whatever's that?" said the dragon—starting so that every plate on his body rattled.

"It's only the baby," said John.

"What's that?" asked the dragon—"something you value?"

"Well, yes, sir, rather," said the blacksmith.

"Then bring it here," said the dragon; "and I'll take care of it till you've done riveting me, and you shall tie me up."

"All right, sir," said John; "but I ought to warn you. Babies are poison to dragons, so I don't deceive you. It's all right to touch—but don't you go putting it into your mouth. I shouldn't like to see any harm come to a nice-looking gentleman like you."

The dragon purred at this compliment and said:—

"All right, I'll be careful. Now go and fetch the thing, whatever it is."

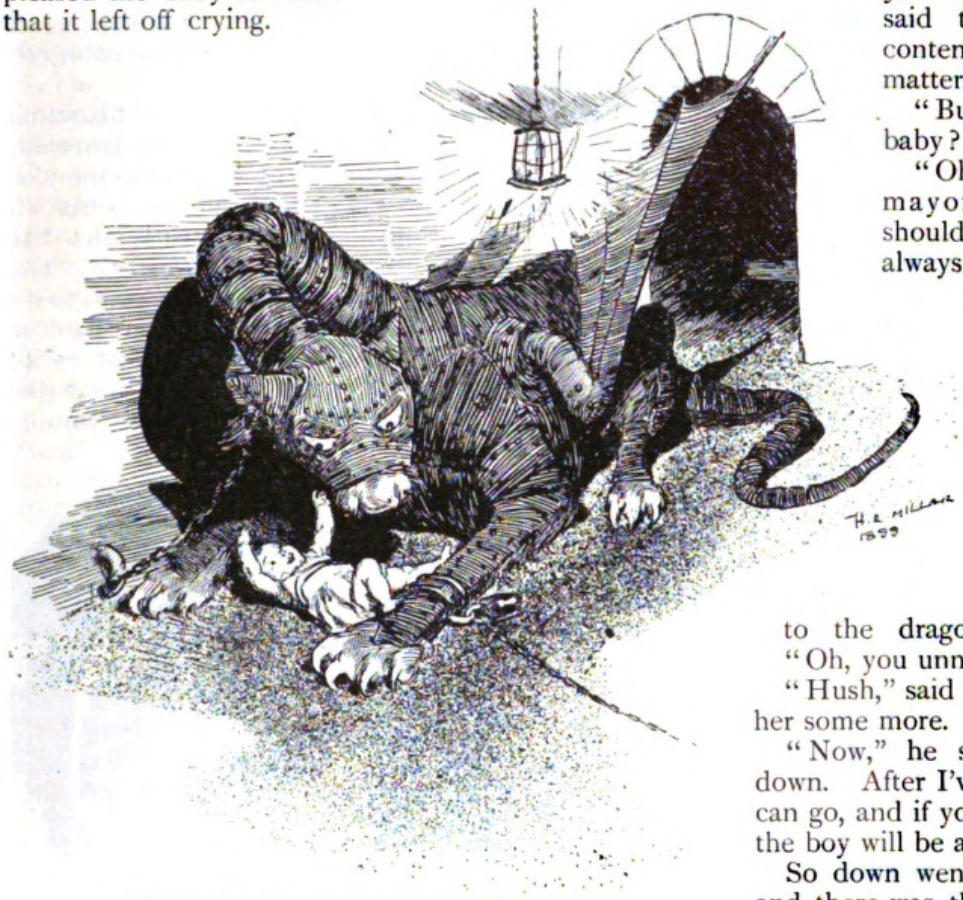
So John ran up the steps as quickly as he could, for he knew that if the dragon got impatient before it was fastened up, it could heave up the roof of the dungeon with one heave of its back, and kill them all in the ruins. His wife was asleep, in spite of the baby's cries; and John picked up the baby

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and took it down and put it between the dragon's front paws.

"You just purr to it, sir," he said, "and it'll be as good as gold."

So the dragon purred, and his purring pleased the baby so much that it left off crying.



"THE DRAGON'S PURRING PLEASED THE BABY."

Then John rummaged among the heap of old iron and found there some heavy chains and a great collar that had been made in the days when men sang over their work and put their hearts into it, so that the things they made were strong enough to bear the weight of a thousand years, let alone a dragon.

John fastened the dragon up with the collar and the chains, and when he had padlocked them all on safely he set to work to find out how many rivets would be needed.

"Six, eight, ten—twenty, forty," said he; "I haven't half enough rivets in the shop. If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll step round to another forge and get a few dozen. I won't be a minute."

And off he went, leaving the baby between the dragon's fore-paws, laughing and crowing with pleasure at the very large purr of it.

John ran as hard as he could into the town, and found the mayor and corporation.

"There's a dragon in my dungeon," he said; "I've chained him up. Now come and help to get my baby away."

And he told them all about it.

But they all happened to have engagements for that evening; so they praised John's cleverness, and said they were quite content to leave the matter in his hands.

"But what about my baby?" said John.

"Oh, well," said the mayor, "if anything should happen, you will always be able to remember that your baby perished in a good cause."

So John went home again, and told his wife some of the tale.

"You've given the baby to the dragon!" she cried. "Oh, you unnatural parent!"

"Hush," said John, and he told her some more.

"Now," he said, "I'm going down. After I've been down you can go, and if you keep your head the boy will be all right."

So down went the blacksmith, and there was the dragon purring away with all his might to keep the baby quiet.

"Hurry up, can't you?" he said. "I can't keep up this noise all night."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the blacksmith, "but all the shops are shut. The job must wait till the morning. And don't forget you've promised to take care of that baby. You'll find it a little wearing, I'm afraid. Good-night, sir."

The dragon had purred till he was quite out of breath—so now he stopped, and as soon as everything was quiet the baby thought everyone must have settled for the night, and that it was time to begin to scream. So it began.

"Oh, dear," said the dragon, "this is awful."

He patted the baby with his claw, but it screamed more than ever.

"And I am so tired, too," said the dragon. "I did so hope I should have had a good night."

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The baby went on screaming.

"There'll be no peace for me after this," said the dragon; "it's enough to ruin one's nerves. Hush, then—did 'ums, then." And he tried to quiet the baby as if it had been a young dragon. But when he began to sing "Hush-a-by, dragon," the baby screamed more and more and more. "I can't keep it quiet," said the dragon; and then suddenly he saw a woman sitting on the steps. "Here, I say," said he, "do you know anything about babies?"

"I do, a little," said the mother.

"Then I wish you'd take this one, and let me get some sleep," said the dragon, yawning. "You can bring it back in the morning before the blacksmith comes."

So the mother picked up the baby and took it upstairs and told her husband, and they went to bed happy, for they had caught the dragon and saved the baby.

And next day John went down and explained carefully to the dragon exactly how matters stood, and he got an iron gate with a grating to it, and set it up at the foot of the steps, and the dragon mewed furiously for days and days, but when he found it was no good he was quiet.

So now John went to the mayor and said:—

"I've got the dragon and I've saved the town."

"Noble preserver," cried the mayor, "we will get up a subscription for you, and crown you in public with a laurel wreath."

So the mayor put his name down for five pounds, and the corporation each gave three, and other people gave their guineas and half-guineas, and half-crowns and crowns, and while the subscription was being made the mayor ordered three poems at his own expense from the town poet to celebrate the occasion. The poems were very much admired, especially by the mayor and corporation.

The first poem dealt with the noble conduct of the mayor in arranging to have the dragon tied up. The second described the splendid assistance rendered by the corporation. And the third expressed the pride and joy of the poet in being permitted to sing such deeds, beside which the actions of St. George must appear quite commonplace to all with a feeling heart or a well-balanced brain.

When the subscription was finished there was a thousand pounds, and a committee was formed to settle what should be done with it. A third of it went to pay for a banquet to the mayor and corporation; another third was spent in buying a gold collar with a dragon on it for the mayor, and gold medals with dragons on them for the corporation; and what was left went in committee expenses.

So there was nothing for the blacksmith except the laurel wreath, and the knowledge that it really *was* he who had saved the town. But after this things went a little better with the blacksmith. To begin with, the baby did not cry so much as it had before. Then the rich lady who owned the goat was so touched by John's noble action that she ordered a complete set of shoes at 2s. 4d., and even made it up to 2s. 6d. in grateful recognition of his public-spirited conduct.



"THE TOURISTS USED TO COME."

Then tourists used to come in breaks from quite a long way off, and pay twopence each to go down the steps and peep through the iron grating at the

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rusty dragon in the dungeon—and it was threepence extra for each party if the blacksmith let off coloured fire to see it by, which, as the fire was extremely short, was twopence-halfpenny clear profit every time. And the blacksmith's wife used to provide teas at ninepence a head, and altogether things grew brighter week by week.

The baby—named John, after his father, and called Johnnie for short—began presently to grow up. He was great friends with Tina, the daughter of the whitesmith, who lived nearly opposite. She was a dear little girl, with yellow pigtails and blue eyes, and she was never tired of hearing the story of how Johnnie, when he was a baby, had been minded by a real dragon.

The two children used to go together to peep through the iron grating at the dragon, and sometimes they would hear him mew piteously. And they would light a halfpennyworth of coloured fire to look at him by. And they grew older and wiser.



"THE DRAGON BEHAVED LIKE A SMELTING WORKS."

Now, at last one day the mayor and corporation, hunting the hare in their gold gowns, came screaming back to the town gates with the news that a lame, humpy giant, as big as a tin church, was coming over the marshes towards the town.

"We're lost," said the mayor. "I'd give a thousand pounds to anyone who could keep that giant out of the town. *I* know what he eats—by his teeth."

No one seemed to know what to do. But Johnnie and Tina were listening, and they looked at each other, and then ran off as fast as their boots would carry them.

They ran through the forge, and down the dungeon steps, and knocked at the iron door.

"Who's there?" said the dragon.

"It's only us," said the children.

And the dragon was so dull from having been alone for ten years that he said:—

"Come in, dears."

"You won't hurt us, or breathe fire at us or anything?" asked Tina.

And the dragon said, "Not for worlds."

So they went in and talked to him, and told him what the weather was like outside, and what there was in the papers, and at last Johnnie said:—

"There's a lame giant in the town. He wants you."

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"Does he?" said the dragon, showing his teeth. "If only I were out of this!"

"If we let you loose you might manage to run away before he could catch you."

"Yes, I *might*," answered the dragon, "but then again I mightn't."

"Why—you'd never fight him?" said Tina.

"No," said the dragon; "I'm all for peace, I am. You let me out, and you'll see."

So the children loosed the dragon from the chains and the collar, and he broke down one end of the dungeon and went out — only pausing at the forge door to get the blacksmith to rivet his wing.

He met the lame giant at the gate of the town, and the giant banged on the dragon with his club as if he were banging an iron foundry, and the dragon behaved like a smelting works—all fire and smoke. It was a fearful sight, and people watched it from a distance, falling off their legs with the shock of every bang, but always getting up to look again.

At last the dragon won, and the giant sneaked away across the marshes, and the dragon, who was very tired, went home to sleep, announcing his intention of eating the town in the morning. He went back into his old dungeon because he was a stranger in the town, and he did not know of any other respectable lodging. Then Tina and Johnnie went to the mayor and corporation and said, "The giant is settled. Please give us the thousand pounds reward."

But the mayor said, "No, no, my boy. It is not you who have settled the giant, it is the dragon. I suppose you have chained him up again? When *he* comes to claim the reward he shall have it."

"He isn't chained up yet," said Johnnie. "Shall I send him to claim the reward?"

But the mayor said he need not trouble; and now he offered a thousand pounds to anyone who would get the dragon chained up again.

"I don't trust you," said Johnnie. "Look how you treated my father when he chained up the dragon."

But the people who were listening at the door interrupted, and said that if Johnnie could fasten up the dragon again they would turn out the mayor and let Johnnie be mayor in his place. For they had been dissatisfied with the mayor for some time, and thought they would like a change.

So Johnnie said, "Done," and off he went, hand-in-hand with Tina, and they called on all their little friends and said:—

"Will you help us to save the town?"

And all the children said, "Yes, of course we will. What fun!"

"Well, then," said Tina, "you must all bring your basins of bread and milk to the forge to-morrow at breakfast time."



"ALL THE TOWN CHILDREN BROUGHT THEIR BREAD AND MILK."

"And if ever I am mayor," said Johnnie, "I will give a banquet, and you shall be invited. And we'll have nothing but sweet things from beginning to end."

All the children promised, and next morning Tina and Johnny rolled the big washing-tub down the winding stair.

"What's that noise?" asked the dragon.

"It's only a big giant breathing," said Tina; "he's gone by, now."

Then, when all the town children brought their bread and milk, Tina emptied it into the wash-tub, and when the tub was full Tina knocked at the iron door with the grating in it, and said:—

"May we come in?"

"Oh, yes," said the dragon; "it's very dull here."

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So they went in, and with the help of nine other children they lifted the washing-tub in and set it down by the dragon. Then all the other children went away, and Tina and Johnnie sat down and cried.

"What's this?" asked the dragon, "and what's the matter?"

"*This* is bread and milk," said Johnnie; "it's our breakfast—all of it."

"Well," said the dragon, "I don't see what you want with breakfast. I'm going to eat every one in the town as soon as I've rested a little."

"Dear Mr. Dragon," said Tina, "I wish you wouldn't eat us. How would you like to be eaten yourself?"

"Not at all," the dragon confessed, "but nobody will eat me."

"I don't know," said Johnnie, "there's a giant——"

"I know. I fought with him, and licked him——"

"Yes, but there's another come now—the one you fought was only this one's little boy. This one is half as big again."

"He's seven times as big," said Tina.

"No, nine times," said Johnnie. "He's bigger than the steeple."

"Oh, dear," said the dragon. "I never expected this."

"And the mayor has told him where you are," Tina went on, "and he is coming to eat you as soon as he has sharpened his big knife. The mayor told him you were a wild dragon—but he didn't mind. He said he only ate wild dragons—with bread sauce."

"That's tiresome," said the dragon, "and I suppose this sloppy stuff in the tub is the bread sauce?"

The children said it was. "Of course," they added, "bread sauce is only served with wild dragons. Tame ones are served with apple sauce and onion stuffing. What a pity you're not a tame one: he'd never look at you then," they said. "Good-bye, poor dragon, we shall never see you again, and now you'll know what it's like to be eaten." And they began to cry again.

"Well, but look here," said the dragon, "couldn't you pretend I was a tame dragon? Tell the giant that I'm just a poor little, timid tame dragon that you kept for a pet."

"He'd never believe it," said Johnnie. "If you were our tame dragon we should keep you tied up, you know. We shouldn't like to risk losing such a dear, pretty pet."

Then the dragon begged them to fasten him up at once, and they did so: with the collar and chains that were made years ago—in the days when men sang over their work and made it strong enough to bear any strain.

And then they went away and told the people what they had done, and Johnnie was made mayor, and had a glorious feast exactly as he had said he would—with nothing in it but sweet things. It began with Turkish delight and halfpenny buns, and went on with oranges, toffee, cocoanut-ice, peppermints, jam-puffs, raspberry-noyeau, ice-creams, and meringues, and ended with bull's-eyes and ginger-bread and acid-drops.

This was all very well for Johnnie and Tina; but if you are kind children with feeling hearts you will perhaps feel sorry for the poor deceived, deluded dragon—chained up in the dull dungeon, with nothing to do but to think over the shocking untruths that Johnnie had told him.

When he thought how he had been tricked the poor captive dragon began to weep—and the large tears fell down over his rusty plates. And presently he began to feel faint, as people sometimes do when they have been crying, especially if they have not had anything to eat for ten years or so.

And then the poor creature dried his eyes and looked about him, and there he saw the tub of bread and milk. So he thought, "If giants like this damp, white stuff, perhaps *I* should like it too," and he tasted a little, and liked it so much that he ate it all up.

And the next time the tourists came, and Johnnie let off the coloured fire, the dragon said, shyly:—

"Excuse my troubling you, but could you bring me a little more bread and milk?"

So Johnnie arranged that people should go round with carts every day to collect the children's bread and milk for the dragon. The children were fed at the town's expense—on whatever they liked; and they ate nothing but cake and buns and sweet things, and they said the poor dragon was very welcome to their bread and milk.

Now, when Johnnie had been mayor ten years or so he married Tina, and on their wedding morning they went to see the dragon. He had grown quite tame, and his rusty plates had fallen off in places, and underneath he was soft and furry to stroke. So now they stroked him.

And he said, "I don't know how I could ever have liked eating anything but bread and milk. I *am* a tame dragon, now, aren't I?" And when they said "Yes, he was," the dragon said:—

"I am so tame, won't you undo me?" And some people would have been afraid to

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trust him, but Johnnie and Tina were so happy on their wedding day that they could not believe any harm of anyone in the world. So they loosed the chains, and the dragon said, "Excuse me a moment, there are one or two little things I should like to fetch," and he moved off to those mysterious steps and went down them, out of sight into the darkness. And as he moved more and more of his rusty plates fell off.

In a few minutes they heard him clanking up the steps. He brought something in his mouth—it was a bag of gold.

"It's no good to me," he said; "perhaps you might find it come in useful." So they thanked him very kindly.

"More where that came from," said he, and fetched more and more and more, till they told him to stop. So now they were rich, and so were their fathers and mothers. Indeed, everyone was rich, and there were no more poor people in the town. And they all got rich without working, which is very wrong; but the dragon had never been to school, as you have, so he knew no better.

And as the dragon came out of the dungeon, following Johnnie and Tina into the bright gold and blue of their wedding day, he blinked his eyes as a cat does in the sunshine, and he shook himself, and the last of his plates dropped off, and his wings with them, and he was just like a very, very extra-sized cat. And from that day he grew furrier and furrier, and he was the beginning of all cats. Nothing of the dragon remained except the claws, which all cats have still, as you can easily ascertain.

And I hope you see now how important it is to feed your cat with bread and milk. If you were to let it have nothing to eat but mice and birds it might grow larger and fiercer, and scalier and tailier, and get wings and turn into the beginning of dragons. And then there would be all the bother over again.



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A Remarkable Quilt.

By R. G. Bassett. Photographs by Alfred Dewey, Sidcup.

THE collecting of autographs has always had a fascination for people. But probably never has this interesting hobby been associated with a more pleasing work than that lately accomplished by Mrs. J. Wheeler Bennett, of Ravensbourne, Keston, near Bromley, in Kent. This work takes the form of a unique quilt, which consists of forty satin "squares" arranged in diamond shape and joined with torchon lace. Upon the "squares" are inscribed the autographs of some 400 or more persons of high rank, or distinguished in the service of the State, in politics, science, art, music, and literature. Now that it is completed, the quilt has been disposed of for the benefit of the funds of a local charity—the Bromley Cottage Hospital—and realized a handsome sum for this object.

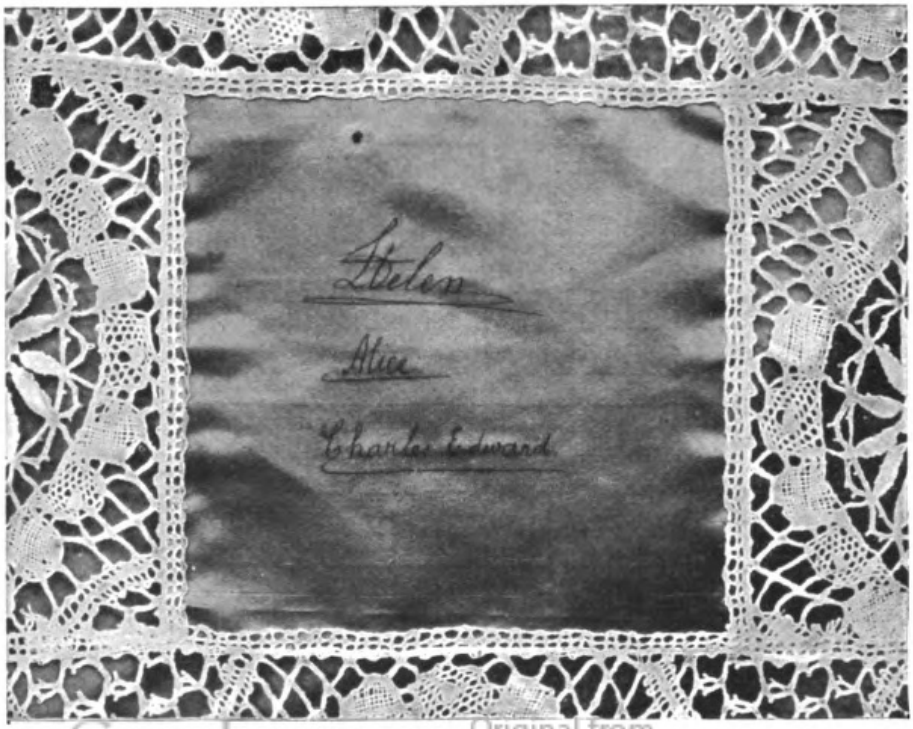
So remarkable a piece of work, which will be an art treasure in the home to which it goes, calls for more than passing reference, and having been privileged to inspect it, I am able to pass in review some of the distinguished names it bears.

Occupying the central place in the quilt is the Royal square, having the signatures of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Victoria of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife. Near to this is another Royal square, that in which H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany's signature is given, with those of her son and daughter, the young Duke of Albany and the Princess Alice. The signatures here are those of the Duke of Teck, the Princes Adolphus and Alexander of Teck, and the Princess Adolphus of Teck.

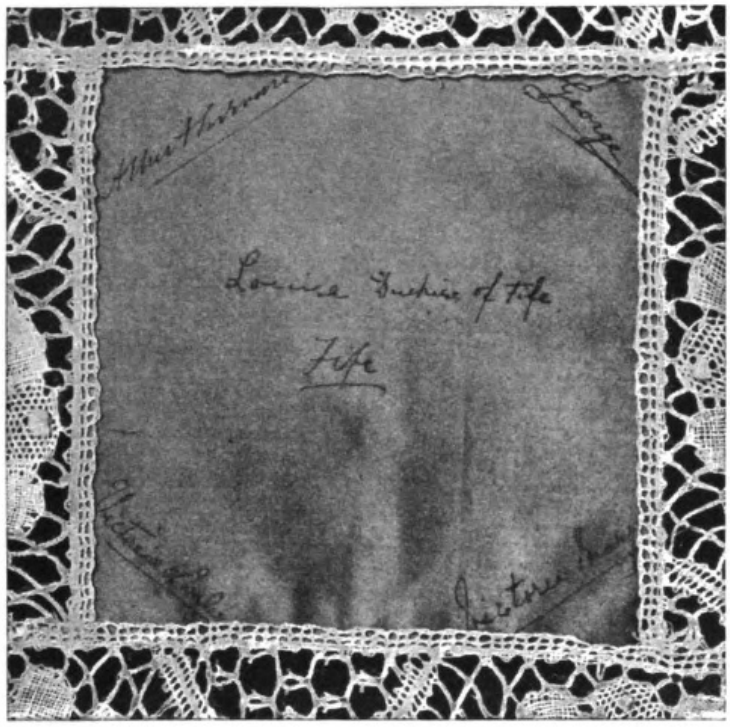
The peerage is represented by numerous names, distinguished in many instances by honourable service in the State. Here are the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Ashbourne, the Duke of Westminster, the Duchess of Westminster, Duchess of Newcastle, Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Aberdeen, Countess of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Londonderry, K.G., Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, who, as Sir Charles Russell, was the most brilliant advocate at the Bar, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, the hero of the Soudan, and many others.

In the world of politics the Prime Minister has already been mentioned. Other names more especially known in the political arena are Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., the Home Secretary; Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.; Sir Robert Finlay, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., M.P.; the late lamented Sir Frank Lockwood, and a number of other Q.C. M.P.'s.

His Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland leads off the list of dignitaries of the Church who have given their autographs "in the sweet cause of charity." The roll of bishops and their wives includes the Bishop of



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London and Mrs. Creighton, the Bishop of Chichester and Mrs. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Manchester and Mrs. Moorhouse, Archbishop O'Brien (of Halifax), and then there are also the Dean of Winchester and Mrs. McClure, Canon Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, Canon Elwyn, Canon Duckworth, Canon Murray, and Canon Allen.

Civic names are here in large number, and include Sir Faudel Phillips (Lord Mayor, 1896–7) and Lady Faudel Phillips, Sir Horatio Davies (Lord Mayor, 1897–8) and Lady Davies; Sir Henry Knight, who was Lord Mayor of London 1882-3; Aldermen R. C. Halse (the late), F. P. Alliston (of Beckenham), Alfred C. Newton, Clarence R. Halse, and Under Sheriff Webster Glynne.

The Bench and Bar are represented by a singularly distinguished list of names. Here are among those who occupy seats on the Bench: The Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls, Sir Joseph Chitty, Sir Richard Henn Collins, Sir Ford North, Sir James Stirling, Sir Robert Romer, Sir James Charles Matthew, Sir Robert Samuel Wright, Sir Arthur Kekewich, Sir Gainsford Bruce, Sir Arthur Moseley Channell, and last, but not least, that stern judge who has tried and sentenced more criminals than any other living man, Sir Henry Hawkins, now Lord Brampton. At the Bar we have, besides the Q.C. M.P.'s already mentioned, Mr. Graham Hastings, Q.C., Mr. Arthur Jelf, Q.C., Sir R. T. Reid, Q.C., Mr. J. W. Wheeler, Q.C., Mr. Lawson Walton, Q.C., Mr. Ernest Levett, Q.C., and Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C.

Art has distinguished representatives in the names of Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; Alma-Tadema, Briton Rivière, Frank Dicksee, Luke Fildes, Val Prinsep, Andrew Gow, J. MacWhirter, Henry Wells, Hubert Herkomer, E. Onslow Ford, H. H. Armstead, J. W. Waterhouse—all R.A.'s. Another painter whose name is indelibly written in the annals of art, although he was never admitted to the charmed circle of the "Forty" of Burlington House, is the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Other names whose paintings have many admirers are Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., who has lately been engaged in painting the decoration for the Royal Exchange; Arthur Hacker, the figure painter; James Guthrie, R.S.A.,



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one of the leading portrait painters of the newer school, etc.

In the world of Music the autographs are numerous, and we scarce know where to begin. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir J. F. Bridge, conductor of the Royal Albert Hall, and organist of Westminster Abbey; Sir George Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Sir Arthur Mackenzie, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; Sir George Grove; Sir Walter Parratt, organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor; Dr. Ebenezer Prout, musical professor of Dublin University; Dr. W. Creser, composer to the Queen, and organist of Chapel Royal, St. James's; Mr. August Manns, the veteran musical director of the Crystal Palace; and Mr. William H. Cummings, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music. Coming to notable singers, we have a very full list of names familiar to music-lovers of the present day: Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Madame Alice Gomez, Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Clara Butt, Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Macintyre, Madame Blanche Marchesi, Mr. Charles Santley, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Hayden Coffin; Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen; Stephen Adams, the song-writer, etc., etc.

Among other notable men and women who have appended their autographs may be mentioned Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada; Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, C.C.B., V.C.; Admiral Sir James Erskine, K.C.B.; Admiral Commerell, G.C.B., V.C.; the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton; Sir Frederick Falkner, Chief Recorder of Dublin; Lieutenant-Governor Daley, of Nova Scotia; his Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh; Mr. R. D. Blackmore, the novelist; Sir W. H. Broadbent, Bart., M.D.; Countess Balzain, great-niece of the Emperor Napoleon; Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S.; Sir Henry Irving; John Ruskin, etc., etc.

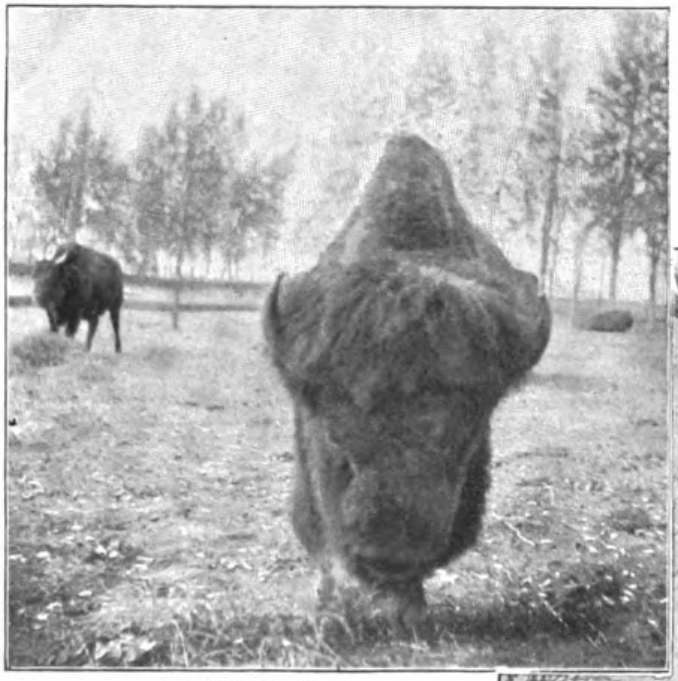
So remarkable a treasure must in future years become more and more valuable. As we have seen, while it has been in preparation, several of those who have signed it—the Duchess of Teck, the mother of our future Queen; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose works will live for all time; and genial Sir Frank Lockwood—have passed away, and their autographs remain only to recall them to memory.



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*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

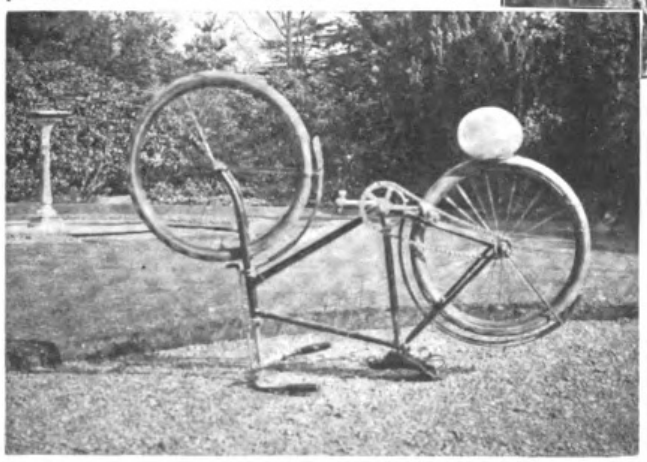


WHAT IS IT?

This snap-shot from real life would serve excellently as a puzzle picture, and we feel sure that few persons would guess what this strange-looking object really is. We will give them the solution. It is simply a buffalo, photographed in the City Park, Denver, Colorado, by Mr. R. M. Gale.

A TYRE-BALLOON.

This is a child's cycle, of which the tyres had recently been blown up fairly tight. A short time afterwards it was found that the inner tube had forced itself through the outer cover into the balloon shown in the photo. Mr. F. A. Meigh, of Ash Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, sends us this remarkable picture.



THE RESULT OF AN ELECTION BET.

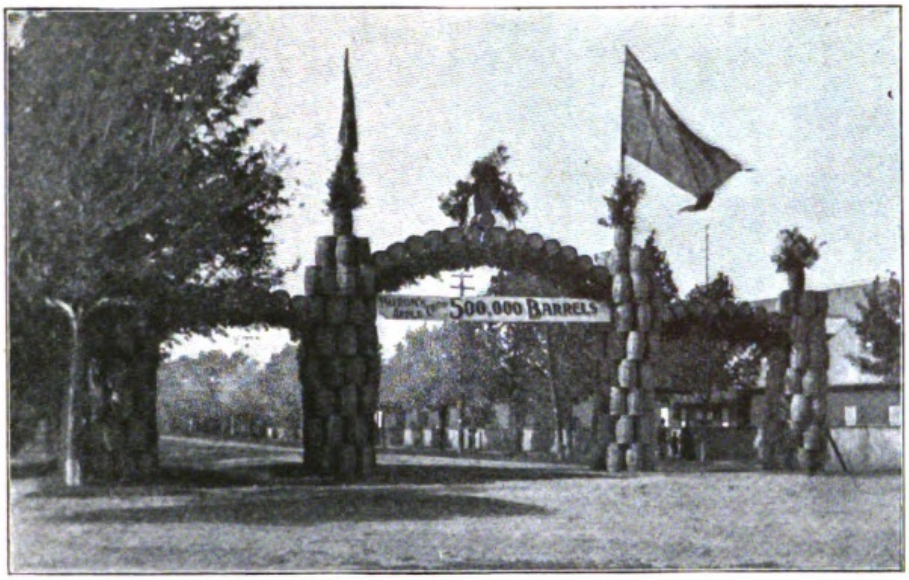
In another part of the present number we have a very interesting article describing the strange result of a wager on the election of the President of the United States, the loser of which was obliged to drive a donkey across the United States, and to earn his own living as he went. This picture relates to another of a somewhat similar kind.



It is sent by Mr. Judd Hartzell, La Harpe, Illinois, together with the following explanation: "The circumstances are these. In 1896, during the heat of the McKinley-Bryan campaign, a wager was made on the result of the election as follows: Mr. Geo. Hamline wagered that Mr. McKinley would be elected President, while Mr. Thomas Cames wagered that Mr. Bryan would be elected. The one that lost was to stand all day in the tallest tree in our City Park, and also be photographed in that position. The photograph shows Mr. Cames carrying out the wager, he having lost." The photo. was taken by Mr. Henry, La Harpe, Illinois.

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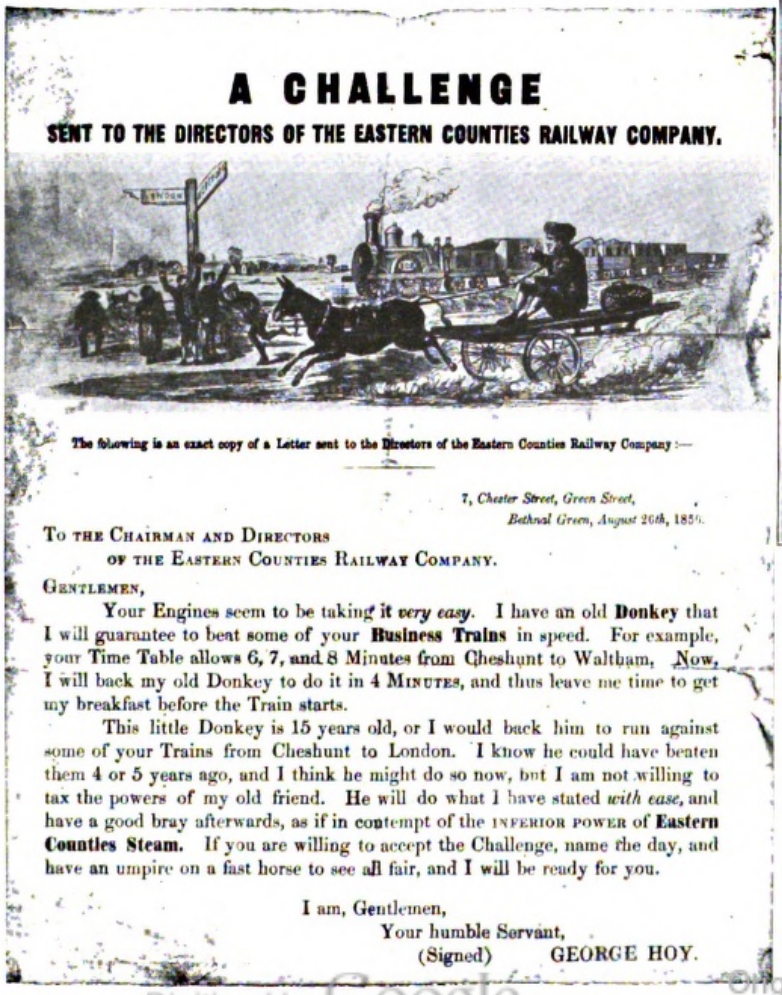


A BARREL ARCH.

This is a picture of an arch of barrels erected in honour of the visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to Goderich, Ontario. The banner underneath shows the apple crop of the County of Huron for the year—viz., 500,000 barrels. The photo. was sent by Mr. W. J. Pasmore, of that city.

A SPORTING OFFER.

The accompanying laughable challenge was issued by Mr. George Hoy to the Eastern Counties Railway Company—now the Great Eastern Railway. Those who have had the pleasure of travelling on the same line in our own days are well aware that their service is now all that could be wished. Yet we could name another company, very similar in name, against whom, if the challenge were now repeated, there is no doubt that Mr. Hoy's ancient donkey would have no difficulty in carrying off the prize, and indulging in the bray of triumph which his master speaks of. We are indebted for the print to Mr. F. C. Armsden, West Ham, S.E.



A CHALLENGE

SENT TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY COMPANY.

The following is an exact copy of a Letter sent to the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway Company:—

7, Chester Street, Green Street,
Bethnal Green, August 20th, 1850.

TO THE CHAIRMAN AND DIRECTORS
OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,

Your Engines seem to be taking **it *very easy***. I have an old **Donkey** that I will guarantee to beat some of your **Business Trains** in speed. For example, your Time Table allows 6, 7, and 8 Minutes from Cheshunt to Waltham. Now, I will back my old Donkey to do it in 4 MINUTES, and thus leave me time to get my breakfast before the Train starts.

This little Donkey is 15 years old, or I would back him to run against some of your Trains from Cheshunt to London. I know he could have beaten them 4 or 5 years ago, and I think he might do so now, but I am not willing to tax the powers of my old friend. He will do what I have stated *with ease*, and have a good bray afterwards, as if in contempt of the INFERIOR POWER of **Eastern Counties Steam.** If you are willing to accept the Challenge, name the day, and have an umpire on a fast horse to see all fair, and I will be ready for you.

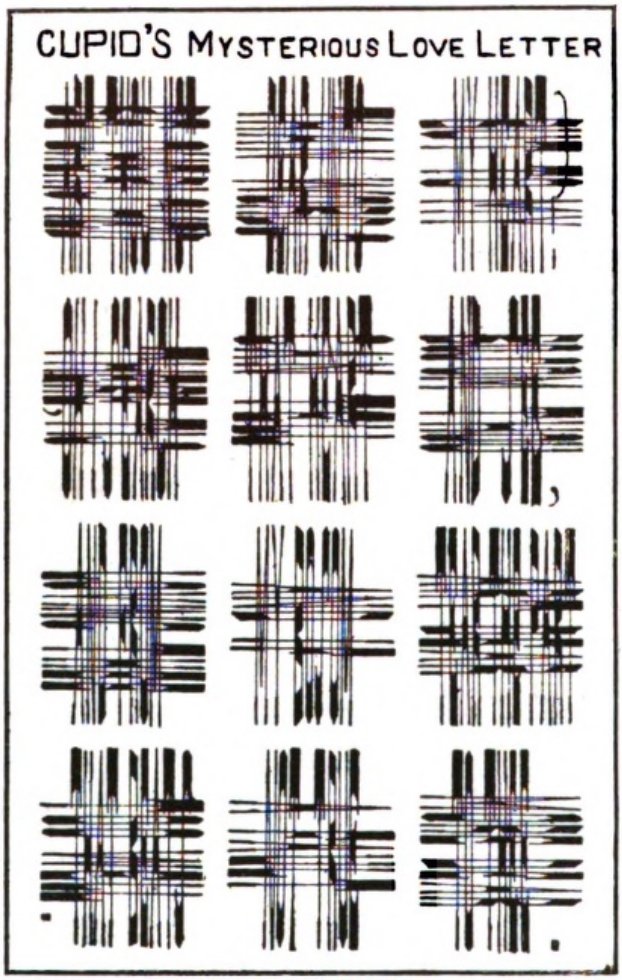
I am, Gentlemen,
Your humble Servant,
(Signed) GEORGE HOY.



QUEER TYPE.

Mr. A. Steuart Jones, of Windsor, Canada, sends the accompanying curious photo. and description: "The original is a piece of type-metal, which, in the great fire that destroyed this town on October 17th, 1897, was melted from some type from the cases of the Tribune Publishing Company and found in their ruins. The photo. was taken by myself, and I might add that the original is exactly as found and has not been 'doctored' in any way. It is still the property of the above company, and can be seen at their office at any time."

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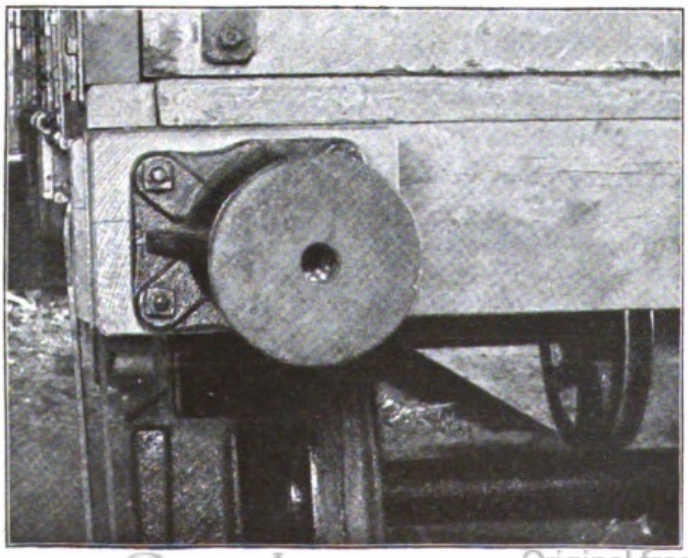


CUPID'S LOVE-LETTER.

Mr. J. William Hook, of Bristol, sends us the above curious letter, which contains eight lines of a love-poem, and may be read by holding the page on a level with the eyes, so as to foreshorten the characters.

A BOLD ROBIN.

With the accompanying photograph we have received from Mr. E. Meredith, of Georgetown, Tredegar, the following letter which describes it: "I inclose a photograph, which I took on May 18th, 1899, of a robin's nest in a buffer of a waggon. The nest was built while the waggon was undergoing repairs at the Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron, and Coal Co.'s waggon yard, where upwards of sixty men are at work daily, and it was not noticed until there were five eggs in it. Then the bird was seen flying out. Several persons came to see it, as it is quite a curiosity. When I took it there were six eggs in the nest."



"SILVER TIP."

We have received the following most interesting letter from Mr. J. Ashton Gamble, of Sioux City, Iowa: "Probably the most wonderful canine in the world, in his way, is Silver Tip, owned by F. E. Barber, proprietor of the New Exchange Hotel, Sioux City, Iowa. Silver Tip's peculiarity is his ability to select instantly from among any number of coins of any kind the genuine American silver dollar. He has been tried with every variety of coin available, including very clever counterfeits, and under varying conditions, and never has been known to score a failure. He works by retrieving, and will not even go near anything but the silver dollar. His most famous feat was in recently deciding in favour of a silver dollar which had been rejected by three banks as spurious, and which was subsequently declared to be genuine by the sub-treasury officials in Chicago. The animal developed his partiality for the dollar silver piece himself, and his owner offers no explanation for his remarkable sagacity beyond instinct. A Boston newspaper facetiously suggested that he is the reincarnation of a dead banker. Silver Tip is a handsome tan, and weighs 10½lb. Mr. Barber has refused as much as 500dols. in cash for his clever canine, and declares he is not for sale at any price."



From a Photo. by Baldwin Studio, Sioux City, Iowa.

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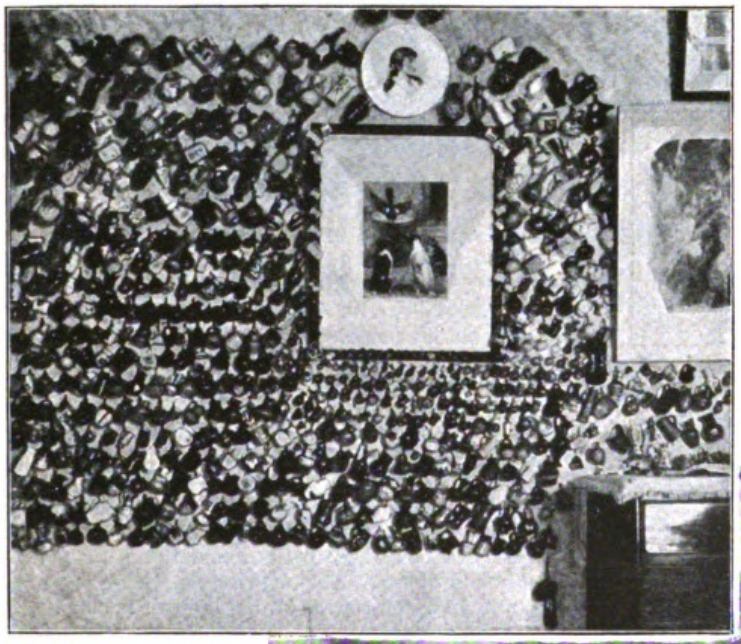
A LEVIATHAN FROG.

This startling photograph was taken by Mr. E. Dukinfield Jones, of Castro, Parana. We presume that it is a "trick-photograph," but Mr. Jones does not give us any particulars, and he lives such a long way off that we cannot readily communicate with him. Possibly, however, some of our readers may be able to discover how it is done. It is sent to us by Mr. A. G. Grenfell, of Parkgate, Cheshire.



A REMARKABLE HOBBY.

The hobbies of collectors are innumerable, and sometimes take extraordinary forms. We once heard of a gentleman who devoted his spare time to the collection of policemen's bâtons—certainly the queerest craze within our experience. The above picture, though not so remarkable, is nevertheless quite a curiosity of its kind. It represents part of a collection of jugs belonging to a lady. There are 613 in the picture, but the owner possesses over 725 altogether. They came from all parts of England and some from Germany, and some have the names of different towns stamped on them. No two are alike. We are indebted for this curiosity to Miss Fenn, The Hall, Bushey. If any of our readers know of any queer collections of this kind we shall be very glad to hear from them.



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

The reproduction below shows a new position for a group of sitters. It is not, however, anyone's invention, but came to pass by the accident of a shower of rain, while the ladies were engaged in haymaking. No other shelter being at hand, they sought protection by burying themselves in the grass, in which position the photographer caught them. The photo. is sent in by Mr. G. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk, and was taken by Mr. W. Girling, Stradbroke.



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A CLOCK OF FLOWERS.

This extraordinary timepiece may be seen in the grounds of the waterworks at Detroit. The clock-face is composed of flowers and plants, which are changed according to the season. The clock itself is run by water-power, and keeps correct time. We have received this photo. from Mr. T. E. Biand, of Hamilton, Ontario, whose sister was the photographer.

A CARVED COCOANUT.

Mr. R. B. Main, of Birchfields, Birmingham, writes as follows: "This cocoanut came into my possession whilst I was residing in Ceylon. It is an ordinary cocoanut, carved by a Singalese carpenter with a pen-knife at the age of seventy. The carving represents the different uses that the cocoanut is put to by the natives. Firstly, picking the fruit, extracting the oil from the nut, the distilling of arrack (an alcoholic drink), and, lastly, drawing the toddy. The bottom of the cocoanut represents the making of curry. There were only three of these cocoanuts made—two were shown at the Paris Exhibition, and the other is in my possession." Photo. by Powls and Mays, Birmingham.





A NEW STYLE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Minneapolis has the honour of inventing a new method of photographic grouping. The contributor of this example, with the modesty of genius, desires to withhold his name. He says: "These are a group of Minneapolis's fairest girls. They were taken while they were all lying on the floor with their heads together, and the Kodak suspended from the ceiling."

NOT A DANCING CAT.

"This," says Mrs. W. Schultz, of Summit, N.J., who sends the photo., "does not represent a dancing cat, but is a snap-shot I took from inside the hall as the cat was climbing up the screen door, a favourite amusement of his. The wire screen, being so fine, does not show against the strong light of the sky."



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"FOUR KNIVES WERE AT WORK RIPPING AND SLASHING IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

(*See page* 250.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xviii. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 105.

*The Purple Terror.**

By Fred. M. White.

I.

LIEUTENANT WILL SCARLETT'S instructions were devoid of problems, physical or otherwise. To convey a letter from Captain Driver of the *Yankee Doodle*, in Porto Rico Bay, to Admiral Lake on the other side of the isthmus, was an apparently simple matter.

"All you have to do," the captain remarked, "is to take three or four men with you in case of accidents, cross the isthmus on foot, and simply give this letter into the hands of Admiral Lake. By so doing we shall save at least four days, and the aborigines are presumedly friendly."

The aborigines aforesaid were Cuban insurgents. Little or no strife had taken place along the neck lying between Porto Rico and the north bay where Lake's flagship lay, though the belt was known to be given over to the disaffected Cubans.

"It is a matter of fifty miles through practically unexplored country," Scarlett replied; "and there's a good deal of the family quarrel in this business, sir. If the Spaniards hate us, the Cubans are not exactly enamoured of our flag."

Captain Driver roundly denounced the whole pack of them.

"Treacherous thieves to a man," he said. "I don't suppose your progress will have any brass bands and floral arches to it. And they tell me the forest is pretty thick. But you'll get there all the same. There is the letter, and you can start as soon as you like."

"I may pick my own men, sir?"

"My dear fellow, take whom you please. Take the mastiff, if you like."

"I'd like the mastiff," Scarlett replied; "as he is practically my own, I thought you would not object."

Will Scarlett began to glow as the prospect of adventure stimulated his imagination. He was rather a good specimen of West Point naval dandyism. He had brains at the back of his smartness, and his geological and botanical knowledge were going to prove of considerable service to a grateful country when said grateful country should have passed beyond the rudimentary stages of colonization. And there was some disposition to envy Scarlett on the part of others floating for the past month on the liquid prison of the sapphire sea.

A warrant officer, Tarrer by name, *plus* two A.B.'s of thews and sinews, to say nothing of the dog, completed the exploring party. By the time that the sun kissed the tip of the feathery hills they had covered some six miles of their journey. From the first Scarlett had been struck by the absolute absence of the desolation and horror of civil strife. Evidently the fiery cross had not been carried here; huts and houses were intact; the villagers stood under sloping eaves, and regarded the Americans with a certain sullen curiosity.

"We'd better stop for the night here," said Scarlett.

They had come at length to a village that boasted some pretensions. An adobe chapel at one end of the straggling street was faced by a wine-house at the other. A padre, with hands folded over a bulbous, greasy gabardine, bowed gravely to Scarlett's salutation. The latter had what Tarrer called "considerable Spanish."

"We seek quarters for the night," said Scarlett. "Of course, we are prepared to pay for them."

The sleepy padre nodded towards the wine-house.

"You will find fair accommodation there," he said. "We are friends of the Americanos."

Scarlett doubted the fact, and passed on with florid thanks. So far, little signs of friendliness had been encountered on the march. Coldness, suspicion, a suggestion of fear, but no friendliness to be embarrassing.

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The keeper of the wine-shop had his doubts. He feared his poor accommodation for guests so distinguished. A score or more of picturesque, cut-throat-looking rascals with cigarettes in their mouths lounged sullenly in the bar. The display of a brace of gold dollars enlarged mine host's opinion of his household capacity.

"I will do my best, señors," he said. "Come this way."

So it came to pass that an hour after twilight Tarrer and Scarlett were seated in the open amongst the oleanders and the trailing gleam of the fire-flies, discussing cigars of average merit and a native wine that was not without virtues. The long bar of the wine-house was brilliantly illuminated; from within came shouts of laughter mingled with the ting, tang of the guitar and the rollicking clack of the castanets.

"They seem to be happy in there," Tarrer remarked. "It isn't all daggers and ball in this distressful country."

A certain curiosity came over Scarlett.

"It is the duty of a good officer," he said, "to lose no opportunity of acquiring useful information. Let us join the giddy throng, Tarrer."

Tarrer expressed himself with enthusiasm in favour of any amusement that might be going. A month's idleness on shipboard increases the appetite for that kind of thing wonderfully. The long bar was comfortable, and filled with Cubans who took absolutely no notice of the intruders. Their eyes were turned towards a rude stage at the far end of the bar, whereon a girl was gyrating in a dance with a celerity and grace that caused the wreath of flowers around her shoulders to resemble a trembling zone of purple flame.

"A wonderfully pretty girl and a wonderfully pretty dance," Scarlett murmured, when the motions ceased and the girl leapt gracefully to the ground. "Largesse, I expect. I thought so. Well, I'm good for a quarter."

The girl came forward, extending a shell prettily. She curtsied before Scarlett and fixed her dark, liquid eyes on his. As he smiled and dropped his quarter-dollar into the shell a coquettish gleam came into the velvety eyes. An ominous growl came from the lips of a bearded ruffian close by.

"Othello's jealous," said Tarrer. "Look at his face."

"I am better employed," Scarlett laughed. "That was a graceful dance, pretty one. I hope you are going to give us another one presently——"

Scarlett paused suddenly. His eyes had fallen on the purple band of flowers the girl had twined round her shoulder. Scarlett was an enthusiastic botanist; he knew most of the gems in Flora's crown, but he had never looked upon such a vivid wealth of blossom before.

The flowers were orchids, and orchids of a kind unknown to collectors anywhere. On this point Scarlett felt certain. And yet this part of the world was by no means a difficult one to explore in comparison with New Guinea and Sumatra, where the rarer varieties had their homes.

The blooms were immensely large, far larger than any flower of the kind known to Europe or America, of a deep pure purple, with a blood-red centre. As Scarlett gazed upon them he noticed a certain cruel expression on the flower. Most orchids have a kind of face of their own; the purple blooms had a positive expression of ferocity and cunning. They exhumed, too, a queer, sickly fragrance. Scarlett had smelt something like it before, after the Battle of Manila. The perfume was the perfume of a corpse.

"And yet they are magnificent flowers," said Scarlett. "Won't you tell me where you got them from, pretty one?"



"THE GIRL CAME FORWARD, EXTENDING A SHELL PRETTILY."

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The girl was evidently flattered by the attention bestowed upon her by the smart young American. The bearded Othello alluded to edged up to her side.

"The señor had best leave the girl alone," he said, insolently.

Scarlett's fist clenched as he measured the Cuban with his eyes. The Admiral's letter crackled in his breast-pocket, and discretion got the best of valour.

"You are paying yourself a poor compliment, my good fellow," he said, "though I certainly admire your good taste. Those flowers interested me."

The man appeared to be mollified. His features corrugated in a smile.

"The señor would like some of those blooms?" he asked. "It was I who procured them for little Zara here. I can show you where they grow."

Every eye in the room was turned in Scarlett's direction. It seemed to him that a kind of diabolical malice glistened on every dark face there, save that of the girl, whose features paled under her healthy tan.

"If the señor is wise," she began, "he will not ——"

"Listen to the tales of a silly girl," Othello put in, menacingly. He grasped the girl by the arm, and she winced in positive pain. "Pshaw, there is no harm where the flowers grow, if one is only careful. I will take you there, and I will be your guide to Port Anna, where you are going, for a gold dollar."

All Scarlett's scientific enthusiasm was aroused. It is not given to every man to present a new orchid to the horticultural world. And this one would dwarf the finest plant hitherto discovered.

"Done with you," he said; "we start at daybreak. I shall look to you to be ready. Your name is Tito? Well, good-night, Tito."

As Scarlett and Tarrer withdrew the girl suddenly darted forward. A wild word or two fluttered from her lips. Then there was a sound as of a blow, followed by a little, stifled cry of pain.

"No, no," Tarrer urged, as Scarlett half turned. "Better not. They are ten to one, and they are no friends of ours. It never pays to interfere in these family quarrels. I daresay, if you interfered, the girl would be just as ready to knife you as her jealous lover."

"But a blow like that, Tarrer!"

"It's a pity, but I don't see how we can help it. Your business is the quick dispatch of the Admiral's letter, not the squiring of dames."

Scarlett owned with a sigh that Tarrer was right.

II.

It was quite a different Tito who presented himself at daybreak the following morning. His insolent manner had disappeared. He was cheerful, alert, and he had a manner full of the most winning politeness.

"You quite understand what we want," Scarlett said. "My desire is to reach Port Anna as soon as possible. You know the way?"

"Every inch of it, señor. I have made the journey scores of times. And I shall have the felicity of getting you there early on the third day from now."

"Is it so far as that?"

"The distance is not great, señor. It is the passage through the woods. There are parts where no white man has been before."

"And you will not forget the purple orchids?"

A queer gleam trembled like summer lightning in Tito's eyes. The next instant it had gone. A time was to come when Scarlett was to recall that look, but for the moment it was allowed to pass.

"The señor shall see the purple orchid," he said; "thousands of them. They have a bad name amongst our people, but that is all nonsense. They grow in the high trees, and their blossoms cling to long, green tendrils. These tendrils are poisonous to the flesh, and great care should be taken in handling them. And the flowers are quite harmless, though we call them the devil's poppies."

To all of this Scarlett listened eagerly. He was all-impatient to see and handle the mysterious flower for himself. The whole excursion was going to prove a wonderful piece of luck. At the same time he had to curb his impatience. There would be no chance of seeing the purple orchid to-day.

For hours they fought their way along through the dense tangle. A heat seemed to lie over all the land like a curse—a blistering, sweltering, moist heat with no puff of wind to temper its breathlessness. By the time that the sun was sliding down, most of the party had had enough of it.

They passed out of the underwood at length, and, striking upwards, approached a clump of huge forest trees on the brow of a ridge. All kinds of parasites hung from the branches; there were ropes and bands of green, and high up a fringe of purple glory

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that caused Scarlett's pulses to leap a little faster.

"Surely that is the purple orchid?" he cried.

Tito shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"A mere straggler or two," he said, "and out of our reach in any case. The señor will have all he wants and more to-morrow."

"But it seems to me," said Scarlett, "that I could——"

Then he paused. The sun like a great glowing shield was shining full behind the tree with its crown of purple, and showing up every green rope and thread clinging to the branches with the clearness of liquid crystal. Scarlett saw a network of green cords like a huge spider's web, and in the centre of it was not a fly, but a human skeleton!

The arms and legs were stretched apart as if the victim had been crucified. The wrists and ankles were bound in the cruel web. Fragments of tattered clothing fluttered in the faint breath of the evening breeze.

"Horrible," Scarlett cried, "absolutely horrible!"

"You may well say that," Tarrer exclaimed, with a shudder. "Like the fly in the amber or the apple in the dumpling, the mystery is how he got there."

"Perhaps Tito can explain the mystery," Scarlett suggested.

Tito appeared to be uneasy and disturbed. He looked furtively from one to the other of his employers as a culprit might who feels he has been found out. But his courage returned as he noted the absence of suspicion in the faces turned upon him.

"I can explain," he exclaimed, with teeth that chattered from some unknown terror or guilt. "It is not the first time that I have seen the skeleton. Some plant-hunter doubtless who came here alone. He climbed into the tree without a knife, and those green ropes got twisted round his limbs, as a swimmer gets entangled in the weeds. The more he struggled, the more the cords bound him. He would call in vain for anyone to assist him here. And so he must have died."



"IN THE CENTRE WAS NOT A FLY, BUT A HUMAN SKELETON."

The explanation was a plausible one, but by no means detracted from the horror of the discovery. For some time the party pushed their way on in the twilight, till the darkness descended suddenly like a curtain.

"We will camp here," Tito said; "it is high, dry ground, and we have this belt of trees above us. There is no better place than this for miles around. In the valley the miasma is dangerous."

As Tito spoke he struck a match, and soon a torch flamed up. The little party were on a small plateau, fringed by trees. The ground was dry and hard, and, as Scarlett and his party saw to their astonishment, littered with bones. There were skulls of animals and skulls of human beings, the skeletons of birds, the frames of beasts both great and small. It was a weird, shuddering sight.

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"We can't possibly stay here," Scarlett exclaimed.

Tito shrugged his shoulders.

"There is nowhere else," he replied. "Down in the valley there are many dangers. Further in the woods are the snakes and jaguars. Bones are nothing. Peuf, they can be easily cleared away."

They had to be cleared away, and there was an end of the matter. For the most part the skeletons were white and dry as air and sun could make them. Over the dry, calcined mass the huge fringe of trees nodded mournfully. With the rest, Scarlett was busy scattering the mocking frames aside. A perfect human skeleton lay at his feet. On one finger something glittered—a signet ring. As Scarlett took it in his hand he started.

"I know this ring!" he exclaimed; "it belonged to Pierre Anton, perhaps the most skilled and intrepid plant-hunter the *Jardin des Plantes* ever employed. The poor fellow was by way of being a friend of mine. He met the fate that he always anticipated."

"There must have been a rare holocaust here," said Tarrer.

"It beats me," Scarlett responded. By this time a large circle had been shifted clear of human and other remains. By the light of the fire loathsome insects could be seen scudding and straddling away. "It beats me entirely. Tito, can you offer any explanation? If the bones were all human I could get some grip of the problem. But when one comes to birds and animals as well! Do you see that the skeletons lie in a perfect circle, starting from the centre of the clump of trees above us? What does it mean?"

Tito professed utter ignorance of the subject. Some years before a small tribe of natives invaded the peninsula for religious rites. They came from a long way off in canoes, and wild stories were told concerning them. They burnt sacrifices, no doubt.

Scarlett turned his back contemptuously on this transparent tale. His curiosity was aroused. There must be some explanation, for Pierre Anton had been seen of men within the last ten years.

"There's something uncanny about this," he said, to Tarrer. "I mean to get to the bottom of it, or know why."

"As for me," said Tarrer, with a cavernous yawn, "I have but one ambition, and that is my supper, followed by my bed."

III.

SCARLETT lay in the light of the fire looking about him. He felt restless and uneasy, though he would have found it difficult to explain the reason. For one thing, the air trembled to strange noises. There seemed to be something moving, writhing in the forest trees above his head. More than once it seemed to his distorted fancy that he could



"A RARE HOLOCAUST."

see a squirming knot of green snakes in motion.

Outside the circle, in a grotto of bones, Tito lay sleeping. A few moments before his dark, sleek head had been furtively raised, and his eyes seemed to gleam in the flickering firelight with malignant cunning. As he met Scarlett's glance he gave a deprecatory gesture and subsided.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" Scarlett muttered. "I feel certain yonder

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rascal is up to some mischief. Jealous still because I paid his girl a little attention. But he can't do us any real harm. Quiet, there!"

The big mastiff growled and then whined uneasily. Even the dog seemed to be conscious of some unseen danger. He lay down again, cowed by the stern command, but he still whimpered in his dreams.

"I fancy I'll keep awake for a spell," Scarlett told himself.

For a time he did so. Presently he began to slide away into the land of poppies. He was walking amongst a garden of bones which bore masses of purple blossoms. Then Pierre Anton came on the scene, pale and resolute as Scarlett had always known him; then the big mastiff seemed in some way to be mixed up with the phantasm of the dream, barking as if in pain, and Scarlett came to his senses.

He was breathing short, a beady perspiration stood on his forehead, his heart hammered in quick thuds—all the horrors of nightmare were still upon him. In a vague way as yet he heard the mastiff howl, a real howl of real terror, and Scarlett knew that he was awake.

Then a strange thing happened. In the none too certain light of the fire, Scarlett saw the mastiff snatched up by some invisible hand, carried far on high towards the trees, and finally flung to the earth with a crash. The big dog lay still as a log.

A sense of fear born of the knowledge of impotence came over Scarlett; what in the name of evil did it all mean? The smart scientist had no faith in the occult, and yet what *did* it all mean?

Nobody stirred. Scarlett's companions were soaked and soddened with fatigue; the rolling thunder of artillery would have scarce disturbed them. With teeth set and limbs that trembled, Scarlett crawled over to the dog.

The great, black-muzzled creature was quite dead. The full chest was stained and soaked in blood; the throat had been cut apparently with some jagged, saw-like instrument away to the bone. And, strangest thing of all, scattered all about the body was a score or more of the great purple orchid flowers broken off close to the head. A hot, pricking sensation travelled slowly up Scarlett's spine and seemed to pass out at the tip of his skull. He felt his hair rising.

He was frightened. As a matter of honest fact, he had never been so horribly scared in his life before. The whole thing was so mysterious, so cruel, so bloodthirsty.

Still, there must be some rational explanation. In some way the matter had to do with the purple orchid. The flower had an evil reputation. Was it not known to these Cubans as the devil's poppy?

Scarlett recollected vividly now Zara's white, scared face when Tito had volunteered to show the way to the resplendent bloom; he remembered the cry of the girl and the blow that followed. He could see it all now. The girl had meant to warn him against some nameless horror to which Tito was leading the small party. This was the jealous Cuban's revenge.

A wild desire to pay this debt to the uttermost fraction filled Scarlett, and shook him with a trembling passion. He crept along in the drenching dew to where Tito lay, and touched his forehead with the chill blue rim of a revolver barrel. Tito stirred slightly.

"You dog!" Scarlett cried. "I am going to shoot you."

Tito did not move again. His breathing was soft and regular. Beyond a doubt the man was sleeping peacefully. After all he might be innocent; and yet, on the other hand, he might be so sure of his quarry that he could afford to slumber without anxiety as to his vengeance.

In favour of the latter theory was the fact that the Cuban lay beyond the limit of what had previously been the circle of dry bones. It was just possible that there was no danger outside that pale. In that case it would be easy to arouse the rest, and so save them from the horrible death which had befallen the mastiff. No doubt these were a form of upas tree, but that would not account for the ghastly spectacle in mid-air.

"I'll let this chap sleep for the present," Scarlett muttered.

He crawled back, not without misgivings, into the ring of death. He meant to wake the others and then wait for further developments. By now his senses were more alert and vigorous than they had ever been before. A preternatural clearness of brain and vision possessed him. As he advanced he saw suddenly falling a green bunch of cord that straightened into a long, emerald line. It was triangular in shape, fine at the apex, and furnished with hooked spines. The rope appeared to dangle from the tree overhead; the broad, sucker-like termination was evidently soaking up moisture.

A natural phenomenon evidently, Scarlett thought. This was some plant new to him, a parasite living amongst the tree-tops and drawing life and vigour by means of these

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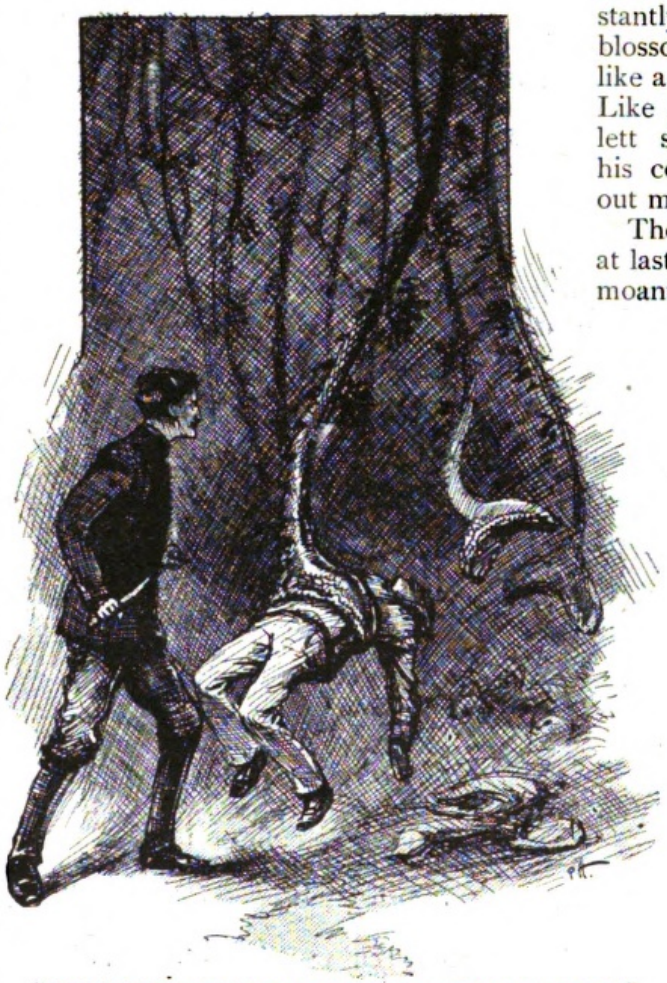
green, rope-like antennæ designed by Nature to soak and absorb the heavy dews of night.

For a moment the logic of this theory was soothing to Scarlett's distracted nerves, but only for a moment, for then he saw at regular intervals along the green rope the big purple blossoms of the devil's poppy.

He stood gasping there, utterly taken aback for the moment. There must be some infernal juggling behind all this business. He saw the rope slacken and quiver, he saw it swing forward like a pendulum, and the next minute it had passed across the shoulders of a sleeping seaman.

Then the green root became as the arm of an octopus. The line shook from end to end like the web of an angry spider when invaded by a wasp. It seemed to grip the sailor and tighten, and then, before Scarlett's affrighted eyes, the sleeping man was raised gently from the ground.

Scarlett jumped forward with a desire to scream hysterically. Now that a comrade was in danger he was no longer afraid. He whipped a jack-knife from his pocket and slashed at the cruel cord. He half expected to meet with the stoutness of a steel strand, but to his surprise the feeler snapped like a carrot, bumping the sailor heavily on the ground.



"THE SLEEPING MAN WAS RAISED GENTLY FROM THE GROUND."

He sat up, rubbing his eyes vigorously.

"That you, sir?" he asked. "What is the matter?"

"For the love of God, get up at once and help me to arouse the others," Scarlett said, hoarsely. "We have come across the devil's workshop. All the horrors of the inferno are invented here."

The bluejacket struggled to his feet. As he did so, the clothing from his waist downwards slipped about his feet, clean cut through by the teeth of the green parasite. All around the body of the sailor blood oozed from a zone of teeth-marks.

Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is a virtue vouchsafed to few. The tar, who would have faced an ironclad cheerfully, fairly shivered with fright and dismay.

"What does it mean, sir?" he cried. "I've been——"

"Wake the others," Scarlett screamed; "wake the others."

Two or three more green tangles of rope came tumbling to the ground, straightening and quivering instantly. The purple blossoms stood out like a frill upon them. Like a madman Scarlett shouted, kicking his companions without mercy.

They were all awake at last, grumbling and moaning for their lost slumbers. All this time Tito had never stirred.

"I don't understand it at all," said Tarrer.

"Come from under those trees," said Scarlett, "and I will endeavour to explain. Not that you will believe me for a moment. No man can be expected to believe the awful nightmare I am going to tell you."

Scarlett proceeded to explain. As he expected, his story was followed with marked incredulity, save by the wounded sailor, who had strong evidence to stimulate his otherwise defective imagination.

"I can't believe it," Tarrer said, at length. They were whispering together beyond earshot of Tito, whom they had no desire to arouse for obvious reasons. "This is some diabolical juggling of yonder rascally Cuban. It seems impossible that those slender green cords could——"

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Scarlett pointed to the centre of the circle.

"Call the dog," he said, grimly, "and see if he will come."

"I admit the point as far as the poor old mastiff is concerned. But at the same time I don't—however, I'll see for myself."

By this time a dozen or more of the slender cords were hanging pendent from the trees. They moved from spot to spot as if jerked up by some unseen hand and deposited a foot or two farther. With the great purple bloom fringing the stem, the effect was not unlovely save to Scarlett, who could see only the dark side of it. As Tarrer spoke he advanced in the direction of the trees.

"What are you going to do?" Scarlett asked.

"Exactly what I told you. I am going to investigate this business for myself."

Without wasting further words Scarlett sprang forward. It was no time for the niceties of an effete civilization. Force was the only logical argument to be used in a case like this, and Scarlett was the more powerful man of the two.

Tarrer saw and appreciated the situation.

"No, no," he cried; "none of that. Anyway, you're too late."

He darted forward and threaded his way between the slender emerald columns. As they moved slowly and with a certain stately deliberation there was no great danger to an alert and vigorous individual. As Scarlett entered the avenue he could hear the soak and suck as the dew was absorbed.

"For Heaven's sake, come out of it," he cried.

The warning came too late. A whip-like trail of green touched Tarrer from behind, and in a lightning flash he was in the toils. The tendency to draw up anything and everything gave the cords a terrible power. Tarrer evidently felt it, for his breath came in great gasps.

"Cut me free," he said, hoarsely; "cut me free. I am being carried off my feet."

He seemed to be doomed for a moment, for all the cords there were apparently converging in his direction. This, as a matter of fact, was a solution of the whole sickening, horrible sensation. Pulled here and there, thrust in one direction and another, Tarrer contrived to keep his feet.

Heedless of possible danger to himself Scarlett darted forward, calling to his companions to come to the rescue. In less time than it takes to tell, four knives were at work ripping and slashing in all directions.

"Not all of you," Scarlett whispered. So tense was the situation that no voice was raised above a murmur. "You two keep your eyes open for fresh cords, and cut them as they fall, instantly. Now then."

The horrible green spines were round Tarrer's body like snakes. His face was white, his breath came painfully, for the pressure was terrible. It seemed to Scarlett to be one horrible dissolving view of green, slimy cords and great weltering, purple blossoms. The whole of the circle was strewn with them. They were wet and slimy underfoot.

Tarrer had fallen forward half unconscious. He was supported now by but two cords above his head. The cruel pressure had been relieved. With one savage sweep of his knife Scarlett cut the last of the lines, and Tarrer fell like a log unconscious to the ground. A feeling of nausea, a yellow dizziness, came over Scarlett as he staggered beyond the dread circle. He saw Tarrer carried to a place of safety, and then the world seemed to wither and leave him in the dark.

"I feel a bit groggy and weak," said Tarrer an hour or so later: "but beyond that this idiot of a Richard is himself again. So far as I am concerned, I should like to get even with our friend Tito for this."

"Something with boiling oil in it," Scarlett suggested, grimly. "The callous scoundrel has slept soundly through the whole of this business. I suppose he felt absolutely certain that he had finished with us."

"Upon my word, we ought to shoot the beggar!" Tarrer exclaimed.

"I have a little plan of my own," said Scarlett, "which I am going to put in force later on. Meanwhile we had better get on with breakfast. When Tito wakes a pleasant little surprise will await him."

Tito roused from his slumbers in due course and looked around him. His glance was curious, disappointed, then full of a white and yellow fear. A thousand conflicting emotions streamed across his dark face. Scarlett read them at a glance as he called the Cuban over to him.

"I am not going into any unnecessary details with you," he said. "It has come to my knowledge that you are playing traitor to us. Therefore we prefer to complete our journey alone. We can easily find the way now."

"The señor may do as he pleases," he replied. "Give me my dollar and let me go."

Scarlett replied grimly that he had no

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intention of doing anything of the kind. He did not propose to place the lives of himself and his comrades in the power of a rascally Cuban who had played false.

"We are going to leave you here till we return," he said. "You will have plenty of food, you will be perfectly safe under the shelter of these trees, and there is no chance of anybody disturbing you. We are going to tie you up to one of these trees for the next four-and-twenty hours."

All the insolence died out of Tito's face. His knees bowed, a cold dew came out over the ghastly green of his features. From the shaking of his limbs he might have fared disastrously with ague.

"The trees," he stammered, "the trees, señor! There is danger from snakes, and—and from many things. There are other places——"

"If this place was safe last night it is safe to-day," Scarlett said, grimly. "I have quite made up my mind."

Tito fought no longer. He fell forward on his knees, he howled for mercy, till Scarlett fairly kicked him up again.

"Make a clean breast of it," he said, "or take the consequences. You know perfectly well that we have found you out, scoundrel."

Tito's story came in gasps. He wanted to get rid of the Americans. He was jealous. Besides, under the Americanos would Cuba be any better off? By no means and assuredly not. Therefore it was the duty of every good Cuban to destroy the Americanos where possible.

"A nice lot to fight for," Scarlett muttered. "Get to the point."

Hastened to the point by a liberal application of stout shoe-leather, Tito made plenary confession. The señor himself had suggested death by medium of the devil's poppies. More than one predatory plant-hunter had been lured to his destruction in the same way. The skeleton hung on the tree was a Dutchman who had walked into the clutch of the purple terror innocently. And Pierre Anton had done the same. The suckers of the devil's poppy only came down at night to gather moisture; in the day they were coiled up like a spring. And anything that they touched they killed. Tito had watched more than one bird or small beast crushed and mauled by these cruel spines with their fringe of purple blossoms.

"How do you get the blooms?" Scarlett asked.

"That is easy," Tito replied. "In the daytime I moisten the ground under the trees. Then the suckers unfold, drawn by the water. Once the suckers unfold one cuts several of them off with long knives.



"HE HOWLED FOR MERCY."

There is danger, of course, but not if one is careful."

"I'll not trouble the devil's poppy any further at present," said Scarlett, "but I shall trouble you to accompany me to my destination as a prisoner."

Tito's eyes dilated.

"They will not shoot me?" he asked, hoarsely.

"I don't know," Scarlett replied. "They may hang you instead. At any rate, I shall be bitterly disappointed if they don't end you one way or the other. Whichever operation it is, I can look forward to it with perfect equanimity."

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A Peep into "Punch."

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]

Part IX.—1885 to 1889.



Music At Home.—*Mrs. Smith* (fortissimo, *to Mrs. Brown, in one of those sudden and unexpected pauses with which Herr Signor Hammertonga is fond of surprising his Audience*). "And so I gave her a Month's Warning on the spot!"

1.—by Du Maurier, Punch's Almanack for 1885.

A WORD as to the typographic shape of Mr. George du Maurier's name. Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the art-critic, writes to me: "May I suggest—for sake of accuracy—that you should print the artist's name *d*u Maurier, not *D*u Maurier? The first form is correct; and the artist attached importance to it." I do not feel quite guilty for having printed in earlier parts of this article Du Maurier in place of the correct du Maurier, for the reason that in my manuscript I see that I have often (although not always) written *du*—not *Du*—but I am guilty in so far as that I did not alter the printer's *Du* to the correct *du*. Kind, sunny, and clever George du Maurier is entitled, at the least, to have his name printed as he liked it to be printed, and I make a special mention of this typographic detail for the guidance of those who may in future write the always-pleasant name—*George du Maurier*.



Euphemistic.—*Colonel.* "I've never met with a smarter Drill than yourself, Sergeant, or one more thoroughly up to all his Duties; but you've one most objectionable habit, and that is your constant use of Bad Language and Swearing at the Men." *Sergeant.* "Sir, perhaps I am a little Sarcashtic!"

2.—by Charles Keene, 1885.



A Very Orthodox Animal.—*Bishop.* "Doesn't Shy, eh, Mr. Perkins?" *Horsedealer.* "Shy? Never! Stop, my Lord. I must be Honest with you. I did know him Shy once—but that was at a Salvationist Army passin' by!" [*Bishop buys Horse at once.*]

3.—by A. C. Corbould, 1885.

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AT LAST!

A *Punch* slip; a cartoon published in anticipation of an event which did *not* occur—*viz.*, the meeting of General Gordon and General Stewart at Khartoum. [*See No. 5.*]

4.—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.



"TOO LATE!"

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—"Khartoum taken by the MAHDI. General GORDON's fate uncertain."

The cartoon which followed that shown in No. 4.

5.—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

Pictures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 of this "Peep into 'Punch'" show to us fine specimens of the art of four of Mr. Punch's famous artists—George du Maurier, Charles Keene, A. Chantrey Corbould, and Sir John Tenniel.

Keene, in No. 2, was, as he always was, exactly right with his absolutely true representation of life and character when he drew for us the smart drill-sergeant, who, in reply to his Colonel's rebuke about bad language to the recruits, remarked: "Sir, perhaps I am a little Sarcashtic!"

Tenniel, in No. 4, strikes a graver note with his cartoon showing the meeting at Khartoum of General Gordon with General Sir Henry Stewart of the too-long-delayed relief expedition of 1885. This meeting, as we all know, *never took place*, although it was confidently expected to occur just when No. 4 was published — February 7, 1885. Both Generals were dead when this cartoon was published, and in the next week's issue *Punch* corrected this slip by the publication of the sombre cartoon "Too Late"—see No. 5—which shows the Mahdi and his fanatic host pouring into Khartoum, while Britannia covers her eyes, shamed and anguished.



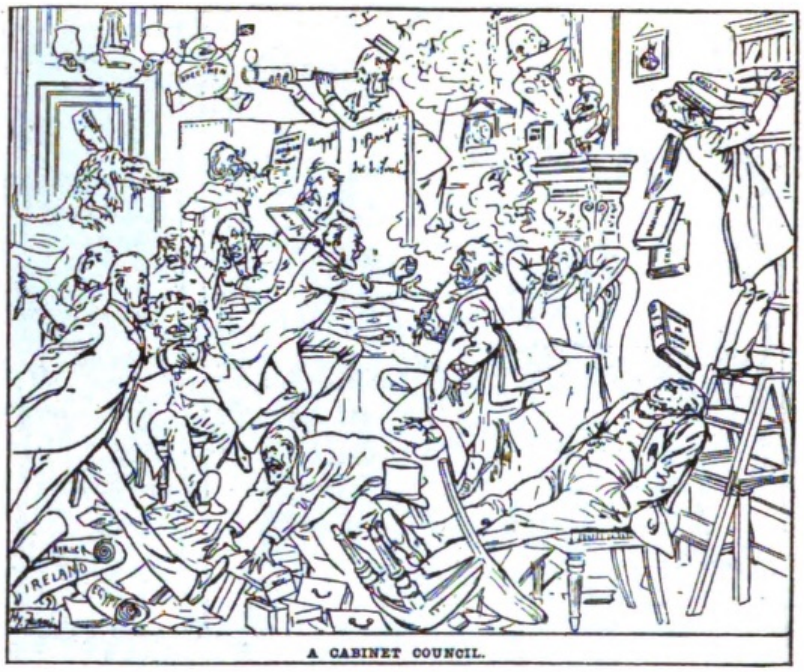
TREAT AT "THE COLINDERIES."—*Eton Boy.* "Glass o' Sherry and Bitters, and some Milk and Water for the Lady!"

6.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1886.

We waited nearly fifteen years for Tenniel's grand figure of Britannia here seen outside Khartoum to drop her eye-covering arm and lift the sword with her other arm—*this* time effectually.

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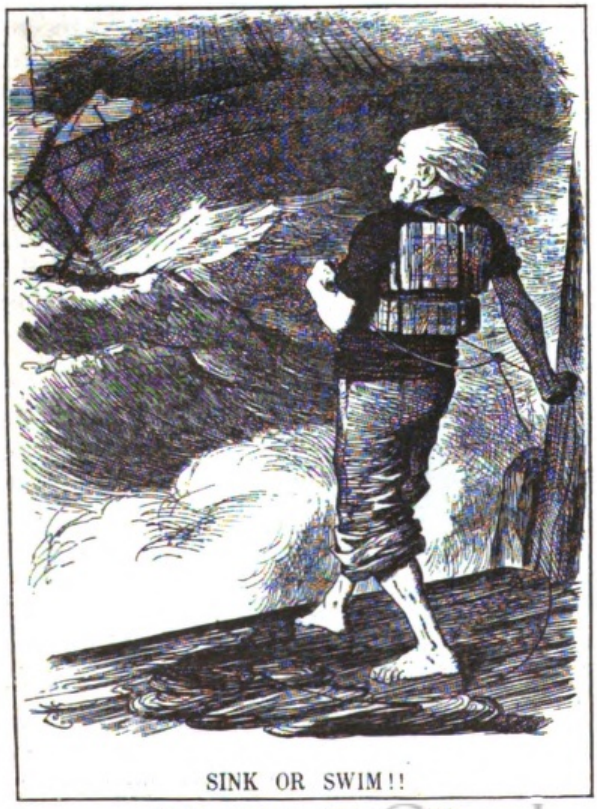
No. 6 is by Charles Keene. No. 7 is by Harry Furniss and No. 8 by Tenniel; both of these show us something of the straits of Gladstone. No. 7—a picture full of animation, and wonderful in its fertility of ideas—was published February 14, 1885, in the week when No. 5 was published: there were ructions in that meeting of the Cabinet, which was held on February 5, 1885, just after the news had reached London of the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi. There was intense excitement in London, and poor Mr. Gladstone sits distraught, biting his ragged quill pen, while Mr. Chamberlain is urging upon him a line of action, and almost thumping the argument into Gladstone's face. Sir William Harcourt lounges, with eyes shut to the uproar, at the right of the picture, and a big book, entitled "Harcourt on Himself," is just falling on his upturned face,



A CABINET COUNCIL.

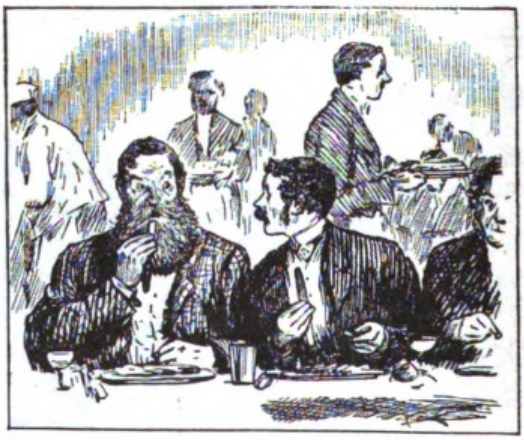
7.—BY HARRY FURNISS, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

while other members of the Cabinet are assisting in the general scrimmage, or, weary of the turmoil, are waiting for something to turn up. Tenniel's cartoon, No. 8, was published April 10, 1886; the old man, Gladstone, with the "Irish Vote" life-belt around him, is just plunging into the rough sea to the rescue of the wreck *Hibernia;* it was "sink or swim," and the result was sink. On April 8, 1886, Mr. Gladstone, just then Prime Minister for



SINK OR SWIM!!

8.—BY TENNIEL, APRIL 10, 1886.



"TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER," ETC.—*Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-rst acquaint" with Asparagus).* "Mac! Mac!"—*(in a whisper)* —'you're eating it at the Wrong End!"

Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon). "Ah, but ye dinna ken, Man, Ah pr-ruffur-r-r't!!"

9.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1886.

the third time, made public avowal of his conversion to Home Rule, and at half-past four o'clock on that day he walked into the House of Commons and, in his seventy-

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seventh year, made a giant's speech of three hours and a half, moving for leave to introduce his Bill to make provision for the better government of Ireland — a speech of which Mr. McCarthy has recorded, it "did not seem to any listener one sentence too long."



HAPPY THOUGHT.—How to Equalise the Odds!
10.—BY DU MAURIER, 1886.



THE GRAND OLD FALCONER.

WILLIAM (*a trifle husky*). "OH, FOR MY FALCONER'S VOICE, TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN!"
(*From the other* WILLIAM,—*adapted.*)

Mr. Gladstone trying to lure Mr. Joseph Chamberlain back to the Liberal Party.
11.—BY TENNIEL, MAY 1, 1886.

Pictures 9 and 10 bring us to Tenniel's fine cartoon, No. 11. Gladstone, as the Grand Old Falconer, is striving to lure back his tassel-gentle [Mr. Joseph Chamberlain], who is seen flying far away from his accustomed perch. A tassel-gentle is a trained male goshawk, and Mr. Gladstone wanted this one badly. This cartoon was published May 1, 1886, shortly after Mr. Chamberlain had announced his intention to withdraw from the Government on account of his disapproval of Gladstone's Home Rule policy.

The next five pictures, Nos. 12 to 16, are all by Charles Keene. Not only are they all good jokes, but the drawings themselves are pieces of life caught by this great artist, and shown to us at the moment of occurrence by reason of his perfect mastery of his art.

There is a dainty piece by du Maurier in No. 17, and a really marvellous picture by Charles Keene in No. 18. It is not necessary to say anything



"SUPPLY AND DEMAND."—*Antiquarian Gent.* "Got any old—ah—Roman Weapons or Pottery lately?"
Dealer. "'Xpect 'em in nex' Week, Sir,—'ain't quite finished Rustin' yet, Sir,—about Toosday, Sir!"
12.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1886.

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about this No. 18. One reads the "legend" of it, looks at the picture, and the absolute reality of the work is impressed upon one's mind—the rustic whose "deep thought" turns out to be "maistly nowt" is a perfect piece of work—one can say neither more nor less.

In No. 19 du Maurier has a most amusing hit at the bag-pipes; and if you want to see another masterpiece of Charles Keene's black-and-white art, look at picture No. 20, and at the half-dismayed, half-puzzled bridegroom, who is told by the absent-minded parson, "And now fix your Eyes on that Mark on the Wall, and look pleasant!"



CAPACITY!—*First Traveller (proffering his Mull).* "Tak a Pench?" *Second Traveller.* "Na, 'm obleeged t'ye—ah dinna tak't." *First Traveller.* "Man!—That's a Pety!—Ye've Gr-r-raund Accaummodation for't!" 15.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1886.



AT THE SESSIONS.—*Counsel.* "Do you know the Nature of an Oath, my good Woman?"
Witness (with a black eye). "I did ought to, Sir! Which my 'Usban' 's a Covin' Garden Porter, Sir!"
13.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1887.



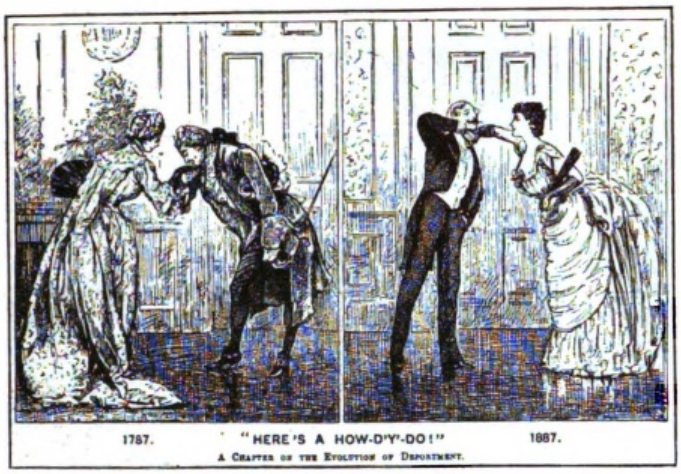
"OVERCAST."—They were out for a Day in the Country—were late at the Station—He left it to her to take the Tickets—a Horrid Crowd—Frightfully Hot—and she was Hustled and Flustered considerably when she reached the Carriage.
He (cool and comfortable). "How charming the Yellow Gorse——"
She (in a withering tone). "You didn't 'xpect to see it b'ue, I s'ppose!" 14.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1887. [*Tacet!*]

The two cartoons by Tenniel, Nos. 21 and 22, relate to the famous challenge to Mr. Parnell made by the *Times* in 1887, when that paper published letters, believed by the *Times* to be genuine letters, which involved Parnell in the ghastly Phœnix Park murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.



SHOPPING!—*Lady (at Sea-side "Emporium").* "How much a..e these—ah—Improvers?"
Shopman. "Improv—hem!—They're not, Ma'am"—*(confused)*—"not—not the article you require, Ma'am. They're Fencing-Masks, Ma'am!" [*Tableau!*]
16.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1886.

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17.—BY DU MAURIER, 1887.

Later, as all the world knows, these so-called Parnell letters were proved to have been forged by Pigott, and so, on March 9, 1889, *Punch* published cartoon No. 22, which shows the *Times* doing Penance, with a most doleful look on its familiar clock-face: a very fine cartoon—is it not?

Pictures 23, 24, and 25 are by du Maurier; the last one is perhaps the best of the three, which are all very good.

And now we have three Keenes in Nos. 26, 27, and 28. Do you not find that his work "grows on" you the more you see of it? And that as soon as you get rid of the idea of looking for surface-prettiness in Keene's pictures, they reveal to you some of their many fine qualities? Look, for example, at this thick Scot in No. 26 ["THRIFT"] —*look at his face* as he says to you, while he presses his hurt, bootless foot, "Phew-ts!—e-eh what a ding ma puir Buit wad a getten if a'd had it on!!" The man is so entirely in earnest as to the escape his boot has had from severe damage, although his face is pinched with the sharp pain in his naked foot.

Glancing at No. 29, we come to a very funny picture in No. 30 by Mr. G. H. Jalland. The French "Sportman" is in trouble with his horse, and he cries, "I tomble—I faloff! Stop ze Fox!!!"



A YOUNG HUMANITARIAN.—"Oh, Mamma, Mamma, couldn't you interfere? There's a horrid Man squeezing something under his Arm, and he *is* hurting it so!"

19.—A CHILD'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE BAG-PIPES. BY DU MAURIER, 1887.



RURAL FELICITY.—*Sympathetic Old Parson.* "You appear in deep Thought, my Friend. May I ask what chiefly occupies your Mind?"

Countryman. "Maistly nowt!"

18.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1887.



"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."—*Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service).* "And now fix your Eyes on that Mark on the Wall, and look pleasant!"

20.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.

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The famous challenge to Mr. Parnell made by *The Times* in the matter of the Phœnix Park murders.

21.—BY TENNIEL, APRIL 30, 1887. [*See No. 22.*]



Published March 9, 1889, after Pigott had confessed to forging the so-called "Parnell-letters" to which cartoon No. 21 refers.

22.—BY TENNIEL.

Nos. 31, 32, and 33 are by Charles Keene. No. 34, by du Maurier, reminds one of the tale about a certain bishop who, at a public meeting, became greatly incensed by some of the statements made by his opponents. The fiery bishop choked down verbal expression of his wrath, and turning to a gentleman by his side on the platform, asked him, *as a layman*, to express in suitable words the feelings to which he himself, as a bishop, dared not give verbal expression.



FORM.—*Public School Boy (to General Sir George, G.C.B., G.S.I., V.C., etc., etc., etc.).* "I say, Grandpapa,—a—would you mind just putting on your Hat *a little straighter?* Here comes *Codgers*—he's awfully particular—and he's the *Captain of our Eleven, you know!*"

23.—BY DU MAURIER, 1887.



FOND AND FOOLISH.—*Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause).* "Darling!"
Angelina. "Yes, Darling?"
Edwin. "Nothing, Darling. Only *Darling*, Darling!"
[*Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.*]

24.—BY DU MAURIER, 1888.

The fine, breezy cartoon in No. 35, by Tenniel, shows Lord Salisbury nailing to the mast the Union Jack flag of "National

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CAUTION v. CAUTION.—"So careful, so economical, my dear Wife is! She always locks up the Decanters when we've had all we want—on account of the Servants, you know! He! He! . . . She doesn't know I've got a Key too!"

25.—BY DU MAURIER, 1888.



OUR VILLAGE INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION.—*Husband (just home from the City).* "My Angel!—Crying!—Whatever's the Matter?"

Wife. "They've—awarded me—Prize Medal"—*(sobbing)*—"f' my Sponge Cake!"

Husband (soothingly). "And I'm quite sure it deserv——"

Wife (hysterically). "Oh—but—'t said—'twas—for the Best Specimen—o' Concrete!"

27.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.

Defence." This was published March 16, 1889, and on March 7 Lord George Hamilton had stated to the House the new Naval Programme by which the Government proposed to spend £21,000,000 sterling in building seventy additional ships representing a fighting weight of 318,000 tons. On April 4, 1889, a resolution approving this expenditure of £21,000,000 for Naval Defence was carried, and it is not straining the truth to say that this wise and bold act of finance in the spring of 1889, backed up as it has been during the last ten years, was to a distinctly appreciable degree an act that bore good fruit in the autumn of 1898, when the strength of our Navy enabled us to act so firmly that war between this country and a neighbour was avoided without loss of prestige to England.



THRIFT.—*Highlander (he had struck his foot against a "stane").* "Phew-ts!—e-eh what a ding ma puir Buit wad a getten if a'd had it on!!"

26.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.



"THE FLATTERING TALE."—*Old Lady ("down upon Followers").* "That young Man who is just going out, I suppose, is your Brother, Jane?"

Maid. "No, 'M. Not my Brother, M'um,—which he's a young Man, M'um,—most r'spect'ble, M'um,—as I've 'opes of!!"

28.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.

No. 36, by Charles Keene, illustrates an

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AWKWARD REVELATIONS.—*Effie.* "Georgy and I have been down-stairs in the Dining-room, Mr. Mitcham. We've been playing Husband and Wife!"

Mr. Mitcham. "How did you do that, my dear?"

Effie. "Why, Georgy sat at one end of the Table, and I sat at the other; and Georgy said, 'This Food isn't fit to eat!' and I said, 'It's all you'll get!' and Georgy said, 'Dam!' and I got up and left the Room!"

29.—BY DU MAURIER, 1888.

amusing argumentation between a musical curate and his practical rector; and now, in Nos. 37 and 38, we have two very clever pieces of work by Mr. Harry Furniss.

Mr. Furniss did a series of these Puzzle-Headed People for Mr. Punch; these two were published in 1889, and I remember quite well how eagerly I used to look each week for the next one. Of the series published, the two shown here are perhaps the best, and No. 37 is probably the better one of these two. The more you look at this "All Harcourts" head, the more you admire Mr. Furniss's wonderful ingenuity and animation. You look and look and look at this head, and as you look, wherever you look, Harcourts spring up like the armed men from the dragon's teeth that brave Jason sowed in the furrowed field of Mars. You know what Jason did: he threw a stone among these armed men, *and they fell one upon the other until their formidable ranks were destroyed.* Was Mr. Furniss a bit of a prophet when in 1889 he made this remarkable picture?



UNDAUNTED.—*Bridegroom (tremulously).* "You're not nervous, Darling?"

Bride (Widow—firmly). "Never was yet!"

31.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1889.



"LE SPORTMAN."—"Hi!! Hi!! Stop ze Chasse! I tomble—I faloff! *Stop ze Fox!!!*"

30.—BY MR. G. H. JALLAND, 1888.

Even in the signature to No. 37, Harry Furniss has made the letters to be profile likenesses of Sir William Harcourt, and the black dash under the signa-



"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."—*Irate Passenger (as Train is moving off).* "Why the —— didn't you put my Luggage in as I told you—you old——"

Porter. "E—h, Man! yer Baggage es na sic a Fule as yersel. Ye're i the Wrang Train!"

32.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.

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ture is another portrait of the politician, who was a leader of the Liberal party before "their formidable ranks were destroyed"



FIGURATIVE.—*Head Waiter (the Old Gent had wished for a stronger Cheese).* "Hi! James—let loose the Gorgonzola!"

33.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1889.



VICARIOUS! *(On the Underground Railway).—Irascible Old Gentleman (who is just a second too late).* "Confound and D——!"

Fair Stranger (who feels the same, but dares not express it). "Oh, thank you, *so* much!"

34.—BY DU MAURIER, 1889.

by reason of the members of that party falling "one upon the other" to their common destruction.

And see how this master-jester has treated



NAILED TO THE MAST!

35.—BY TENNIEL, MARCH 16, 1889.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. In No. 38, the ear is a J. C., the cord of the eye-glass is a looped J. C., the curve of the nostril and of the lip together make a J. C., a complete



"THE SERMON QUESTION."—*Curate (Musical).* "But why do you object to having a Hymn during the Collection?"

Rector (Practical). "Well, you see, I preach a good Sermon, which I calculate should move the People to an average of Half-a-Crown each; but I find, during a long Hymn, they seem to cool down, and it barely brings a Shilling a head!"

36.—BY CHARLES KEENE, 1888.

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Joseph Chamberlain is the eye that is looking out so alertly through the eye-glass; the J. C. Home Rule neck-tie stands for Mr. Chamberlain's notion of Irish Home Rule in 1889, which was not at all the same idea as Mr. Gladstone's, who is peeping out from the corner of the collar. The orchid in the button-hole is a good likeness of Mr. Jesse Collings, the faithful lieutenant of Mr. Chamberlain; his matrimonial alliance with the United States is represented by the Stars and Stripes—the seams of a coat that has been turned are each labelled with a different legend—Radicalism, Democracy, Republicanism, Gladstonianism, Toryism, Chamberlainism. The smoke of factories makes the hair, the smoke from tall chimneys gives the slighter hair between the ear and the back of the neck, while the shaded line from the ear towards the chin is made by a screw—that well-made and universally-used screw that we have all handled in our carpentering at home, the proper manufacturing of which built up Mr. Chamberlain's fortune, and which is an infinitely better screw than those that were to be had before Mr. Chamberlain decided that screws should be made as they are now made.



37.—ONE OF MR. HARRY FURNISS'S MASTERPIECES. NOVEMBER 9, 1889.



38.—ANOTHER OF MR. HARRY FURNISS'S MASTERPIECES. DECEMBER 14, 1889.

These are two very clever bits of jesting, and I show one for each of the two chief political parties, so that adherents of each side may have a laugh at the other's expense without wishing to go for the very talented artist who drew these two heads.

No. 39 is by Mr. E. T. Reed, who has done so much amusing work for Mr. Punch—you know his famous "Prehistoric Peeps," and his very witty "Ready-made Coats (-of-Arms); or Giving 'em Fits."

The Tenniel cartoon in No. 40 was published September 14, 1889; it has reference to the dock labourers' strike in London at that time, but Mr. Punch's remark to the man who is about to kill with his knife, labelled "Strike," the Guinea-Fowl (Capital) that lays the Golden Eggs—"Don't lose your head, my man! Who'd suffer most *if you killed it?*" is a remark that applies well enough to many other strikes than that illustrated

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by this cartoon. No. 41, by du Maurier, illustrates the risk run by umpires at football matches.



A WARNING TO ENTHUSIASTS.

39.—BY MR. E. T. REED, 1889.



THE GUINEA-FOWL THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

(*Very slightly altered.*)

MR. P. "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, MY MAN! WHO'D SUFFER MOST *IF YOU KILLED IT!*"

40.—BY TENNIEL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

A correspondent has drawn my attention to the fact that the work of Mr. Linley Sambourne has not yet been adequately represented in these peeps into *Punch* — especially the very fine work done by Mr. Sambourne during the years 1875 to 1879, which was the period covered by the July part of this article.

In justice to a very fine artist— one of the best of Mr. Punch's many fine artists—I ought to state the reason for this omission, which has not been an accidental omission. Mr. Sambourne's beautiful and most important work is as well known and as much appreciated as *Punch* itself, and the main reason for the inadequate representation of his work in these pages is the fact that the necessary reduction in the size of the drawings, from large drawings to the small facsimiles shown here, would have destroyed one of the chief beauties of Mr. Sambourne's work, *viz.:* the beauty which this splendid artist gives to his drawings by the amazing fertility of his invention, in adding much first-rate and decorative detail to his pictures. To reduce these large pictures to the very small size that is really necessary here would be to convert this beauty into a defect.



NEMESIS.—*Inquisitive Old Gentleman.* "Who's Won?"
First Football Player. "We've Lost!"
Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "What have you got in that Bag?"
Second Football Player. "The Umpire!"

41.—BY DU MAURIER, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

(To be continued.)

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

III.—THE DIANA SAPPHIRE.

Anyone Who Looks Upon Diana Unveiled is Blind.

THE month of October, 1893, will always stand out in my memory as the time when those grave and terrible troubles, which in the end had such serious consequences, began. Hitherto Chetwynd and I had gone on prosperously, the Club was doing well, the cures resulting from our special treatment were numerous, the members were pleased with us and with each other; but from the day when Dr. Horace Kort paid us his heavy premium to be our third partner, these things gradually but surely changed. From the first I had disliked the man, and from the first I think I suspected him; but Chetwynd was taken with his undoubted attainments, and, as we wished to extend our premises, further funds were necessary for the purpose.

At any rate, the deeds of partnership were signed and Kort took up his residence with us. He was of a good half-English, half-German family, and had spent at least ten years in the great Continental schools of research, having taken his degree at Vienna. He was himself a man with considerable outward charm. He had a sympathetic manner, and a fund of vivacious and amusing stories. He was reserved, without having a trace of hardness or apparent coldness about him, and the members quickly assured us that they thought our new partner an undoubted acquisition. Little did they guess as they looked at him that Kort was one of the keenest vivisectors of the day, the valued collaborator of Parker in some of his latest advances, and that those white, tapering fingers, which could bring music of the finest order out of more than one instrument, could also wrestle effectively with science at the dissecting-table and laboratory bench.

In appearance, Kort was about thirty years of age, and was rather below than above the middle height. His face was dark and thin; he had straight features and keen, somewhat deeply-set, eyes. He invariably dressed with extreme care, and was in every sense of the word a polished man of the world. He came to us in the August of '93, and a couple of months later, early in October, the following trifling incident occurred.

One morning soon after breakfast a lady drove up in a closed carriage. She inquired for Dr. Kort, who happened to be out at the time. The servant informed her that either Chetwynd or myself would be glad to see her. She answered that Dr. Kort was the only member of the firm she wished to see. She was just about to drive away when the doctor himself came hurriedly up. I happened to be standing near, and I was startled at the change in his face. For the first time heart and soul seemed to breathe out of it. He gave an involuntary start and quickly suppressed an exclamation, whether of joy, grief, or anger I could not determine, then his face turned to an ashy pallor, and going up to the carriage he spoke emphatically and in a very low voice to its inmate. Finally I heard him say, "I will drive a short way back with you, Isobel; you must not come in now." He entered the carriage, the coachman turned and drove back in the direction of town.

Kort returned in the course of the morning, looking very much as usual. He entered Chetwynd's consulting-room, where I happened to be, and throwing himself on a sofa began to talk. Watching him narrowly, however, I observed that his hand trembled as he took up the morning paper to substantiate some news which he was relating to us. I had caught a glimpse of the occupant of the carriage, and I could not help wondering somewhat about her. She was young, so dark as to look almost foreign, with delicate features, a pale complexion, and wonderful blue eyes. The colour of her eyes reminded me more of sapphires than anything else, and they were sufficiently big and out of the common to arrest the attention of anyone. They gave great distinction to a face which in itself bore claims to beauty, and as Kort approached the carriage I saw them change and darken, but with what emotion I could not guess.

That very evening, as I was busily engaged writing letters, Kort came into my room.

"I want to speak to you," he said. "I am anxious about a case which has just been brought to my notice. It is that of a man about my own age whom I happened to know some years ago. He is in very poor

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circumstances and also very ill—consumptive, of course. I should like him to try our Davos treatment, and as he is much too poor to pay the club subscription and entrance fee, I propose to do this for him, if you and Chetwynd have no objection to his coming here."

"Why, certainly not," I replied. "And it is kind of you to help him," I could not help adding. I looked at the man in some little astonishment. He returned my gaze, and smiling very gravely said, in a low voice :—

"Benevolence when judiciously exercised has its special charms; why should not I enjoy those pure pleasures as well as another man?"

"Why not?" I answered, feeling ashamed for the moment of the suspicions I entertained towards him. "Well, tell me more about your intended patient."

"I was going to propose," he answered, "that you and I should go to visit Philip Sherwin, at Pinner, to-morrow. We can drive over in half an hour. Can you manage this?"

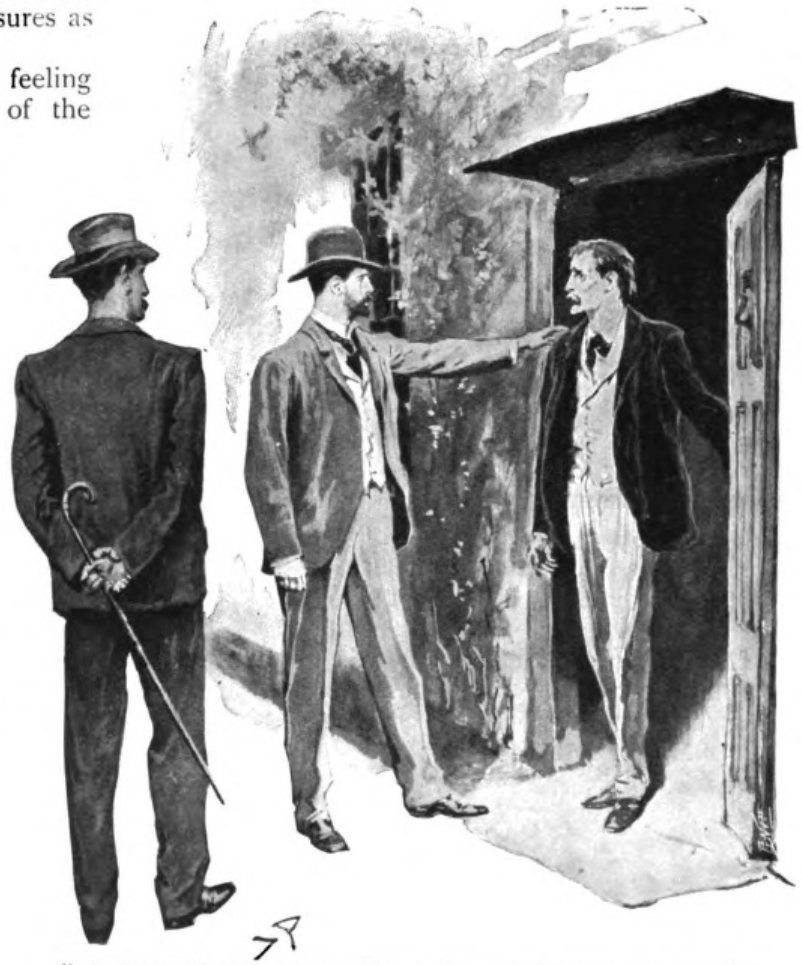
I looked up my engagements, and said that it would be possible for me to do so.

"Very well, we will go over immediately after breakfast. He is a queer chap, but I have taken a fancy to him. I met him first at the School of Mines in Jermyn Street."

Kort went away a moment later, and on the following morning he and I found ourselves at Pinner. We were standing outside a neglected-looking door in the midst of an untidy garden. The paint was blistered off the wood and the knocker was rusty from long disuse. Of bells there were none. Dr. Kort raised the knocker, and after a moment or two we heard steps in the passage, the chain was unhooked, and the door opened by a thin, hectic-looking man, in an old velvet coat. He might have been from thirty to thirty-five years of age, and had the sunken and yet bright eyes, and the painfully clear complexion, of the consumptive.

To my astonishment, the very moment the young man made his appearance Dr. Kort stepped forward, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, in a low, emphatic voice :—

"Now, Philip, be reasonable, forget old prejudices, and receive me as the friend which I truly am. Let me introduce you to Dr. Cato, the head of the celebrated Sanctuary Club at Hampstead. I have heard of your illness, and believe that if there is a place in the world which offers you a chance of cure it is that Club. May we both come in?"



"DR. KORT STEPPED FORWARD AND LAID HIS HAND ON HIS SHOULDER."

The young man's face grew whiter than ever, he looked full at Kort, and then said, slowly, and with a most bitter emphasis :—

"I should like to take you by the throat, but you know I cannot."

"Yes, I know that," answered Kort, suppressing a smile, and glancing at me with a significant shrug of his shoulders. His gesture seemed to say, "We must humour him; he is not responsible for his actions."

I watched the pair with keen interest.

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Sherwin did not speak at all for a moment; he looked from Kort to me, breathed quickly as though his emotions were almost strangling him, and then said, in a low voice, quite destitute of his former spirit:—

"Yes, come in if you want to. I suppose this is good of you, Kort, and there is nothing for it but——"

"Submission," said Kort, in a low voice.

The man did not answer at all. We had now entered the house. He walked on before us leading the way down a dark hall, and opening a door on the right, led us into a lofty room which looked out upon a large, neglected back garden. Glancing round I saw that I was in a lapidary's workshop. A wooden bench ran along one complete side, littered with many tools and instruments for polishing and cutting gems. In one corner stood a stone-cutter's lathe, and beside it a large safe. There was also a huge furnace, upon which lay several pairs of tongs and clay pots for melting glass.

"This is my workshop," he said, turning to me; "I spend most of my time here."

"I see that you are still as mad as ever, Sherwin," said Kort. "Does the great discovery approach nearer the light?"

Sherwin laughed—there was both bitterness and pathos in his laugh.

"I am nearer to it—much nearer," he said, emphatically; "all I ask is that I may live long enough to perfect it." Then he added, turning to me, "I get this old house for a very low rent; it suits my purpose admirably, and I am happy here. May I ask what you two gentlemen have really come for to-day?"

"I heard you were ill, no matter how, no matter when," said Kort. "Dr. Cato and I are anxious to relieve you. We wish you to come to the Sanctuary Club."

"I have heard of your place," said Sherwin, looking at me, "but it is only meant for the rich; I am a poor man."

"We can manage that," said Kort, emphatically. "The treatment is the one treatment in the world for you, and we have both come here to-day in order to implore of you to accept our hospitality and become our guest at the Sanctuary Club."

"But how? I do not understand," he said.

Kort went up to him and drew him aside. He said some words in a low voice which I could not catch; the other man started back, and looked at him with indescribable aversion and dislike. Kort continued to speak very quietly, and presently I heard Sherwin say, in a low voice:—

"It is distasteful, more than distasteful, but if what you say is true, I must submit."

He then returned to the window where I was standing.

"Do you mind examining my lungs?" he said. "I should be very glad to get your verdict."

I had brought my stethoscope, and immediately did what he required. I found mischief to a considerable extent in both lungs. Even with the treatment we proposed to adopt the poor fellow's days were numbered.

"Well," he said, just glancing at me as he buttoned up his shirt, "what is your verdict?"

"You are very ill," I replied.



"WELL, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?"

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"Hopelessly ill?'

"I fear so."

"Then what is the use of my going to your Club?"

"That depends altogether on how you look at it," I answered. "I can at least promise you great relief, and your life will certainly be much prolonged."

He stood quite still, evidently thinking deeply.

"Very well, I will accept," he said, after a moment's pause. "It is all-important for me that my life should be preserved. I will be your guest, Dr. Cato, on a condition."

"What is that?" I asked.

"I possess a treasure of great value; you must allow me to bring it with me to the Club, and you must insure its being put in a place of safety."

I was about to ask for further information, when Kort said, abruptly: "You would like to give your confidence to Cato, Sherwin. While you do so I will walk in the garden."

As Dr. Kort spoke, he opened one of the French windows and went out. The moment he did so Sherwin uttered a sigh of relief.

"This is all very strange and overwhelming," he said; "I have not seen Kort for years."

"But he is an old friend," I said.

"He is an acquaintance of some years' standing," replied Sherwin, in a reserved voice. "His visit to-day has startled me very much, and if it were not for the sake of Isobel——"

"Isobel!" I could not help exclaiming, startled by the coincidence of names.

"Why, do you know her?" he said; "but you cannot."

"A lady of that name called to see Dr. Kort yesterday at the Sanctuary Club, that is all," I answered.

"Ah," he said, "I thought as much. I would humble myself even more than I am about to do, for her sake. But let us change the conversation. I want to give you my confidence, not with regard to Isobel, but in connection with another matter."

"I am quite willing to listen," I replied.

"May I ask first," he began, "if you know anything about precious stones?"

"Not much," I answered.

"Perhaps you are not then aware that the majority are allotropic forms of either elements or chemical compounds crystallized in the earth at some period of the world's history. These crystallizations take place under conditions of great pressure and heat. Now, scientists, following out this idea, have recently succeeded in making diamonds by the crystallization of carbon."

"I did not know how the artificial diamond was made," I replied, "but I have heard of it, of course."

"Up to the present," he continued, a flush of excitement coming into his cheeks, "the only gem which has been made artificially is the diamond. Now, please listen—the sapphire, ruby, topaz, emerald, and amethyst are all of the same chemical composition, the colouring ingredients alone differentiating them—corundum, it is called—sesquioxide of aluminium, you know. If that could be crystallized, priceless gems could be made—real ones, mark you, not imitations. To do this has been my work for the last ten years, and I am at last close to the right solution. I want to perfect it before I die. That is why I accept your invitation, Dr. Cato, and why I——." He stopped abruptly, clenched his hands, and made a significant gesture in the direction of the window.

"I hate Kort," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper; "you and he do not belong to the same world."

"Have you reasons for making such a grave statement?" I asked.

"Yes, but I dare not and will not divulge them; forget what I have said. The man is antipathetic to me, that is all. Now to return to my own story. If I succeed in crystallizing the sesquioxide of aluminium, I shall have effected a revolution in the precious stone trade and secured a fortune for myself. You will say, what does a dying man want with a fortune? But I have my secret reasons for wishing to acquire it. Without money I am powerless; with it I can institute a lawsuit against one of the greatest scoundrels of modern times. You see, therefore, how essential it is that my life should be prolonged."

Looking at him as he spoke, I began to think that Kort was right, and that he really was not quite responsible for his actions. He was intensely restless, clasping and unclasping his painfully thin hands, and darting queer glances at me out of his sunken eyes.

"Do you think you are near your great discovery?" I asked.

"Yes, I am close to it, and yet it baffles me; but I have at least one consolation, it has been made already by another."

"You cannot be serious," I could not help saying.

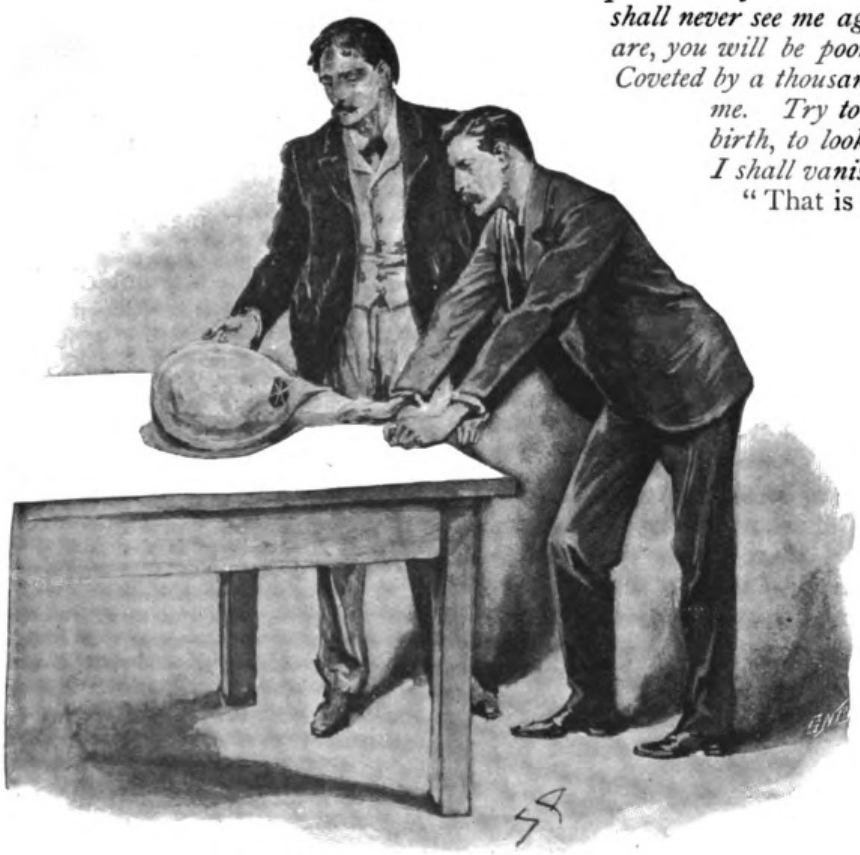
"I am, another has been before me in this discovery. The sapphire, for instance,

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has already been made by artificial means. Come, you don't believe me—you shall see for yourself."

He went across to the safe, unlocked it, and pulled open the heavy doors, then he lifted out with an apparent effort an enormous mass of solid glass, the shape of an immense pear; it was twice the size of a man's head, and must have weighed about 30lb. He laid this glass globe down very gently on the table. I gazed at it with the most intense curiosity, for in the centre of the mass, towards the tapering end, was embedded the most enormous sapphire I had ever seen. It was of circular shape, and of the deepest blue, with six white lines radiating from the centre—these formed a sort of star. I uttered an exclamation.

"What a marvellous thing," I cried. "That stone must be priceless; but how did it get in there?"



"'WHAT A MARVELLOUS THING,' I CRIED.'"

"Have you ever heard of the great Diana Sapphire?" asked Sherwin, not replying immediately to my question.

"Never," I said.

"Well, it exists, and is well known to all gem collectors. You see it before you now. As to how it got in there, that is a mere matter of theory. This glass globe with the wonderful gem inside is so old that even the historical records which go back seven centuries are at a loss to know its origin. Masudy, the well-known Arabic writer and traveller, first makes mention of it. See what he says."

Sherwin as he spoke took an old volume from a dusty shelf.

"This is his work," he said, "translated by Athelard and printed about 1470. These words refer to the gem you see before you. The legend is translated from the Arabic." He read aloud slowly, pausing to give emphasis to his words.

"*I came not from mines, my master created me from earth. Feast your eyes upon my rays. Here I lie safe in my bed of crystal. Seek not to possess yourself of me, for though I am priceless beyond all gems, he who holds me shall never see me again. However poor you are, you will be poorer if you try to hold me. Coveted by a thousand kings, no gold can buy me. Try to discover the secret of my birth, to look upon me unveiled, and I shall vanish from your sight.*"

"That is the old legend," he continued, "and I believe it to be as true as that you and I both stand here. My impression is that, by some lost art, the sesquioxide of aluminium was made to crystallize by being put into molten glass. On these lines I am working, and have been working for years."

"But does the legend prevent you from breaking the glass?" I continued. "It must be a great temptation to hold that gem."

"It is a temptation to which I am never going to yield," he answered. "To tell the truth, I am afraid of that legend. It is not a meaningless jargon of words. It has been observed and reverenced by the possessors of this crystal globe for centuries. I believe that the sapphire inside that glass globe was made artificially, and that if you were to break the glass, the stone itself would vanish from sight. I believe that its crystalline structure is in such an extremely unstable

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condition that it depends for its existence on the surrounding pressure and support of the glass in which it was embedded. That is my interpretation of the legend, and it is my life's work to effect a reproduction."

"An ingenious theory, certainly," I said. "Would it be an unfair question to ask you how this interesting gem got into your possession?"

"The stone has been in our family for over two hundred years," he replied. "My great-great-grandfather, who was British Consul at Cadiz, in Spain, married a Moorish woman of great beauty. The Moors, as you know, came originally from Arabia. An uncle of hers had the crystal containing the stone in his possession, and gave it to her on his death-bed, on the sole condition that she and her descendants would always keep the sapphire unbroken in its crystal bed. It was brought over to England when my grandfather settled here, and was given to me by my father on his death-bed as the most precious thing he could bestow upon me. Many times I have been tempted to break the glass globe and release the gem, but I shall never do so. Experts before now have gazed at this wonderful stone, and they tell me that it is of priceless value. As such is the case I have had this safe specially constructed for it, and I do not think there is a man in London who could break it open. Now, Dr. Cato, I will come to your Club, I will accept a favour from a man like Kort, I will put myself under your treatment, for the sole and only reason that I want to perfect my discovery, I want to handle riches, I want to be known to futurity as the man who re-discovered the crystallization of sesquioxide of aluminium, and I want to revenge myself on my enemy. Knowing my story, I dare therefore to ask of you conditions. I cannot part with the gem. May I bring it to the Sanctuary?"

"You may," I replied. "We have a safe in our laboratory which I think will also defy the burglars' art; you may place it there in perfect safety."

"Thank you. Condition number two is this. May I pursue my experiments in one of your laboratories?"

"We have a small one adjoining the larger laboratory, which I will place at your service," I replied.

He bowed gravely in acknowledgment of this kindness, and then said:—

"My final and last condition is, that you will keep what I have now told you an absolute and complete secret."

"From the world, certainly," I answered; "but it will be difficult to keep the fact of the crystal's existence from my brother doctor."

"Kort?" he interrupted. "Kort knows nearly as much about the Diana Sapphire as I do myself."

"I allude to our other partner," I said, "Dr. Chetwynd."

"Well," he replied, somewhat impatiently, "tell him just what is necessary, but no more."

"I will do so," I said.

Soon afterwards Kort and I took our leave.

"Sherwin is a curious specimen of humanity," said my partner to me on our way back.

"He interests me immensely," I replied.

"He has a crank, poor fellow," replied the doctor. "I sympathize with him sincerely. Once we were the greatest friends, although he now imagines that I am his worst enemy, a common case enough where the mind is affected."

I did not say any more. I fully believed myself that Sherwin was on the borderland between the sane and insane, but I had a queer impression, which was destined soon to be strengthened, that as far as Kort was concerned there was method in his madness.

The next day the poor fellow arrived at the Club. Everything had been done for his comfort, and he was immediately placed in the artificial Davos suite of rooms. He was allowed, however, to go downstairs at intervals, and soon struck up a friendship with a member of the Club of the name of Edward Banpfylde. This man had been a resident for two or three months. He was supposed to have great wealth, and was a gem merchant of Hatton Garden. Banpfylde was suffering from intense nervous irritability, and the regular hours, good food, and a system of rest and refreshment which were prescribed for him were having to a certain extent beneficial results. But the anxiety on the man's face whenever he thought himself unwatched was very marked, and Kort once said to me: "I do not believe in Banpfylde's wealth."

"But he is a millionaire," I replied.

"So he says, but what are words, time will prove. He is consumed by anxiety; men of his calibre have only one great subject of anxiety, the loss or the making of money. He has become great friends with Sherwin, however, which seems natural enough, as they are both so much interested in gems."

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Banpfylde was about sixty years of age, stoutly built, with a red face, small keen eyes, and an irritable manner.

There were times, however, when he could be both good-natured and agreeable—beyond doubt he pitied Sherwin, and took pains to add to the interest of his fast-fleeting life. Notwithstanding our treatment, his disease made rapid progress, and we all knew that he could not last many weeks; he was cheerful, however, and enjoyed his chats with Banpfylde. The two men spent much time in the small laboratory which we had given over for Sherwin's use. What they did there remains a mystery, but I have little doubt that Sherwin confided at least part of his secret to Banpfylde.

They had been together the whole of one day, and Sherwin had gone up to his room thoroughly worn out, when Chetwynd, who watched his languid progress upstairs, turned to me and said, in a low voice:—

"Poor fellow, he may go off at any moment. It needs but a bad fit of hemorrhage to settle him—he is not following out our directions, either, as he ought. He spends too much time with Banpfylde."

"Oh, I have no doubt they have a great deal in common," I replied; "they are both professional gem fanciers."

"It is my opinion," said Chetwynd, "that Banpfylde is picking his brains. He absolutely dogs his footsteps. I don't like it—I hope there is no mischief brewing."

"Mischief brewing?" I cried. "What can you mean?"

"Well, I heard some news about our millionaire to-day."

"What?" I asked.

"Simply this. To put it plainly, he is smashed."

"What, Banpfylde? It cannot be true."

"I fear it is. I happened to meet Balfour, of the Old Jewry City Police, this afternoon, and there is a queer business in the air. I cannot tell you exactly what he told me, but this country is too hot for our guest, that's about it. Balfour thought it right to warn me, knowing that Banpfylde was a member of our Club."

I looked my astonishment at Chetwynd's news, but did not make any remark. After a pause he continued: "You have told me some of the story of the marvellous gem which Sherwin has brought here, and which is locked up for security in our safe. Now, putting two and two together, I don't believe in Banpfylde's disinterested friendship for our dying guest, but I do think it possible that he may be after the gem. The fact is, I dislike and distrust Banpfylde as much as you dislike and distrust our brother doctor."

"Oh, the cases are by no means parallel," I exclaimed, with some impatience, and I had scarcely said the words before Banpfylde and Sherwin came downstairs together. Sherwin came straight up to me.

"I thought you were in bed," I cried.

"No, I am restless, I could not sleep," he said. "I want you to give me the key of the safe. Banpfylde has begged of me to show him the Diana. If you will come downstairs we will get it out and he can see it. He is awfully keen about it," he added, in a whisper.

"Show him the crystal to-morrow," I said, laying my hand on his wrist. "Look here, you are feverish: do be rational and go to bed."

"I tell you I could not sleep, and I am most anxious to get Banpfylde's opinion with regard to the Diana; he is a great authority. He has heard of the gem, of course, but has never seen it."

"Very well, it is your property," I said; "we will go down. By the way, have you any objection to Chetwynd accompanying us?"

"None whatever," replied Sherwin; "I should like you to see the Diana Sapphire, Dr. Chetwynd." He bowed courteously to Chetwynd as he spoke, and just at that moment Kort made his appearance.

"What," he cried, "not in bed yet, Sherwin? This is very bad."

"I am not going at present," said Sherwin. He half turned his back on Kort, and glancing at Banpfylde, Chetwynd, and myself, said:—

"Well, gentlemen, shall we proceed?"

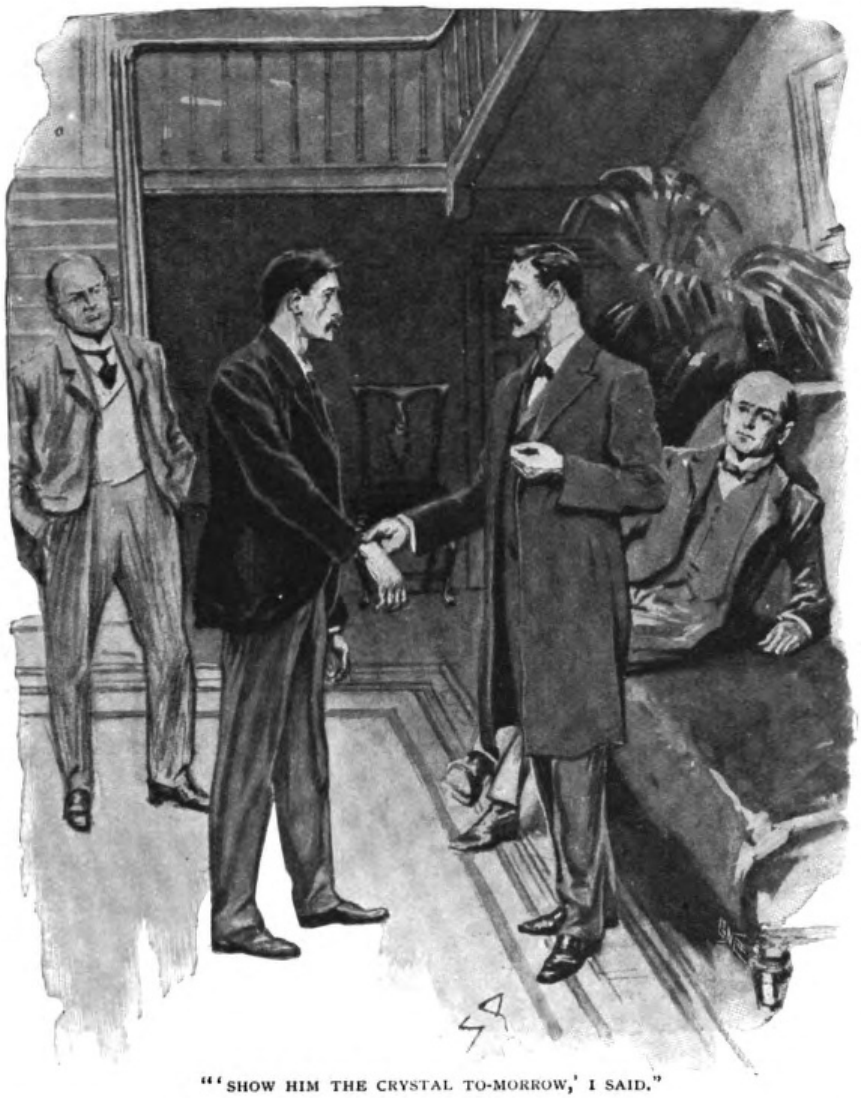
As we crossed the hall to descend to the basements I watched Kort. He was fond of shrugging his shoulders; he shrugged them now with a peculiar gesture and quietly followed us. We all entered the laboratory and I switched on the electric light.

When Sherwin saw that Kort was also in the room, he said in a low voice to the latter: "You have seen the gem before, but if you do not find it irksome to look at it again, pray remain."

"I shall not find it irksome," answered Kort; his eyes shone with a queer light, he came and stood near Sherwin. We all clustered round the safe; I unlocked it, and lifting out the great glass globe, laid it on the bench.

"There you are," said Sherwin, snatching

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"'SHOW HIM THE CRYSTAL TO-MORROW,' I SAID."

off the wash-leather cloth that covered it, and stepping back. "What do you think of the Diana Sapphire, Mr. Banpfylde?"

Banpfylde stepped forward. I heard him utter a sudden exclamation, and then he stared at the gem without speaking; his eyes were widely dilated, the magnificent sapphire was gleaming and scintillating beneath the glare of the incandescents. Chetwynd, too, uttered a sharp exclamation, and also stepped forward to examine the gem. Banpfylde was now peering into the crystal—he turned round.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "you are quite right, Sherwin; there is no other stone in the world to equal it."

His face, which had been deeply flushed, was now pale.

"I have heard of it, of course," he continued. "By the way, you say it has a curious legend attached to it. May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly," answered Sherwin, and, somewhat to my astonishment, he repeated the old Arabic legend word for word—he evidently knew it by heart.

Banpfylde listened attentively, his eyes still riveted upon the stone. Chetwynd took out a note-book, and jotted down the words as Sherwin uttered them.

"Now, what do you suppose this all means?" asked Chetwynd. "Have you heard any interpretation of that queer jargon?"

"Never," answered Sherwin; "but I have made an interpretation for myself. Of that, however, I am not disposed to speak. What do you think of the legend, Mr. Banpfylde?"

"I think," replied the dealer, "that the words are mere nonsense, invented to keep thieves from touching the gem. In its present state it would be difficult to steal it."

"But how do you suppose it got inside the crystal?" I asked.

"It was never put there by the hand of man," he replied, instantly. "This external crystalline covering is, I believe, not glass or crystal; I believe it to be a kind of exceedingly pure quartz—gneiss, you know. Sapphires are frequently found embedded in this mineral. I believe that it has been cut and polished to resemble this pear shape. If the crystal were mine I should break it open and chance it," continued Banpfylde.

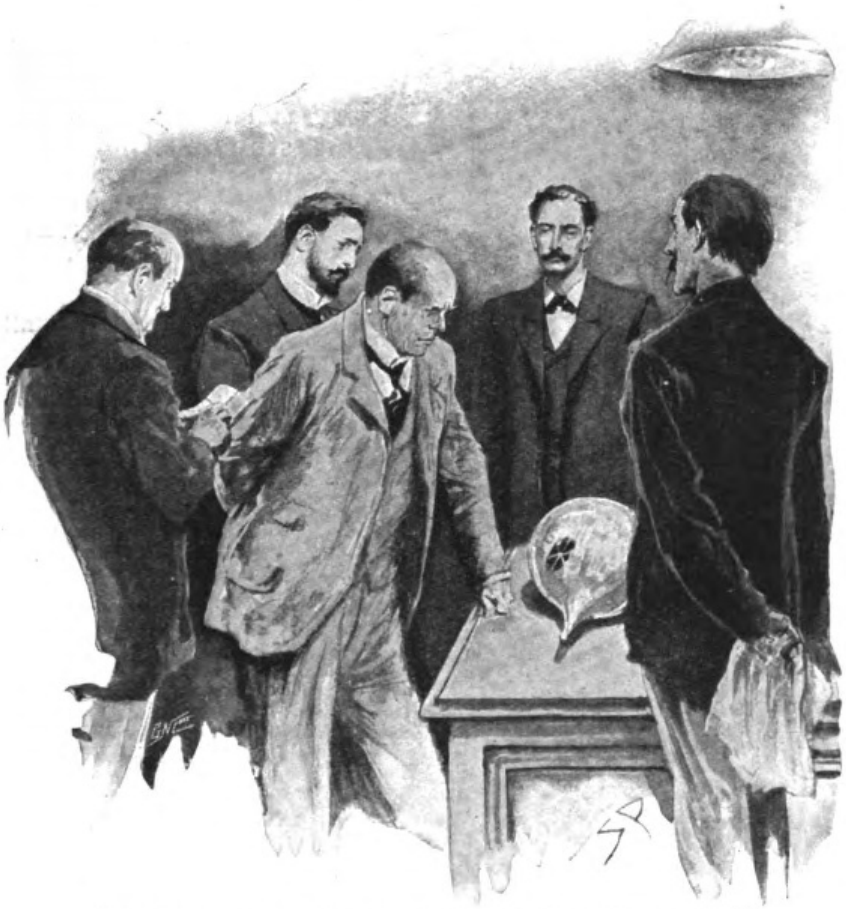
I happened at that moment to glance at Chetwynd, who was still bending over the gem, peering into the crystal, and examining it with the deepest interest. His face looked full of queer excitement.

"What do you suppose the value of that sapphire would be if it were extracted?"

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asked Kort, suddenly, of Banpfylde. Up to the present he had not uttered a word. Banpfylde turned and stared at him.

"Nearer forty than thirty thousand pounds," he exclaimed. "By the way, Mr. Sherwin,"



"WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD BE THE VALUE OF THAT SAPPHIRE?"

he continued, "do you feel inclined to part with it? It will make you a rich man."

"Certainly not," he answered, flushing.

"But why?"

"I decline to tell my reasons. I thank you for your opinion. We will put the crystal away now, Dr. Cato."

The next day Sherwin was much worse. He was now obliged to keep to his bed, as the slightest movement brought on sharp attacks of hemorrhage.

There came a night about a fortnight later when he lay looking like a mere shadow. His hollow eyes fixed themselves on my face. He said, after a pause: "I shall die, Dr. Cato, without fulfilling my life-work. I have no property to leave behind me, and no friends to leave it to."

"But what about the Diana Sapphire?" I asked.

"My solicitors will take charge of it until the heir, whose property it is, comes to claim it. My solicitors understand," he added.

His voice was so faint I could scarcely catch the words. I forbore to question him further and went downstairs. In the hall I met Chetwynd.

Chetwynd laid his hand on my arm.

"By the way," he said, "I have been making some interesting experiments with regard to the sapphire."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Of what nature?"

"This has been a day of strange things altogether," he continued. "Come to my room, will you? I have something I want to say."

I followed him.

"To begin with," he commenced, the moment we found ourselves alone, "have you noticed Banpfylde to-day?"

"Not specially," I answered; "is anything fresh the matter?"

"I should say the expression on his face was matter enough," was his answer. "He has been drinking heavily, and I met him not half an hour ago in the grounds pacing up and down as though he were bereft of his senses. He was muttering to himself in the queerest way. He has beyond doubt got into a tight corner, and does not know how to extricate himself. To tell the truth, I wish he were not here; such a man's influence in the Club does no good."

"If your suspicions are founded on fact, he cannot stay here much longer," I answered; "but now, what about the sapphire?"

"Ah, I am coming to that. I do believe I have struck something very curious: no less than the key to the legend."

"Now, what do you mean?" I cried.

"Well, you know, it says that if anyone shall seek to hold the Diana Sapphire it shall vanish from his eyes. I believe it would, for in rescuing that sapphire from its bed of

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crystal the man would assuredly lose his sight."

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean?" I cried.

"You can see for yourself," he answered. As he spoke he produced a tiny glass bead; it was pear-shaped, and was an exact facsimile on a very small scale of the crystal encasing the Diana Sapphire.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "except that it is like the crystal on a small scale. Did you make it?"

He did not answer, but, seizing a heavy paper-weight, struck it a smart blow on the tail end. There was a loud and sharp report — the bead had disappeared into fine powder.

"A Prince Rupert's Drop," he said, quietly. "You have heard of it, of course?"

I nodded.

"Well, you know what these drops are. When glass is dropped into water and suddenly cooled a crust is formed while the internal mass is still liquid. This tends to contract on cooling, but is prevented by the molecular forces which attach it to the crust. In this state, unless it is struck, or its tail broken off, it will last as such for centuries, and look like an ordinary bit of glass; but when struck and broken it flies into powder with an explosion. Now, my impression is that the sapphire is inside a Prince Rupert's Drop of enormous size."

"Good God!" I exclaimed.

"I am pretty certain of it from its peculiar shape. Now, you have heard what sort of a report that little thing made when it was broken, but if the crystal which is in our safe downstairs were smashed, the explosion would be terrific. It would certainly blind the man who broke it, and, in all probability, kill him, or, at any rate, disfigure and injure him as much as a charge of dynamite. Thus the sapphire would vanish from *his* sight for ever."

For a moment I could scarcely speak; then I inquired:—

"What made you think of this?"

"In the first instance, the peculiar shape," he answered. "I made many Prince Rupert's Drops as a boy. Well, I thought I would tell you—it is a pretty theory, but I cannot, unfortunately, put it to the test."

I left Chetwynd and crossed the hall preparatory to going upstairs, when I suddenly came face to face with Kort.

"What," I said, "up still?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have many things to keep me awake, as doubtless you have, Dr. Cato." He passed me coldly, walked as far as the end of the hall, and then came swiftly back.

"By the way," he said, "I have seen Sherwin; I do not think he will last until the morning."

"Indeed," I answered. "I am sorry you went to him. He was put specially under my care, and I did not wish to have him disturbed."

"He is here as my guest, don't forget," said Kort; "but, never mind, he has all but done with this troublesome world. So much the better for him."

I did not say anything further, but went upstairs. Kort stood holding a candle in his hand and watched me as I did so. I looked back at him and saw a queer smile slightly parting his lips. I was turning aside into my own corridor, when it occurred to me that I would go to see Sherwin. If he were as ill as Kort had indicated, he ought not to be left alone. I paused a moment outside the door of his room. Even through the heavy oak I could hear his laboured breathing; and believing that after all he was sound asleep, and that it would be a pity to disturb him, I was just going away, when I heard his voice ask, very faintly, "Is that you, doctor?"

I opened the door; he was half sitting up in bed.

"I knew it was you, doctor," he continued; "I knew your step. I have just had a most horrible dream. It has upset me terribly. I believe it was sent to me as a warning."

I went up to him and laid my hand on his forehead. It was wet with perspiration; his eyes had a startled expression. He clutched tight hold of my hand as if he would not let me go.

"Lie down, Sherwin, lie down," I said. "A dream is but a dream, remember. It need not trouble you."

"But it does," he whispered, "and I think Kort must have caused it. He was in my room this evening, he spoke of—of——"

"Whom?" I asked.

The poor fellow began to struggle for breath.

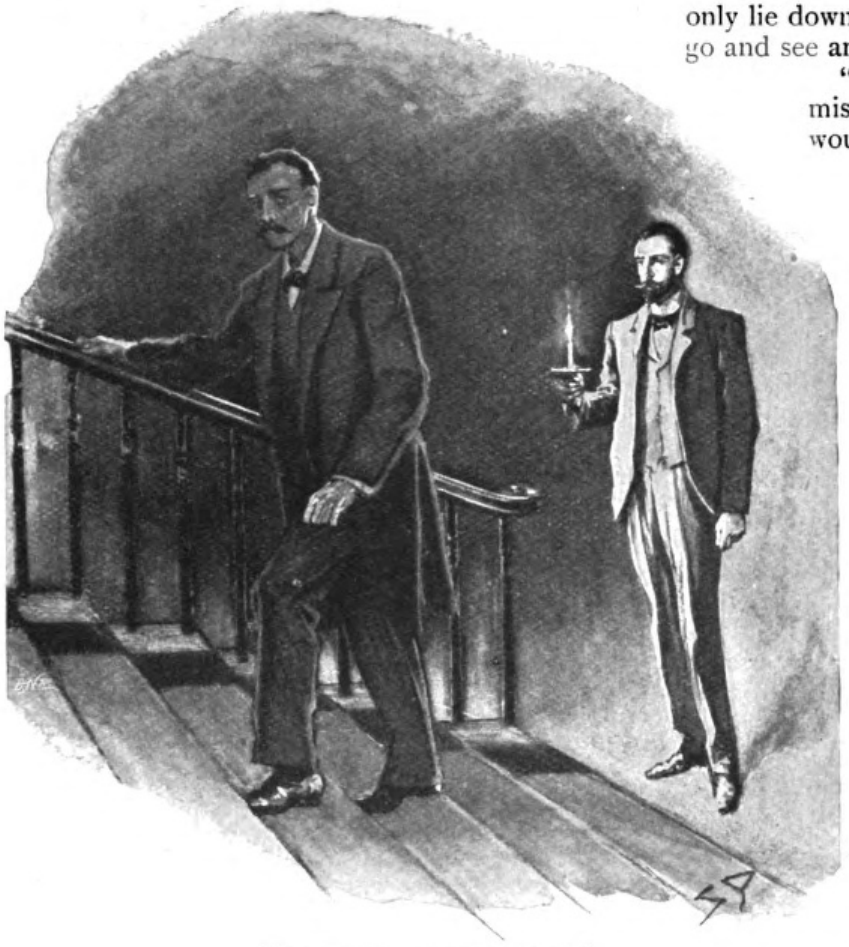
"Of her—Isobel—she is his wife. Did he ever tell you that he had a wife?"

"Never," I answered.

"He has. Ask him about her after—after I am gone." He gave a horrible laugh.

"I could say nothing bad enough to describe him," he said, faintly, "but, oh, Dr. Cato, I can only think of the sapphire now. My dream was about it. Is it—is it all right?"

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"KORT STOOD AND WATCHED ME."

"Of course it is, my dear boy," I answered. "It is in our safe, secure as possible; you know that, Sherwin. Now try to sleep."

"I cannot," he answered; "my dream was much too vivid to be false. I know it is true, and it was sent to me as a warning. They are taking the sapphire away; I can see them doing it. Go at once and stop them, doctor. My God! can't you see for yourself?" He grasped my arm more tightly than ever, and stared wildly out across the room.

"You have had a nightmare," I answered; "there is nothing to see. The sapphire is perfectly safe."

"It is not. I tell you I see them taking it now. Quick! Go and stop them. That dream was sent to me—was sent to me. Kort would stop at nothing—nothing—and Banpfylde is his tool. I feel it—I am certain of it. Oh, Dr. Cato, won't you have pity on me? Will you not go downstairs and find out for yourself if the safe is untampered with?"

"Very well," I answered; "if you will only lie down and remain quiet I will go and see and bring you word."

"You will? You promise?" he cried. "You would not break your word to a dying man?"

"I would break my word to no man," I answered. "Trust me, Sherwin. I will go down as quickly as possible and come back to you."

I left the room, resolving to visit the laboratory, ascertain for myself that Sherwin's wild words were the mere hallucination of his brain, and then spend the rest of the night by the dying man's side. Crossing the hall I opened a door leading to the laboratory steps and went quickly down. Half-way down I paused, stopped, and listened. Late as the hour was, someone was moving about below. I was not seriously alarmed at this, for Chetwynd often worked in the laboratory until morning. I hurried on, therefore—a light streamed from under the door. I flung it open and entered. I was just about to utter my friend's name when the words were arrested on my lips. Chetwynd was nowhere to be seen, but fully dressed and standing at the bench was Banpfylde. I could not at first ascertain what he was doing, but at the sound of my voice he swung sharply round.

"May I ask, sir, what your business is here at this hour?" I inquired. "Are you not aware that it is against the rules for members to come to the laboratory?"

"I am perfectly well aware of that fact, Dr. Cato," he replied, in the suavest tones, and with wonderful self-control; "but the emergency which brought me here to-night was so exceptional that I felt justified in breaking a well-known rule. For days past I have been suffering from spasmodic asthma, the only thing that relieves me is oxygen—I have a cylinder of my own which I always have in my room. It was empty; I came here to fetch a fresh one."

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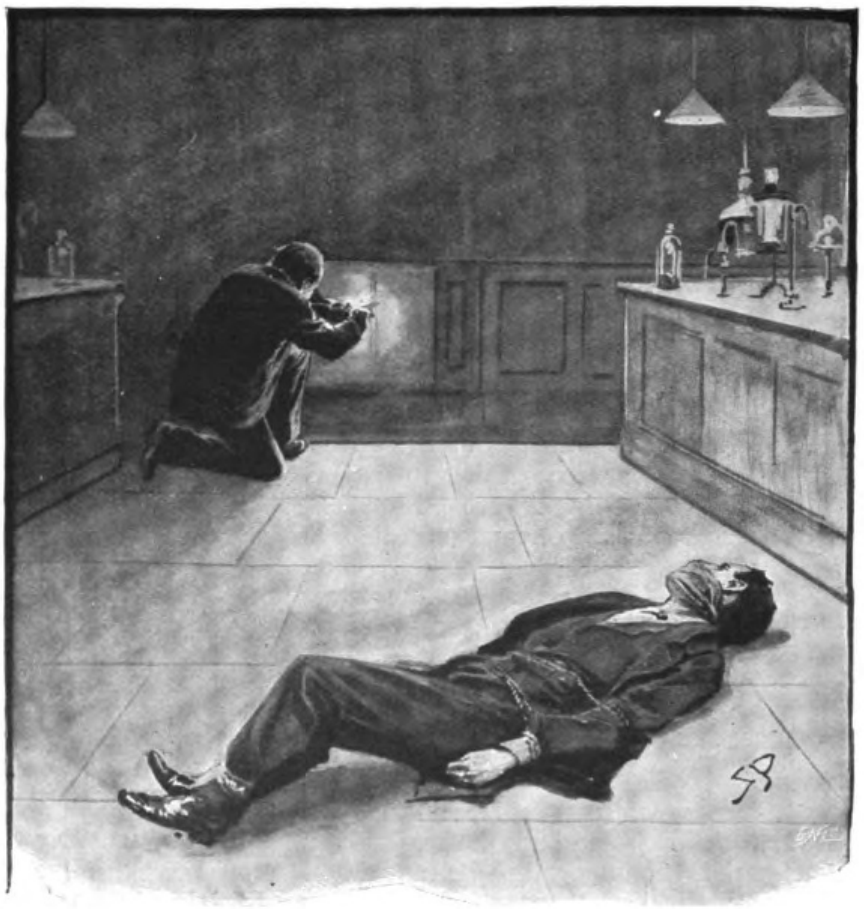
It was true that his position corroborated his words, for he had in his hand a small forty cubic feet cylinder, which he had taken from the cupboard.

"Whatever the emergency, you had no right to do it," I replied; "the doctors in this establishment expect to be summoned in case of need, and you did distinctly wrong when you broke the rules. I must now ask you to go to your room. Kindly do so without delay."

He did not answer me for a moment, but stood looking full at me. He was a powerfully built man, some inches taller than myself. His lips were compressed, and he began to breathe heavily. I knew well that he was not really suffering from asthma—he had lied to me. What his motive was I could not tell. Suddenly his eyes dropped, and I saw that he was looking intently at my waistcoat pocket, where I generally kept the key of the safe in which the Diana Sapphire had been placed. He had seen me produce it from that receptacle on the night when Sherwin had shown us the sapphire. It was not there now. I always locked it at night in my own small safe upstairs, but as he glanced in the direction of my coat I guessed what he was about to do in a flash. Before I could even cry out or utter a word the man had sprung upon me, and brought me by the suddenness and violence of the attack to the floor. His great hand was upon my throat, and I saw his bloodshot eyes within an inch of mine. I tried to shout for help, but with one of his hands crushing my throat I could not utter a word. The next instant, with the other hand, he slipped from his coat-pocket a short jemmy, and brought it down upon my head with all his force. I remembered nothing more.

When I came to myself I was lying upon the stone floor, sick and faint. I wondered dimly where I was, then memory returned in a flash and I struggled to rise; but I was firmly bound hand and foot, and a duster soaked in chloroform was tightly fastened across my mouth. A light, hissing sound fell on my ears, and I feebly turned my head. Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes, dull and dim though they were. Banpfylde was kneeling beside the safe at the further end of the laboratory. In one hand he held a lighted Bunsen burner, from which glowed a dazzling white flame, and with the other he was wrenching and tearing at the lock of the safe with some tool which I could not distinctly see.

To my astonishment and horror I perceived that the metal round the lock was glowing with a white heat. I heard it spit and crack, and saw the white sparks flying as the man gouged and tore away at the molten metal. What he was really doing I could not at first comprehend. All I knew was that he was breaking into the safe in some marvellous manner, and that I, within a stone's throw, was powerless to prevent him. I tried to shout out, but my voice only came in a dull,



"HE WAS WRENCHING AND TEARING AT THE LOCK."

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hoarse whisper. For one moment he turned his face towards me. It was red with excitement, and distorted with the most feverish anxiety—the next instant the safe door swung back. I saw Banpfylde reach in his hand and draw out the great Diana Sapphire. He laid it on the stone flags and picked up the short steel jemmy he had just been using. Dazed and sick as I felt, I knew in a flash what he was about to do. He was going to smash the surrounding glass in which the sapphire lay, and so liberate the gem. If Chetwynd's theory were true, and that glass was, in reality, an enormous Prince Rupert's Drop, the man was rushing to his fate, and I, in my present position, was powerless to save him.

"Stop, for God's sake stop!" I cried, but my voice was choked down to a hoarse growl.

Steadying the great mass of glass with one hand, and gathering all his strength, he brought the jemmy down with one terrific blow upon the tail of the crystal globe. There was a deafening explosion as of a thousand cannon. Every light was instantly extinguished, and with a shriek of pain I heard the miserable man plunge heavily forward upon the stone flags. We were in total darkness, but at that awful instant I could have sworn that something or someone brushed quickly past me and out of the room. I felt the draught made by a hurried movement. In sick despair I made another frantic effort to rise, but all in vain—I was tied down too tightly. The next instant, to my intense relief, I heard the clamour of approaching voices, quick footsteps hurried down the corridor, and Chetwynd and Kort, holding lights, rushed in. To release me from my bonds was the work of a moment, and then Kort ran up to Banpfylde and turned the light full on his face. Chetwynd and I gazed in horrified silence at what a moment before had been a man—living, breathing, in the full possession of every faculty. The terrific explosion had done its deadly work—the Diana Sapphire had avenged itself—a large portion of the man's skull had absolutely been blown away. He must have died as he fell.

"I was right," muttered Chetwynd.

As for me, I grasped the edge of the nearest bench to support myself. I felt faint and sick. Kort laid the dead man quietly back on the floor, then he turned and faced us.

"What has happened?" he asked. "What caused the explosion?"

I pointed to the safe.

"The Diana Sapphire," I exclaimed; "the legend was true."

Kort was about to say something further when a sound behind caused us all to turn our heads. Sherwin, partly dressed, his face ghastly white, his eyes almost starting from his head, was standing in the doorway. The noise of the terrific explosion had doubtless drawn him to the place. I rushed up to him and laid detaining hands on his shoulders.

"Back, back, Sherwin," I cried; "this is no place for you. I will take you to your room and explain."

"Explain?" he cried. "I see for myself. My dream was true. Don't touch me, Cato, don't touch me. Oh, my God! the Sapphire, where is it?"

He did not take the least notice of poor Banpfylde's dead body, but began frantically to peer about, going down on his hands and knees to examine for the lost treasure.

"Gone," he said; "the legend was true." He looked full up at Kort, then staggered forward and lay insensible, not far from the dead body of the would-be burglar.

"We must take him away before he recovers," said Chetwynd; "this will finish him, poor chap."

Between us we lifted the dying man from the floor, took him upstairs, and laid him on his bed. He lay insensible for over an hour, and then feebly opened his eyes. He looked at me, but without recognition; indeed, he never recognised anyone again. It was a relief to feel that he had lost all memory of the terrible scene which he had witnessed. He murmured faintly, and I thought he said the word "Isobel," but I am not sure. He died at nine o'clock on the following morning.

Early on the ensuing day we three doctors met in the laboratory. Banpfylde's body had been removed, and the *débris* caused by the terrific explosion had been partly cleared away.

"But what does it mean?" said Kort. "You two seem to know something—I want an explanation—for God's sake tell me what really happened?"

"It is about the strangest thing I ever heard of," answered Chetwynd. "That glass crystal was in reality an enormous Prince Rupert's Drop."

I gazed at Kort as my brother doctor spoke. My impression was that he knew of this already. If he did, however, he did not turn a hair; his dark eyes were fixed with intense interest on Chetwynd's face.

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"WE LIFTED THE DYING MAN FROM THE FLOOR."

"You have heard of a Prince Rupert's Drop, of course?" continued Chetwynd.

"Yes, but I have never seen one."

"The sapphire was embedded in one. I had thought out the whole idea no later than yesterday, and told Cato about it. I little knew how soon my theory was to be verified. The terrific explosion which occurred last night proves that the sapphire was imprisoned in one."

Kort took up a fragment of glass which still remained on the floor, examined it carefully, and laid it down.

"But there is something still stranger to be explained," continued Chetwynd, "and with regard to that I have formed no theory at present."

"To what do you allude?" asked Kort.

"I allude to the strange way in which Banpfylde opened the safe. That was no work of an ordinary jewel dealer. It was something beyond all burglars' resources. See for yourselves: the lock has been melted out with this Bunsen burner—look, the blowpipe junction runs to that oxygen cylinder—a cut above drills. It was nothing less than a masterpiece. See, the man literally melted out the iron like butter with the oxy-hydrogen flame. There was someone behind this job—a chemist, and no ordinary one at that. I shall never believe that that was Banpfylde's work, and, what is more," continued Chetwynd, "I shall not rest until I find out who instigated him to do the job."

"You are never likely to know," said Kort. "I happened to hear that the man was in desperate circumstances, and desperate men find desperate means to recover themselves. But, by the way, what has become of the sapphire? Did it disappear when the glass was shattered?"

"It looks like it," answered Chetwynd; "I have searched for it, but have seen it nowhere."

"Then poor Sherwin's theory was right," I could not help saying; but as I uttered the words I glanced at Kort. For one quarter of an instant he had given himself away. The look of relief on his face was too marked. I thought once again of that footfall which had hurried past me in the dark, of the slight draught made by a person moving quickly. Had Kort stolen the priceless sapphire? Was Sherwin right in his suspicions of the man whom I also deeply distrusted? What was the story of Isobel? Why had Sherwin died with his secret unrevealed?

"At least one thing is true," said Chetwynd, turning suddenly to me in that moment of stillness in which it almost seemed as if Kort and I were challenging each other. "At least one thing is obvious: the Diana Sapphire has proved the truth of its own legend. It has vanished from our sight."

With regard to the awful mystery of Isobel, the readers must wait for further developments.

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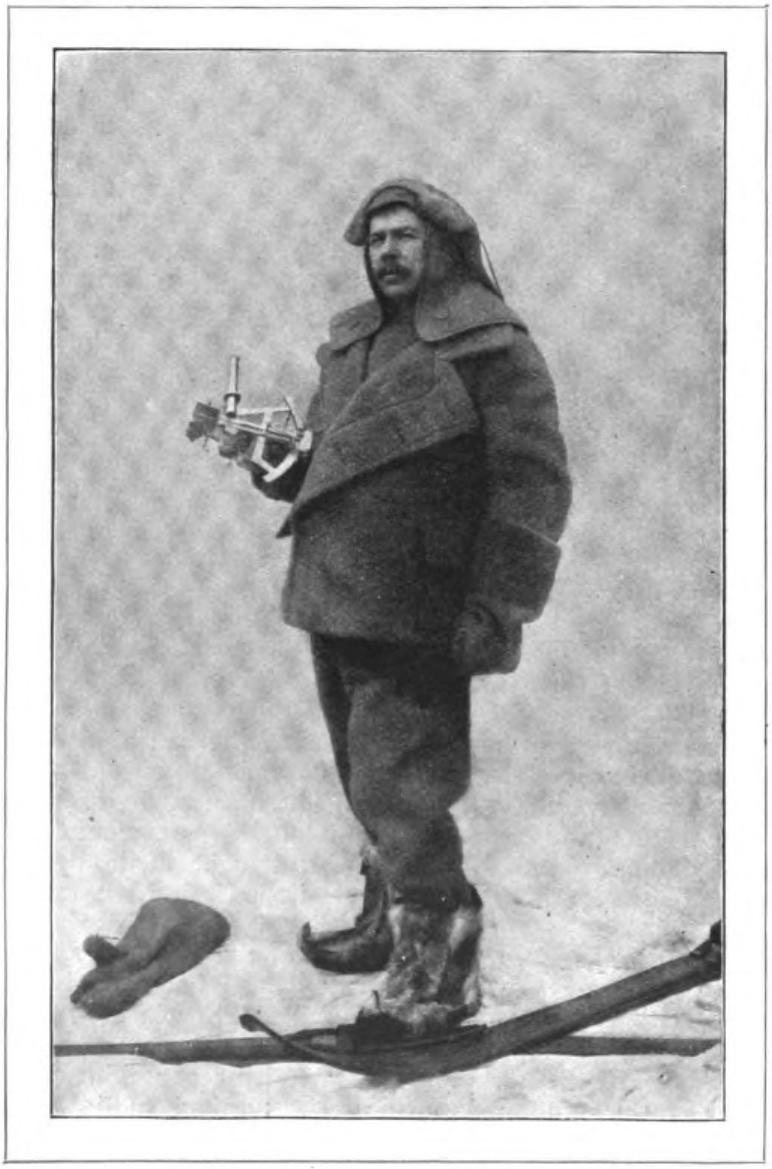
The "Southern Cross" Antarctic Expedition.

By Sir George Newnes, Bart.

With Photographs taken during the Expedition.

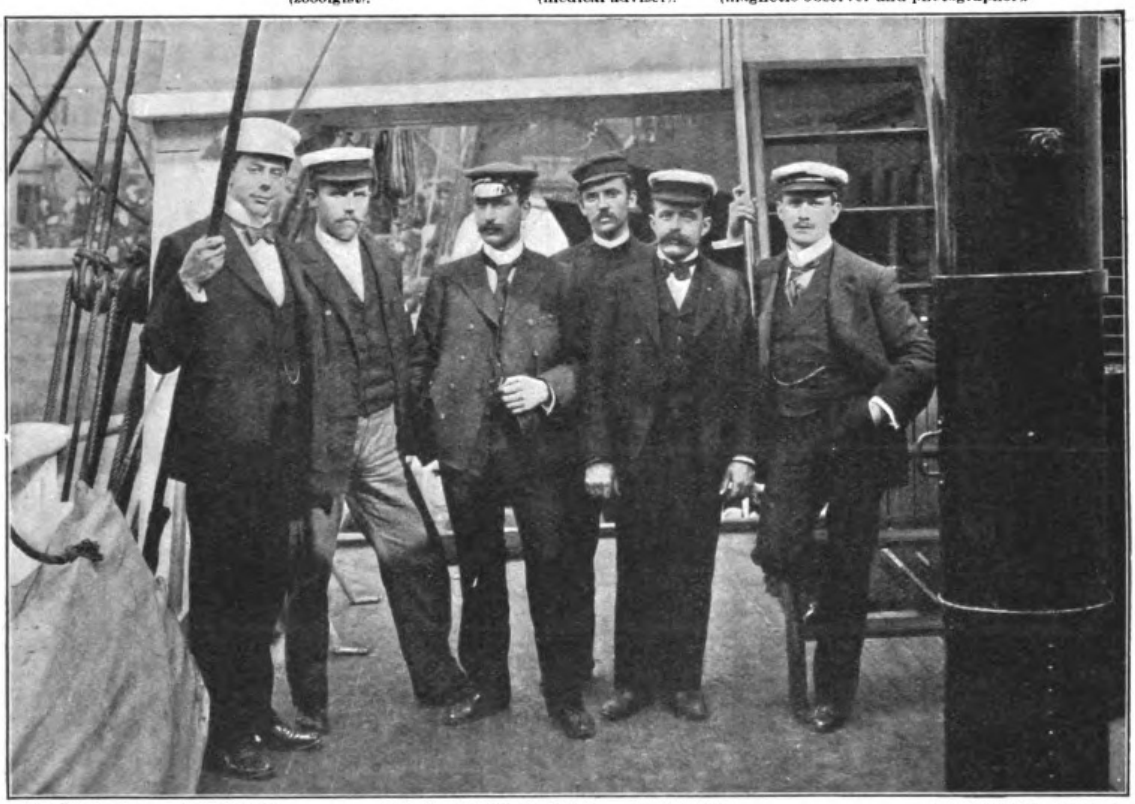
FOR a long time past it has been the belief of eminent geographers and scientists that the most important work of exploration yet to be accomplished lies in the Antarctic Continent. This subject has occupied a prominent place in the addresses delivered at the important gatherings of the leading geographical institutions of the world.

Many enterprises have been projected. The German Government have made preparations for the dispatch of an expedition in August, 1900; and the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, under the presidency of Sir Clements Markham, hope to send out another about the same time, and, if possible, to act in consort with the German effort. Towards the fund for equipment, Mr. Longstaff has munificently subscribed £25,000. A Belgian expedition was sent out two years ago in the ship *Belgica*. For a long time there was considerable anxiety as to its fate, but, happily, the vessel has returned with the loss



MR. BORCHGREVINK IN ARCTIC DRESS.
From a Photo. by W. Plank.

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OFFICERS OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

of only one life. It was locked in the ice for twelve months, and the captain was compelled, on its release, to return without having effected a landing in the Antarctic. The *Southern Cross*, under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink, has been more fortunate. For the first time in the world's history, a fully equipped exploring expedition has landed at Cape Adair, in Victoria Land, within 200 miles of the South Magnetic Pole.

It is for the purpose of giving some account of how this landing was effected that this article is written.

The materials are gathered from the log of the *Southern Cross*, and from letters received. It is obvious that this account must end where the most important work of the expedition begins; but from the fact that it is the first time such landing has been effected, and also because Mr. Borchgrevink and his brave band have



SCOUTS FROM THE PACK ICE.

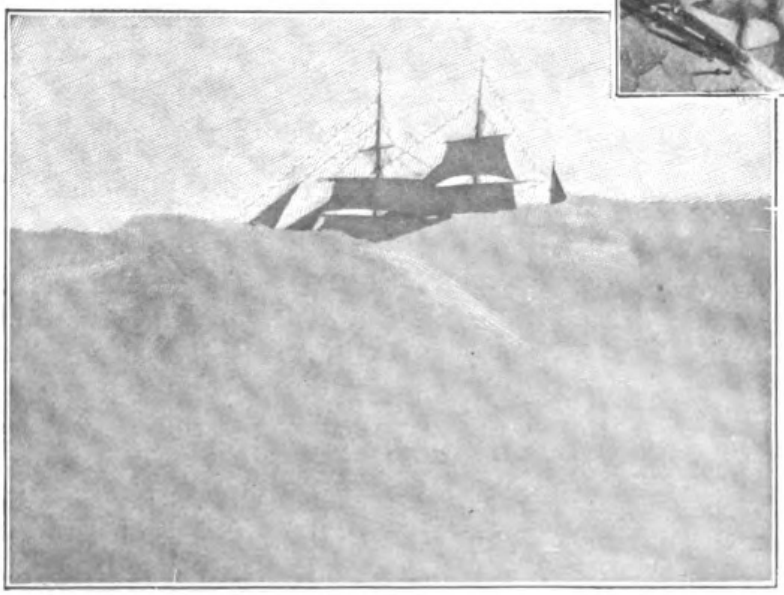
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BESET IN THE PACK.

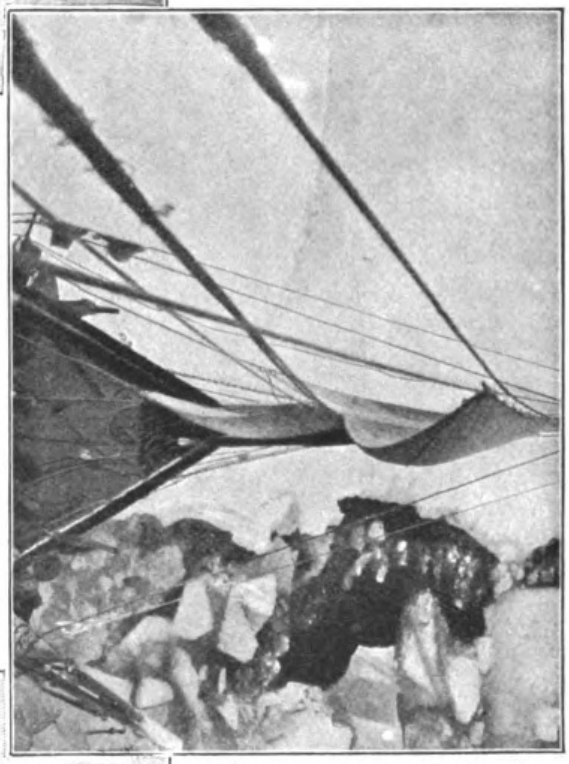
already encountered many dangers and adventures, it may prove interesting.

Mr. Borchgrevink was selected as leader of the expedition because of his enthusiasm for Antarctic exploration, his courage and determination, his study of the question, and because he himself had already five years before actually set foot on Victoria Land, though only for a few hours, and therefore knew something of the difficulties likely to be incurred in getting there. His chief officers are Captain Jensen, Sub-Lieutenant Colbeck, R.N.R., Mr. Hugh Evans, and Mr. Bernacchi (an Australian), having under their command a fine, stalwart crew.



LITERALLY BURIED.

The *Southern Cross* was to have been entirely refitted in England, but owing to the great engineers' strike here it was necessary to send her to Norway for the renewal of her engines and boilers. After this was completed the ship came to the Thames, and was for the rest—food stores, clothing, scientific instruments, etc.—completely equipped in London. On the day before the departure a



THE ICE-PACK SEEN FROM ALOFT.

luncheon was held on board, presided over by the writer of this article, at which several eminent geographers and explorers were present for the purpose of giving a hearty send-off to the intrepid band who were to go so far and risk so much. The *Southern Cross* sailed next day under the British flag presented to the ship by H.R.H. the Duke of York.

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It seems to have become known all down the river that this interesting vessel was starting on her bold enterprise, and very many ships displayed their bunting, and the crews assembled on deck to lustily cheer the *Southern Cross* as she steamed past. This last demonstration of kindness was much appreciated by all on board as a pleasing and, indeed, an affecting farewell.

The voyage to Hobart Town was comparatively uneventful. On reaching that port they were very heartily welcomed.

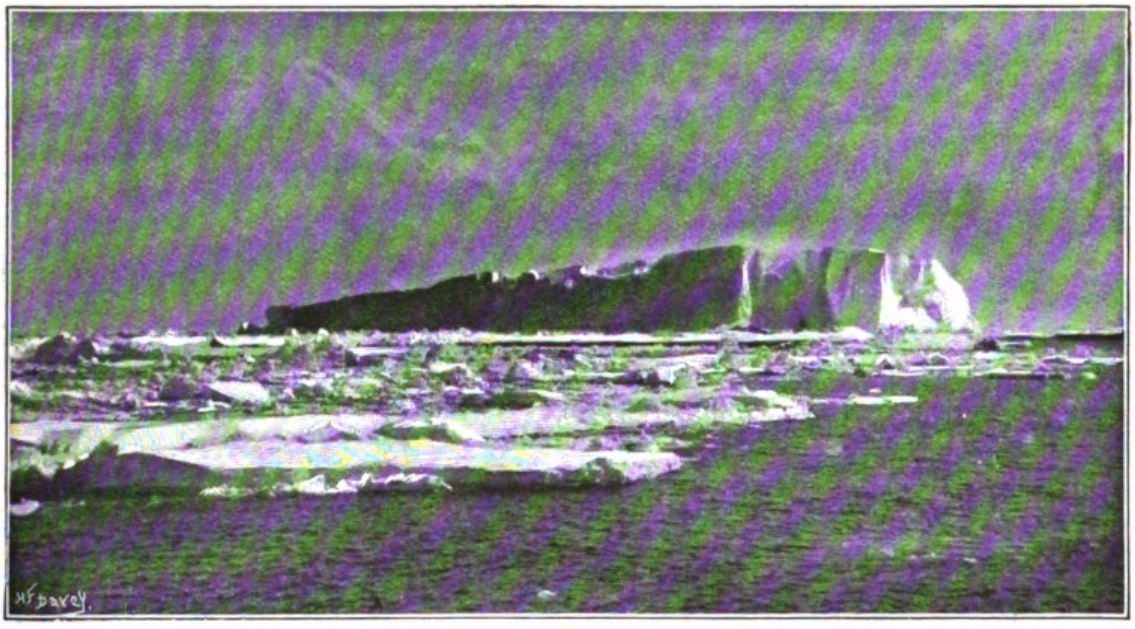


THE SCREWING COMMENCES.

The keenest interest in Antarctic research is felt in Australasia, as is natural from its geographical position. The Governor, His Excellency Viscount Gormanston, G.C.M.G., presided at a banquet in their honour, and parties and conversaziones and fêtes were given to them, which must have been in striking contrast to the rough life they were about to commence. Mr. Borchgrevink writes with much gratitude of the kindness they all received at Hobart Town.

The vessel left that port for Cape Adair on the 19th of December, 1898.

On Friday, the 30th, she sighted the great ice-pack in lat. 61·56deg. south and long. 153·53deg. east—somewhat sooner than had been expected. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed on board, for the sight, to those who looked upon it for the first time, was one to fill the spectator with wonder and admiration. Some of the floes were several miles in diameter, and from 4ft. to 8ft. thick. The channels between them were very narrow, and at times closed up completely. The danger to the ship was great; but the *Southern Cross* proved equal to her



AN ANTARCTIC BERG AND FLOES.

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MAGNETIC OBSERVATIONS ON THE ICE.

task, and came triumphantly out of ice-pressures which would have crushed a less solid vessel like an egg-shell.

The 22nd and 23rd of January in especial were days of terrible anxiety. The ship was fairly buried in the ice; the great blocks rose to the level of the bowsprit; and the pressure of the floes was so stupendous as to lift the vessel bodily 4ft. out of the water.

They were at that time off the coast of



MR. BORCHGREVINK WITH THE THEODOLITE.

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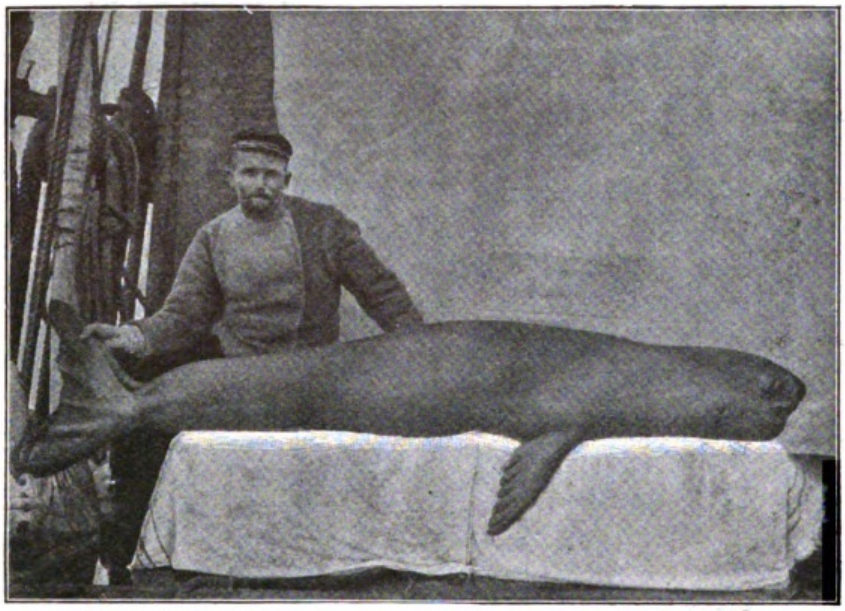


ANXIOUS DAYS IN THE PACK NEAR BALLENY. HEAVY SCREWING—SHIP LIFTED 4FT. OUT OF THE WATER, JANUARY 23, 1899.

Balleny Islands. No more appalling scene of desolation can be imagined than those sinister and ice-bound shores. At evening, however, gorgeous sunsets, which surpass description, glowing on iridescent floe and ice-peak, lend them a wild magnificence of beauty which compensates for all. Nor were the adventurers without resources. Very valuable scientific work was done, especially in the zoological department. No fewer than a hundred and seventy-five rare birds' skins were prepared, many seals, including one of an entirely new species, were procured, as well as penguins and beautiful white petrels. More than a hundred species of various fauna were collected. Meteorological and magnetic observations were made, deep-sea temperatures were taken, and a number of most interesting photographs secured.

Still encompassed by the horrors of the ice-pack, and making little progress, the

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HANSEN AND THE NEW SPECIES OF SEAL DISCOVERED JANUARY 27, 1899.

ship remained for no less than forty-three interminable days! During the 8th, 9th, and 10th of February, the crew made strenuous efforts to reach open water to the north, and succeeded in doing so on the 11th. All progress was then made due east in order to re-enter the pack at a point likely to afford an easier transit, and on the 14th the brave ship once more thrust herself among the floes. At this place they were loose and broken, though the danger was still great. The sea was heaving with a heavy swell; masses of ice would crash into the ship's sides with terrific force, causing the mainmast to quiver for some seconds with the shock. Towards midnight the ice became much scattered, and at five o'clock in the morning the vessel was again in clear water to the south, having been only a few hours in the pack.

On February 16th Cape Adair was sighted. A terrific gale was blowing, and the ship was compelled to lay-to that night under two half-topsails in a storm of blinding sleet, and with the decks and rigging covered thick with ice. Next day, the gale subsiding, they steamed into Robertson Bay, and for the first time in history, at ten o'clock in the morning, an anchor was let fall, in ten fathoms of water.

In half an hour the staff were all on shore. On the beach were penguins, gulls, stone-petrels, giant-petrels, and many huge seals of an unknown species. Two of the adventurers, Mr. Evans and Mr. Bernacchi, started off to climb to the summit of the cape. The ascent, over a thousand feet, proved terrible, and they did not reach the top till midnight.



FIRST LANDING OF THE DOGS ON THE ICE—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

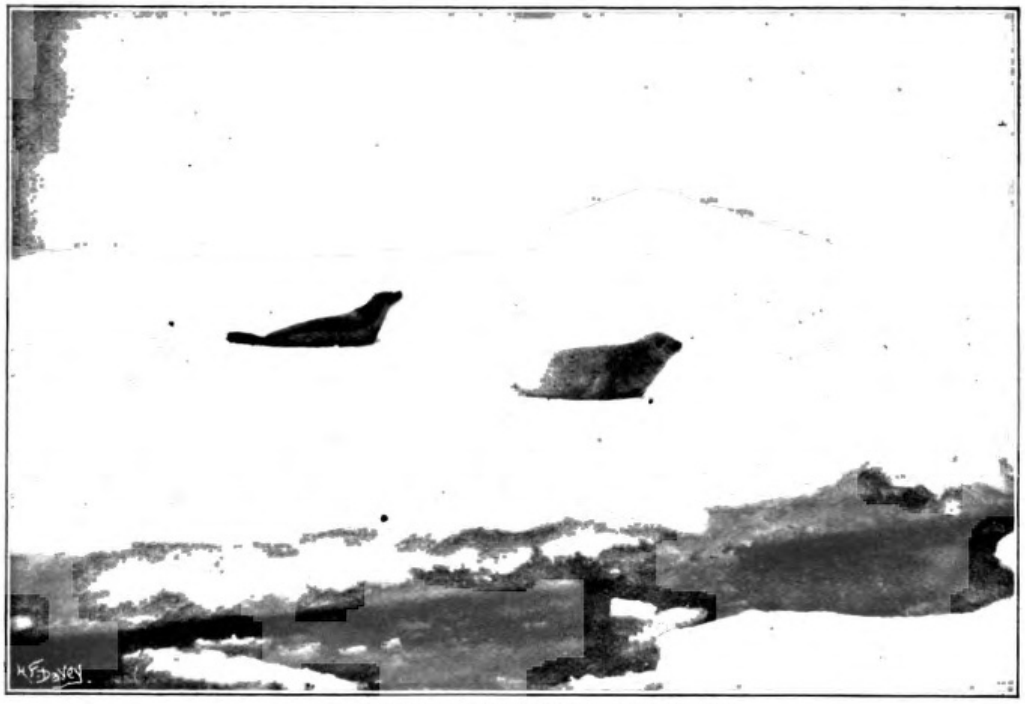
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TRAINING THE DOGS.

But they must have felt full compensation in the thought that they were the first to set foot upon the summit of Victoria Land.

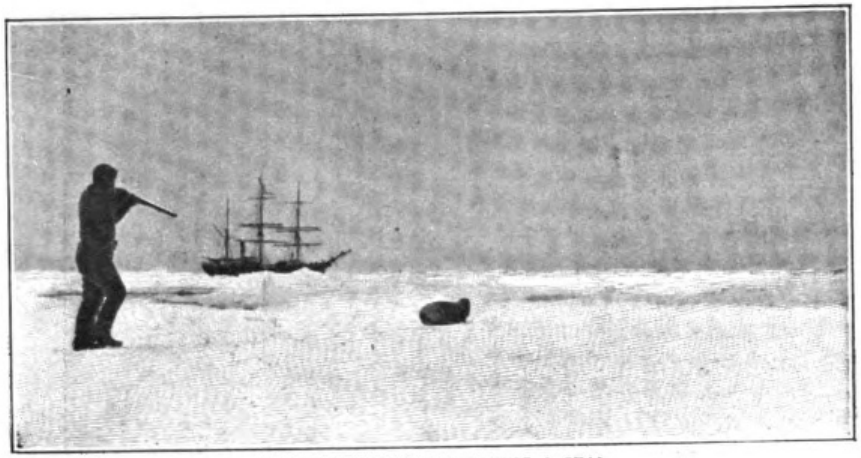
The next few days were employed in landing stores and erecting huts. This was a task of no small difficulty and hardship. The vessel was at anchor in the bay, some 200yds. from shore, and the workers were obliged to discharge the cargo in small boats, which were then pulled to the land, and the boxes carried through the surf by bearers waist-deep in the icy water. But all kept well and "game," and in due course the stores, the scientific apparatus, the sledges, and seventy-five sledge-dogs were landed safe and sound.



MAGNIFICENT SEALS BASKING ON THE FLOES.

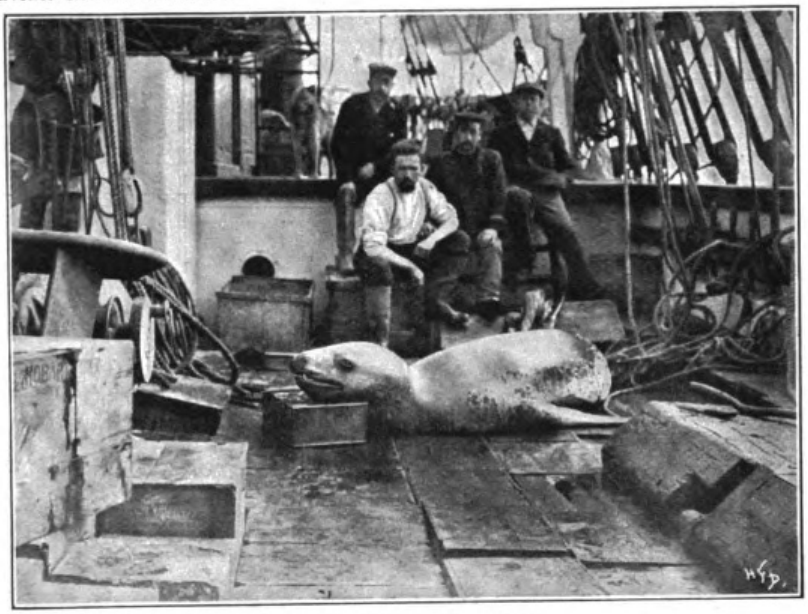
But now a new disaster was before them. On the 23rd of February a great blizzard

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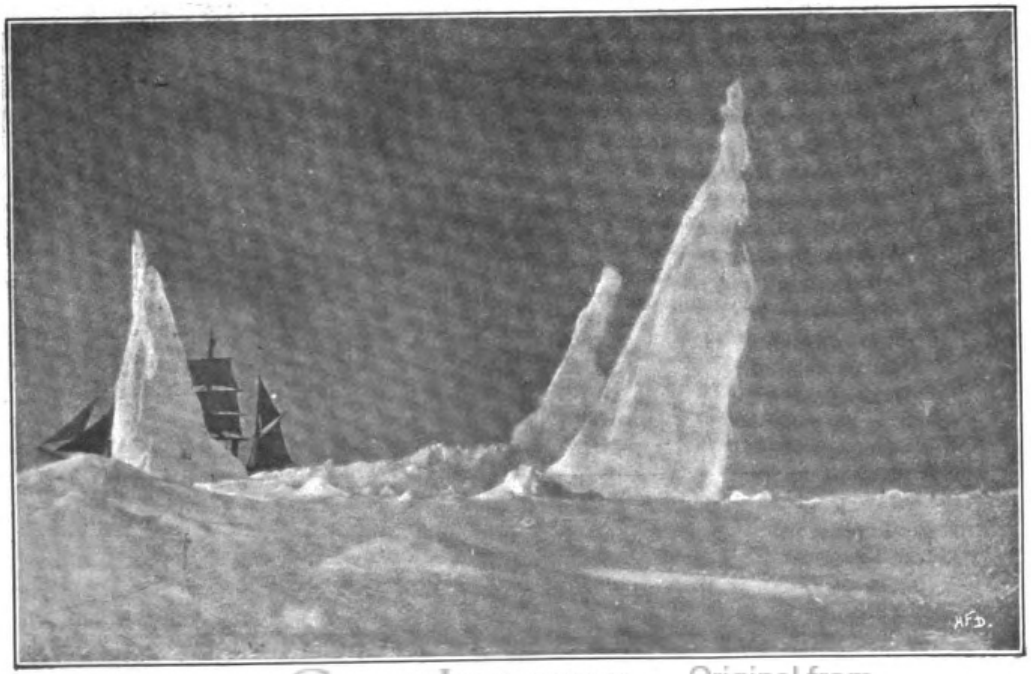


MR. BORCHGREVINK SHOOTING A SEAL.

came on. It was a terrible experience. The wind rose suddenly and blew thousands of tons of snow upon the little camp. The gale blew with cyclonic force, and it was piercing cold—18deg. below zero! Four members of the staff—the doctor, Fougner, Colbeck, and Bernacchi—were on shore and could not reach the ship. The only shelter was the tent, which they were obliged to bury with stones and to lash with ropes, to prevent it blowing away. All that terrible night they were toiling in the blizzard to save the cargo from being washed away. Mr. Bernacchi got frost-bitten in the ears, which turned quite black, and were only saved with difficulty. The hair of the party froze into solid



HANSEN READY FOR ACTION.



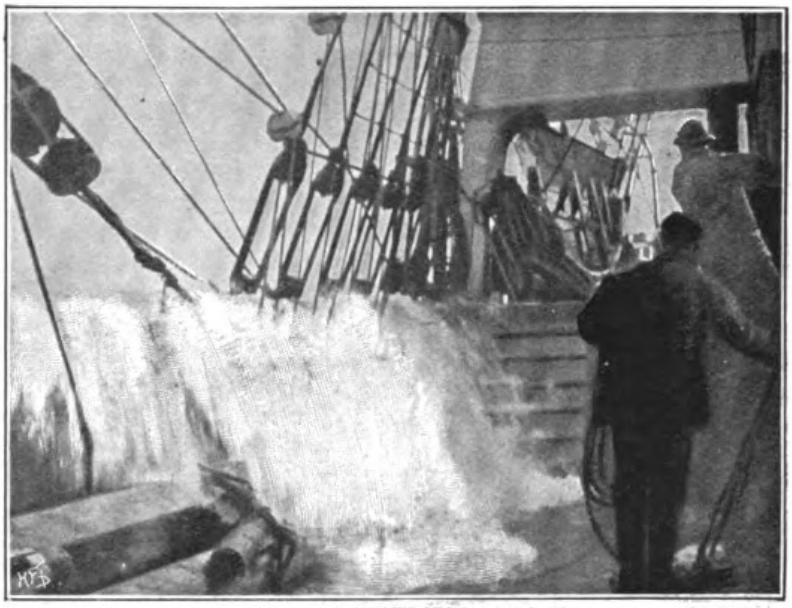
ANTARCTIC ICE-TOWERS.

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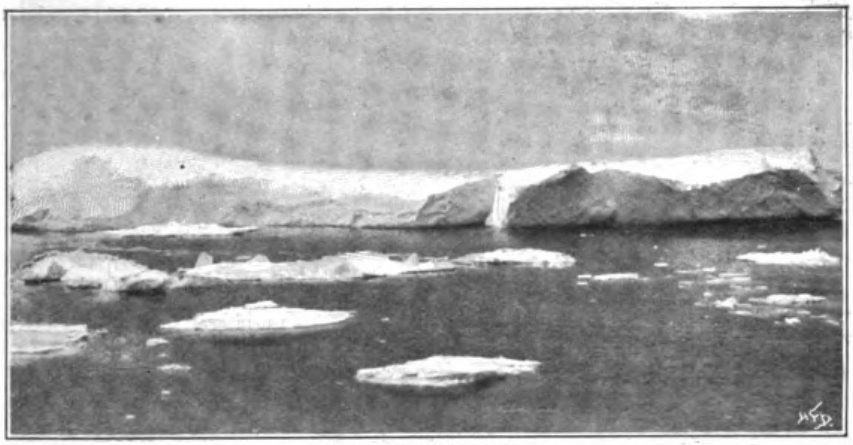
lumps, and the ice upon their beards took hours to melt, while their clothes clashed with ice like coats of mail. The waves froze solid as they dashed upon the shore, and the water froze in the barrels, though they lay beside a roaring fire in the tent.

A more awful experience it would be difficult to imagine.

The next afternoon they managed to get on board, where they found that their companions had also had a terrible

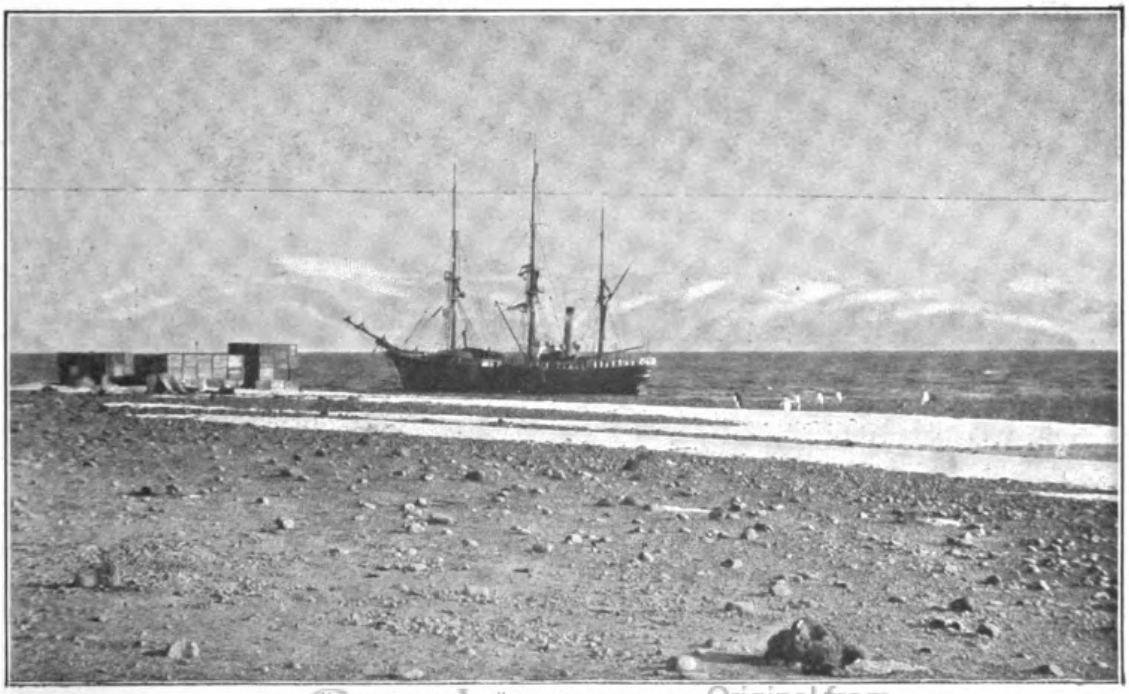


A HEAVY SEA.



THE ICE-PACK SLACKENS.

experience. Stones from the mountain had been blown on board. The cable had parted during the night and the ship was driving ashore. They endeavoured to cut the main-mast, but could not do so. They were forced to steam out of the bay and, even then,



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" IN ROBERTSON BAY, FEBRUARY 1899.

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nothing could have saved the ship had she not proved herself remarkably seaworthy.

On the 23rd it blew another storm, but not quite so strong. But the vessel again lost an anchor, and, driving ashore, bumped on the rocks four times with terrific force. By steaming full speed ahead they contrived to get her off, but a boat was smashed to atoms, and they had to steam for shelter to the other side of the bay, and to moor the ship with ropes to the edge of the glacier.

There they found good shelter, and on the afternoon of February 27th three members of the staff, Colbeck, Hansen, and Fougner, were permitted to go ashore for the purpose of climbing the great glacier, taking alpenstocks, ropes, provisions, cognac, etc. They started at half-past three and returned at midnight. They made some valuable discoveries, although they were not able to reach the top, attaining, however, an altitude of 2,300ft., as indicated by the aneroid. At 1,600ft. they discovered an abundance of moss, of three distinct kinds, exactly the same as reindeer-moss in the north; and more important than all, near the bottom of the mountain they lighted on a huge quartz outcrop, which looked as if it contained gold! It was milky, with blue streaks and very heavy, and had walls of soft slaty matter. These discoveries gave them strong hope that their subsequent explorations will meet with great and valuable reward.

Such is a brief account of the experiences upon the *Southern Cross* up to February 27th. What has happened since then none but the brave band of ten determined men can know until January next.

They are shut up in the ice, and no ship could till then approach near to the wonderful continent upon which they have voluntarily chosen to live for a year, during which time they will explore those unknown regions to the fullest extent of their powers. Our winter is, of course, their summer,



THE HUTS ON THE SHORE AT CAPE ADAIR.

and then the ice will break up and melt; and the *Southern Cross*, which has returned to warmer latitudes during the interval, will steam to Cape Adair once more. As they approach we can imagine the interest and anxiety to those on board to know whether they are to find the band still mustering their full strength of ten souls, and the hopes they will entertain that the objects of the grand undertaking have been attained.

I am sure these good wishes and kindly thoughts will be shared by thousands of us at home who admire the exercise of endurance, courage, and determination.

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A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

IX.

THE mate awoke next morning to a full sense of the unpleasant task before him, and, after irritably giving orders for the removal of the tarpaulin from the skylight, a substitution of the ingenious cook's for the drawn blinds ashore, sat down to a solitary breakfast and the composition of a telegram to Captain Barber. The first, a beautiful piece of prose, of which the key-note was resignation, contained two shillings' worth of sympathy and fourpence-halfpenny worth of religion. It was too expensive as it stood, and boiled down he was surprised to find that it became unfeeling to the verge of flippancy. Ultimately he embodied it in a letter, which he preceded by a telegram, breaking the sad news in as gentle a form as could be managed for one-and-three.

The best part of the day was spent in relating the sad end of Captain Fred Flower to various inquirers. The deceased gentleman was a popular favourite, and clerks from the office and brother skippers came down in little knots to learn the full particulars, and to compare the accident with others in their experience. It reminded one skipper, who invariably took to drink when his feelings were touched, of the death of a little nephew from whooping-cough, and he was so moved over a picture he drew of the meeting of the two, that it took four men to get him off the schooner without violence.

The mate sat for some time after tea striving to summon up sufficient courage for his journey to Poplar, and wondering whether it wouldn't, perhaps, be better to communicate the news by letter. He even went so far as to get the writing materials ready, and then, remembering his promise to the skipper, put them away again and prepared for his visit. The crew who were on deck eyed him stolidly as he departed, and Joe made a remark to the cook, which that worthy drowned in a loud and troublesome cough.



"BROTHER SKIPPERS CAME DOWN TO LEARN THE FULL PARTICULARS."

The Wheeler family were at home when he arrived, and received him with some surprise. Mrs. Wheeler, who was in her usual place on the sofa, shook hands with him in a genteel fashion, and calling his attention to a somewhat loudly attired young man of unpleasant appearance, who was making a late tea, introduced him as her son Bob.

"Is Miss Tyrell in?" inquired Fraser, shaking his

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head as Mr. Wheeler dusted a small Wheeler off a chair and offered it to him.

"She's upstairs," said Emma Wheeler; "shall I go and fetch her?"

"No, I'll go up to her," said the mate, quietly. "I think I'd better see her alone; I've got rather bad news for her."

"About the captain?" inquired Mrs. Wheeler, sharply.

"Yes," said Fraser, turning somewhat red. "Very bad news."

He fixed his eyes on the ground, and, in a spasmodic fashion made perfect by practice, recited the disaster.

"Pore feller," said Mrs. Wheeler, when he had finished. "Pore feller, and cut down suddenly like that. I s'p'ose he 'adn't made any preparation for it?"

"Not a bit," said the mate, starting, "quite unprepared."

"You didn't jump over after him?" suggested Miss Wheeler, softly.

"I did not," said the mate, firmly; whereupon Miss Wheeler, who was fond of penny romance, sighed and shook her head.

"There's that pore gal upstairs," said Mrs. Wheeler, sorrowfully, "all innocent and happy, probably expecting him to come to-night and take her out. Emma'd better go up and break it to 'er."

"I will," said Fraser, shortly.

"Better to let a woman do it," said Mrs. Wheeler. "When our little Jemmy smashed his finger we sent Emma down to break it to his father and bring 'im 'ome. It was ever so long before she let you know the truth, wasn't it, father?"

"Made me think all sorts of things with her mysteries," said the dutiful Mr. Wheeler, in triumphant corroboration. "First of all she made me think you was dead; then I thought you was all dead—give me such a turn they 'ad to give me brandy to bring me round. When I found out it was only Jemmy's finger I was nearly off my 'ed with joy."

"I'll go and tell her," interrupted Mr. Bob Wheeler, delicately, using the inside edge of the tablecloth as a serviette. "I can do it better than Emma can. What she wants is comforting; Emma would go and snivel all over her."

Mrs. Wheeler, raising her head from the sofa, regarded the speaker with looks of tender admiration, and the young man, after a lengthy glance in the small pier-glass ornamented with coloured paper, which stood on the mantel-piece, walked to the door.

"You needn't trouble," said Fraser, slowly; "I'm going to tell her."

Mrs. Wheeler's dull eyes snapped sharply. "She's our lodger," she said, aggressively.

"Yes, but I'm going to tell her," rejoined the mate; "the skipper told me to."

A startled silence was broken by Mr. Wheeler's chair, which fell noisily.

"I mean," stammered Fraser, meeting the perturbed gaze of the dock fireman, "that he told me once if anything happened to him that I was to break the news to Miss Tyrell. It's been such a shock to me I hardly know what I am saying."

"Yes, you'll go and frighten her," said Bob Wheeler, endeavouring to push past him.

The mate blocked the doorway.

"Are you going to try to prevent me going out of a room in my own house?" blustered the young man.

"Of course not," said Fraser, and, giving way, ascended the stairs before him. Mr. Wheeler, junior, after a moment's hesitation, turned back and, muttering threats under his breath, returned to the parlour.

Miss Tyrell, who was sitting by the window reading, rose upon the mate's entrance, and, observing that he was alone, evinced a little surprise as she shook hands with him. It was the one thing necessary to complete his discomfiture, and he stood before her in a state of guilty confusion.



"MISS TYRELL WAS SITTING BY THE WINDOW READING."

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"Cap'n Flower couldn't come," he stammered.

The girl said nothing, but with her dark eyes fixed upon his flushed face waited for him to continue.

"It's his misfortune that he couldn't come," continued Fraser, jerkily.

"Business, I suppose?" said the girl after another wait. "Won't you sit down?"

"Bad business," replied Fraser. He sat down, and fancied he saw the way clear before him.

"You've left him on the *Foam*, I suppose?" said Poppy, seeing that she was expected to speak.

"No; farther back than that," was the response.

"Seabridge?" queried the girl, with an air of indifference.

Fraser regarded her with an expression of studied sadness. "Not so far back as that," he said, softly.

Miss Tyrell manifested a slight restlessness. "Is it a sort of riddle?" she demanded.

"No, it's a tale," replied Fraser, not without a secret admiration of his unsuspected powers of breaking bad news; "a tale with a bad ending."

The girl misunderstood him. "If you mean that Captain Flower doesn't want to come here, and sent you to say so——" she began, with dignity.

"He can't come," interrupted the mate, hastily.

"Did he send you to tell me?" she asked.

Fraser shook his head mournfully. "He can't come," he said, in a low voice; "he had a bad foot—night before last he was standing on the ship's side—when he lost his hold——"

He broke off and eyed the girl nervously, "and fell overboard," he concluded.

Poppy Tyrell gave a faint cry and, springing to her feet, stood with her hand on the back of her chair regarding him. "Poor fellow," she said, softly—"poor fellow."

She sat down again by the open window and nervously plucked at the leaves of a geranium. Her face was white and her dark eyes pitiful and tender. Fraser, watching her, cursed his resourceful skipper and hated himself.

"It's a terrible thing for his friends," said Poppy, at length.

"And for you," said Fraser, respectfully.

"I am very grieved," said Poppy, quietly; "very shocked and very grieved."

"I have got strong hopes that he may have got picked up," said Fraser, cheerfully; "very strong hopes. I threw him a life-belt, and though we got the boat out and pulled about, we couldn't find either of them. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he has been picked up by some vessel outward-bound. Stranger things have happened."

The girl shook her head. "You didn't go overboard after him?" she asked, quietly.

"I did not," said the mate, who was somewhat tired of this tactless question; "I had to stand by the ship, and besides, he was a much better swimmer than I am—I did the best I could."

Miss Tyrell bowed her head in answer. "Yes," she said, softly.

"If there's anything I can do," said Fraser, awkwardly, "or be of use to you in any way, I hope you'll let me know—Flower told me you were all alone, and——"

He broke off suddenly as he saw the girl's lips quiver. "I was very fond of my father," she said, in extenuation of this weakness.

"I suppose you've got some relatives?" said Fraser.

The girl shook her head.

"No cousins?" said Fraser, staring. He had twenty-three himself.

"I have some in New Zealand," said Poppy, considering. "If I could, I think I should go out there."

"And give up your business here?" inquired the mate, anxiously.

"It gave me up," said Poppy, with a little, tremulous laugh. "I had a week's pay instead of notice the day before yesterday. If you know anybody who wants a clerk who spells 'impatient' with a 'y' and is off-hand when they are told of it, you might let me know."

The mate stared at her blankly. This was a far more serious case than Captain Flower's. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Try for another berth," was the reply.

"But if you don't get it?"

"I shall get it sooner or later," said the girl.

"But suppose you don't get one for a long time?" suggested Fraser.

"I must wait till I do," said the girl, quietly.

"You see," continued the mate, twisting his hands, "it might be a long job, and I—I was wondering—what you would do in the meantime. I was wondering whether you could hold out."

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"Hold out?" repeated Miss Tyrell, very coldly.

"Whether you've got enough money," blurted the mate.

Miss Tyrell turned upon him a face in which there was now no lack of colour. "That is my business," she said, stiffly.

"Mine too," said Fraser, gazing steadily at the pretty picture of indignation before him. "I was Flower's friend as well as his mate, and you are only a girl." The indignation became impatience. "Little more than a child," he murmured, scrutinizing her.

"I am quite big enough to mind my own business," said Poppy, reverting to chilly politeness.

"I wish you would promise me you won't leave here or do anything until I have seen you again," said Fraser, who was anxious to consult his captain on this new phase of affairs.

"Certainly not," said Miss Tyrell, rising and standing by her chair, "and thank you for calling."

Fraser rubbed his chin helplessly.

"Thank you for calling," repeated the girl, still standing,

"That is telling me to go, I suppose?" said Fraser, looking at her frankly. "I wish I knew how to talk to you. When I think of you being here all alone without friends and without employment, it seems wrong for me to go and leave you here."

Miss Tyrell gave a faint gasp and glanced anxiously at the door. Fraser hesitated a moment, and then rose to his feet.

"If I hear anything more, may I come and tell you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Poppy, "or write; perhaps it would be better to write; I might not be at home. Good-bye."

The mate shook hands, and, blundering down the stairs, shouted good-night to a segment of the Wheeler family visible through the half-open door, and passed out into the street. He walked for some time rapidly, gradually slowing down as he collected his thoughts.

"Flower's a fool," he said, bitterly; "and, as for me, I don't know what I am. It's so long since I told the truth I forget what it's like, and I'd sooner tell lies in a church than tell them to her."

X.

He looked expectantly on the cabin table for a letter upon his return to the ship, but was disappointed, and the only letter yielded by the post next morning came from Captain Barber. It was couched in terms of great resignation, and after bemoaning the unfortunate skipper's untimely demise in language of great strength, wound up with a little Scripture and asked the mate to act as master and sail the schooner home.

"You'll act as mate, Ben, to take her back," said the new skipper, thrusting the letter in his pocket.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Ben, with a side glance at Joe—"but I'll keep for'ard, if you don't mind."

"As you please," said Fraser, staring.

"And you're master, I s'pose?" said Joe, turning to Fraser.

Fraser, whose manner had already effected the little change rendered necessary by his promotion from mate to master, nodded curtly, and the crew, after another exchange of looks, resumed their work without a word. Their behaviour all day was docile, not to say lamb-like, and it was not until evening that the new skipper found it necessary to enforce his authority.



"IF I HEAR ANYTHING MORE, MAY I COME AND TELL YOU?"

The exciting cause of the unpleasantness was Mr. William Green, a slim, furtive-eyed young man, whom Fraser took on in the

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afternoon to fill the vacancy caused by Ben's promotion. He had not been on board half an hour before trouble arose from his attempt to introduce the manners of the drawing-room into the forecastle.

"Mr. Will-yum Green," repeated Joe, when the new arrival had introduced himself; "well, you'll be Bill 'ere."

"I don't see why, if I call you Mr. Smith, you shouldn't call me Mr. Green," said the other.

"Call me wot?" inquired Joe, sternly; "you let me 'ear you callin' me mister anythink, that's all; you let me 'ear you."

"I'm sure the cook 'ere don't mind me callin' 'im Mr. Fisher," said the new seaman.

"Cert'nly not," said the gratified cook; "only my name's Disher."

The new-comer apologized with an urbanity that rendered Joe and old Ben speechless. They gazed at each in silent consternation, and then Ben rose.

"We don't want no misters 'ere," he said, curtly, "an' wot's more, we won't 'ave 'em. That chap's name's Bob, but we calls 'im Slushy. If it's good enough for us it's good enough for a ordinary seaman wot's got an A.B. discharge by mistake. Let me 'ear you call 'im Slushy. Go on now."

"I've no call to address 'im at all just now," said Mr. Green, loftily.

"You call 'im Slushy," roared Joe, advancing upon him; "call 'im Slushy till I tell you to stop."

"Slushy," said Mr. Green, sullenly, and avoiding the pained gaze of the cook; "Slushy, Slushy, Slushy, Slushy, Sl——"

"That'll do," said the cook, rising, with a scowl. "You don't want to make a song abart it."

Joe, content with his victory, resumed his seat on the locker and exchanged a reassuring glance with Ben; Mr. Green, with a deprecatory glance at the cook, sat down and offered him a pipe of tobacco.

"Been to sea long?" inquired the cook, accepting it.

"Not long," said the other, speaking very distinctly. "I was brought up for something quite different. I'm just doing this till something better turns up. I find it very difficult to be a gentleman at sea."

The cook, with an eye on Joe, ventured on a gentle murmur of sympathy, and said that he had experienced the same thing.

"I 'ad money," continued Mr. Green, musingly, "and I run through it, then I 'ad more money, and I run through that."

"Ben," said Joe, suddenly, "pass me over that boot o' yours."

"Wha' for?" inquired Ben, who had just taken it off.

"To chuck at that swab there," said the indignant seaman.

Ben passed it over without a word, and his irritated friend, taking careful aim, launched it at Mr. Green and caught him on the side of the head with it. Pain standing the latter in lieu of courage, he snatched it up and returned it, and the next moment the whole forecastle was punching somebody else's head, while Tim, in a state of fearful joy, peered down on it from his bunk.

Victory, rendered cheap and easy by reason



"LET ME 'EAR YOU CALL 'IM SLUSHY."

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of the purblindness of the frantic cook, who was trying to persuade Mr. Green to raise his face from the floor so that he could punch it for him, remained with Joe and Ben, who in reply to the angry shouts of the skipper from above pointed silently to the combatants.



"THE FRANTIC COOK."

Explanations, all different and all ready to be sworn to if desired, ensued, and Fraser, after curtly reminding Ben of his new position and requesting him to keep order, walked away.

A silence, broken only by the general compliments of the much-gratified Tim, followed his departure, although another outbreak nearly occurred owing to the cook supplying raw meat for Mr. Green's eye and refusing it for Joe's. It was the lack of consideration and feeling that affected Joe, not the want of the beef, that little difficulty being easily surmounted by taking Mr. Green's. The tumult was just beginning again, when it was arrested by the sound of angry voices above. Tim followed by Joe sprang up the ladder, and the couple with their heads at the opening listened with appreciative enjoyment to a wordy duel between Mrs. Tipping and daughter and the watchman.

"Call me a liar, then," said old George, in bereaved accents.

"I have," said Mrs. Tipping.

"Only you're so used to it you don't notice it," remarked her daughter, scathingly.

"I tell you he's drownded," said the watchman, raising his voice; "if you don't believe me, go and ask Mr. Fraser. He's skipper in his place now."

He waved his hand in the direction of Fraser, who, having heard the noise, was coming on deck to see the cause of it. Mrs. Tipping, compressing her lips, got on board, followed by her daughter, and marching up to him eyed him severely.

"I wonder you can look us in the face after the trick you served us the other night," she said, fiercely.

"You brought it on yourselves," said Fraser, calmly. "You wouldn't go away, you know. You can't always be coming here worrying."

"We shall come whenever we choose," said Mrs. Tipping. "In the first place, we want to see Mr. Robinson; anyway, we intend to see Captain Flower, so you can save that fat old man the trouble of telling us lies about him."

"Captain Flower fell overboard night before last, if that's what you mean," said Fraser, gravely.

"I never saw such a man in all my life," exclaimed Mrs. Tipping, wrathfully. "You're a perfect——what's the man's name in the Scriptures?" she asked, turning to her daughter.

Miss Tipping, shaking her head despondently, requested her parent not to worry her.

"Well, it doesn't signify. I shall wait here till he comes," said Mrs. Tipping.

"What, Ananias?" cried Fraser, forgetting himself.

Mrs. Tipping, scorning to reply, stood for some time gazing thoughtfully about her. Then, in compliance with her whispered instructions, her daughter crossed to the side and, brushing aside the outstretched hand of the watchman, reached the jetty and walked into the office. Two of the clerks were still working there, and she came back hastily to

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her mother with the story of the captain's death unmistakably confirmed.

Mrs. Tipping, loth to accept defeat, stood for some time in consideration. "What had Captain Flower to do with Mr. Robinson?" she asked at length, turning to Fraser.

"Can't say," was the reply.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Robinson?" inquired the girl.

"I saw him one night," said the other, after some deliberation. "Rather good-looking man, bright blue eyes, good teeth, and a jolly laugh."

"Are you likely to see him again?" inquired Miss Tipping, nodding in confirmation of these details.

"Not now poor Flower's gone," replied Fraser. "I fancy we shipped some cases of rifles for him one night. The night you first came. I don't know what it was all about, but he struck me as being rather a secretive sort of man."

"He was that," sighed Miss Tipping, shaking her head.

"I heard him say that night," said the mate, forgetful of his recent longings after truth, "that he was off abroad. He said that something was spoiling his life, I remember, but that duty came first."

"There, do you hear that, mother?" said Miss Tipping.

"Yes, I hear," said the other, with an aggressive sniff, as she moved slowly to the side. "But I'm not satisfied that the captain is dead. They'd tell us anything. You've not seen the last of me, young man, I can tell you."

"I hope not," said Fraser, cordially. "Any time the ship's up in London and you care to come down, I shall be pleased to see you."

Mrs. Tipping, heated with the climb, received this courtesy with coldness, and having inquired concerning the fate of Captain Flower of six different people, and verified their accounts from the landlord of the public-house at the corner, to whom she introduced herself with much *aplomb* as being in the profession, went home with her daughter, in whom depression, in its most chronic form, had settled in the form of unfilial disrespect.

Two hours later the *Foam* got under way, and, after some heated language owing to the watchman mistaking Mr. Green's urbanity for sarcasm, sailed slowly down the river. The hands were unusually quiet, but their behaviour passed unnoticed by the new skipper, who was too perturbed by the falsehoods he had told and those he was about to tell to take much heed of anything that was passing.

"I thought you said you preferred to keep for'ard?" he said to Ben, as that worthy disturbed his meditations next morning by bustling into the cabin and taking his seat at the breakfast-table.

"I've changed my mind; the men don't know their place," said the mate, shortly.

Fraser raised his eyebrows.

"Forget who I am," said Ben, gruffly. "I was never one to take much count of such things, but when it comes to being patted on the back by an A.B., it's time to remind 'em."

"Did they do that?" said Fraser, in a voice of horror.

"Joe did," said Ben. "'E won't do it ag'in I don't think—I didn't say anything, but I think 'e knows my feelings."

"There's your berth," said Fraser, indicating it with a nod.

Ben grunted in reply, and being disinclined for conversation busied himself with the meal, and as soon as he had finished went up on deck.

"Wot yer been down there for, Bennie?" asked Joe, severely, as he appeared; "your tea's all cold."

"I've 'ad my breakfast with the skipper," said Ben, shortly.

"You was always fond of your stummick, Bennie," said Joe, shaking his head, sorrowfully. "I don't think much of a man wot leaves his old mates for a bit o' bacon."

The new mate turned from him haughtily. "Tim," he said, sharply.

"Yes, Ben," said the youth. "Why, wot's the matter? Wot are you looking like that for? Ain't you well?"

"Wot did you call me?" demanded the new mate.

"I didn't call you anything," said the startled Tim.

"Let me 'ear you call me Ben ag'in and you'll 'ear of it," said the other, sharply. "Go and clean the brass work."

The youth strolled off, gasping, with an envious glance at the cook, who, standing just inside the galley, cheerfully flaunted a saucepan he was cleaning as though defying the mate to find *him* any work to do.

"Bill," said the mate.

"Sir," said the polite seaman.

"Help Joe scrub paint-work," was the reply.

"Me!" broke in the indignant Joe. "Scrub—Look 'ere, Ben."

"Pore old Joe," said the cook, who had

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not forgiven him for the previous night's affair. "Pore old Joe."

"Don't stand gaping about," commanded the new mate. "Liven up there."

"It don't want cleaning. I won't do it, said Joe, fiercely.

"I've give my orders," said the new mate, severely; "if they ain't attended to, or if I 'ear any more about not doing 'em, you'll 'ear of it. The idea o' telling me you won't do it. The idea, o' setting such an example to the young 'uns. The idea —— Wot are you making that face for?"

"I've got the earache," retorted Joe, with bitter sarcasm.

"I thought you would 'ave, Joe," said the vengeful cook, retiring behind a huge frying-pan, "when I 'eard you singing this morning."

Fraser, coming on deck, was just in time to see a really creditable imitation of a famous sculpture as represented by Joe, Tim, and Ben, but his criticism was so sharp and destructive that the group at once broke and never re-formed. Indeed, with a common foe in the person of Ben, the crew adjusted their own differences, and by the time Seabridge was in sight were united by all the fearful obligations of a secret society of which Joe was the perpetual president.



"'DON'T STAND GAPING ABOUT,' COMMANDED THE NEW MATE."

Captain Barber, with as much mourning as he could muster at such short notice, was waiting on the quay. His weather-beaten face was not quite so ruddy as usual, and Fraser with a strong sense of shame fancied, as the old man clambered aboard the schooner, that his movements were slower than of yore.

"This is a dreadful business, Jack," he said, giving him a hearty grip.

"Shocking," said Fraser, reddening.

"I've spoken to have the coastguards look out for him," said the old man. "He may come ashore, and I know he'd be pleased to be put in the churchyard decent."

"I'm sure he would," said Fraser. "I suppose there's no chance of his having been picked up. I slung a life-belt overboard."

Captain Barber shook his head. "It's a mysterious thing," he said, slowly: "a man who'd been at sea all his life to go and tumble overboard in calm weather like that."

"There's a lot that's mysterious about it, sir," said Joe, who had drawn near, followed by the others. "I can say that, because I was on deck only a few minutes before it happened."

"Pity you didn't stay up," said Captain Barber, ruefully.

"So I thought, sir," said Joe, "but the mate saw me on deck and made me go below. Two minutes afterwards I heard a splash, and the skipper was overboard."

There was a meaning in his words that there was no mistaking. The old man looking round at the faces saw that the mate's was very pale.

"What did he make you go below for?" he asked, turning to Joe.

"Better ask him, sir," replied the seaman. "I wanted to stay up on deck, but I 'ad to obey orders. If I 'ad stayed on deck he wouldn't have been cap'n'."

Captain Barber turned and regarded the mate fixedly; the mate, after a vain attempt to meet his gaze, lowered his eyes to the deck.

"What do you say to all this?" inquired Barber, slowly.

"Nothing," replied the mate. "I did send Joe below and the skipper fell overboard a minute or two afterwards. It's quite true."

"Fell?" inquired Captain Barber.

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"AS MUCH MOURNING AS HE COULD MUSTER."

"Fell," repeated the other, and looked him squarely in the eyes.

For some time Captain Barber said nothing, and the men, finding the silence irksome, shuffled uneasily.

"Fred saved your life once," said Barber, at length.

"He did," replied Fraser.

The old man turned and paced slowly up and down the deck.

"He was my sister's boy," he said, halting in front of the mate, "but he was more like my son. His father and mother were drownded too, but they went down fair and square in a gale. He stuck by his ship and she stuck by him, God bless her."

Fraser nodded.

"I'm obliged to you for bringing my ship from London," said Barber, slowly. "I sha'n't want you to take 'er back. I sha'n't want you to stay in 'er at all. I don't want to see you again."

"That's as you please," said Fraser, trying to speak unconcernedly. "It's your ship, and it's for you to do as you like about her. I'll put my things together now."

"You don't ask for no reason?" asked Barber, eyeing him wistfully.

The other shook his head. "No," he said, simply, and went below.

He came up some little time later with his belongings in a couple of chests, and, the men offering no assistance, put them ashore himself, and hailing a man who was sitting in a cart on the quay, arranged with him to convey them to the station.

"Is 'e to be let go like this?" said Joe, hotly.

"Will you stop me?" demanded Fraser, choking with rage, as he stepped aboard again.

"Joe," said Ben, sharply.

The seaman glared at him offensively.

"Go for'ard," said the new mate, peremptorily, "go for'ard, and don't make yourself so busy."

The seaman, helpless with rage, looked to Captain Barber for guidance, and, the old man endorsing the new mate's order, went forward indulging in a soliloquy in which Ben as proper noun was mixed up in the company of many improper adjectives.

Fraser, clambering into the cart, looked back at the *Foam*. The old man was standing with his hands clasped behind his back looking down on the deck, while the hands stood clumsily by. With an idea that the position had suddenly become intolerable he sat silent until they reached the station, and being for the first time for many months in the possession of a holiday, resolved for various reasons to pay a dutiful visit to his father at Bittlesea.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Assassin of the Empress.

By Benj. H. Ridgely, U.S. Consul at Geneva.

IN the various newspaper accounts of the assassination of the Empress of Austria, which occurred in Geneva on the 10th day of last September, there were invariably some untruthful or misleading statements; and since the condemnation of the assassin, Lucheni, so many ridiculous reports have been published as to the nature of the punishment to which he is being subjected, that nobody seems to know the real facts. In my official capacity I have received numerous letters from persons in the United States asking for information as to Lucheni's prison life, and in one instance the wife of a distinguished New York lawyer, believing that the assassin is being tortured, proposes to institute a "humane movement," looking to an amelioration of his condition. In view of these facts and circumstances, it has occurred to me to write a brief and exact account of the assassination, and to give the true details of Lucheni's *régime* in the Geneva penitentiary.

There is also a most important and interesting bit of history in the episode of the Empress and the pastrycook which has heretofore been unpublished and unknown. But for this little circumstance, which comes to me directly from a friend of the Baroness de Rothschild, the assassination of the Empress would not have been possible in Geneva.

Certainly no gaol in the universe holds a more important criminal than Lucheni, and if the spirit of repentance, which appears to have recently taken hold of him, works as effectively upon his conscience as those who are watching him hope, it may result in revelations which will not only bring about the exposure and capture of his accomplices, but may lay bare the secrets of the Anarchists for the past ten years to so full an extent that we shall probably even know when and where and under what circumstances the sullen and cynical Caserio was chosen to assassinate President Sadi Carnot of France, at Lyons, in 1894, and just how the plot was designed and developed. Thus, after all, perhaps it is fortunate that capital punishment is not inflicted in Geneva, otherwise Lucheni, with the bravado of his kind, would have gone under the guillotine in the conventional way, crying: "Vive l'Anarchie," and his brethren would have been spared the demoralizing spectacle of the most reckless and vicious and audacious of their lot turned into a trembling gaol-bird, singing Gospel hymns and weeping tears of repentance. Solitary confinement for life is a thousand times more trying than death. Ravachol, Emile Henry Vaillant, Caserio, were none of them more audacious or devilish than Lucheni, yet each of them died haughtily, with a sneer on his lips and heaping curses upon society. Seven months alone in his cell finds Lucheni demoralized and repentant. Perhaps it would be well to try all the Anarchists in Geneva.



From a] HÔTEL BEAU-RIVAGE AND BRUNSWICK MONUMENT. *[Photo.*
(The tree in the foreground is close to the spot where the Empress was assassinated.)

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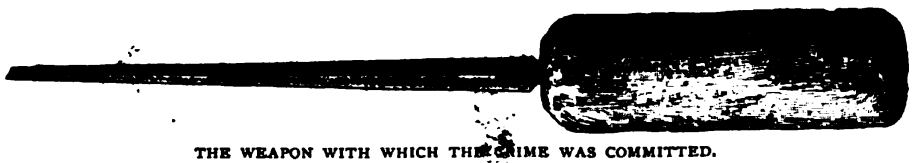
But to return to the assassination. The sun never shone upon a fairer day in Geneva than the 10th day of September, 1898. The fine, broad Quay du Mont-Blanc, the most beautiful promenade in the city, upon which the Brunswick Monument seems to rise up out of the blue waters of the lake, was asleep in the noonday sun. It was not yet the hour for promenaders, and the quay was almost deserted except at the landing-stage near the Pont du Mont-Blanc, where the fine, fast steamer *Le Genève* lay at the pier with steam up ready to depart at 1.40 for the upper end of the lake.

At twenty minutes past one o'clock the Empress, unaccompanied except by her lady-in-waiting, the Countess Szarey, left the Hôtel Beau-Rivage on foot to walk to the landing-stage, a hundred and seventy-five yards down the quay, to take the *Genève* for Territet, which is the boat-station for Caux, where Her Majesty was spending the season. The two ladies crossed the street from the Beau-Rivage, and followed the side-walk close to the iron railing of the quay. They were unostentatiously attired, and none of the people they passed had any knowledge of their identity. At a point four-fifths of the way, between the Hôtel Beau-Rivage and the boat-landing, a man was leaning over the railing of the quay, ostensibly looking out upon the port in front of the Hôtel de la Paix. His back was turned to the side-walk. He was a young, rowdyish-looking little fellow of the day-labourer type — an unmistakable Italian. His clothes were ordinary cheap woollen garments. Under his slovenly sack-coat he wore a sort of jersey of blue and white; on his head a black felt hat. There was absolutely nothing in his appearance to arouse suspicion. In all the pathway of the Empress, he was the most commonplace figure; but he was about to make the world ring with the story of the most abominable crime of the century.

Just as the two ladies had approached within two steps of this man, he leapt quickly back from the railing and, whirling about, confronted them. Before they could even cry out, his right arm was raised and the fatal blow was struck. The blade of the shoemaker's awl, a sort of great, three-sided darning-needle, with a rough wooden handle, had fallen swiftly and surely upon the bosom of the Empress. No quicker or truer blow was ever struck. The instrument penetrated to a distance of nearly eight inches and pierced the heart through and through. The wretch, quickly withdrawing his horrible stiletto, raised his arm as if to strike again; but as the poor Empress tottered and fell, he seemed to change his mind, and darting between two *fiacres* fled up the Rue des Alpes, only to be captured after a run of two minutes.

Meanwhile, the Empress having been helped to her feet by several of the *cochers* under whose very eyes the awful crime had been committed, had walked steadily on to the boat, and although feeling very faint and looking very pale, had apparently suffered no serious injury, and did not even dream she had been stabbed. She believed she had been assaulted by a robber, and that he had merely struck her a blow with his fist. This was also the idea of her companion, the Countess of Szarey, and of the several passengers who had witnessed the assault from the deck of the *Genève*. In any event, the Empress retired into the cabin of the boat and reclined upon a divan.

The *Genève* left her pier, proceeded out of the port, and was fully half a mile out in the lake when it was discovered that Her Majesty had lost consciousness. The boat put back to port, and the Empress was carried upon a stretcher to the Hôtel Beau-Rivage. She never regained consciousness, and expired before the two surgeons who had been hastily summoned were able to administer any remedy.



THE WEAPON WITH WHICH THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED.
From a Photograph in the hands of the police at Geneva.

It was thought she had died from shock until an examination disclosed the wound. One small drop of blood bubbling on the skin was the only external evidence of the stiletto's deadly work. The autopsy disclosed the fact that the terrible needle had passed directly through the heart. Internal bleeding caused the quick and almost painless death. Such is the exact story of the assassination.

Meanwhile Lucheni had been arrested and taken to the prison St. Antoine, garrulous, boastful, enthusiastic—a poor, misled fool,

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who in perpetrating the most abominable of crimes believed himself a hero. His responses to the questions that were put to him at the moment showed that he was well trained in his part.

"What led you to commit so outrageous a crime?" he was asked.

"I am an Anarchist," he replied, glibly; "we are the agents of those who eat not, drink not, and have not; we kill to call attention to ourselves."

"Who were your accomplices?"

"My accomplices are all those who suffer," he answered, dramatically.

"And why did you select an Empress for your victim, instead of a President or a King?"

"It was the good God who placed her in my path," answered the assassin, devoutly. And so on, with all the glib and senseless arguments of this awful Brotherhood.

It is unnecessary to follow Lucheni through the two months of judicial investigation and examination that preceded his final trial and condemnation. His conduct was marked by the usual cynicism and bravado. He liked above all things to boast. His lawyer appointed by the Court to defend him made an eloquent plea for mercy. It was the only plea possible. Lucheni had been abandoned even by his mother, and had been brought up in vice and poverty. How could society expect such a being to have the least moral perception? How could the law hold him responsible?

The jury promptly found the assassin guilty without extenuating circumstances, and the Court immediately sentenced him to imprisonment for life at hard labour in the Geneva penitentiary. Lucheni did not disappoint the crowd. He heard his sentence passed with the accustomed cynical smile, and shouted the conventional cry of the Anarchists: "Death to Society — Long live Anarchy."

Thus he was led out of court and back to his prison. That was the last the public ever saw of him, and perhaps will ever see.

Almost before daybreak, one black November morning in 1898, the prison guards of St. Antoine, accompanied by a small squad of gendarmes, sent by the Préfet of Police, escorted Lucheni from St. Antoine Gaol to the prison of the Évêché — the cantonal penitentiary of Geneva. The transfer was made when the streets were absolutely empty, and nobody saw or knew anything of it. Hence there was no demonstration, as there might otherwise have been.



LUCHENI BEING TAKEN BACK TO PRISON AFTER HIS CONDEMNATION. THE SCENE OF THE PICTURE IS THE COURT OF ST. ANTOINE PRISON, WHICH ADJOINS THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.
From a Photo. by d'Illin and Jacom, Geneva.

The Évêché is a grim, old stone building, standing in a dark, narrow street hard by the famous old Church of St. Pierre — Calvin's church — of which famous institution it was formerly the bishopry. At six o'clock in the morning Lucheni heard its great iron doors close upon his heels; he saw the streets and houses, the life and bustle of the world, shut out from him for ever, and passed in to his living death. But the spirit of repentance had not yet touched him, and as the prison doors closed him in he shouted once more down the vacant street, "Vive l'Anarchie."

Within six weeks he had admitted to his

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priest that his cynicism was all bravado; that within three hours after committing his awful crime he repented of it. He has also declared at last that he had accomplices, and it is believed he will tell who they were and all about them. Thus does the hardship of solitary confinement demoralize even the most dramatic and audacious of Anarchists.

The question now turns upon Lucheni's *régime* in the cantonal penitentiary. All sorts of stories have been circulated as to the nature of the punishment to which he is being subjected. It has been published broadcast that he is confined in an underground cell into which no ray of light ever penetrates; that his food, which is rough and barely sufficient to sustain life, is passed to him through a hole as if to a beast in a cage, and that he is never allowed to speak a word to any living being; in short, that he is being tortured.

In this connection, I publish the following extracts from a letter recently addressed to me in my official capacity by the wife of a distinguished New York lawyer:—



THE GENEVA CANTONAL PENITENTIARY, WHERE LUCHENI IS NOW UNDERGOING HIS SENTENCE.
From a Photo. by d'Illin and Jacom, Geneva.

New York City, March 13th, 1899.

To Benj. H. Ridgely, United States Consul, Geneva.

SIR,—It is with no little reluctance that I bring to your notice some recent facts that are painful and distressing in the extreme. Let me briefly say I was shocked and horrified, with the whole Christian world, by the assassination of the late Empress of Austria. A crime so unprovoked and cold-blooded calls for the deepest indignation, the severest punishment. But does the just severity of law exact such modes of punishment as involve the unnecessary infliction of pain and suffering that amount to the torture of the "Dark Ages"?

If the end of punishment is not only to prevent further crime, but in the light of Christianity to open the eyes of the criminal to the enormity of his crime with the hope of final reformation, then is not the treatment of the assassin of the lamented Empress a dark blot on the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century? If the public journals are correct in their statements, this poor, deluded, wretched murderer is confined in a dark dungeon *twenty feet below ground, without a ray of light and only sufficient air to enable him to live for the daily torture, while his food is passed to him through a hole in his prison door*, etc.

Now, the facts are that Lucheni *is not* being tortured; nor is he being pampered or heroized. Primarily, it is true that he is for the time being kept in solitary confinement, but not in an underground cell. On the other hand, his cell is on the *rez-de-chaussée* of the prison, and well lighted by a window that looks out into the prison court. It is a neat and clean cell, much larger and better ventilated than any cell I ever remember to have seen in an American penitentiary. The convict has a good, clean bed, with a straw mattress; he has a small table and a chair. He is comfortably clad, not in convict stripes, but in good woollen garments, and is, in short, living under better conditions of cleanliness and wholesomeness than he ever knew before in his life.

Here is the daily routine of his *régime:* At six o'clock every morning he is aroused by the prison bell, and compelled to get out of bed and clean up his cell. He then works at paper-box making, a trade he has just begun to learn, until eight o'clock, when he is served a litre of *café au lait* without sugar. At noon he has a dinner of soup and vegetables, and if he behaves himself well, a goblet of light red wine. For supper, at six o'clock, he has only soup. He is allowed a kilogram—2 1-5th lb.—of coarse dark bread a day. This he may eat at his three repasts in such proportion as pleases him, but he is not allowed to eat between meals.

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Twice a week—that is to say, on every Thursday and Sunday—all the prisoners of the Évêché, Lucheni included, are given a generous portion of some sort of boiled meat at the noonday repast. Thus it will be seen that the Anarchist, though his daily bill of fare is by no means luxurious, is very well fed, better, doubtless, than he ever was before in his life, and much better than the great majority of the lower classes of his country-people.

Twice every day Lucheni leaves his cell and goes to walk in the prison court for thirty minutes with all the other convicts. It is a mournful procession. The convicts are compelled to walk in single file one mètre apart, and are not allowed to speak. The courtyard is small, and as the silent procession moves round and round in a narrow circle, it presents a very sad and pitiful spectacle. On Sunday there is a service in the prison chapel, which all the convicts may attend if they desire; and in spite of the fact that Anarchists pretend to scorn all religions, I am informed that Lucheni has become a regular attendant at the prison service.

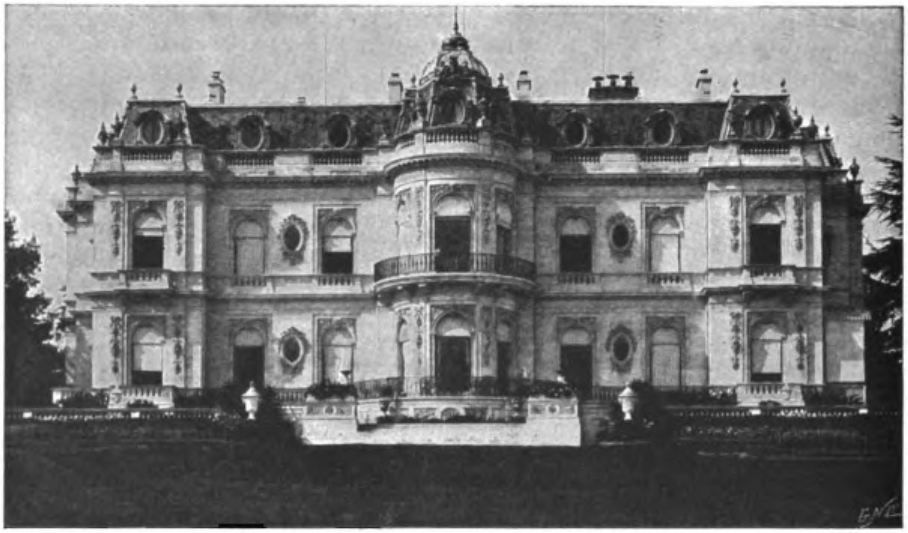
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I found that Lucheni had changed considerably since the day of his condemnation. His moustache was gone, and his face looked sleek and white and fat. The lithe figure had also grown much stouter; he still wore the gum-elastic smile, but the air of bravado was missing. His eyes were downcast; his mien humble. It was easy to see that the spirit of the Anarchist was broken.

The only terrible feature of Lucheni's punishment is the continued silence and solitude. This is harder to support than death, and it is particularly hard to the verbose Lucheni. He sees before him a life absolutely without hope; the ceaseless babbler is reduced to everlasting silence; the preacher of the bad cause is without a public. The idle and noisy Anarchist must work industriously every day of his life from six in the morning until six at night, and cannot even expend the fruit of his labour, which must, on the other hand, go to support the institutions of the very society which he has so scorned and spat upon. No wonder his spirit is broken; no wonder he repents. Certainly, if the Anarchists have any wit, they must see a dreadful satire in the fate of Luigi Lucheni.

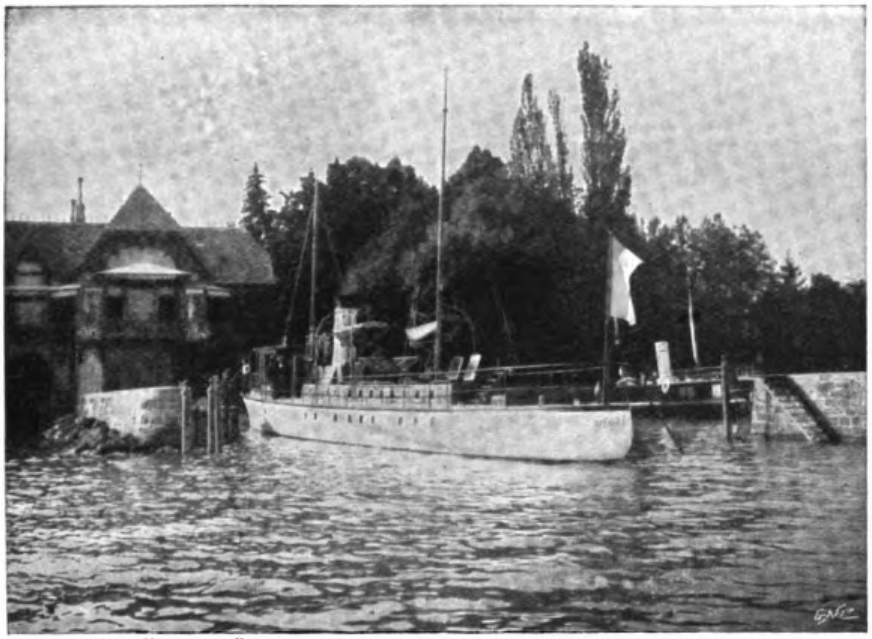
The question as to how long Lucheni will remain in solitary confinement remains to be seen. Solitary confinement is a mere question of prison discipline, and if Lucheni conducts himself well, it is not likely that he will be long denied the privilege which is accorded the other convicts of working in the prison shops. True, this is not much of a distraction, as a guard is constantly kept mounted over the prisoners as they work, and the exchange of a single word is forbidden and punished. However, they prefer it infinitely to solitary confinement, as it at least brings them together and enables them to see each other, and Lucheni will always be a hero to the lesser knaves, even though he may not speak to them.

In concluding this sketch, let me add a little bit of history—now published for the first time—to the story of the assassination of the Empress: a bit of history which will show what a trifling circumstance it was that



From a] THE CHÂTEAU OF THE BARONESS ROTHSCHILD, NEAR GENEVA. *Photo.*

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"GITANA," THE STEAM YACHT OF THE BARONESS ROTHSCHILD.
From a Photo. by Lacombe and Arlaud, Geneva.

made it possible for Lucheni to perpetrate his abominable crime in Geneva.

It will be remembered that the 10th day of September, 1898, was Saturday. On the day before, Her Majesty had come down from Caux to lunch with the Baroness Rothschild, whose great white château on the heights, just outside of Geneva, is the finest show-palace on Lake Léman.

The Baroness Rothschild also has the finest and fastest yacht on the lake. As a matter of fact, it is said to be one of the fastest crafts afloat, and can do the forty-five miles from the Baroness's boat-house at Bellevue to Territet, the station for Caux at the other end of the lake, in a little less than two hours.

After the luncheon on Friday, the Baroness insisted upon sending the Empress back to Territet in her yacht, and Her Majesty was about to accept the invitation when she remembered that she had sent word to a little confectioner in the Boulevard du Théâtre, of whose chocolate she was very fond, that she would visit his shop that afternoon to take a cup of chocolate and to get some chocolat bonbons and other sweets. And in spite of the insistence of the Baroness, she kept to this engagement and went with her companion, the Countess Szarey, to the bright little *pâtisserie*, where the two great ladies had a famous little spree with their chocolate and cakes, and gladdened the heart of the little pastrycook beyond all expression by their compliments and purchases.

But it cost the poor Queen her life. For instead of going directly from the Château de Rothschild in the yacht of the Baroness, as she would otherwise have done, she spent the night in Geneva, and found death in her pathway the next day.



From a] THE CONFECTIONER'S SHOP IN THE BOULEVARD DU THÉÂTRE, GENEVA. *[Photo.*

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Twice a week—that is to say, on every Thursday and Sunday—all the prisoners of the Évêché, Lucheni included, are given a generous portion of some sort of boiled meat at the noonday repast. Thus it will be seen that the Anarchist, though his daily bill of fare is by no means luxurious, is very well fed, better, doubtless, than he ever was before in his life, and much better than the great majority of the lower classes of his country-people.

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Burmese teak is a gold mine to the Indian Government. Sugden — the fool who is giving the dinner-party — is interpreter to the D.C.; he knows Chinese, and Shan, and Kachin, and he can talk to the warrior Wahs like a father.

And then the D.C. himself! Well, everybody in Burma knows about Douglas being mad. A man doesn't spend fifteen years in malarious valleys without developing every little eccentricity in his nature into something perilously near insanity. And Douglas was one of these men, tall, lank, cadaverous, taciturn, but clever—"mad, but clever," they said down at the Pegu Club at Rangoon.

But the maddest thing Douglas did was to fall in love with a little Irish governess. She was going to Shanghai. He was coming back to Burma after a year's leave. She never went to Shanghai. Douglas persuaded her to leave the boat at Colombo, and they were married. Then he brought her up to the stewing, sweltering, fever realm of Bhamo. And there she was now. There wasn't another English lady nearer than Mandalay.

Her coming had upset everything. The chief outer thing noticeable, however, was that all the men shaved daily, instead of twice a week as before. And they took off their jungle boots and put on shoes that had actually trodden the pavement of Piccadilly, and went over to the Deputy-Commissioner's bungalow in the afternoon to have tea and cake with the Mrs. D.C.

And now Sugden was giving a dinner-party, and the men were swearing and climbing into their crumpled dress suits!

Wigmore went on the veranda, and lay back in a long-armed chair, and stuck his legs up. He was a good-looking fellow, bright-eyed, bronzed, the sort of chap of whom you find many in Burma, larky, reckless, much of a dare-devil. But he was unflinching as wrought steel when a Kachin stockade had to be rushed; a man not of much note in the long roll of the Empire's employés, but a man all the same, who was doing his little share to knitting up, and tightening up, and welding that swampy corner of the Queen's dominions into useful property.

Old Hal came out fuming and swearing as only a man in the Forests Department can swear.

"Sugden's a silly ass," he said, fastening a silk handkerchief in between his neck and his collar. Then—"Halloa, you!" he bawled, as a slim Britisher came sauntering along the jungle path. "Why, Sugden, what the hangment brings you here? Aren't you giving a dinner to-night, and aren't I cursing you because I've got into this beastly garb of civilization? Aren't you going to dress yourself?"

"No, I'm not," said Sugden, looking up. "Hasn't Wright been here?"

"Devil a bit. But you're not going to give a dinner to the Mrs. D.C. in flannels, are you?"

"No, you fool. Got any whisky up there? Well, I want a 'peg.' I told Wright to let you know that the Mrs. D.C. couldn't come. The heat's bowled her over, and she's got fever, and she's taking ten grains of quinine every two hours."

"Well, what about the feed?" asked Wigmore.

"Oh, the feed's all right; come along."

"I'm hanged if I'm coming in this dress," gasped Halliwell. "I'll go through a good deal of discomfort to be courteous to a lady, but neither you, the D.C., Wigmore, and the whole shoot of you, including the Lieutenant-Governor himself, will get me to dine in June in a stand-up collar."

"Pull the thing off. Now that the Mrs. D.C. isn't coming, let us feed as we've always fed."

"In pyjamas?"

"Yes, in pyjamas! You needn't bring any along. I've plenty for the lot of us. We'll have one of the old nights—long pegs, long chairs, and pyjamas."

"Sugden, you're not the idiot I thought you were," shouted Halliwell.

Then he dived back into the bungalow.

"*Qui hi!* You lazy sweep, come and help me to pull these things off."

II.

It was a good dinner. And when it was over, and the men got into the long chairs—chairs that the laziness of the East has invented—and the smoke of the cheroots went curling overhead, the Madrasee boy was busy walking from sahib to sahib making stiff "pegs."

They were half-a-dozen men — cheery, merry, and garrulous—brought together in that far outpost. They were taking life easily, though next week one of them might "go under" from malaria. Men are always "going under" in Burma.

"Dead! Is he dead—really?" people would say. "He was a decent sort of fellow. Who's going to have his crib?"

They laughed, did these half-dozen sallow, climate-racked Britishers, for Halliwell of the

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"WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THE OLD NIGHTS."

Forests was speaking. He was round and stout, and he spoke in gusts.

"The rummiest go I ever came across!" he was saying. "I'd be hanged if the old chap wasn't perspiring. It's all right for a fat Englishman like me to perspire, but when stone Buddhas start perspiring—well, I'm thinking the end of the world is near at hand. There was the great image, as big as six men, his legs crossed, and him sitting on his heels, and one palm bent down and another bent up, as though he wanted halfpence, and that idiotic, vacant stare of his, as though he wanted kicking and waking up! And water was trickling out of his brain and his neck and his chest and all over him. It was curious. You bet the Burmese got into a pretty blue funk. They came for miles round, and they sat down and watched the trickles, and they made offerings to the god. There was one old woman brought a splendid bunch of plantains."

"How do you know?" interrupted Wright.

"You don't think I was going to leave the plantains to waste, do you, when I wanted some up at the dak bungalow? Well, I sent the boy out at dusk, and he stole them."

"If the D.C. heard of that he'd carpet you."

"Not him. But just you listen. You know the Buddhists began to get frightfully excited over that sweating old stone image of theirs. I never saw folks get so fearfully religious as the Burmese round that district. But what do you think—you, Wigmore, what do you think happened?"

"Why, I should not be surprised to hear it was all due to Buddha having to wear starched shirts."

"Oh, you go to the deuce," said Halliwell. "Well, the thing that happened was this: another blessed Buddha took to the growing of a moustache!"

A roar of laughter ran round the lolling group of Sugden's guests.

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"That's just what I did do," said Halliwell, feeling that his story was beginning to interest. "But don't you interrupt. This Buddha is a bigger chap than the other, and he's in a thick chunk of jungle between here and Myothit. It's pretty clammy and swampy, and folks don't go that way often. Who the idiot was that stuck a great giant of a Buddha figure there, the Lord knows and I don't. Anyhow, it's been there a long time. Well, some fool of a saintly Burman went and found it about six weeks ago. And just then the thing began to grow a moustache. It did, no humbug, for I saw it myself. Of course, the *pongyees*—the priests—in the district were simply knocked all to pieces with excitement. The moustache grew and grew, and there was no doubt it was a miracle, and all sorts of wonderful things were going to happen. It was a harvest time for those bald-headed old *pongyees*, for I'm not thinking the image of Buddha got away with all the offerings made to him. That moustache it grew: why—why it grew just about six hundred times as fast as yours does, Wright. I got wind of the thing a fortnight ago. I got up early, told my bearer not to say I had been out, and slipped off to see the marvellous Buddha. And, as true as the rupee is going down to a shilling, there it was, right enough: a big lump of brown stuff growing on the upper lip. I climbed up into the lap of the Buddha, slipped out my knife,

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and in two jiffies I had shaven the gentleman. And you'd never believe it: why, that moustache was nothing but a piece of fungus that had selected the god's upper lip as a good growing ground. Heavens, you chaps don't know the hullabaloo there is out there. A perspiring Buddha was marvel enough, but a Buddha that grew a moustache and then mysteriously got shaved, why, it's knocked the Burmese clean off their feet. They say the world's going to come to an end, or that Buddha's coming to the earth again. Most of them fancy the coming again business."



"IN TWO JIFFIES I HAD SHAVEN THE GENTLEMAN."

The bungalow was thick with smoke, and Wigmore, who was sprawling back, trying to be both undignified and comfortable, was converting his cheroot into as much smoke as possible.

"It would be rather a good joke," he said, "if Buddha did come again!"

"If Buddha grew ringlets!" grunted Halliwell, who, having finished his story, didn't want it spoilt by irrelevant remarks.

"I mean," Wigmore went on, "if a little joke were played on the innocent Burman, and an amateur Buddha was rigged up."

"An amateur fiddlestick rigged up," puffed Halliwell.

"Well, it's tame enough up here to go in for any sort of excitement," remarked Sugden. "We might make Halliwell into a Buddha. He's the only paunchy one among us; all the rest are a bit scraggy."

"Yes," said Halliwell, "you'll catch me going about dyed in walnut juice, sitting half naked on a lump of stone, and then Wigmore giving the whole show away by writing one of those articles of his he thinks humorous in the *Rangoon Gazette*, and me being the laughing stock of the whole Irawaddy. You catch me, don't you? Not if I know it."

But the other men caught the fun of the idea. Life certainly was a bit monotonous at Bhamo. And if a proposition had been made to burn the whole place down to provide an afternoon's amusement, there would have been a majority of the Englishmen there enthusiastically in favour. And the plan of a hoax in the shape of an amateur Buddha gave room for endless complications and not a little entertainment. The Burmese had been worked into a state of trembling awe: first by the perspiring image, and then by the image that grew a moustache and was so mysteriously shaved.

"I say, chaps," shouted Sugden, at last, "the thing's much too good to be missed. If I weren't a long, lanky devil I'd take on Buddhaship myself."

"Well, the *pongyees* are pretty lean, some of them," interpolated the representative of the Forests Department with a glimmer of apprehension what was coming.

"Oh, you're no good for fun, Halliwell," answered back Sugden. "We want a well-fed Buddha, and you're the only well-fed one among us."

"I'll see you——"

"I propose that Halliwell be delegated as representer of Buddha for the space of a fortnight," said Wigmore, "and general amusement-provider for the whole British crowd in Burma for the space of the next two years."

"That's seconded by me," said Wright, mildly.

"And it's carried by the whole shoot of us," put in Sugden; "and if Halliwell shirks

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"YOU'RE THE ONLY WELL-FED ONE AMONG US."

it, the penalty is to be a dozen cases of champagne, and I'll do the ordering."

III.

It was to be done. Even a Forests man is obliged to have some sense of humour.

And Wigmore as co-partner with Halliwell in the bungalow had opportunities of demonstrating to the surveyor of teak that really he was an extraordinarily lucky fellow.

"Why, you old ass," was the kindly way he put it, "you'll have no end of a good time. You'll be a very emperor."

"Yes, I suppose I will," said Halliwell, dubiously.

Within a week, however, his opposition melted very curiously away. He was a marvel to all fellows by reason of his joyousness. The sudden change of front astonished them. Had he a special scheme of his own up his sleeve, or was he, belated humorist, beginning to see that he was going to make a hero of himself?

"When I go into a thing I go in neck or nothing; and if there isn't a good deal of fun, well, it won't be my fault," was all he said.

The plot was kept a secret. Even the Deputy-Commissioner was not made a party to it. Only the stealthy-footed Madrasee had to be taken into confidence. He showed no surprise; not a flicker of a smile came to his lips; he was passive. He said, "Yes, sahib!" as he would say, "Yes, sahib!" when asked to bring the whisky.

Joseph Halliwell disappeared, and Wigmore's bearer, the Madrasee, went with him. For a whole morning there was suppressed excitement among five men in Bhamo.

They came across one another at intervals, and smiled blankly. But at noon they gathered in the two-roomed hut which they dubbed "The Bhamo Club," and while having their ante-tiffin gin-cocktails, Wright came out dolefully with the remark, "He'll have a brute of a time, with nothing to wear, and nothing to eat but rice, and not a peg nor a cocktail within seventeen miles."

"That *will* be a bit stiff!" added Sugden.

"You see," said Wright, "I've been thinking it all out. There may be fun in pretending to be another Buddha, but he'll have to eat nothing but rice like the other *pongyees*, and only one meal of that a day. He'll starve and get fever, and I daresay we'll have to go out and look for his corpse."

"You're a cheerful cuss, Wright," said Wigmore, "getting that sort of thing into your head. Besides, he went readily enough. Why, no chap saw the fun of the thing clearer than he did."

"Yes, but that was after we, and especially you, had been badgering the life out of him. Life in the jungle on rice and paddy water is preferable to the dance we led him," said Wright, determined to be gloomy. "And I'm ashamed of myself for egging old Hal on."

"It'll be all right when it's over," said Wigmore, with an attempt at cheerfulness, though he himself began to doubt the entire wisdom of the plot.

Finishing his cocktail, he exclaimed, "Of course, it'll be all right, and this'll be the best joke that's ever been played in Bhamo. I shouldn't mind if I were playing it myself. Hal will be the lion of Mandalay when he goes down river. But we'll have a roaring time when he comes back. Wait till those cases come up on the steamer *Swebo*, the

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champagne and the burgundy, and the preserved meats and bottled fruits—why, we'll have a spread fit for the Viceroy."

"That you won't," said the doleful Wright, "for I've heard that the things have been dumped down at Katha, and—why, you yourself said you would send down your Madrasee to bring them up. And now the Madrasee has gone off with Hal, and the river has sunk so precious low that the *Swebo* gets on a sand-bank every two miles, so that I'm blessed if we're likely to see those things for a month."

"The deuce we're not," ejaculated Wigmore, in dismay.

Halliwell was forgotten in the general consternation at the food supply likely to be cut short.

"We'll have to fall back on that German storekeeper," ventured Sugden, "and live on sardines and tinned Army rations till things come up. But it's a nuisance."

Anyway, Halliwell had disappeared, and Sugden and Wigmore and Wright and the others waited anxiously three days, four days, and five days for news. But there was none.

The natives could not be openly questioned. The conspirators listened for some whispers among the Burmese that crowded round the D.C.'s court-house about the new Buddha.

But never a whisper could be heard. Not till the sixth day.

On the sixth day Wigmore got a note from Douglas, the Deputy-Commissioner.

"I wish you would come over and see me. A most extraordinary story has just been brought in by a man from the hills. There's a fat Burman who's come down from the upper reaches of the river, who pretends he is Buddha. He's quite evidently a madman, but just the sort of person to cause trouble among the natives. I hear he's preaching against the English. This is in your department—the Military Police. What had better be done? Come over, and let us stop any rising before it gets out of hand."

A low whistle escaped from the lips of Lieut. Wigmore as he read.

"Old Hal is playing it stiff," he said. "There'll be ructions, I'm afraid, when the D.C. knows what the game really is. Hal will get a wigging from his chiefs, and there'll be no end of a row. Phew!"

He went over to the Deputy-Commissioner's court.

"Come in, come in," shouted Douglas, as he saw the figure of the young lieutenant at the door. The D.C. was sitting in a cheap office chair before a big, square, wooden-topped table plentifully besplashed with ink. It was a dingy room, bare-boarded. A few scale maps were on the wall.

"This is a curious business," said Douglas, leaning back and lighting a cheroot. He was long and thin, and his face was that of a man not given to much nonsense. "You'd better hear what the fellow says who came in this morning from the hills."



"WIGMORE GOT A NOTE FROM DOUGLAS, THE DEPUTY-COMMISSIONER."

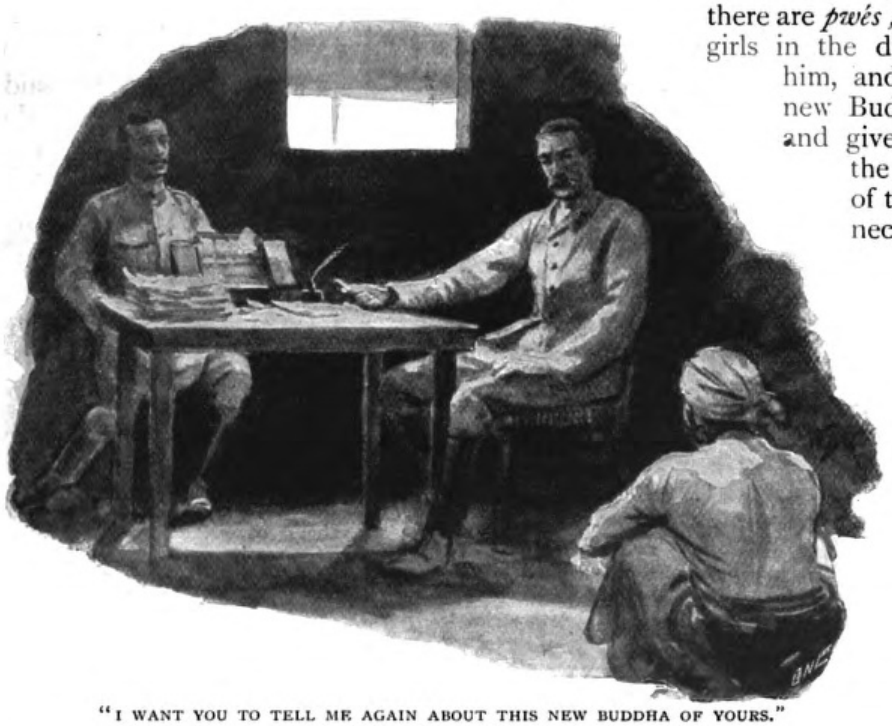
The man was called. He was a squat-shaped little Burman, with a chequered *lungee* wrapped about his waist, and he was wearing a white jacket and a tight-fitting piece of yellow silk twisted about his head. He dropped on his knees, native fashion, upon entering the D.C.'s presence, and then sat on his heels all the time he was talking with Douglas, whom he persistently called "his lord."

"Look here," said the D.C., speaking in Burmese, "I want you to tell me again about this new Buddha of yours — tell me everything."

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The Burman made a cringing motion, as though to suggest that his head be chopped off if he failed in the truth.

"Sahib, my lord," he said, "the Light of the Universe has come. In the jungle below Ky-han he has appeared. He is clad in raiment of beautiful silks, he is round of figure, and has the dignity of a king. He declares he is the Buddha, the new teacher."



"I WANT YOU TO TELL ME AGAIN ABOUT THIS NEW BUDDHA OF YOURS."

"Well, does he speak Burmese?" asked the D.C.

"Not well; indeed, badly. But he has come from the sacred mount of Omi, he says, to tell of a new religion. The *pongyees* up to now have all been silent men, ignoring the pleasures of life. But the new Buddha says there is to be a fresh dispensation—that life is to be merry and glad. He has told the *pongyees* austerity must cease. He has taken possession of the Temple of the Sacred Hair, and there he lives. And sahib, my lord, he has all the food and drink that my lords the English have: sparkling water in bottles with golden necks, and wonderful foods out of tins. Nobody knows where they come from; he says he commands them to come merely by wishing, and then they come."

A groan escaped Wigmore, and he bit his cheroot in two. "That fiend, Halliwell," he muttered, "has diverted those cases of champagne from Katha and is living like a fighting-cock, while we're near starvation."

The Burman went on: "The Pleasure of Life is what the new Master teaches. He says there's been enough sadness in the world; now there is to be nothing but joy, and he is the bringer of it. Every day he has feasts. Then in the evening there are *pwés;* all the best dancing-girls in the district appear before him, and they dance and the new Buddha claps his hands and gives them to drink of the sparkling water out of the bottles with golden necks, and everybody gets very merry."

"He's a bit of a Turk, is this Buddha, eh?" said Douglas, turning to Wigmore, who was nervously drawing unmeaning lines in ink on the D.C.'s table.

"A bit of a—oh, yes, certainly: it is odd, isn't it? But there's — there's a sort of—sort of method in his madness, don't you think?"

Douglas didn't answer, but turning again to the squatting Burman, said: "How on earth did he first appear; how was he able to get people to believe in him?"

"It was at night. The moon was clear as day. We were all lying on our mats enjoying the cool and watching a *pwé*. Suddenly down the jungle path there came a strange thing. It was like a mass of silver light, giving off fumes. When in shadow it glowed mysteriously; but in the moonlight it deadened almost to extinction. It was shouting, 'I am the Buddha; I am the Buddha.' We had all been laughing and merry-making, and the dancing-girls were very charming. But it all stopped in an instant when this figure appeared. The voice was so strange, not like a Burman's at all, and the night had something mysterious about it, that we were all startled and affrighted. We all fell on our faces before the apparition, thinking the great hour had come. When I looked up, there was the wonderful thing standing among us, with curious smoke, like moonlight rays, coming from it. He—it spoke in a kind voice, and told us he was the Buddha, and that true happiness lay, not in subjection of the spirits,

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but in every person being natural, doing just what he wanted to; that there was to be no more restraint in the world. The *pongyees*, priests, at the temple didn't know what to say. He talked to them just as though he were a god. He said they were to remain *pongyees*, but their life must be altered: they were to go in for enjoyment, they were to be the directors of the feasts, they were each to be married."

Douglas had been sitting with tight features, listening to the extraordinary story. But when the narrator, without a ruffle on his countenance, said that Buddhist priests were to be married, this was too much for even his cold officialism.

He broke out with a cracked, uneven laugh that made Wigmore look up sharply. For Wigmore was very uncomfortable. He was glad to hear the laugh. He had a sort of idea that yesterday he would have laughed inordinately. Buddhist priests marrying! It was ridiculous.

"And Buddha the Second," said the D.C. to the Burman, "I suppose he's going to marry?" There was a suggestion of mirth in the question, and certainly the grey eyes of Douglas twinkled.

"My lord, yes; at the birth of the new moon he takes to wife Mah Nay Tohn."

"Ah! Miss Sunshine!" said the Deputy-Commissioner, translating the name into English. "And what do the people in your district think of it all?"

"My lord, everybody knows this is the new Buddha. He sits in state in the temple, and worship-offerings are brought to him from all the country round: gold from over the frontier; jade—oh, such lovely jade—and amber and rubies from the Shan hills."

"Well, I'll be hanged," suddenly interrupted Wigmore, with a stare of surprise.

"Eh?" said the D.C.

"I say it's mighty curious."

"It is curious."

When the Burman had made his salaams and departed, Douglas trifled with a lead pencil. He knit his brows, and then glancing sideways at the young lieutenant of the Military Police, said, nonchalantly, "I suppose you don't know anything about this?"

Wigmore had never felt so ill at ease in his life. He'd better make a clean breast of the whole thing!

"Well—that is, well, I think some joke is being played."

"That's just what I think," said Douglas, who was quite astute enough to see that the capering of the amateur Buddha was not the conduct of an irresponsible lunatic. "He's no fool, whoever he is," he said.

"No, he's no fool," agreed Wigmore. He wanted to blurt straight out what was in his mind, but somehow the words hung back.

"Now, that moonshiny smoke the Burman talked about was phosphorescence. That's plain enough. And that sparkling water in bottles with the golden necks was champagne. I've an intuition it was champagne. Then, directing that the *pongyees* should marry—that's a master-stroke! There's a farce on somewhere. I've half an idea it's a scheme of some of those roguish subalterns down at Mandalay."

"You think it's—it's a European, then?" asked Wigmore, surprised at the D.C.'s easy penetration of the plot.

"Oh, I know Burmese tricks, and I know British tricks. Now, that's a British trick. But it may cause bother, and I've a good mind to arrest——"

"Well, I was going to tell you," Wigmore urged himself to say. "I think it's only well you shouldn't be—that is, that it's not right you should be—as D.C. you should know everything and not be kept in the



"AS D.C. YOU SHOULD KNOW EVERYTHING."

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dark. You see that Sugden and — and I, and Halliwell——"

Then he told the Deputy-Commissioner the whole yarn.

IV.

It is not improbable the D.C. really enjoyed the joke. But he was an official, and he had sufficient appreciation of his official dignity not to parade his enjoyment.

"It had better be stopped at once," was the curt way he gave his decision.

Wigmore and Sugden were deputed to hurry off to the masquerading Forests officer, and stop his fooling. For the moment, at any rate, appearances had to be kept up that the new Buddha was a dangerous impostor. So Wigmore went because he was Lieutenant of the Military Police, and Sugden went because it was known he could talk all the strange tongues from Tibet to Siam.

Certainly they were loth to go. Their great joke was about to end in a fizzle. Besides, the laugh was against them. Halliwell would always have the telling of the story. And it isn't pleasant to twist uncomfortably in a chair while another man is telling a yarn against you.

The rains were still holding off. Upper Burma was quivering with the heat, and the swampy jungles oozed stifling and sickly odours. The little mounds were parched dun. The tall, sword-like jungle grass withered and split and drooped from lack of sap. The ground caked and foot-wide gaps yawned. The tremendous heat made all distant objects seem to shake as though reflected in a quivering mirror.

Wigmore swore.

Sugden swore also.

They were upon a pair of rough, shaggy nags.

"Anyway," said the interpreter to the D.C., "if old Hal, the ruffian, hasn't finished all the champagne, I'm going to crack a couple of bottles to my own cheek. Why the hangment didn't the D.C. get a note sent up to Halliwell instead of us trapesing off goodness knows where?"

"A sort of punishment, I reckon," ventured Wigmore.

"Punishment be hanged. Lord, isn't it hot?"

The ponies plunged and stumbled over the uneven ground. And at every plunge and every stumble the two men groaned. Occasionally they cursed.

Suddenly the sharp thud of a tabor was heard. They swung along the narrow path that cut through the forest, and ropes of giant creepers swayed above them, and once or twice nearly unhorsed them. Presently shrill pipes joined with the clatter of the tabor; and then came gusts of song, the clapping of hands, and tinkling laughter.

Bursting through the foliage the two men drew rein. For the sight was a strange one. The village was farther up the valley, but here was the temple, a wide building, with broad, shadowy eaves, the balustrades curved grotesquely and painted red. Two writhing monsters with long fangs glared by the entrance. The pagoda was five-storied, each story lapping over the other like a pile of ornamented silk hats. A hundred little bells jangled.

On the ground in front sat a merry throng of Burmese. Their mats were spread, and they were making holiday. The men's gorgeous *lun-gees*, or skirts, were a blaze of colour, and above their brown faces, encircling their heads, were even more gorgeous handkerchiefs. The girls were as merry and as frolicsome as Burmese girls always are. Their little skirts were tied tight about their hips, but their green and yellow and purple waistcoats were loose, and their little undervests were of dazzling whiteness. Jade beads entwined their necks, and gold bangles clattered on their wrists. The hair of every girl was greasy and glossy, and in the folds was always a bright-tinted flower. Everybody smoked cheroots—big, cumbersome things, much like a maize cob before being stripped of its leaves.

A *pwé* was in progress. A *pwé* is a native entertainment, generally of dancing. A score of long, slim Burmese girls, graceful limbed, were slowly gyrating through the intricacies of a posture dance. Their attire was gaudy, even fantastic, and every figure swung at the beat of the tabor and in unison to the piercing squeal of the pipes.

A double row of priests, shaven-headed, with yellow robes about their shoulders, squatted on either side of the dancers.

It was a picturesque scene. The quaint, carved temple with the writhing dragons, the smooth gliding dancers, butterfly clad, the dun-vestured and tonsured *pongyees*, the sprawling throng of holiday-making Burmese, and behind, the tall thick jungle: that was the sight that struck the two Britishers at first glance.

"I'll be jiggered!" said Wigmore, determinedly.

"And I!" added Sugden.

"Look at him; look at the old reprobate.

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Well, if that doesn't lick cock-fighting, may I never see Rangoon again."

Beneath the darkened eave of the temple sat Halliwell. There was no doubt it was Halliwell, despite he had stained his face till he was like a mulatto. A green scarf was round his head; a loose, green silk jacket, gold-embroidered, hung upon his shoulder. His *lun-gee* was the variegated hue of a Neapolitan ice-cream.



"WELL, IF THAT DOESN'T LICK COCK-FIGHTING."

"And that's Miss Sunshine, is it?" Sugden said, in a sort of half-whisper. "Well, Halliwell has got taste; yes, he's got taste; more taste than I thought a bald-headed old sinner like him ever could have."

By Halliwell's side was sitting a pleasant-featured little Burmese lass, daintily dressed and with smiling eyes, which she frequently raised towards the flabby face of the English impostor.

Wigmore turned in his saddle to Sugden. "I'm going to smash the whole show up right away," he exclaimed. "Come on!"

He dug his spurs into the pony. With a bound it dashed right among the merry-makers. Podgy Burmese rolled on the ground, and all the Mah-me's and Mah-To's and other maidens screamed. The priests jumped to their feet. One dashed into the temple and belaboured a gong.

For two minutes there was scampering confusion. A grin broke from the lips of the amateur Buddha, and began to crawl up both cheeks. But he put his hand on the long, neat arm of the affrighted girl by his side, and whispered to her.

The two ponies, a little frisky from the din that was going on, were restless.

Halliwell rose with mock dignity.

"What the dickens brings you chaps?" he bawled, pompously, in English, as though he were saying, "Begone, ye accursed of the earth!"

"It's all up," yelled Wigmore back, trying with difficulty to keep his pony still. "The D.C. knows all about this business; he's in a brute of a rage, and is going to report it to Rangoon if it's not stopped at once."

Halliwell kept up his defiant attitude, but he said, "Not one of them knows a word of English, so it's all right. My Burmese is a bit shaky; but I explained, as I had just come from Heaven, I hadn't got quite accustomed to the language of mortals. However, I've got on all right—oh, indeed, I've got on splendidly."

"You look it," roared Wigmore. "Confound this pony! Do, for goodness sake, tell that old fellow to stop banging the gong."

The Burmese, seeing their new Buddha was boldly speaking to the strangers in their own tongue, began cautiously to crawl back.

Halliwell addressed them in Burmese, a little haltingly, it is true, but he made himself understood. "My people," he said, "these two lords are strangers from over the ocean. Already the wonders I have achieved are known the wide world over. These lords are deputed by their king to bring me his gracious request that I go to his land and teach his people the new joys. For I am a great god, and when I come back to this land of the beautiful, then in the full moon will I be wedded to Miss Sunshine here, and I will bring with me many of the mysteries in tin boxes I have already shown you, and many of the bottles of the sparkling water that makes even a *pongyee* laugh."

Sugden was laughing at that moment.

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For Sugden knew Burmese as the natives knew it, and he found Halliwell's splutterings amusing.

"To-night," Halliwell struggled on, "when the sun sinks and all is dark, then will I put on my robe of light, and to-morrow I will be with the people of these two lords. But let us show them courtesy, the courtesy of Burma. Let the *pwé* continue."



"THE LIEUTENANT OF THE MILITARY POLICE AND THE INTERPRETER TO THE D.C. DRANK LONG AND SLOWLY."

Sugden and Wigmore got off their ponies and climbed up the steps and sat down by the side of the amateur Buddha. Miss Sunshine was shy.

Halliwell clapped his hands. The dancing re-commenced. Then the wily Madrasee once more crawled out from the shadow of the far inner temple. And he carried a bottle with a golden neck in each hand.

Pop!

The lieutenant of the Military Police and the interpreter to the D.C. drank long and slowly, and then they drew long breaths.

"Well, Halliwell, you've been going it," said Wigmore.

"Have some of this *paté de fois gras*," said the amateur Buddha.

"You thief!" exclaimed Sugden.

They had a merry *alfresco* meal. Miss Sunshine blushed and laughed.

When, however, Sugden began to pay her compliments in Burmese, the amateur Buddha became jealous.

The native musicians tootled and banged and sang, the girls danced and swayed their symmetrical figures, laughter once more filled the air, and the puffing of whacking big cheroots was greater than before.

That night three strange figures crawled through the jungle. They all sat unsteadily on their ponies, and one figure gave off gusts of blue smoke and smelt nastily of sulphur.

Perhaps it was three in the morning when Mrs. Douglas, the wife of the Deputy-Commissioner, was awakened by a noise outside the bungalow.

She peeped out carefully.

"I know it—I — hic — know it better'n you. Itsh:—

"Shipsh me somewheres eash̄t of Sue—k,
Where a mansh can raise a—a thirsh,
Wheresh there ain't—ain't no ten commandmen—k,
An' the besh is like the wush."

"Why," said Mrs. Douglas, softly to the D.C., "I believe that's Mr. Halliwell down there. And—and I really do think he's drunk. He's been out in the jungle, hasn't he?"

"Yes," grunted the D.C., from the bedclothes.

The three men staggered through the moonlight.

"*Qui hi!*" they shouted.

The Madrasee slipped out like a cat.

"*Whisky-loa* and *soda-loa* and *geldi* (hurry up)."

"Yes, sahibs!"

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Water Polo.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

Photos. specially taken by A. J. Johnson.



THE CYGNUS POLO TEAM.

SEVEN minutes each way, or fourteen minutes with three minutes' interval at half-time, is the total duration of a water polo match. Short though the allotted time may seem, the excitement is fast and furious, and so is the swimming.

The Cygnus Swimming Club of Tunbridge Wells, captained by Mr. W. Tyrrell Biggs, who also acts as hon. secretary, owns one of the finest open-air baths in the kingdom, and it was through the kindness of Mr. Biggs and the other members of the Cygnus team that we were enabled to obtain the wonderful snap-shots reproduced herewith — a series which gives an excellent idea of the game wherever played, as the rules of different clubs do not differ materially.

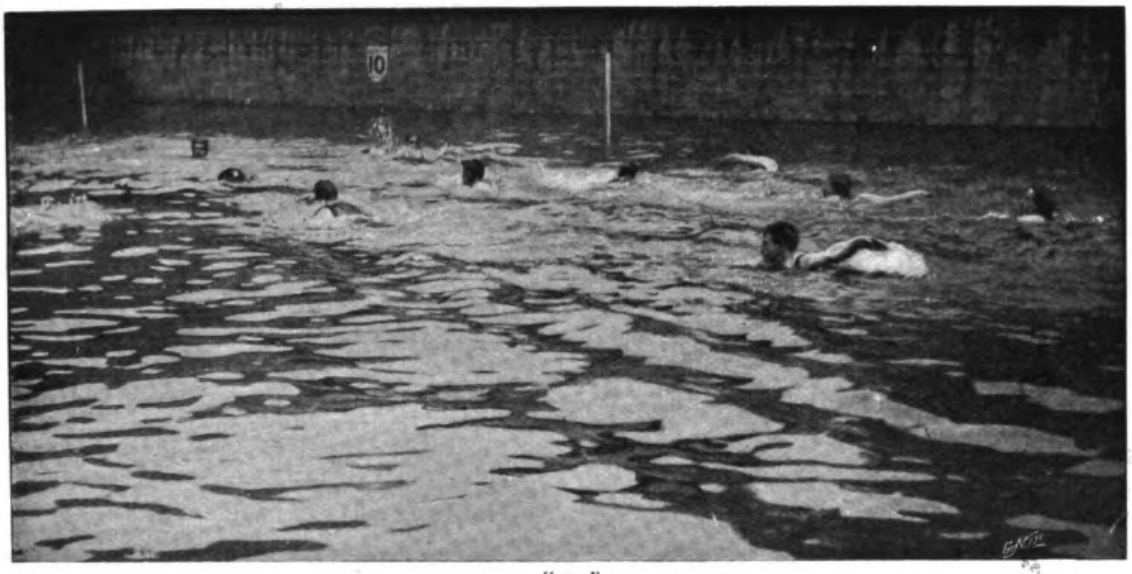
The members of the "Cygnus," according to rules, number seven; we reproduce a group of the team, with Mr. Biggs in the centre.

The game as a whole is not unlike a football match. The "kicking" is done with the fist, and speed in swimming is essential. The goal-posts are 10ft. apart, the cross-bar being about 3ft. above the water. There are a referee, who stands on shore midway between the goals, and two goal-scorers, who stand one at each end of the "field." In the picture below the players are shown in the act of "lining up" preparatory to a start.



"LINING UP."

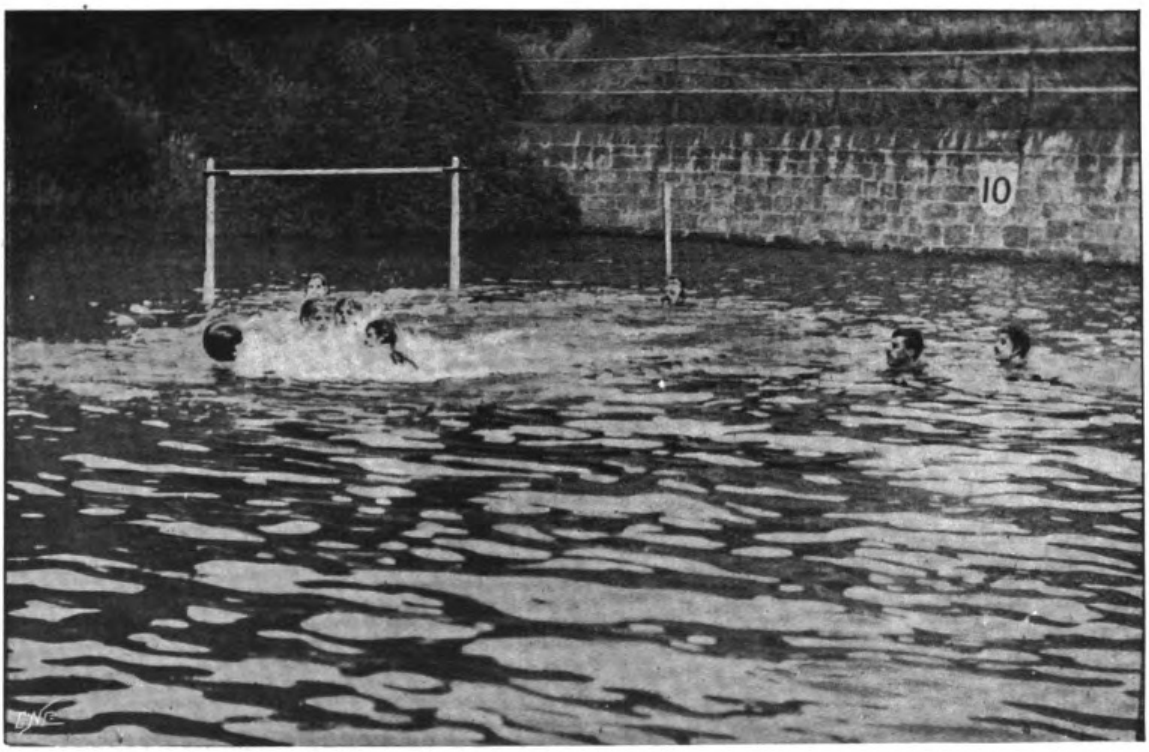
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"GO."

Look at the picture entitled "Go," and here you have one of the most important moves in the game. The snap-shot was taken a few seconds after the referee had thrown the ball into the centre of the field, shouting "Go." It shows the whole of one side and two of the opposing side nearing the ball at top speed.

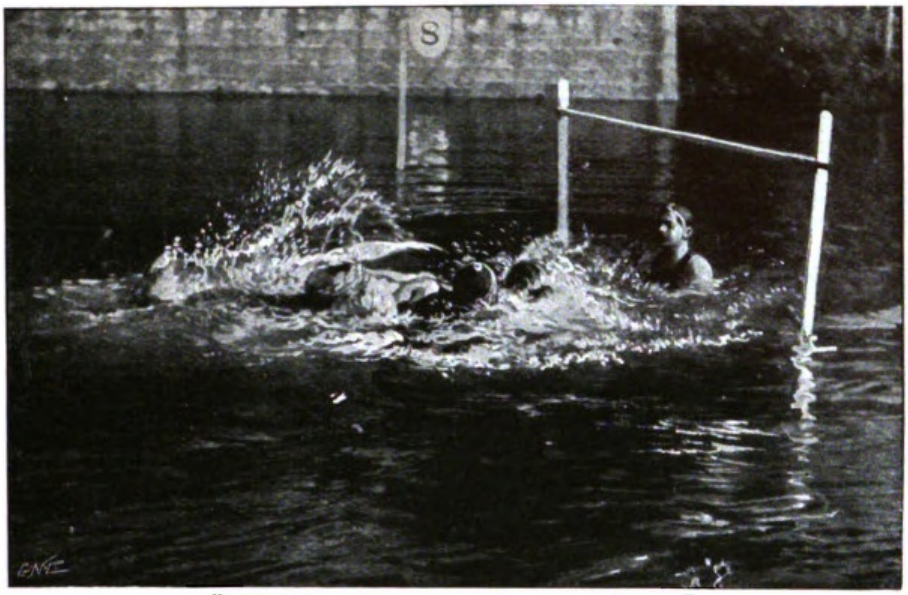
Who will reach it first? The tension is great—for an advantage may readily be gained by obtaining the ball first. It may be seen floating between the first and second man on the left-hand side of the picture. The following illustration shows that it has been reached, and is being "dribbled" towards the opponents' goal.



"NEARING THE GOAL."

In "Nearing the Goal" the head of the ever-watchful goal-keeper can be seen, photographed as it was bobbing up and down like a cork between the goal-posts. Will a

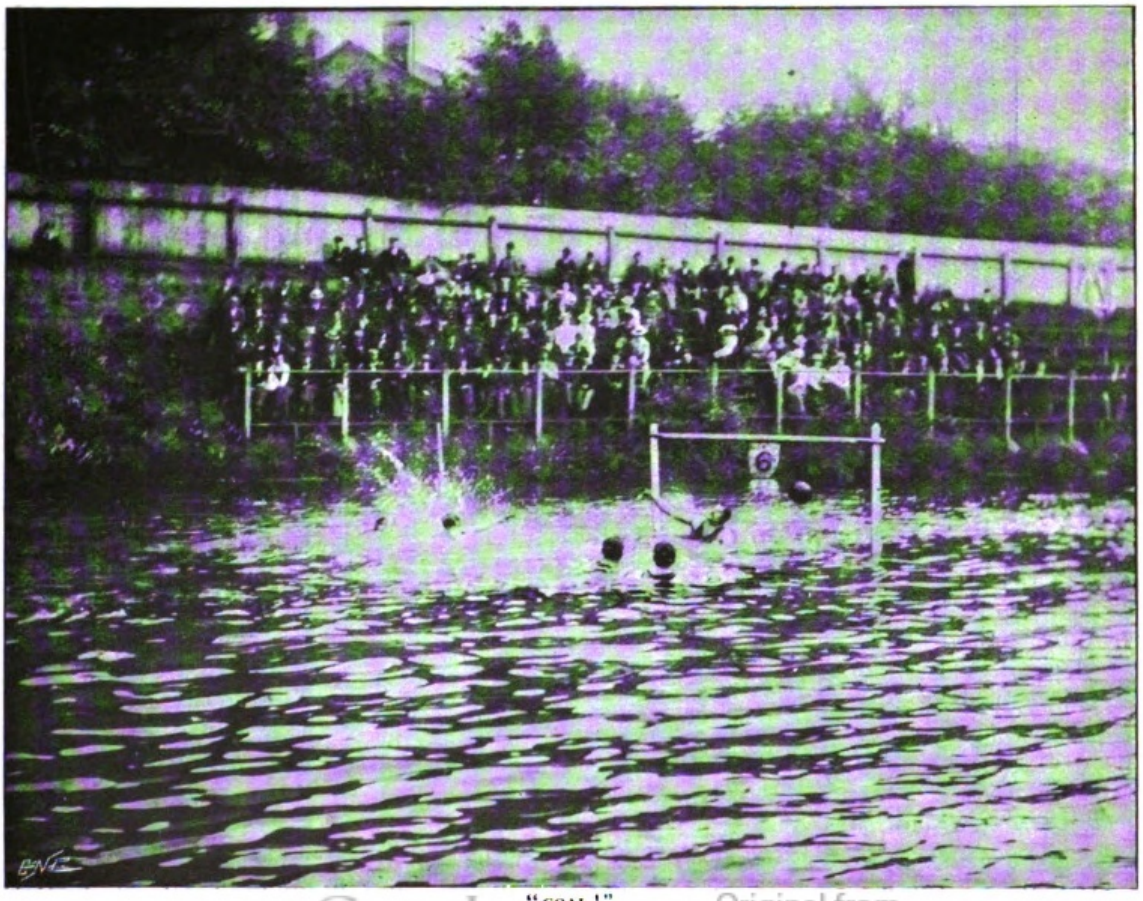
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"THE GOAL-KEEPER IS WELL OUT OF THE WATER."

dexterous blow send the ball flying through his posts, or will he be able to parry in time? The next picture shows that he need not fear; the ball is being "dribbled" over to the other side, and then has reached the opposing goal, where the fight is of a most exciting nature. The goal-keeper is well out of the water; he cannot afford to lose sight of the ball for a moment; a hit—whizz—and up goes the ball—bang — and it is parried with wonderful accuracy right over the heads of the combatants towards the middle of the "field"; there it is caught again and brought back; whizz again and, hurrah! the parry comes too late; the goal-keeper's arm has failed him, it falls back itself, and a goal as though ashamed of is scored.

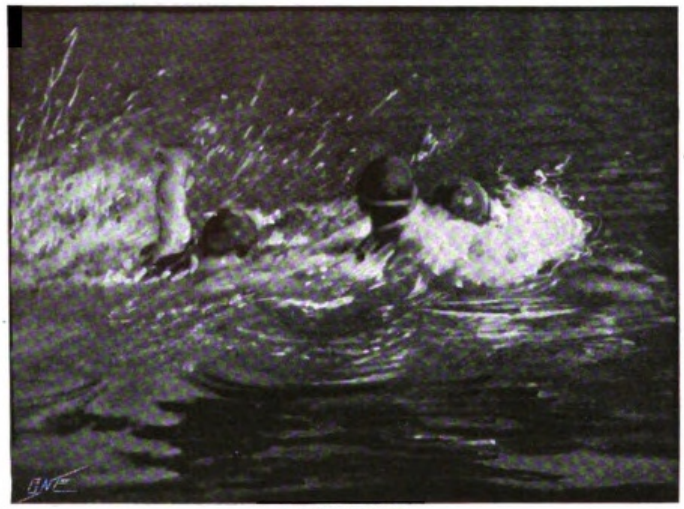
We would call special attention to this particular illustration: the ball can be seen actually flying through the goal-posts — a piece of snap-shotting which does considerable credit to the man with the camera.



"GOAL!"

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It may not be uninteresting to quote here one or two of the more important rules of the game. For instance, as regards starting, we note that very specified arrangements are forthcoming, namely: "The players shall enter the water and place themselves in a line with their respective goals. The referee shall stand in a line with the centre of the course, and having ascertained that the captains are ready, shall give the word 'go,' and immediately throw the ball into the water at the centre. A goal shall not be scored after starting or re-starting until a ball has been handled by an opposing player or by a player on the same side, who shall be within half distance of the goal attacked; the ball must be handled by more than one player before a goal can be scored." As will be perceived from the above, the rules in water polo are as stringent as those in football or cricket. Furthermore, "when a goal has been scored, the time from the scoring of the goal to the re-starting of the game, or time occupied by disputes or fouls, shall not be reckoned as in the time of play," which excellent provision therefore insures a full fourteen minutes' play.



A SCRIMMAGE.

Now let us return to the match:—

"Half-time" says the referee's whistle. Our heroes may rest for three minutes if they choose; they are eager for a fresh start, however, and we witness some exciting scrimmages. Look at the three pretty snap-shots taken whilst the fight for the coveted possession of the ball was strongest. It is almost impossible to follow the bobbing thing as it is submerged, caught, snatched away, and submerged again. But the camera's eye is quicker than the spectator's; it gives undeniable proof of excitement and hard work.



MORE SCRIMMAGES.

The illustration on the next page shows a splendid "pass" from one player to another of his own side in the distance. Here again the ball is caught by the camera in mid-air not more than a second after it

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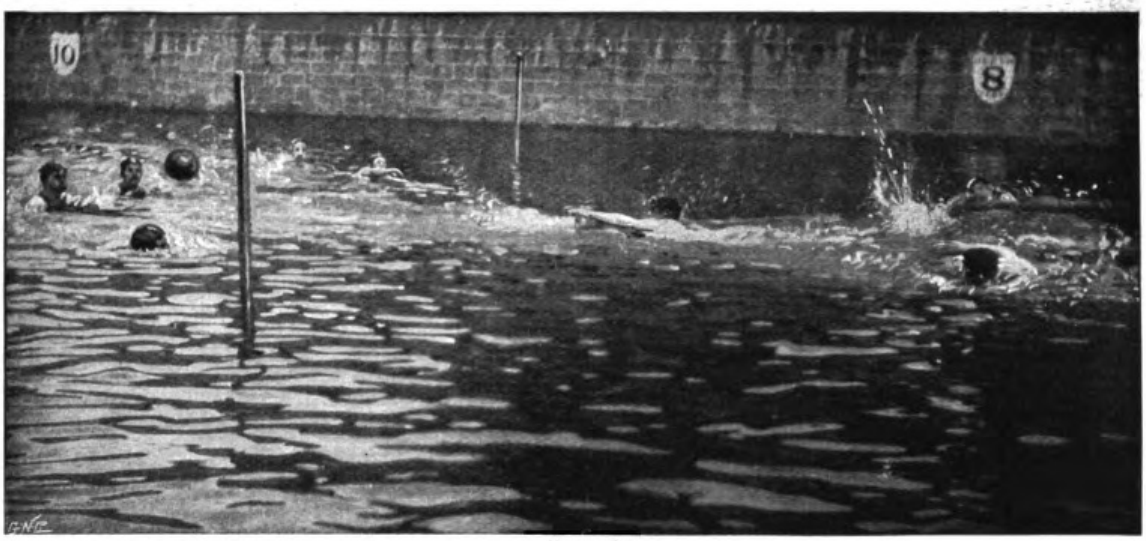
had left the fist which has sent it on its errand of victory.

It may here be added that the ball is an ordinary "Association" ball. The rule says: "The ball should be waterproof, with no strapped seams outside, and no grease or other objectionable substance on the surface"; while another interesting rule says: "In baths, no grease, oil, or other objectionable substance shall be rubbed on the body."

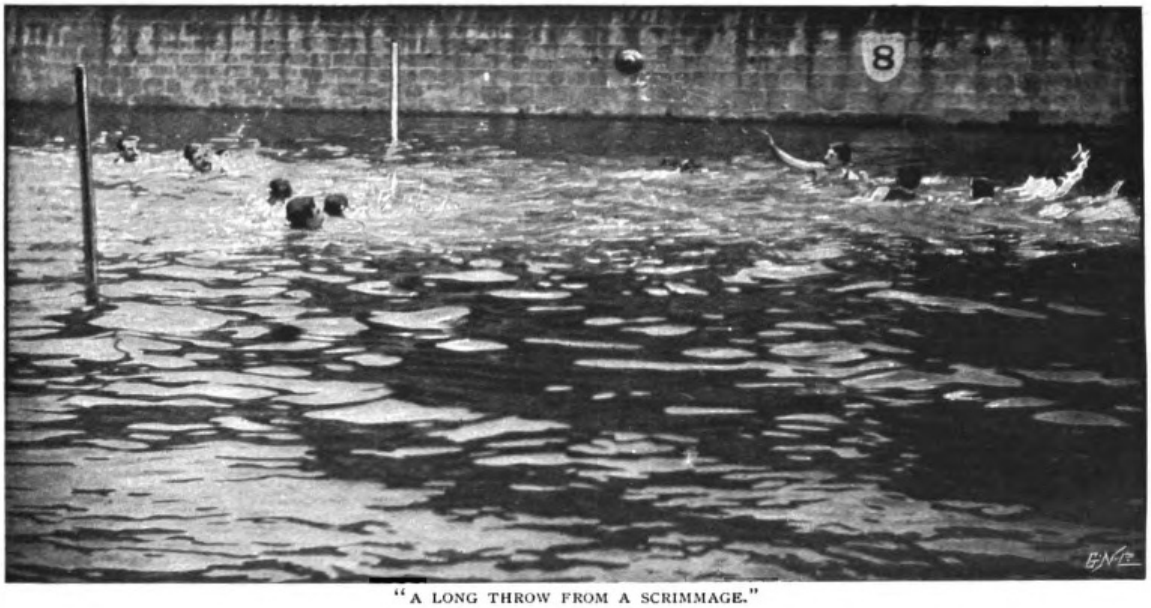
In the picture entitled "A Long Throw from a Scrimmage" the right arm of the player in the centre may be distinctly seen fully stretched out after the blow. The posts, which are shown standing out of the water, are the boundary posts; they are used to mark the half-way line and also the penalty lines on the sides of the field.

"Should a player send the ball out of the field of play at either side, it shall be thrown in any direction from where it went out by one of the opposing side, and shall be considered a free throw," says the "Out of Play" rule, and there is no doubt that this provision is a very useful one; the field of play being necessarily somewhat limited, the case of the ball getting outside the proper boundaries becomes a somewhat frequent occurrence.

The illustration on the next page, justly entitled "A Grand Throw," gives an excellent



A "PASS."



"A LONG THROW FROM A SCRIMMAGE."

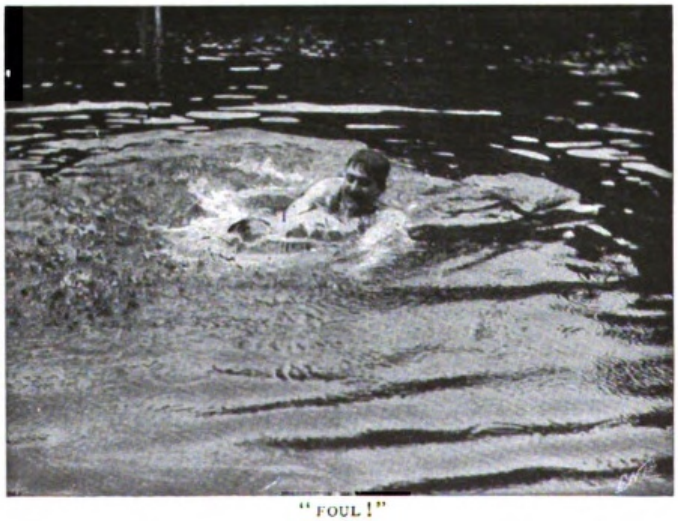
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"A GRAND THROW."

idea of the whole bath, and, consequently, of the "field of play" also. The throw, which is a magnificent one, was, however, of no avail. In the photograph the ball is shown in mid-air in the act of passing over the goal-posts of the opposing side, and as the rule says that "a goal shall be scored by the entire ball passing beyond the goal-posts and *under* the cross-bar," this pretty piece of work is useless, save for the wild enthusiasm and applause of the excited spectators.

We now come to an amusing little picture which illustrates a "foul." The playfulness and good humour of the combatants were shown repeatedly throughout the match. We cannot say that we have ever seen the slightest inclination to roughness or ill-feeling, though the little episode shown here is not of the mildest kind imaginable. There are really two players at work here, but, alas! one of them has to be kept out of harm's way until the ball is rescued by a third man, coming on at full speed, but not shown in the picture. The successful party seems highly amused at his exploit; a happy smile indicates his feelings. Does the other man smile too? We doubt it.



"FOUL!"

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

VII.—THE EPISODE OF THE STONE THAT LOOKED ABOUT IT.

HILDA took me back with her to the embryo farm where she had pitched her tent for the moment: a rough, wild place: it lay close to the main road from Salisbury to Chimoio.

Setting aside the inevitable rawness and newness of all things Rhodesian, however, the situation itself was not wholly unpicturesque. A ramping rock or tor of granite, which I should judge at a rough guess to extend to an acre in size, sprang abruptly from the brown grass of the upland plain. It rose like a huge boulder. Its summit was crowned by the covered grave of some old Kaffir chief—a rude cairn of big stones under a thatched awning. At the foot of this jagged and cleft rock the farmhouse nestled — four square walls of wattle-and-daub, sheltered by its mass from the sweeping winds of the South African plateau. A stream brought water from a spring close by: in front of the house—rare sight in that thirsty land—spread a garden of flowers. It was an oasis in the desert. But the desert itself stretched grimly all round: I could never quite decide how far the oasis was caused by the water from the spring, and how far by Hilda's presence.

"Then you live here?" I cried, gazing round — my voice, I suppose, betraying my latent sense of the unworthiness of the position.

"For the present," Hilda answered, smiling. "You know, Hubert, I have no abiding city anywhere, till my Purpose is fulfilled. I came here because Rhodesia seemed the furthest spot of earth where a white woman just now could safely penetrate—in order to get away from you and Sebastian."

"That is an unkind conjunction!" I exclaimed, reddening.

"But I mean it," she answered, with a wayward little nod. "I wanted breathing-space to form fresh plans. I wanted to get clear away for a time from all who knew me. And this promised best. . . . But nowadays, really, one is never safe from intrusion anywhere."

"You are cruel, Hilda!"

"Oh, no. You deserve it. I asked you not to come—and you came in spite of me. I have treated you very nicely under the circumstances, I think. I have behaved like an angel. The question is now, what ought I to do next? You have upset my plans so."

"Upset your plans? How?"

"Dear Hubert"—she turned to me with an indulgent smile—"for a clever man, you are really *too* foolish! Can't you see that you have betrayed my whereabouts to Sebastian? *I* crept away secretly, like a thief in the night, giving no name or place; and, having the world to ransack, he might



"I ASKED YOU NOT TO COME, AND YOU CAME IN SPITE OF ME."

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have found it hard to track me; for *he* had not *your* clue of the Basingstoke letter—nor your reason for seeking me. But now that *you* have followed me openly, with your name blazoned forth in the company's passenger-lists, and your traces left plain in hotels and stages across the map of South Africa—why, the spoor is easy. If Sebastian cares to find us, he can follow the scent all through without trouble."

"I never thought of that!" I cried, aghast.

She was forbearance itself. "No, I knew you would never think of it. You are a man, you see. I counted that in. I was afraid from the first you would wreck all by following me."

I was mutely penitent. "And yet, you forgive me, Hilda!"

Her eyes beamed tenderness. "To know all, is to forgive all," she answered. "I have to remind you of that so often! How can I help forgiving, when I know *why* you came—what spur it was that drove you? But it is the future we have to think of now, not the past. And I must wait and reflect. I have *no* plan just at present."

"What are you doing at this farm?" I gazed round at it, dissatisfied.

"I board here," Hilda answered, amused at my crestfallen face. "But, of course, I cannot be idle; so I have found work to do. I ride out on my bicycle to two or three isolated houses about, and give lessons to children in this desolate place, who would otherwise grow up ignorant. It fills my time, and supplies me with something besides myself to think about."

"And what am *I* to do?" I cried, oppressed with a sudden sense of helplessness.

She laughed at me outright. "And is this the first moment that that difficulty has occurred to you?" she asked, gaily. "You have hurried all the way from London to Rhodesia without the slightest idea of what you mean to do now you have got there?"

I laughed at myself in turn. "Upon my word, Hilda," I cried, "I set out to find you. Beyond the desire to find you, I had no plan in my head. That was an end in itself. My thoughts went no further."

She gazed at me half saucily. "Then don't you think, sir, the best thing you can do, now you *have* found me, is—to turn back and go home again?"

"I am a man," I said, promptly, taking a firm stand. "And you are a judge of character. If you really mean to tell me you think *that* likely—well, I shall have a lower opinion of your insight into men than I have been accustomed to harbour."

Her smile was not wholly without a touch of triumph.

"In that case," she went on, "I suppose the only alternative is for you to remain here."

"That would appear to be logic," I replied. "But what can I do? Set up in practice?"

"I don't see much opening," she answered. "If you ask my advice, I should say there is only one thing to be done in Rhodesia just now—turn farmer."

"It *is* done," I answered, with my usual impetuosity. "Since *you* say the word, I am a farmer already. I feel an interest in oats that is simply absorbing. What steps ought I to take first in my present condition?"

She looked at me, all brown with the dust of my long ride. "I would suggest," she said, slowly, "a good wash, and some dinner."

"Hilda," I cried, surveying my boots, or what was visible of them, "that is *really* clever of you. A wash and some dinner! So practical, so timely! The very thing! I will see to it."

Before night fell I had arranged everything. I was to buy the next farm from the owner of the one where Hilda lodged: I was also to learn the rudiments of South African agriculture from him for a valuable consideration: and I was to lodge in his house while my own was building. He gave me his views on the cultivation of oats. He gave them at some length—more length than perspicuity. I knew nothing about oats, save that they were employed in the manufacture of porridge—which I detest: but I was to be near Hilda once more, and I was prepared to undertake the superintendence of the oat from its birth to its reaping, if only I might be allowed to live so close to Hilda.

The farmer and his wife were Boers, but they spoke English. Mr. Jan Willem Klaas himself was a fine specimen of the breed—tall, erect, broad-shouldered, and genial. Mrs. Klaas, his wife, was mainly suggestive, in mind and person, of suet-pudding. There was one prattling little girl of three years old, by name Sannie, a most engaging child; and also a chubby baby.

"You are betrothed, of course?" Mrs. Klaas said to Hilda before me, with the curious tactlessness of her race, when we made our first arrangement.

Hilda's face flushed. "No; we are nothing to one another," she answered—

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which was only true formally. "Dr. Cumberledge had a post at the same hospital in London where I was a nurse; and he thought he would like to try Rhodesia. That is all."



"HE GAVE ME HIS VIEWS ON THE CULTIVATION OF OATS."

Mrs. Klaas gazed from one to other of us suspiciously. "You English are strange!" she answered, with a complacent little shrug. "But there—from Europe! Your ways, we know, are different."

Hilda did not attempt to explain. It would have been impossible to make the good soul understand. Her horizon was so simple. She was a harmless housewife, given mostly to dyspepsia and the care of her little ones. Hilda had won her heart by unfeigned admiration for the chubby baby. To a mother that covers a multitude of eccentricities, such as one expects to find in incomprehensible English. Mrs. Klaas put up with me because she liked Hilda.

We spent some months together on Klaas's farm. It was a dreary place, save for Hilda. The bare daub-and-wattle walls; the clumps of misshapen and dusty prickly-pears that girt round the thatched huts of the Kaffir workpeople; the stone-penned sheep-kraals and the corrugated iron roof of the bald stable for the waggon-oxen—all was as crude and ugly as a new country can make things. It seemed to me a desecration that Hilda should live in such an unfinished land—Hilda whom I imagined as moving by nature through broad English parks, with Elizabethan cottages and immemorial oaks—Hilda whose proper atmosphere seemed to be one of coffee-coloured laces, ivy-clad abbeys, lichen-incrusted walls, all that is beautiful and gracious in time-honoured civilizations.

Nevertheless, we lived on there in a meaningless sort of way — I hardly knew why. To me it was a puzzle. When I asked Hilda, she shook her head with her sibylline air and answered, confidently, "You do not understand Sebastian as well as I do. We have to wait for *him*. The next move is his. Till he plays his piece, I cannot tell how I may have to checkmate him."

So we waited for Sebastian to advance a pawn. Meanwhile, I toyed with South African farming—not very successfully, I must admit. Nature did not design me for growing oats. I am no judge of oxen, and my views on the feeding of Kaffir sheep raised broad smiles on the black faces of my Mashona labourers.

I still lodged at Tant Mettie's, as everybody called Mrs. Klaas: she was courtesy aunt to the community at large, while Oom Jan Willem was its courtesy uncle. They were simple homely folk, who lived up to their religious principles on an unvaried diet of stewed ox-beef and bread: they suffered much from chronic dyspepsia, due in part at least, no doubt, to the monotony of their food, their life, their interests. One could hardly believe one was still in the nineteenth century: these people had the calm, the local seclusion of the prehistoric epoch. For them, Europe did not exist: they knew it merely as a place where settlers came from. What the Czar intended, what the Kaiser designed, never disturbed their rest. A sick ox, a rattling tile on the roof, meant more to their lives than war in Europe. The one break in the sameness of their daily routine was family prayers: the one weekly event, going to church at Salisbury. Still, they had a single enthusiasm. Like everybody else for fifty miles around, they believed profoundly in "the future of Rhodesia." When I gazed

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about me at the raw new land—the weary flat of red soil and brown grasses—I felt at least that, with a present like that, it had need of a future.

I am not by disposition a pioneer: I belong instinctively to the old civilizations. In the midst of rudimentary towns and incipient fields, I yearn for grey houses, a Norman church, an English thatched cottage.



"I GAZED ABOUT ME AT THE RAW NEW LAND."

However, for Hilda's sake I braved it out, and continued to learn the A B C of agriculture on an unmade farm with great assiduity from Oom Jan Willem.

We had been stopping some months at Klaas's together when business compelled me one day to ride into Salisbury. I had ordered some goods for my farm from England, which had at last arrived. I had now to arrange for their conveyance from the town to my plot of land—a portentous matter. Just as I was on the point of leaving Klaas's, and was tightening the saddle-girth on my sturdy little pony, Oom Jan Willem himself sidled up to me with a mysterious air, his broad face all wrinkled with anticipatory pleasure. He placed a sixpence in my palm, glancing about him on every side as he did so, like a conspirator.

"What am I to buy with it?" I asked, much puzzled, and suspecting tobacco. Tant Mettie declared he smoked too much for a church elder.

He put his finger to his lips, nodded, and peered round. "Lollipops for Sannie," he whispered low, at last, with a guilty smile. "But"—he glanced about him again—"give them to me, please, when Tant Mettie isn't looking." His nod was all mystery.

"You may rely on my discretion," I replied, throwing the time-honoured prejudices of the profession to the winds, and well pleased to aid and abet the simple-minded soul in his nefarious designs against little Sannie's digestive apparatus.

He patted me on the back. "*Peppermint* lollipops, mind!" he went on in the same solemn undertone. "Sannie likes them best peppermint."

I put my foot in the stirrup, and vaulted into my saddle. "They shall not be forgotten," I answered, with a quiet smile at this pretty little evidence of fatherly feeling.

I rode off. It was early morning, before the heat of the day began. Hilda accompanied me part of the way on her bicycle. She was going to the other young farm, some eight miles off, across the red-brown plateau, where she gave lessons daily to the ten-year-old daughter of an English settler. It was a labour of love, for settlers in Rhodesia cannot afford to pay for what are beautifully described as "finishing governesses"; but Hilda was of the sort who cannot eat the bread of idleness. She had to justify herself to her kind by finding some work to do which should vindicate her existence.

I parted from her at a point on the monotonous plain where one rubbly road branched off from another. Then I jogged on in the full morning sun over that scorching plain of loose red sand all the way to Salisbury. Not a green leaf or a fresh flower anywhere. The eye ached at the hot glare

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of the reflected sunlight from the sandy level.

My business detained me most of the day in the half-built town, with its flaunting stores and its rough new offices; it was not till towards afternoon that I could get away again on my sorrel, across the blazing plain once more to Klaas's.

I moved on over the plateau at an easy trot, full of thoughts of Hilda. What could be the step she expected Sebastian to take next? She did not know, herself, she had told me: there, her faculty failed her. But *some* step he *would* take: and till he took it, she must rest and be watchful.

I passed the great tree that stands up like an obelisk in the midst of the plain beyond the deserted Matabele village. I passed the low clumps of dry karroo-bushes by the rocky kopje. I passed the turning of the rubbly roads where I had parted from Hilda. At last I reached the long, rolling ridge which looks down upon Klaas's, and could see in the slant sunlight the mud farmhouse and the corrugated iron roof where the oxen were stabled.

The place looked more deserted, more dead-alive than ever. Not a black boy moved in it. Even the cattle and Kaffir sheep were nowhere to be seen. . . . But, then, it was always quiet: and perhaps I noticed the obtrusive air of solitude and sleepiness even more than usual, because I had just returned from Salisbury. All things are comparative. After the lost loneliness of Klaas's farm, even brand-new Salisbury seemed busy and bustling.

I hurried on, ill at ease. But Tant Mettie would, doubtless, have a cup of tea ready for me as soon as I arrived, and Hilda would be waiting at the gate to welcome me.

I reached the stone inclosure and passed up through the flower-garden. To my great surprise, Hilda was not there. As a rule, she came to meet me with her sunny smile. But perhaps she was tired, or the sun on the road might have given her a headache. I dismounted from my mare, and called one of the Kaffir boys to take her to the stable. Nobody answered. . . . I called again. Still silence. . . . I tied her up to the post, and strode over to the door, astonished at the solitude. I began to feel there was something weird and uncanny about this homecoming. Never before had I known Klaas's so entirely deserted.

I lifted the latch and opened the door. It gave access at once to the single plain living-room. There, all was huddled. For a moment my eyes hardly took in the truth. There are sights so sickening that the brain at the first shock wholly fails to realize them.

On the stone slab floor of the low living-room Tant Mettie lay dead. Her body was pierced through by innumerable thrusts, which I somehow instinctively recognised as assegai wounds. By her side lay Sannie, the little prattling girl of three, my constant playmate, whom I had instructed in cat's cradle and taught the tales of Cinderella and Red Riding Hood. My hand grasped the lollipops in my pocket convulsively. She would never need them. Nobody else was about. What had become of Oom Jan Willem—and the baby?

I wandered out into the yard, sick with the sight I had already seen. There Oom Jan Willem himself lay stretched at full length: a bullet had pierced his left temple: his body was also riddled through with assegai thrusts.



"OOM JAN WILLEM LAY STRETCHED AT FULL LENGTH."

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I saw at once what this meant. A rising of the Matabele!

I had come back from Salisbury, unknowing it, into the midst of a revolt of bloodthirsty savages.

Yet, even if I had known, I must still have hurried home with all speed to Klaas's—to protect Hilda.

Hilda? Where was Hilda? A breathless sinking crept over me.

I staggered out into the open. It was impossible to say what horror might not have happened. The Matabele might even now be lurking about the kraal—for the bodies were hardly cold. But Hilda? Hilda? Whatever came, I must find Hilda.

Fortunately, I had my loaded revolver in my belt. Though we had not in the least anticipated this sudden revolt — it broke like a thunder-clap from a clear sky—the unsettled state of the country made even women go armed about their daily avocations.

I strode on, half maddened. Beside the great block of granite which sheltered the farm there rose one of those rocky little hillocks of loose boulders which are locally known in South Africa by the Dutch name of kopjes. I looked out upon it drearily. Its round brown ironstones lay piled irregularly together, almost as if placed there in some earlier age by the mighty hands of prehistoric giants. My gaze on it was blank. I was thinking, not of it but of Hilda, Hilda.

I called the name aloud: "Hilda! Hilda! Hilda!"

As I called, to my immense surprise, one of the smooth round boulders on the hillside seemed slowly to uncurl, and to peer about it cautiously. Then it raised itself in the slant sunlight, put a hand to its eyes, and gazed out upon me with a human face for a moment. After that it descended, step by step, among the other stones, with a white object in its arms. As the boulder uncurled and came to life, I was aware, by degrees . . . . yes, yes, it was Hilda, with Tant Mettie's baby!



"IT WAS HILDA, WITH TANT METTIE'S BABY!"

In the fierce joy of that discovery I rushed forward to her, trembling, and clasped her in my arms. I could find no words but "Hilda! Hilda!"

"Are they gone?" she asked, staring about her with a terrified air, though still strangely preserving her wonted composure of manner.

"Who gone? The Matabele?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Did you see them, Hilda?"

"For a moment—with black shields and assegais, all shouting madly. You have been to the house, Hubert? You know what has happened?"

"Yes, yes, I know — a rising. They have massacred the Klaases."

She nodded. "I came back on my bicycle, and, when I opened the door, found Tant Mettie and little Sannie dead. Poor, sweet little Sannie! Oom Jan was lying shot in the yard outside. I saw the cradle overturned, and looked under it for the baby. They did not kill her—perhaps did not notice her. I caught her up in my arms, and rushed out to my machine, thinking to make for Salisbury and give the alarm to the men there. One must try to save others—

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and *you* were coming, Hubert! Then I heard horses' hoofs—the Matabele returning. They dashed back, mounted—stolen horses from other farms—they have taken poor Oom Jan's—and they have gone on, shouting, to murder elsewhere! I flung down my machine among the bushes as they came—I hope they have not seen it: and I crouched here between the boulders, with the baby in my arms, trusting for protection to the colour of my dress, which is just like the ironstone."

"It is a perfect deception," I answered, admiring her instinctive cleverness even then. "I never so much as noticed you."

"No, nor the Matabele either, for all their sharp eyes. They passed by without stopping. I clasped the baby hard, and tried to keep it from crying—if it had cried, all would have been lost: but they passed just below, and swept on towards Rozenboom's. I lay still for a while, not daring to look out: then I raised myself warily and tried to listen. Just at that moment, I heard a horse's hoofs ring out once more. I couldn't tell, of course, whether it was *you* returning, or one of the Matabele, left behind by the others. So I crouched again. . . . Thank God, you are safe, Hubert!"



"THEY PASSED JUST BELOW."

All this took a moment to say, or was less said than hinted. "Now, what must we do?" I cried. "Bolt back again to Salisbury?"

"It is the only thing possible—if my machine is unhurt. They may have taken it . . . or ridden over and broken it."

We went down to the spot, and picked it up where it lay, half-concealed among the brittle, dry scrub of milk-bushes. I examined the bearings carefully; though there were hoof-marks close by, it had received no hurt. I blew up the tyre, which was somewhat flabby, and went on to untie my sturdy pony. The moment I looked at her, I saw the poor little brute was wearied out with her two long rides in the sweltering sun. Her flanks quivered. "It is no use," I cried, patting her, as she turned to me with appealing eyes that asked for water. "She *can't* go back as far as Salisbury, at least till she has had a feed of corn and a drink. Even then, it will be rough on her."

"Give her bread!" Hilda suggested. "That will hearten her more than corn. There is plenty in the house: Tant Mettie baked this morning."

I crept in reluctantly to fetch it. I also brought out from the dresser a few raw eggs, to break into a tumbler and swallow whole: for Hilda and I needed food almost as sorely as the poor beast herself. There was something gruesome in thus rummaging about for bread and meat in the dead woman's cupboard, while she herself lay there on the floor: but one never realizes how one will act in these great emergencies until they come upon one. Hilda, still calm with unearthly calmness, took a couple of loaves from my hand and began feeding the pony with them. "Go and draw water for her," she said, simply, "while I give her the bread: that will save time: every minute is precious."

I did as I was bid, not knowing each moment but that the insurgents would return. When I came back from the spring with the bucket, the mare had demolished the whole two loaves, and was going on upon some grass which Hilda had plucked for her.

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"She hasn't had enough, poor dear," Hilda said, patting her neck. "A couple of loaves are penny buns to her appetite. Let her drink the water, while I go in and fetch out the rest of the baking."

I hesitated. "You *can't* go in there again, Hilda!" I cried. "Wait and let me do it."

Her white face was resolute. "Yes, I *can*," she answered. "It is a work of necessity: and in works of necessity a woman, I think, should flinch at nothing. Have I not seen already every varied aspect of death at Nathaniel's?" And in she went, undaunted, to that chamber of horrors, still clasping the baby.

The pony made short work of the remaining loaves, which she devoured with great zest. As Hilda had predicted, they seemed to hearten her. The food and drink, with a bucket of water dashed on her hoofs, gave her new vigour like wine. We gulped down our eggs in silence. Then I held Hilda's bicycle. She vaulted lightly on to the seat, white and tired as she was, with the baby in her left arm, and her right hand on the handle-bar.

"I must take the baby," I said.

She shook her head.

"Oh, no. I will not trust her to you."

"Hilda, I insist."

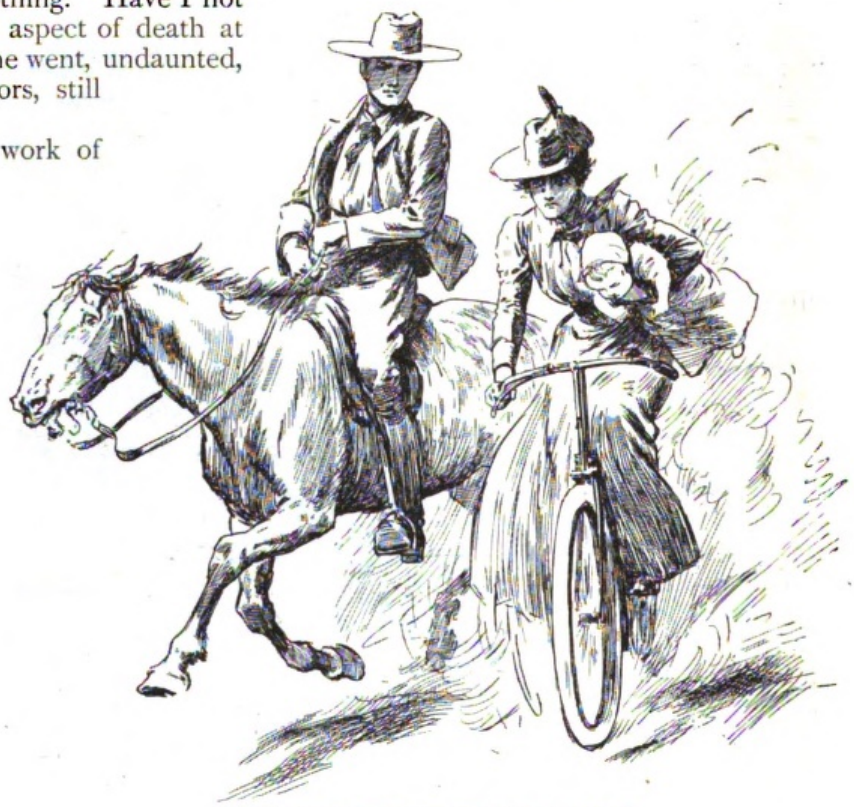
"And I insist too. It is my place to take her."

"But can you ride so?" I asked, anxiously.

She began to pedal. "Oh, dear, yes. It is quite, quite easy. I shall get there all right—if the Matabele don't burst upon us."

Tired as I was with my long day's work, I jumped into my saddle. I saw I should only lose time if I disputed about the baby. My little horse seemed to understand that something grave had occurred, for, weary as she must have been, she set out with a will once more over that great red level. Hilda pedalled bravely by my side. The road was bumpy, but she was well accustomed to it. I could have ridden faster than she went, for the baby weighted her. Still, we rode for dear life. It was a grim experience.

All round, by this time, the horizon was dim with clouds of black smoke which went up from burning farms and plundered homesteads. The smoke did not rise high: it hung sullenly over the hot plain in long smouldering masses, like the smoke of steamers on foggy days in England. The sun was nearing the horizon: his slant red rays lighted up the red plain, the red sand,



"HILDA PEDALLED BRAVELY BY MY SIDE."

the brown-red grasses, with a murky, spectral glow of crimson. After those red pools of blood, this universal burst of redness appalled one. It seemed as though all nature had conspired in one unholy league with the Matabele. We rode on without a word. The red sky grew redder.

"They may have sacked Salisbury!" I exclaimed at last, looking out towards the brand-new town.

"I doubt it," Hilda answered. Her very doubt reassured me.

We began to mount a long slope. Hilda pedalled with difficulty. Not a sound was heard save the light fall of my pony's feet on the soft new road, and the shrill cry of the cicalas. Then, suddenly, we started. What was that noise in our rear? Once, twice, it rang out. The loud *ping* of a rifle!

Looking behind us, we saw eight or ten

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mounted Matabele! Stalwart warriors they were—half naked, and riding stolen horses. They were coming our way! They had seen us! They were pursuing us!

"Put on all speed!" I cried, in my agony. "Hilda, can you manage it?"

She pedalled with a will. But as we mounted the slope, I saw they were gaining upon us. A few hundred yards were all our start. They had the descent of the opposite hill as yet in their favour.

One man, astride on a better horse than the rest, galloped on in front and came within range of us. He had a rifle in his hand. He pointed it twice, and covered us. But he did not shoot. Hilda gave a cry of relief. "Don't you see?" she exclaimed. "It is Oom Jan Willem's rifle! That was their last cartridge. They have no more ammunition."

I saw she was probably right: for Klaas was out of cartridges, and was waiting for my new stock to arrive from England. If that were correct, they must get near enough to attack us with assegais. They are more dangerous so. I remembered what an old Boer had said to me at Bulawayo: "The Zulu with his assegai is an enemy to be feared: with a gun, he is a bungler."

We pounded on up the hill. It was deadly work with those brutes at our heels. The child on Hilda's arm was visibly wearying her. It kept on whining. "Hilda," I cried, "that baby will lose your life! You *cannot* go on carrying it."

She turned to me with a flash of her eyes. "What! you are a man," she broke out, "and you ask a woman to save her life by abandoning a baby! Hubert, you shame me!"

I felt she was right. If she had been capable of giving it up, she would not have been Hilda. There was but one other way left.

"Then *you* must take the pony," I called out, "and let me have the bicycle!"

"You couldn't ride it," she called back. "It is a woman's machine, remember."

"Yes, I could," I replied, without slowing. "It is not much too short: and I can bend my knees a bit. Quick, quick! No words! Do as I tell you!"

She hesitated a second. The child's weight distressed her. "We should lose time in changing," she answered at last, doubtful but still pedalling, though my hand was on the rein, ready to pull up the pony.

"Not if we manage it right. Obey orders! The moment I say 'Halt,' I shall slacken my mare's pace. When you see me leave the saddle, jump off instantly, you, and mount her! I will catch the machine before it falls. Are you ready? Halt, then!"

She obeyed the word without one second's delay. I slipped off, held the bridle, caught the bicycle, and led it instantaneously. Then I ran beside the pony—bridle in one hand, machine in the other—till Hilda had sprung with a light bound into the stirrup. At that, a little leap, and I mounted the bicycle. It was all done nimbly in less time than the telling takes, for we are both of us naturally quick in our movements. Hilda rode like a man, astride—her short bicycling skirt, unobtrusively divided in front and at the back, made this easily possible. Looking behind me with a hasty glance, I could see that the savages, taken aback, had reined in to deliberate at our unwonted evolution. I feel sure that the novelty of the iron horse, with a woman riding it, played not a little on their superstitious fears; they suspected, no doubt, this was some ingenious new engine of war devised against them by the unaccountable white man: it might go off unexpectedly in their faces at any moment. Most of them, I observed as they halted, carried on their backs black ox-hide shields, interlaced with white thongs; they were armed with two or three assegais apiece and a knobkerry.

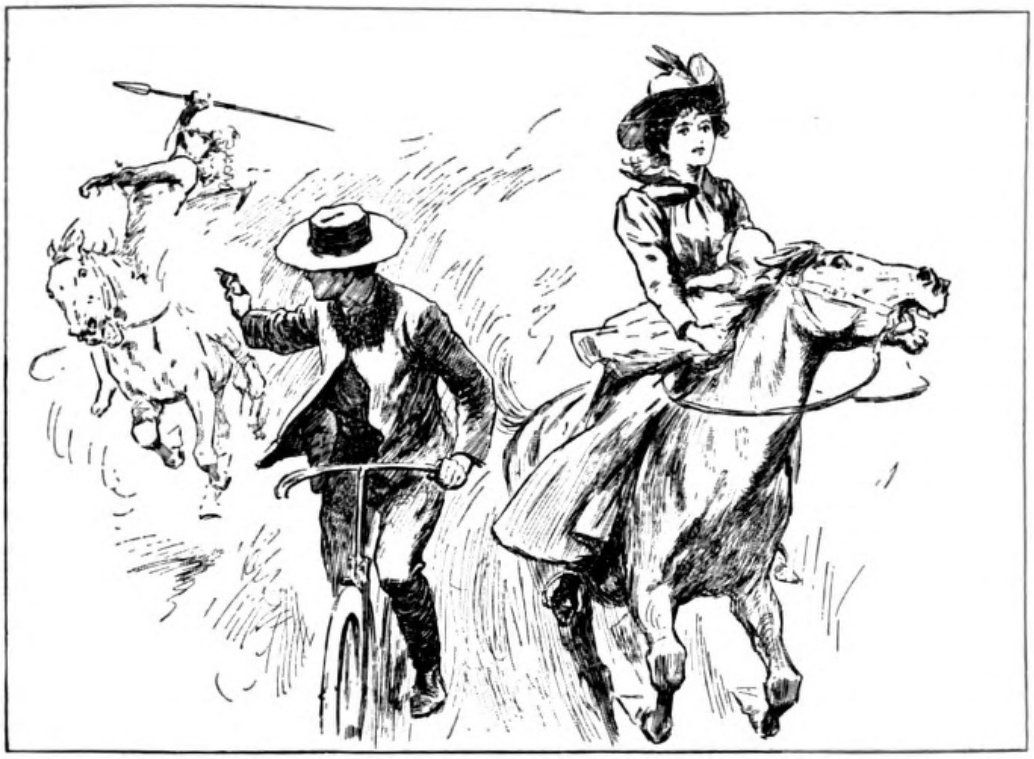
Instead of losing time by the change, as it turned out, we had actually gained it. Hilda was able to put on my sorrel to her full pace, which I had not dared to do, for fear of outrunning my companion; the wise little beast, for her part, seemed to rise to the occasion, and to understand that we were pursued, for she stepped out bravely. On the other hand, in spite of the low seat and the short crank of a woman's machine, I could pedal up the slope with more force than Hilda, for I am a practised hill-climber: so that in both ways we gained, besides having momentarily disconcerted and checked the enemy. Their ponies were tired, and they rode them full tilt with savage recklessness, making them canter up-hill, and so needlessly fatiguing them. The Matabele, indeed, are unused to horses, and manage them but ill. It is as foot soldiers, creeping stealthily through bush or long grass, that they are really formidable. Only one of their mounts was tolerably fresh: the one which had once already almost overtaken us. As we neared the top of the slope, Hilda, glancing behind her, exclaimed, with a sudden thrill, "He is spurting again, Hubert!"

I drew my revolver and held it in my right

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hand, using my left for steering. I did not look back: time was far too precious. I set my teeth hard "Tell me when he draws near enough for a shot," I said, quietly.

Hilda only nodded. Being mounted on the mare, she could see behind her more steadily now than I could from the machine; spurred by necessity, I somehow did it. I fired three shots in quick succession. My first bullet missed: my second knocked the man over: my third grazed the horse. With a ringing shriek, the Matabele fell in the road, a black writhing mass; his horse, terrified, dashed back with maddened snorts into the



"WITH A RINGING SHRIEK, THE MATABELE FELL IN THE ROAD."

and her eye was trustworthy. As for the baby, rocked by the heave and fall of the pony's withers, it had fallen asleep placidly in the very midst of this terror!

After a second I asked once more, with bated breath, "Is he gaining?"

She looked back. "Yes: gaining."

A pause. "And now?"

"Still gaining. He is poising an assegai."

Ten seconds more passed in breathless suspense. The thud of their horses' hoofs alone told me their nearness. My finger was on the trigger. I awaited the word. "Fire!" she said at last, in a calm, unflinching voice. "He is well within distance."

I turned half round and levelled as true as I could at the advancing black man. He rode nearly naked, showing all his teeth and brandishing his assegai; the long white feathers stuck upright in his hair gave him a wild and terrifying barbaric aspect. It was difficult to preserve one's balance, keep the way on, and shoot, all at the same time; but midst of the others. Its plunging disconcerted the whole party for a minute.

We did not wait to see the rest. Taking advantage of this momentary diversion in our favour, we rode on at full speed to the top of the slope--I never knew before how hard I could pedal—and began to descend at a dash into the opposite hollow.

The sun had set by this time. There is no twilight in those latitudes. It grew dark at once. We could see now in the plain all round, where black clouds of smoke had rolled before, one lurid red glare of burning houses, mixed with a sullen haze of tawny light from the columns of prairie fire kindled by the insurgents.

We made our way still onward across the open plain without one word towards Salisbury. The mare was giving out. She strode with a will: but her flanks were white with froth: her breath came short: foam flew from her nostrils.

As we mounted the next ridge, still dis

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tancing our pursuers, I saw suddenly, on its crest, defined against the livid red sky like a silhouette, two more mounted black men!

"It's all up, Hilda!" I cried, losing heart at last. "They are on both sides of us now! The mare is spent: we are surrounded!"

She drew rein and gazed at them. For a moment suspense spoke in all her attitude. Then she burst into a sudden deep sigh of relief. "No, no," she cried; "these are friendlies!"

"How do you know?" I gasped. But I believed her.

"They are looking out this way, with hands shading their eyes against the red glare. They are looking away from Salisbury, in the direction of the attack. They are expecting the enemy. They *must* be friendlies!—See, see! they have caught sight of us!"

As she spoke, one of the men lifted his rifle and half pointed it. "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" I shrieked aloud. "We are English! English!"

The men let their rifles drop and rode down towards us. "Who are you?" I cried.

They saluted us, military fashion. "Matabele police, sah," the leader answered, recognising me. "You are flying from Klaas's?"

"Yes," I answered. "They have murdered Klaas, with his wife and child. Some of them are now following us."

The spokesman was a well-educated Cape Town negro. "All right, sah," he answered. "I have forty men here right behind de kopje. Let dem come! We can give a good account of dem. Ride on straight wit de lady to Salisbury!"

"The Salisbury people know of this rising, then?" I asked.

"Yes, sah. Dem know since five o'clock. Kaffir boys from Klaas's brought in de news: and a white man escaped from Rozenboom's confirm it. We have pickets all round. You is safe now: you can ride on into Salisbury witout fear of de Matabele."

I rode on, relieved. Mechanically, my feet worked to and fro on the pedals. It was a gentle down-gradient now towards the town; I had no further need for special exertion.

Suddenly, Hilda's voice came wafted to me as through a mist. "What are you doing, Hubert? You'll be off in a minute!"

I started, and recovered my balance with difficulty. Then I was aware at once that one second before I had all but dropped asleep, dog tired, on the bicycle. Worn out with my long day and with the nervous strain, I began to doze off, with my feet still moving round and round automatically, the moment the anxiety of the chase was relieved, and an easy down-grade gave me a little respite.

I kept myself awake even then with difficulty. Riding on through the lurid gloom, we reached Salisbury at last, and found the town already crowded with refugees from the plateau. However, we succeeded in securing two rooms at a house in the long street, and were soon sitting down to a much-needed supper.

As we rested an hour or two later, in the ill-furnished back-room, discussing this sudden turn of affairs with our host and some neighbours—for, of course, all Salisbury was eager for news from the scene of the massacres—I happened to raise my head, and saw, to my great surprise . . . . a haggard white face peering in at us through the window.

It peered round a corner, stealthily. It was an ascetic face, very sharp and clear-cut. It had a stately profile. The long and wiry grizzled moustache, the deep-set, hawk-like eyes, the acute, intense, intellectual features, all were very familiar. So was the outer setting of long, white hair, straight and silvery as it fell, and just curled in one wave-like inward sweep where it turned and rested on the stooping shoulders. But the expression on the face was even stranger than the sudden apparition. It was an expression of keen and poignant disappointment—as of a man whom fate has baulked of some well-planned end, his due by right, which mere chance has evaded.

"They say there's a white man at the bottom of all this trouble," our host had been remarking, one second earlier. "The niggers know too much: and where did they get their rifles? People at Rozenboom's believe some black-livered traitor has been stirring up the Matabele for weeks and weeks. An enemy of Rhodes's, of course: jealous of our advance: a French agent, perhaps: but more likely one of these confounded Transvaal Dutchmen. Depend upon it, it's Kruger's doing."

As the words fell from his lips, I saw the face. I gave a quick little start, then recovered my composure.

But Hilda noted it. She looked up at me hastily. She was sitting with her back to the window, and therefore, of course, could not see the face itself, which indeed was withdrawn with a hurried movement, yet with a certain strange dignity, almost before I could

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"I SAW THE FACE."

feel sure of having seen it. Still, she caught my startled expression and the gleam of surprise and recognition in my eye. She laid one hand upon my arm. "You have seen him?" she asked quietly, almost below her breath.

"Seen whom?"

"Sebastian."

It was useless denying it to *her*. "Yes, I have seen him," I answered, in a confidential aside.

"Just now—this moment—at the back of the house—looking in at the window upon us?"

"You are right—as always."

She drew a deep breath. "He has played his game," she said low to me, in an awed undertone. "I felt sure it was he. I expected him to play; though what piece, I knew not; and when I saw those poor dead souls, I was certain he had done it—indirectly done it. The Matabele are his pawns. He wanted to aim a blow at *me;* and *this* was the way he chose to aim it."

"Do you think he is capable of that?" I cried. For in spite of all, I had still a sort of lingering respect for Sebastian. "It seems so reckless—like the worst of anarchists—when he strikes at one head, to involve so many irrelevant lives in one common destruction."

Hilda's face was like a drowned man's.

"To Sebastian," she answered, shuddering, "the End is all: the Means are unessential. Who wills the End, wills the Means: that is the sum and substance of his philosophy of life. From first to last, he has always acted up to it. Did I not tell you once he was a snow-clad volcano?"

"Still, I am loth to believe——" I cried.

She interrupted me calmly. "I knew it," she said. "I expected it. Beneath that cold exterior, the fires of his life burn fiercely still. I told you we must wait for Sebastian's next move; though I confess, even from *him*, I hardly dreamt of this one. But from the moment when I opened the door on poor Tant Mettie's body, lying there in its red horror, I felt it must be he. And when you started just now, I said to myself in a flash of intuition—'Sebastian has come! He has come to see how his devil's work has prospered.' He sees it has gone wrong. So now he will try to devise some other."

I thought of the malign expression on that cruel white face as it stared in at the window from the outer gloom, and I felt convinced she was right. She had read her man once more. For it was the desperate contorted face of one appalled to discover that a great crime attempted and successfully carried out has failed, by mere accident, of its central intention.

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Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—*These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE. *While the stories themselves are matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist treats the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.*

XV.



THIS is an older story than most of our others. It dates back, indeed, to the year 1864, when the pet of a British regiment, stationed in Jamaica, was a baboon. He was a meditative and extremely thoughtful baboon, and his habits and manners provided continual amusement for the officers, before whose mess-room windows his dwelling was placed. He was tethered by a long, light chain, but even with this restraint he managed to get into a good deal of mischief. As, for instance, on one day, when he conceived himself insulted by a certain young officer, and instantly fell to pelting the mess-room windows with such terrific effect that his habitation was removed to a less commanding spot. Here his amuse-



HALF-STRANGLED.



DANDLED AND FONDLED.

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THIS WAY——

ments still went on, however. Any living creature that ventured within his chain-radius was apt to have a busy minute or two, and the unhappy fowls, who often strayed within reach, were grabbed instantly, and sometimes strangled, though he more often amused himself by plucking or half-plucking his unhappy prisoner before releasing it.

One fowl, however, he took a sudden and violent fancy for. He grabbed it, it is true, but he neither plucked it nor wrung its neck, but, instead, dandled and fondled it with such demonstrative affection that quite possibly the unfortunate cock would have preferred plucking. He squeezed it, he stroked it, rubbed it, nursed it, held it aloft and danced it, released it for a moment, and playfully hauled it back by the leg when it made for liberty. The bird did not in any way reciprocate his affection; in fact,



THAT WAY——



AND THE OTHER.

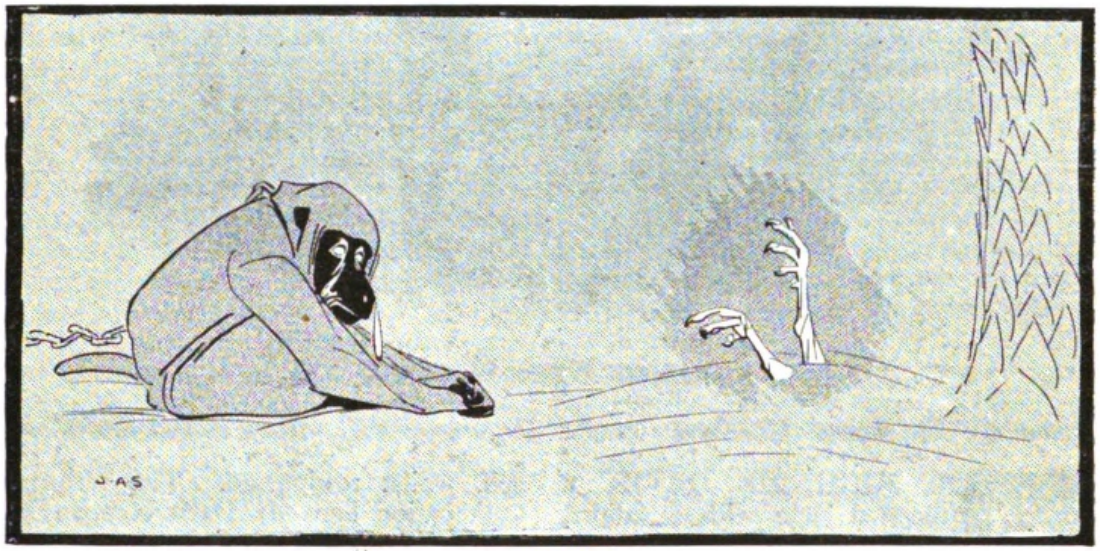
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KILLED BY KINDNESS.

altogether misunderstood it. But the baboon persevered, and held firmly on to his pet. He felt confident of winning it over by persistent kindness, and since his earlier demonstrations had proved unsuccessful, he renewed them with more vigour. He stroked it the other way, rubbed it more persistently, danced it more quickly, and squeezed it a good deal harder. But even these attentions failed to rouse its affection, and at last, in the midst of an extra-friendly hug, the perverse cock died, misunderstanding the devoted baboon to the last.

He was overwhelmed with grief. To think that at last, when he had secured a creature he could really love, it should die ere he could induce it fittingly to reciprocate his affection! It was very sad. He set about the last sad rites with every manifestation of sorrow. In solemn grief he buried his departed playmate at the foot of a tall tree, where the grass might grow and the birds sing over its grave. Then he sat him down before the grave and mourned; neglected all his usual amusements, and mourned sorely day by day for a fortnight. But at the end of that time he could bear his grief no longer; so he dug up his departed pet and ATE IT!



MOURNED.



A CANNIBAL SAVAGE.

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THE EVENT OF THE DAY

A STORY OF A REGATTA



By Neil Wynn Williams.

Author of "The Bayonet That Came Home," "The Green Field," "Greek Peasant Stories," etc.

MR. RICHARD DAVIS, a married man with a family, had lately retired from business upon a substantial competency. Office life had given him no opportunity of developing his muscles. He looked a frail figure as, steadying his boat under the shade of a tree, he once more summed up the points upon his fingers. "Shall I settle, here, in Salsey?" he reflected. "The town seems pleasant enough. The house! It is somewhat small; but the garden borders upon the river exactly as I want it. The schools! Everybody says that I could not do better for the children. There remains the river to be considered. And that——" Mr. Davis looked round with a peculiarly critical glance. "*That* ought to do. There is not too much current for what I shall want. . . . . Yes, I'll settle in Salsey."

Mr. Davis had a fixed intention to devote himself to a certain aquatic hobby. It would keep him in the open air, while filling up his time and providing him with amusement. "Aye! and it won't be half such hard work as handling these sculls," he reflected to himself, whilst rowing on. The pleasures of anticipation kept Mr. Davis company till he stepped from the boat upon the wharf of Bonsor's boat-yard.

"I have had it out for an hour and a half?" said he, interrogatively.

The waterman referred to a memorandum-book. "Ninepence, sir," he replied.

"There you are," said the stranger, taking the money from a purse, "and threepence for yourself." Mr. Davis turned round to look once more over the placid reach of river. It was beautiful, and so was the grey stone bridge, with the white ducks sailing into a side arch. "You've a fine river here," he remarked, dreamily. "Let's see: what do you call it?"

They are proud of the river at Bonsor's, and always ready to answer questions about it. "The Slowe, sir," said the waterman, briskly, measuring up the stranger as a "Londoner." "We calls it the Slowe, sir. And there ain't no finer river, not in the kingdom. . . . . Schules! Yes, the Sawley Schules keep their boats 'ere. And so do the Town Club. . . . . Do we build for 'em? Should say we did. Aye! and for a score of

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others over the wide world beside. . . . . 'Enley! Yes, sir; right, sir; you'll 'ave seen our boats at 'Enley. . . . ."

When Bonsor's is not busy it gossips. Mr. Davis yielded himself to the atmosphere of the place, sitting himself down upon a wooden trestle to watch and listen. Five minutes passed——

"*'Ere* they come!" said the waterman, admiringly. "Now, mister, you'll see 'im—'e's coachin' 'em to-day ready for the regatta."

The sharp nose of a racing boat had just appeared under the central arch of the grey bridge. Scarcely a second elapsed before an eight-oar came into full view with a splendid vigour of back and blade. Steering by the boundary walls and gardens of the reach, the "'Town eight" travelled rapidly towards the boat-yard with a rhythmic rise and fall of its green and white jerseys.

"Easy all!" the coxswain shouted. His voice was manly and authoritative. In an instant the powerful "clock, clock" of the oars ceased, their blades floated flatly upon the surface of the dark green water; and the boat, steadying of its throbs, hissed slowly into rest alongside the yard.

Edward Foster, the coxswain who now stepped ashore, was an old "Blue" and President of the Salsey Rowing Club. Though he no longer raced, being past the age for severe exertion, the river was proud of his record and the services which he gave to the Salsey youth anxious to emulate his exploits. "There's legs for yer," the waterman whispered, admiringly, directing Mr. Davis's attention to the bulging sinews of a magnificent pair of calves. "And his arms and chest!—you should see 'em when 'e is stripped."

The Londoner eyed the local celebrity all over, taking in the green cap, the green blazer, and the short flannel breeches reaching just above the knee. "I wouldn't especially care to fall foul of him," he remarked, after a pause.

"I shouldn't think you would," the waterman replied, glancing with a scarcely concealed disdain at the whippety figure of the Londoner.

Bonsor's is approached by a lane running, first, through an open space, where Salsey's outdoor entertainments—such as circuses—are held, and afterwards between high brick walls to the gate of the boat-yard. Some weeks after the conversation recorded above a bath-chair was being drawn along this lane by a boy in buttons. Its occupant was a young lady—a cripple for life. Her approach was not noticed till she entered the gate of the boat-yard. Then there was an immediate stir among the watermen, and one ran forward. "Yes," said the young lady; "tell my brother that I am here, please."

The waterman quitted her, to climb a ladder leading to the Town Club's dressing-rooms. "Miss Foster is waiting below, sir," he informed the President, respectfully.

If Edward Foster, with his physical strength and personal popularity, was occasionally dictatorial with people, he was never so with his sister. The lightest wish of the invalid was a law to him. The man was ever sensitive in the presence of her affliction—thinking how to give pleasure—how to ward off pain. Her appearance at the boat-yard was scarcely a surprise. Miss Foster often came thither, to be rowed about by her brother in an antiquated "tub" that she fancied as *safe*. With the whole science of the oar at his command, the President was proud to do it. Pulling on his blazer, he descended the ladder. A few seconds later Edward Foster had gathered his sister tenderly up in his arms and was carrying her to the boat. It was a feat of strength that the yard liked to see.

"Shall we go up or down, May?" Edward Foster asked, pausing upon his sculls, after having paddled a few strokes to the centre of the stream.

"Oh, *up!*" the invalid replied, tugging eagerly at one of the rudder-strings, "it is the quietest."

The environs of Salsey were soon left behind, and the brother and sister found themselves meandering with the river through some flat green meadows. The sun was hot enough to make Miss Foster unfold a crimson parasol. They passed by a boat-load of schoolboys. "Easy, Edward," she said, suddenly. "It is too warm to scull fast, and I want some of that Ragged Robin." Miss Foster pointed to a pink flower growing upon one of the banks.

The invalid did not talk much. Lazy rowing, warmth, and the occasional pauses here and there for a flower, made the President of Salsey Rowing Club grow drowsy. His eye began to watch the smooth, oily flow of the current, his ear to listen to the water rippling under their keel. Fringes of feathery reeds appeared on either bank. Soon the meadows were hidden, and the river was twisting and turning with short reaches towards the green grey bulk of a distant wood. Suddenly there was a noise—a strange mixture of rattle and splash; and a man

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seated upon an object like a cumbersome tricycle came swiftly round a curve of the river. There was just time for Edward Foster to unship his left scull. Even then the side of their boat was grazed dangerously.



"THE SIDE OF THEIR BOAT WAS GRAZED DANGEROUSLY."

"Sorry! Sorry!" said the stranger, spasmodically, checking the motor water-tricycle, and looking over the shoulder of his crushed-strawberry coloured blazer.

The President of Salsey Rowing Club had no sympathy with muscle-saving *machines*. They appeared unmanly to him. For a moment he was dumb with indignation at the peril to which his sister had just been exposed. Then he blazed out:—

"Sorry—are you? You ought to be. I have heard complaints of you before, sir. You're a nuisance upon the river."

The stranger seemed taken aback. He stared, making no reply.

"Take my advice!" the President added, grimly. "Learn to row like a *man* instead of treadling away like an old woman at a sewing machine. You'll save yourself from getting into trouble with the law. If you had run us down I should——"

"But——," the stranger interrupted, flushing warmly.

"But—what, sir?" the President asked, roughly.

"You were upon the wrong side of the river," the stranger said, simply.

The President started and looked round. An expression of chagrin swept over his face. "The pace at which you were travelling gave me no time to cross over," he replied, after a pause.

The stranger smiled sarcastically. With a bow to Miss Foster, he touched a lever of his machine and moved away.

The brother and sister watched him out of sight. "You were a little too hasty, Edward," Miss Foster remarked, regretfully.

"The fellow ought to row like a man, then," the President remarked, moodily. And he ran his left scull out again with an angry jerk.

The incident left a strongly unpleasant impression upon Edward Foster's mind. The President's authority over all aquatic matters connected with the Slowe had so long been unquestioned that the stranger's assertion of independence came as a shock. He felt that he had been "set down" and called to order over an elementary law regulating the traffic of the river—actually told by implication to keep on the right side.

The feeling was not to be allowed to die away. Day after day the tricycle appeared upon the river, and complaints came to the President of its oily smell, of its noise, of the pace at which it was driven. Soon it was known who the stranger was—a mere newcomer and Cockney, Davis by name, who had no more right to the special college blazer that he wore than the man in the moon.

For awhile Edward Foster let things drift, fervently hoping that the tricycle might come to a smash and the river be freed of a nuisance that he could not see his way to check. Then people began to make a grievance of the President's inaction. The finest regatta that they had had for years was rapidly drawing nigh. Everybody knew that the attendance would be exceptional owing to an unusually valuable prize-list

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and the country crowd that would be attracted for the menagerie and circus advertised to arrive in Salsey upon the same date. It would be intolerable if the man, Davis, were allowed to tricycle here, there, and everywhere over the river, as he affirmed that he intended to do. There would be an accident. There must be an accident. Mr. Foster should really move in the matter.

"All very fine! But how? What can I do?" the President grumbled. "The man does not care a tinker's curse for you, or me, or anybody."

People, being irresponsible, were not satisfied: the President, being President, ought to move somehow in the matter. At length Edward Foster determined to send an official letter to the delinquent. An answer came back by return of post.

Mr. Davis was of opinion that people were envious of his novelty, and that they exaggerated. If Mr. Foster was not aware of the fact, as his letter would seem to imply, and would refer to the Regatta Subscription List, he would find that Mr. Davis was a subscriber, and so had a moral right to be present at the regatta. For the rest, Mr. Davis affirmed that the tricycle was under perfect control, and an appeal to the police remained in the case of any breach of the law.

The President of the Salsey Rowing Club brooded over this reply for two days. Then he went to Bonsor's and called one of the watermen aside. "Bill," he said, "I am hiring the *Jane* for regatta day. I shall want you just before the Salsey Schools' race comes off to row Miss Foster in her away from this part of the river down to the *first* lock."

The Schools' race is, for local reasons, always the great event of Salsey Regatta. It attracts the attention of the crowd more than any other detail of the programme. The refreshment tents then empty entirely, and the eyes of everyone are fixed upon the river. In manœuvring to get his sister away from the neighbourhood of Bonsor's at this especial juncture the President wished to spare her nerves a scene which was not included in the printed list of the day's events. At the exciting moment when the course opposite to Bonsor's was about to be cleared for the great race, the President intended to foul Mr. Davis's tricycle with a dinghy, so skilfully, that the Cockney would be covered with public obloquy as a careless, reckless fool who has at last received what he deserved—a well-merited upset and ducking. Edward Foster's muscles were strong and his eye and nerve good. If they had known of the President's scheme the river would have bet odds upon its success.

A grey stone bridge, with several arches, crosses the river a hundred yards below Bonsor's boat-yard. The stream widens beyond the bridge, running by a fine promenade upon the left to a terminal lock. Half-way between the bridge and the latter another side lock on the right gives access to a lower river. It was towards this side lock that Bill, according to his orders, began to row Miss Foster upon the day of the regatta, just before the course was cleared for the Salsey Schools' race. The river was crowded with pleasure-boats. Their progress was slow as Edward Foster watched them from the midst of a gaily-dressed crowd at Bonsor's. At length they disappeared out of sight under an arch of the bridge, and Edward Foster immediately stepped into a dinghy that was being held ready for him at the wharf by a waterman.

"Shall I shove yer off, sir?" the man asked.

The brass band of a circus and menagerie was playing noisily in a field behind Bonsor's yard. "What? . . . . No, not yet. Hold on a bit," the President replied.

A minute passed. Suddenly, Mr. Davis's motor-tricycle rolled forth from an arch of the distant bridge, and, trumpeting discordant staccato warnings to the crowd of boats, began to dodge its way in and out of them towards Bonsor's. "All right. Shove out!" said the President, sharply, catching sight of it.

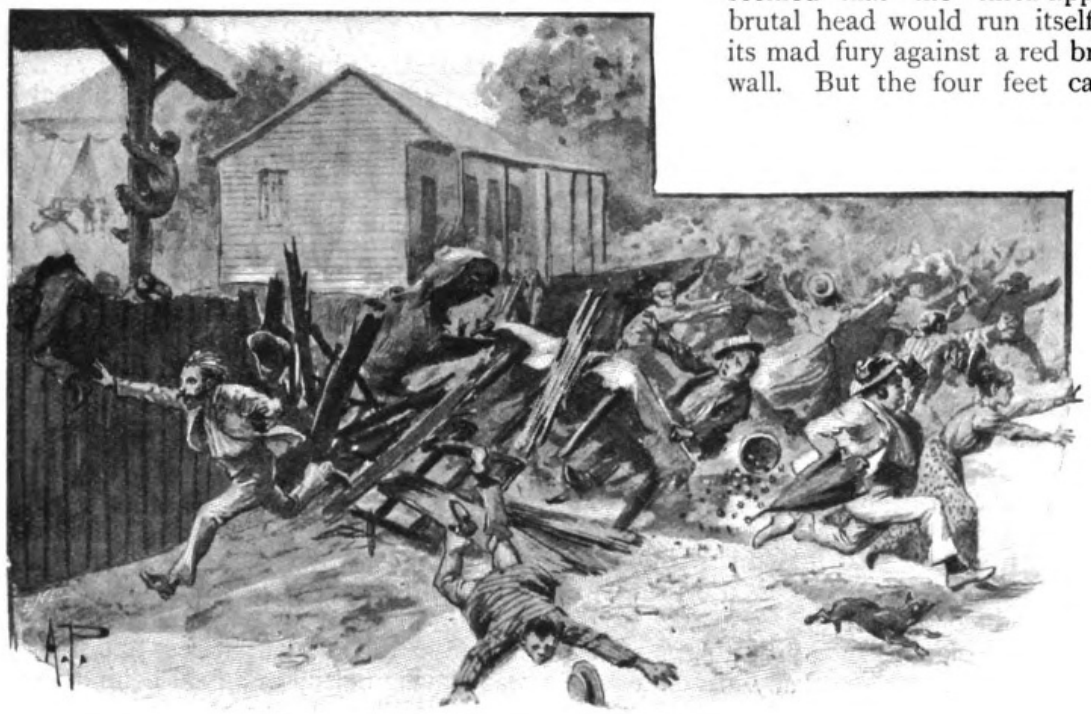
The waterman obeyed, pressing hard upon the outrigger, and afterwards hand over hand along the length of a scull. The light craft yielded steadily outwards, till there was water enough for the President to take a stroke. A glance over his shoulder told him that the tricycle was advancing rapidly. He must be quick. He began to head the boat hastily round into a position that would enable him, after taking a few strokes, to deliver a slanting blow into the wheel of the tricycle as it passed. Presently another glance behind told him that the revolution was satisfactorily completed. A weak man would now have dashed forwards. But the President's nerves were of steel! He saw that he must wait five seconds more for the advance of a heavy family boat. The blow, delivered from behind this, would make the

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tricyclist appear more plausibly in the wrong. One, two, *three* seconds passed. The President leant forwards. His blue eyes gleamed——

But the stroke was never taken that would have launched him at the tricyclist. The President's purpose was suddenly distracted by an outburst of terrific bellowing. It seemed to be approaching the river by the lane leading to Bonsor's, growing louder and louder. There was scarcely time to speculate what it might be when the gaily dressed crowd in Bonsor's scattered in all directions like a flock of frightened hens. Some began to climb the ladders leading to the lofts, others ran in under the sheds amongst the eight-oar boat-racks—it seemed that they were fleeing anywhere, everywhere for *refuge*.

With a powerful action of the wrists, the President reversed the blades of his sculls to back water so that he could come into view of the yard gate. Suddenly he looked past the angle of a tarred plank shed. A half of the flimsy gate of the yard was open; and, bellowing, blundering, trampling towards it, he saw the dark brown body of an enormous animal shaped like a rhinoceros. Quick as lightning, a thought of the menagerie made the President glance up at the white canvas showing over Bonsor's roofs. Immediately afterwards the huge carcass entered the narrow aperture before it. There was a splintering crash. The gate buckled up like matchwood. And upsetting the table of a ticket collector, dispersing the bowls of coins in a clinking shower, the animal entered the yard. For a brief second it seemed that the thick-lipped, brutal head would run itself in its mad fury against a red brick wall. But the four feet came together like a pivot. The enormous body swung round. There followed a moment's frightful expectation when the pig-like eyes examined the shadow of the sheds where women were crouching. Afterwards a dreadful, many-voiced cry rose from the boats upon the river as, with one tremendous curvet—a veritable caricature of animal motion—the hippopotamus made straight for the river, entering it with a thunderous splash.



"THERE WAS A SPLINTERING CRASH."

The brute sank deeply under. As it reappeared with dripping tusks, the crowd of pleasure-boats began to flee, some up, some down the river, with frantic strokes of their oars.

"S-shush!" Edward Foster hissed, holding his position amidst the panic with a superb bravery, and splashing wildly with his sculls in an endeavour to drive the beast back to land.

But the monstrous head had already set itself to follow that portion of the crowd of boats fleeing up the river! There was a bellow that echoed over the water like the note of a fog-horn. A wave came towards

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the light skiff, almost upsetting it. When it had passed the President saw the hippopotamus swimming open-jawed in full pursuit.

The chase very soon began to tell upon the crowded, jostling boats. The interval between them and the powerfully swimming brute diminished and diminished. Presently the peril of a boat, containing women and children, was becoming fearfully evident. It was falling behind the rest. It was yawing undecidedly from a straight course, giving the pursuing animal greater and greater advantage. A man was watching the terrible sight from where he had halted after the first panic. Suddenly he touched a lever. There was a whirring, rattling splash. And putting on full oil-power, Mr. Davis began to steer his tricycle after the hippopotamus. It was an impulse of gallantry, taking him to do he scarcely knew what.

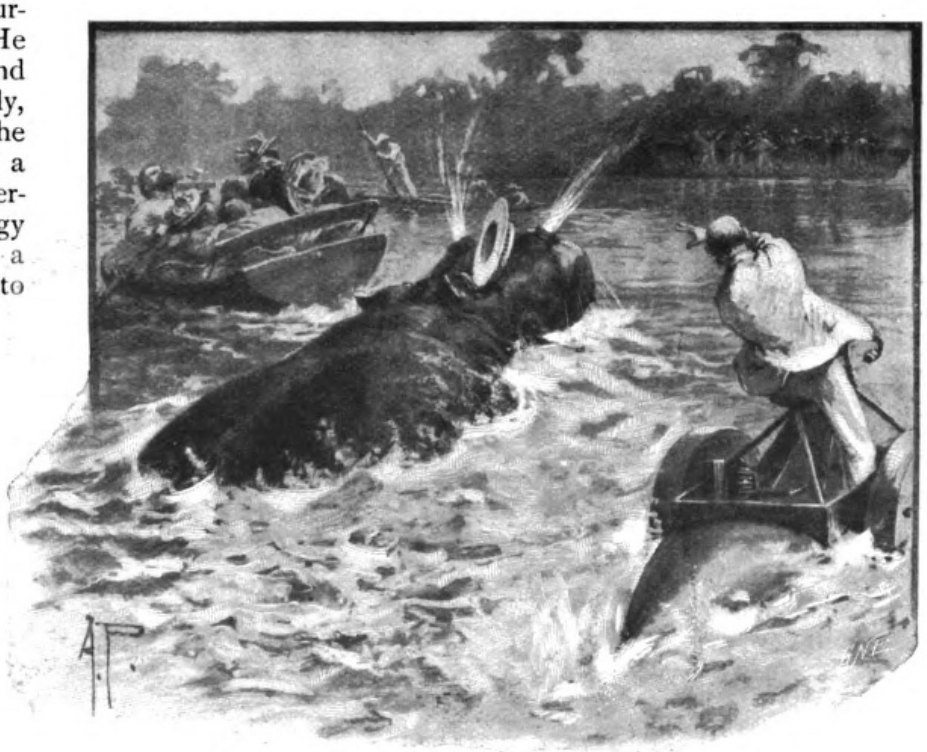
The tricycle gained up to a few yards astern of the hippopotamus before the clear idea came to Mr. Davis that he was going to try and divert the furious animal in pursuit of himself. He began to hish and halloa, at first faintly, but soon with the growing passion of a desperate man entering his whole energy and heart into a splendid attempt to save life.

The monstrous, wallowing, barrel-like bulk was not to be diverted from the boat! The curved white tusks travelled closer and closer to its frail stern. A catastrophe seemed imminent. Suddenly Mr. Davis removed his hat, casting it cuttingly downwards with his whole force. The ragged edge of the straw caught the brute's eye painfully. The hippopotamus swerved and turned. In a second the tricycle was following round on a wide curve, gashing up the surface of the river into treble lines of foam.

"*Come* on, you beast!" the man shouted tauntingly to the brute-passion glaring at him. "*Come* on!"

The challenge seemed understood. The small pointed ears cocked themselves cunningly. With a surging leap that exposed its shoulders, the hippopotamus began to chase Mr. Davis down the river towards the bridge. They passed by Edward Foster at a furious rate. The direction which they took made him anxious for his sister's safety. After a brief pause of indecision he followed at some thirty yards behind.

The tricyclist, gaining palpably upon the savage brute in his wake, approached the town bridge at full speed. A dense crowd was standing upon the latter, their faces peering red and white through the stone balustrades. It was no sooner evident that Mr. Davis intended to shoot the central arch than there was an agitation amidst this mass of people. They began to shout. The confused babel of shrill cries appeared to be a warning. But of what? Mr. Davis looked affrightedly over his shoulder. No, it was not that! He was still gaining. Immediately afterwards, with one glance up, he swept unenlightened under the uproar of the crowd. As Mr. Davis again flashed out into the sunshine beyond the arch a sight met his gaze which explained.



"THE RAGGED EDGE OF THE STRAW HAT CAUGHT THE BRUTE'S EYE."

Straining along the foot of a high pro-

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menade was the crowd of pleasure-boats that had fled *down* the river from Bonsor's when the hippopotamus had first appeared. They were some two hundred and fifty yards away. It was a necessity, if Mr. Davis were to save them, that he should slacken speed —that he should keep the hippopotamus in play till they could reach and land upon a low bank some hundreds of yards beyond a side lock on the right. A few seconds passed amidst an agony of indecision. Then Mr. Davis's hand went resolutely to the machine's brake. He began to press it harder and harder, looking over his shoulder. Suddenly the awfully critical moment, that he had been anticipating, came. The hippopotamus was almost upon him when, with a clever touch of the steering-rod, Mr. Davis deflected the machine aside. It was the commencement of a second duel between man and brute. The rushes of the latter were now like those of a ravenous fish after a wing-wetted gadfly. The tricycle moved from point to point of the contracted space with energies of merely spasmodic strength.

The crowd watched the conflict gradually withdraw in the wake of the fleeing boats. A score of times Mr. Davis endeavoured to escape past the hippopotamus into the open water up river. A score of times the cunning of the mad brute foiled him. Presently they were opposite to the side lock, and it seemed that the cyclist must be driven back and followed among the boats. The crowds upon the bridge and the promenade grew breathlessly silent. There was a moment when the tricycle was stationary. Then the great brute rushed——

And women shut their eyes.

But the ringing, vociferating cheer!

The cyclist had escaped into the open gate of the lock.

But again the horror of it! The lower gates of the lock were closed—were firm and fast as iron. The hippopotamus was following in after him. . . .

The rescue took place just in the nick of time. A tall figure, landing from a dinghy, rushed across a meadow to the lower end of the lock. The crowd saw it kneel and stoop over, and pull up the cyclist by main force.

Then the man who was saved and the man who had saved him ran back together to close the lock gate. The hippopotamus was *trapped*.

"But your tricycle is smashed up!" said Edward Foster, glancing down upon the event of the day.

Mr. Davis held out his hand. "You'd have saved it too, if you could," he said.

The President of the Salsey Rowing Club did not deny the assertion.

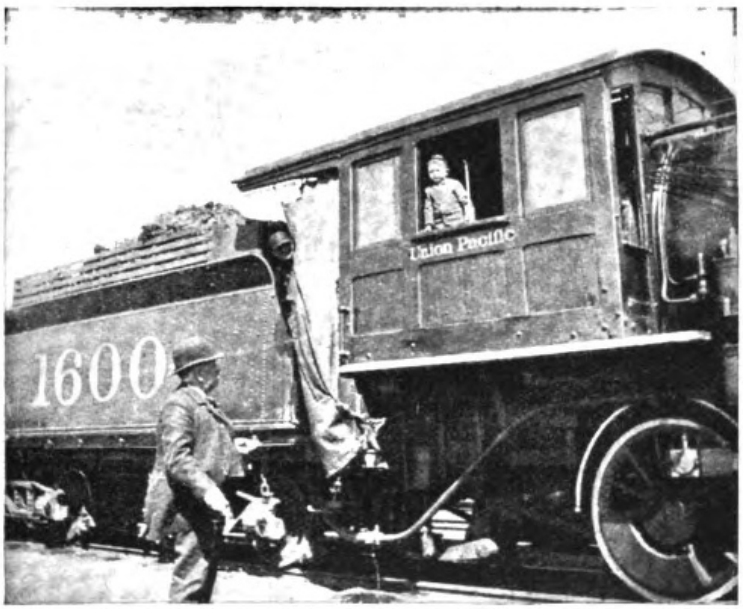


"THE RESCUE TOOK PLACE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME."

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The Youngest Engine-Driver in the World.

By George Dollar.

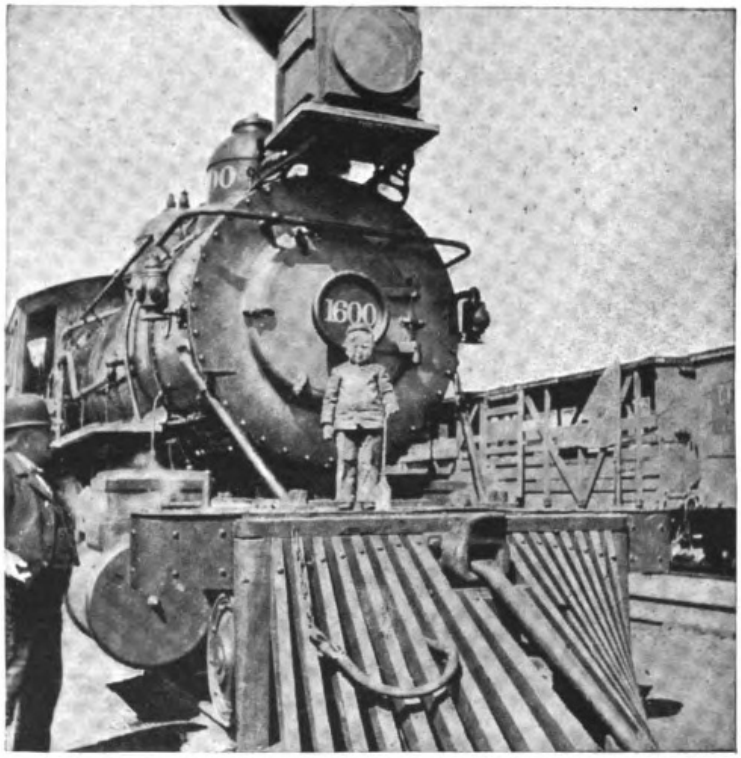


THE YOUNG ENGINE-DRIVER READY TO START ON A MOUNTAIN RIDE.
From a Photograph.

THE "Brownie Engine-driver," as the people in the West know him, is a real person, aged four. His full name is Hume Gibson Richards, and he lives with his grandfather, Mr. Henry A. Richards, at Laramie, Wyoming. To everybody he is known as "Buster," and there is not an engine-driver on the Union Pacific system, popular as they all are, who possesses half the popularity owned by this diminutive throttle-holder. He is, indeed, the pride of his friends and a wonder among boys—the greatest little man on the railways of America.

Many will think this boy can't run a train. Well, in the parlance of one of his friends, "You just ought to see him try!" Of course, he is not hired by the railroad to run a fast express, because passengers might object to so much responsibility on such youthful shoulders. But what he doesn't know about the parts of a locomotive is hardly worth acquisition. He is as much at home near the boiler of a big express locomotive as he is in his own little bed, and a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour, either at midday or midnight, has no terrors for his manly little heart. He has even been known to go to sleep beside the boiler of an express running at sixty miles an hour.

We must all admit that "Buster" makes a remarkable and commanding figure as an engine-driver. His regulation suit of overalls, and his oil-can, almost as large as himself, are attractive and conspicuous as he stands at the cab-window of No. 1600 on the Union Pacific, ready for a spin. This first photograph was taken just before No. 1600 started with



THE YOUNG ENGINE-DRIVER IN CHARGE OF THE UNION PACIFIC LOCOMOTIVE.
From a Photograph.

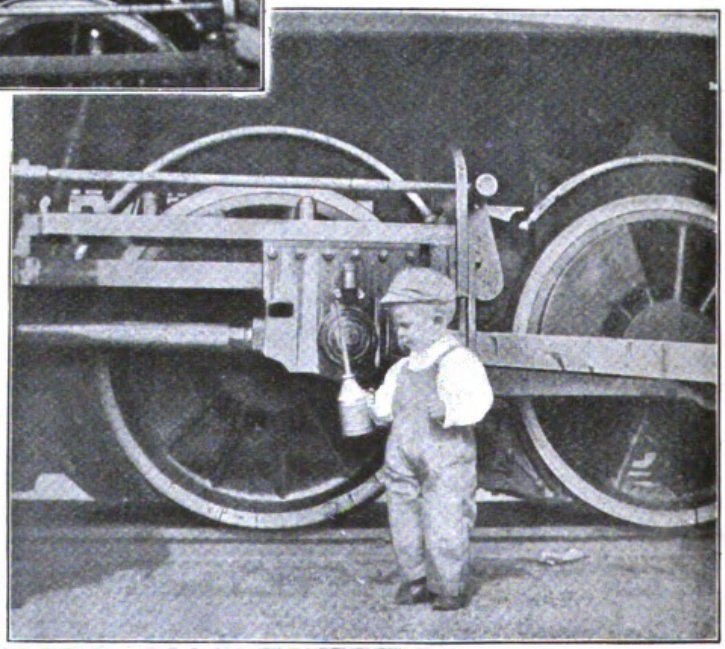
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From a] "OILING AROUND." *[Photograph.*

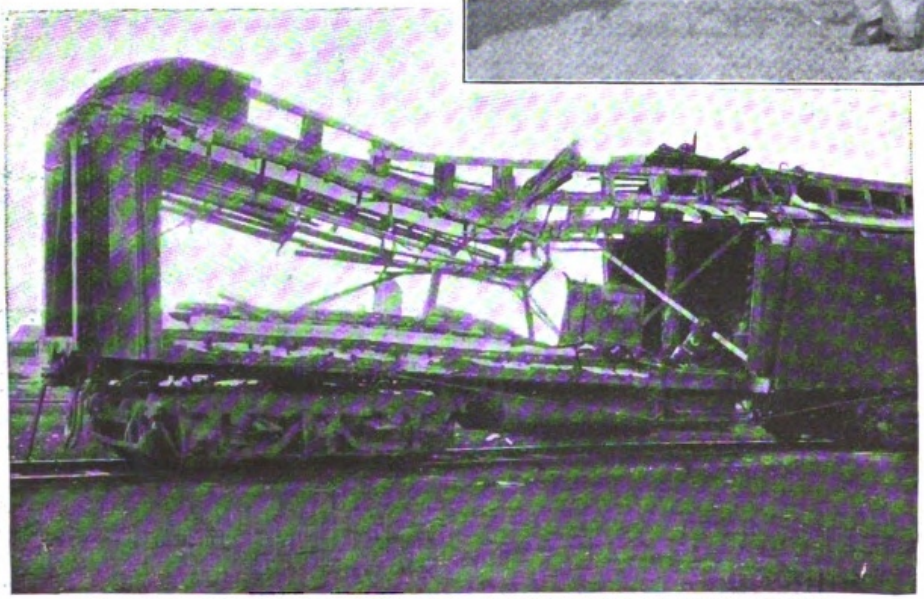
"Buster" on a trip over the highest mountain on the U.P. system, 8,240ft. above the level of the sea.

The youngster's face was at the time brimming over with smiles at the prospect of the trip. But the magnitude of his duties made him serious and important when the photographer dared to "snap" his victim. It was, indeed, a gala day for "Buster." Previous to the start he allowed himself to be photographed while performing the various familiar acts of the engine-driver, all of which he can do as expertly as the grimiest old "hand" on the road. He stood in posture of pleased command on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, as shown in our second illustration, his little figure contrasting strangely with the mighty mass of iron strength behind. Then he "oiled around," holding his oiler at a real mechanical cant, and running about the boiler as if he had been doing it for twenty years. It was amusing to watch the energy which he put into his work, and the interest on his boyish face. Most marvellous of all was



HE HAS JUST FINISHED OILING.
From a Photograph.

that he kept clean. Not a spot to speak of on his clothes, not a smudge on his face—two facts that entitle him to the honour of being the cleanest engine-driver in the world, as well as the youngest.

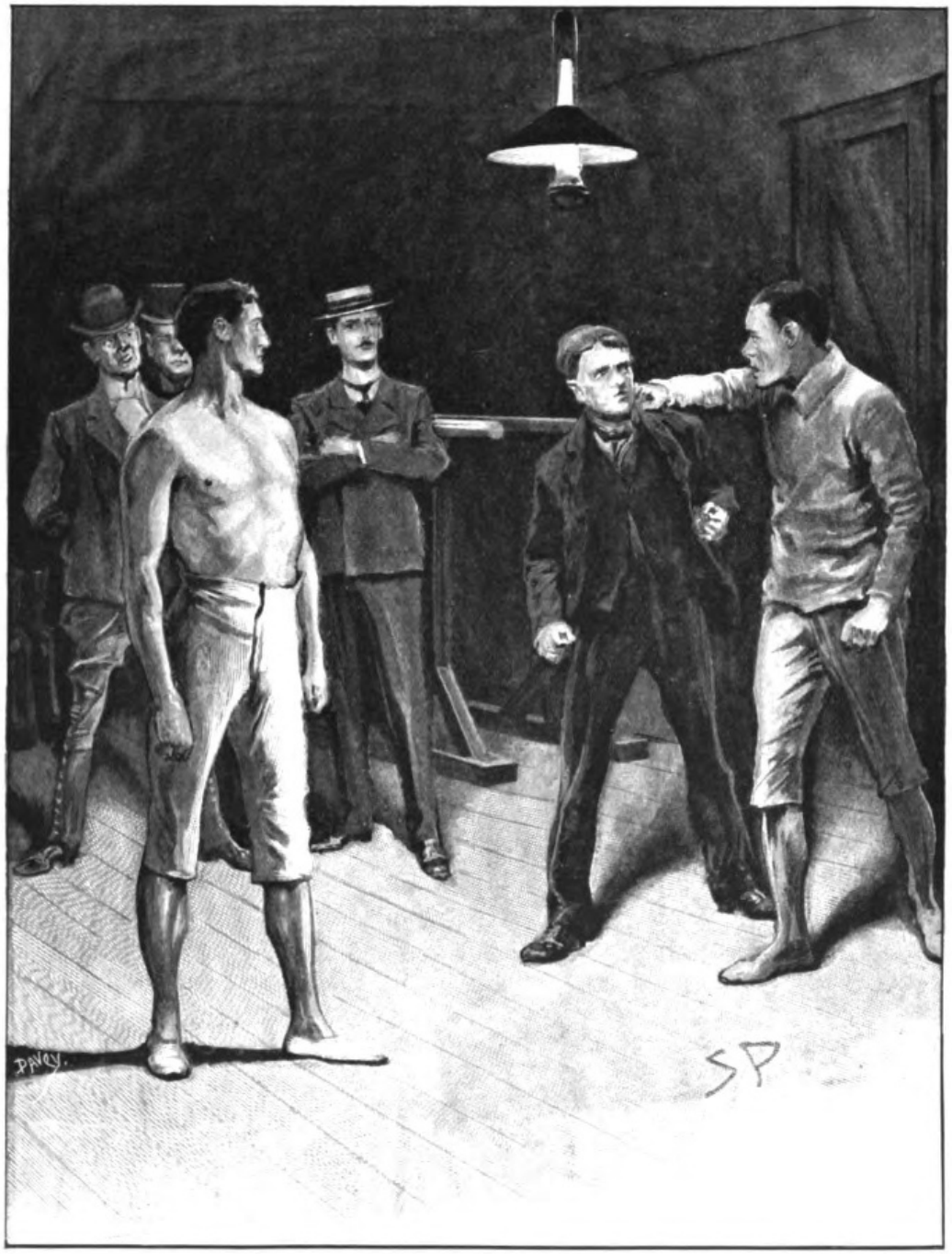


CAR ON ONE OF THE "BUSTER'S" TRAINS EXPLODED BY ROBBERS WITH DYNAMITE.
From a Photo. by Mr. D. F. Linneen, Chicago.

It was on a trip like this that the disaster occurred

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"TED BARTON SEIZED HIM BY THE COLLAR."

(*See page* 374.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xviii. OCTOBER, 1899. No. 106.

The Croxley Master.

IN THREE PARTS. PART I.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY was seated at his desk, his head upon his hands, in a state of the blackest despondency. Before him was the open ledger with the long columns of Dr. Oldacre's prescriptions. At his elbow lay the wooden tray with the labels in various partitions, the cork box, the lumps of twisted sealing wax, while in front a rank of empty bottles waited to be filled. But his spirits were too low for work. He sat in silence, with his fine shoulders bowed and his head upon his hands.

Outside, through the grimy surgery window over a foreground of blackened brick and slate, a line of enormous chimneys like Cyclopean pillars upheld the lowering, dun-coloured cloud-bank. For six days in the week they spouted smoke, but to-day the furnace fires were banked, for it was Sunday. Sordid and polluting gloom hung over a district blighted and blasted by the greed of man. There was nothing in the surroundings to cheer a desponding soul, but it was more than his dismal environment which weighed upon the medical assistant.

His trouble was deeper and more personal. The winter session was approaching. He should be back again at the University completing the last year which would give him his medical degree, but, alas! he had not the money with which to pay his class fees, nor could he imagine how he could procure it. Sixty pounds were wanted to make his career, and it might have been as many thousands for any chance there seemed to be of his obtaining it.

He was roused from his black meditation by the entrance of Dr. Oldacre himself, a large, clean-shaven, respectable man, with a prim manner and an austere face. He had prospered exceedingly by the support of the local Church interest, and the rule of his life was never by word or action to run a risk of offending the sentiment which had made him. His standard of respectability and of dignity was exceedingly high, and he expected the same from his assistants. His appearance and words were always vaguely benevolent. A sudden impulse came over the despondent student. He would test the reality of this philanthropy.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Oldacre," said he, rising from his chair; "I have a great favour to ask of you."

The doctor's appearance was not encouraging. His mouth suddenly tightened, and his eyes fell.

"Yes, Mr. Montgomery?"

"You are aware, sir, that I need only one more session to complete my course."

"So you have told me."

"It is very important to me, sir."

"Naturally."

"The fees, Dr. Oldacre, would amount to about sixty pounds."

"I am afraid that my duties call me elsewhere, Mr. Montgomery."

"One moment, sir! I had hoped, sir, that perhaps, if I signed a paper promising you interest upon your money, you would advance this sum to me. I will pay you back, sir, I really will. Or if you like I will work it off after I am qualified."

The doctor's lips had thinned into a narrow line. His eyes were raised again and sparkled indignantly.

"Your request is unreasonable, Mr. Montgomery. I am surprised that you should have made it. Consider, sir, how many thousands of medical students there are in this country. No doubt there are many of them who have a difficulty in finding their fees. Am I to provide for them all? Or why should I make an exception in your favour? I am grieved and disappointed, Mr. Montgomery, that you should have put me into

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"I AM GRIEVED AND DISAPPOINTED, MR. MONTGOMERY."

the painful position of having to refuse you." He turned upon his heel, and walked with offended dignity out of the surgery.

The student smiled bitterly, and turned to his work of making up the morning prescriptions. It was poor and unworthy work—work which any weakling might have done as well, and this was a man of exceptional nerve and sinew. But, such as it was, it brought him his board and £1 a week, enough to help him during the summer months and let him save a few pounds towards his winter keep. But those class fees! Where were they to come from? He could not save them out of his scanty wage. Dr. Oldacre would not advance them. He saw no way of earning them. His brains were fairly good, but brains of that quality were a drug in the market. He only excelled in his strength; and where was he to find a customer for that? But the ways of Fate are strange, and his customer was at hand.

"Look y'ere!" said a voice at the door.

Montgomery looked up, for the voice was a loud and rasping one. A young man stood at the entrance—a stocky, bull-necked young miner, in tweed Sunday clothes and an aggressive necktie. He was a sinister-looking figure, with dark, insolent eyes, and the jaw and throat of a bulldog.

"Look y'ere!" said he again. "Why hast thou not sent t' medicine oop as thy master ordered?"

Montgomery had become accustomed to the brutal frankness of the Northern worker. At first it had enraged him, but after a time he had grown callous to it, and accepted it as it was meant. But this was something different. It was insolence—brutal, overbearing insolence, with physical menace behind it.

"What name?" he asked, coldly.

"Barton. Happen I may give thee cause to mind that name, yoong man. Mak' oop t' wife's medicine this very moment, look ye, or it will be the worse for thee."

Montgomery smiled. A pleasant sense of relief thrilled softly through him. What blessed safety-valve was this through which his jangled nerves might find some outlet. The provocation was so gross, the insult so unprovoked, that he could have none of those qualms which take the edge off a man's mettle. He finished sealing the bottle upon which he was occupied, and he addressed it and placed it carefully in the rack.

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"Look here!" said he, turning round to the miner, "your medicine will be made up in its turn and sent down to you. I don't allow folk in the surgery. Wait outside in the waiting-room, if you wish to wait at all."

"Yoong man," said the miner, "thou's got to mak' t' wife's medicine here, and now, and quick, while I wait and watch thee, or else happen thou might need some medicine thysel' before all is over."

"I shouldn't advise you to fasten a quarrel upon me."

Montgomery was speaking in the hard, staccato voice of a man who is holding himself in with difficulty. "You'll save trouble if you'll go quietly. If you don't you'll be hurt. Ah, you would? Take it then!"

The blows were almost simultaneous—a savage swing which whistled past Montgomery's ear, and a straight drive which took the workman on the chin. Luck was with the assistant. That single whizzing uppercut, and the way in which it was delivered, warned him that he had a formidable man to deal with. But if he had underrated his antagonist, his antagonist had also underrated him, and had laid himself open to a fatal blow.

The miner's head had come with a crash against the corner of the surgery shelves, and he had dropped heavily on to the ground. There he lay with his bandy legs drawn up and his hands thrown abroad, the blood trickling over the surgery tiles.

"Had enough?" asked the assistant, breathing fiercely through his nose.

But no answer came. The man was insensible. And then the danger of his position came upon Montgomery, and he turned as white as his antagonist. A Sunday, the immaculate Dr. Oldacre with his pious connection, a savage brawl with a patient, he would irretrievably lose his situation if the facts came out. It was not much of a situation, but he could not get another without a reference, and Oldacre might refuse him one. Without money for his classes, and without a situation—what was to become of him? It was absolute ruin.

But perhaps he could escape exposure after all. He seized his insensible adversary, dragged him out into the centre of the room, loosened his collar, and squeezed the surgery sponge over his face. He sat up at last with a gasp and a scowl.

"Domn thee, thou's spoilt my necktie," said he, mopping up the water from his breast.

"I'm sorry I hit you so hard," said Montgomery, apologetically.

"Thou hit me hard. I could stan' such fly-flappin' all day. 'Twas this here press that cracked my pate for me, and thou art a looky man to be able to boast as thou hast outed me. And now I'd be obliged to thee if thou wilt give me t' wife's medicine."

Montgomery gladly made it up and handed it to the miner.

"You are weak still," said he. "Won't you stay awhile and rest?"



"'HAD ENOUGH?' ASKED THE ASSISTANT."

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"T' wife wants her medicine," said the man, and lurched out at the door.

The assistant looking after him saw him rolling with an uncertain step down the street, until a friend met him and they walked on arm in arm. The man seemed in his rough Northern fashion to bear no grudge, and so Montgomery's fears left him. There was no reason why the doctor should know anything about it. He wiped the blood from the floor, put the surgery in order, and went on with his interrupted task, hoping that he had come scatheless out of a very dangerous business.

Yet all day he was aware of a sense of vague uneasiness, which sharpened into dismay when, late in the afternoon, he was informed that three gentlemen had called and were waiting for him in the surgery. A coroner's inquest, a descent of detectives, an invasion of angry relatives—all sorts of possibilities rose to scare him. With tense nerves and a rigid face he went to meet his visitors.

They were a very singular trio. Each was known to him by sight; but what on earth the three could be doing together, and, above all, what they could expect from *him*, was a most inexplicable problem.

The first was Sorley Wilson, the son of the owner of the Nonpareil Coal-pit. He was a young blood of twenty, heir to a fortune, a keen sportsman, and down for the Easter Vacation from Magdalene College. He sat now upon the edge of the surgery table, looking in thoughtful silence at Montgomery, and twisting the ends of his small, black, waxed moustache.

The second was Purvis, the publican, owner of the chief beer-shop, and well known as the local bookmaker. He was a coarse, clean-shaven man, whose fiery face made a singular contrast with his ivory-white bald head. He had shrewd, light-blue eyes with foxy lashes, and he also leaned forward in silence from his chair, a fat, red hand upon either knee, and stared critically at the young assistant.

So did the third visitor, Fawcett, the horsebreaker, who leaned back, his long, thin legs, with their box-cloth riding-gaiters, thrust out in front of him, tapping his protruding teeth with his riding-whip, with anxious thought in every line of his rugged, bony face. Publican, exquisite, and horse-breaker were all three equally silent, equally earnest, and equally critical. Montgomery, seated in the midst of them, looked from one to the other. "Well, gentlemen?" he observed, but no answer came. The position was embarrassing.

"No," said the horsebreaker, at last. "No. It's off. It's nowt."

"Stand oop, lad; let's see thee standin'." It was the publican who spoke. Montgomery obeyed. He would learn all about it, no doubt, if he were patient. He stood up and turned slowly round, as if in front of his tailor.



"STAND OOP, LAD."

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"It's off! It's off!" cried the horse-breaker. "Why, mon, the Master would break him over his knee."

"Oh, that be hanged for a yarn," said the young Cantab. "You can drop out if you like, Fawcett, but I'll see this thing through, if I have to do it alone. I don't hedge a penny. I like the cut of him a great deal better than I liked Ted Barton."

"Look at Barton's shoulders, Mr. Wilson."

"Lumpiness isn't always strength. Give me nerve and fire and breed. That's what wins."

"Aye, sir, you have it theer—you have it theer," said the fat, red-faced publican, in a thick, suety voice. "It's the same wi' poops. Get 'em clean bred an' fine, an' they'll yark the thick 'uns—yark 'em out o' their skins."

"He's ten good pund on the light side," growled the horsebreaker.

"He's a welter weight, anyhow."

"A hundred and thirty."

"A hundred and fifty, if he's an ounce."

"Well, the Master doesn't scale much more than that."

"A hundred and seventy-five."

"That was when he was hog-fat and living high. Work the grease out of him, and I lay there's no great difference between them. Have you been weighed lately, Mr. Montgomery?"

It was the first direct question which had been asked him. He had stood in the midst of them, like a horse at a fair, and he was just beginning to wonder whether he was more angry or amused.

"I am just eleven stone," said he.

"I said that he was a welter weight."

"But suppose you was trained?" said the publican "Wot then?"

"I am always in training."

"In a manner of speakin', no doubt, he *is* always in trainin'," remarked the horse-breaker. "But trainin' for everyday work ain't the same as trainin' with a trainer, and I dare bet, with all respec' to your opinion, Mr. Wilson, that there's half a stone of tallow on him at this minute."

The young Cantab put his fingers on the assistant's upper arm. Then with his other hand on his wrist he bent the forearm sharply, and felt the biceps, as round and hard as a cricket ball, spring up under his fingers.

"Feel that!" said he.

The publican and horsebreaker felt it with an air of reverence.

"Good lad! He'll do yet," cried Purvis.

"Gentlemen," said Montgomery, "I think that you will acknowledge that I have been very patient with you. I have listened to all that you have to say about my personal appearance, and now I must really beg that you will have the goodness to tell me what is the matter."

They all sat down in their serious, business-like way.

"That's easy done, Mr. Montgomery," said the fat-voiced publican. "But before sayin' anything, we had to wait and see whether, in a way of speakin', there was any need for us to say anything at all. Mr. Wilson thinks there is. Mr. Fawcett, who has the same right to his opinion, bein' also a backer and one o' the committee, thinks the other way."

"I thought him too light built, and I think so now," said the horsebreaker, still tapping his prominent teeth with the metal head of his riding whip. "But happen he may pull through, and he's a fine-made, buirdly young chap, so if you mean to back him, Mr. Wilson——"

"Which I do."

"And you, Purvis?"

"I ain't one to go back, Fawcett."

"Well, I'll stan' to my share of the purse."

"And well I knew you would," said Purvis, "for it would be somethin' new to find Isaac Fawcett as a spoil-sport. Well, then, we make up the hundred for the stake among us, and the fight stands, always supposin' the young man is willin'."

"Excuse all this rot, Mr. Montgomery," said the University man, in a genial voice. "We've begun at the wrong end, I know, but we'll soon straighten it out, and I hope that you will see your way to falling in with our views. In the first place, you remember the man whom you knocked out this morning? He is Barton—the famous Ted Barton."

"I'm sure, sir, you may well be proud to have outed him in one round," said the publican. "Why, it took Morris, the ten-stone-six champion, a deal more trouble than that before he put Barton to sleep. You've done a fine performance, sir, and happen you'll do a finer, if you give yourself the chance."

"I never heard of Ted Barton, beyond seeing the name on a medicine label," said the assistant.

"Well, you may take it from me that he's a slaughterer," said the horsebreaker. "You've taught him a lesson that he needed, for it was always a word and a blow with

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him, and the word alone was worth five shillin' in a public court. He won't be so ready now to shake his nief in the face of everyone he meets. However, that's neither here nor there."

Montgomery looked at them in bewilderment.

"For goodness' sake, gentlemen, tell me what it is you want me to do," he cried.

"We want you to fight Silas Craggs, better known as the Master of Croxley."

"But why?"

"Because Ted Barton was to have fought him next Saturday. He was the champion of the Wilson coal-pits, and the other was the Master of the iron folk down at the Croxley smelters. We'd matched our man for a purse of a hundred against the Master. But you've queered our man, and he can't face such a battle with a two-inch cut at the back of his head. There's only one thing to be done, sir, and that is for you to take his place. If you can lick Ted Barton you may lick the Master of Croxley; but if you don't we're done, for there's no one else who is in the same street with him in this district. It's twenty rounds, two-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules, and a decision on points if you fight to the finish."

For a moment the absurdity of the thing drove every other thought out of Montgomery's head. But then there came a sudden revulsion. A hundred pounds—all he wanted to complete his education was lying there ready to his hand—if only that hand were strong enough to pick it up. He had thought bitterly that morning that there was no market for his strength, but here was one where his muscle might earn more in an hour than his brains in a year. But a chill of doubt came over him.

"How can I fight for the coal-pits?" said he. "I am not connected with them."

"Eh, lad, but thou art," cried old Purvis. "We've got it down in writin', and it's clear enough. 'Anyone connected with the coal-pits.' Dr. Oldacre is the coal-pit club doctor. Thou art his assistant. What more can they want?"

"Yes, that's right enough," said the Cantab. "It would be a very sporting thing of you, Mr. Montgomery, if you would come to our help when we are in such a hole. Of course, you might not like to take the hundred pounds; but I have no doubt that in the case of your winning we could arrange that it should take the form of a watch or piece of plate, or any other shape which might suggest itself to you. You see, you are responsible for our having lost our champion, so we really feel that we have a claim upon you."

"Give me a moment, gentlemen. It is very unexpected. I am afraid the doctor would never consent to my going—in fact, I am sure that he would not."

"But he need never know—not before the fight at any rate. We are not bound to give the name of our man. So long as he is within the weight limits on the day of the fight, that is all that concerns anyone."

The adventure and the profit would either of them have attracted Montgomery. The two combined were irresistible.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I'll do it!"

The three sprang from their seats. The publican had seized his right hand, the horse-dealer his left, and the Cantab slapped him on the back.

"Good lad! good lad!" croaked the publican. "Eh, mon, but if thou yark him, thou'll rise in one day from being just a common doctor to the best-known mon 'twixt here and Bradford. Thou art a witherin' tyke, thou art, and no mistake; and if thou beat the Master of Croxley, thou'll find all the beer thou want for the rest of thy life waiting for thee at the Four Sacks."

"It is the most sporting thing I ever heard of in my life," said young Wilson. "By George, sir, if you pull it off, you've got the constituency in your pocket, if you care to stand. You know the outhouse in my garden?"

"Next the road?"

"Exactly. I turned it into a gymnasium for Ted Barton. You'll find all you want there: clubs, punching ball, bars, dumb-bells, everything. Then you'll want a sparring partner. Ogilvy has been acting for Barton, but we don't think that he is class enough. Barton bears you no grudge. He's a good-hearted fellow, though cross-grained with strangers. He looked upon you as a stranger this morning, but he says he knows you now. He is quite ready to spar with you for practice, and he will come at any hour you will name."

"Thank you, I will let you know the hour," said Montgomery; and so the committee departed jubilant upon their way.

The medical assistant sat for a little time in the surgery turning it over in his mind. He had been trained originally at the University by the man who had been middleweight champion in his day. It was true that his teacher was long past his prime, slow upon his feet and stiff in his joints, but even so he was still a tough antagonist; but Montgomery had found at last that he could

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more than hold his own with him. He had won the University medal, and his teacher, who had trained so many students, was emphatic in his opinion that he had never had one who was in the same class with him. He had been exhorted to go in for the Amateur Championships, but he had no particular ambition in chance in a hundred of pulling it off, then it was worth his while to attempt it.

Dr. Oldacre, new come from church, with an ostentatious Prayer-book in his kid-gloved hand, broke in upon his meditation.

"You don't go to service, I observe, Mr. Montgomery," said he, coldly.



"'GOOD LAD! GOOD LAD!' CROAKED THE PUBLICAN."

that direction. Once he had put on the gloves with Hammer Tunstall in a booth at a fair, and had fought three rattling rounds, in which he had the worst of it, but had made the prize-fighter stretch himself to the uttermost. There was his whole record, and was it enough to encourage him to stand up to the Master of Croxley? He had never heard of the Master before, but then he had lost touch of the ring during the last few years of hard work. After all, what did it matter? If he won, there was the money, which meant so much to him. If he lost, it would only mean a thrashing. He could take punishment without flinching, of that he was certain. If there were only one

"No, sir; I have had some business to detain me."

"It is very near to my heart that my household should set a good example. There are so few educated people in this district that a great responsibility devolves upon us. If we do not live up to the highest, how can we expect these poor workers to do so? It is a dreadful thing to reflect that the parish takes a great deal more interest in an approaching glove fight than in their religious duties."

"A glove fight, sir," said Montgomery, guiltily.

"I believe that to be the correct term. One of my patients tells me that it is the

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talk of the district. A local ruffian, a patient of ours, by the way, is matched against a pugilist over at Croxley. I cannot understand why the law does not step in and stop so degrading an exhibition. It is really a prize fight."

"A glove fight, you said."

"I am informed that a two-ounce glove is an evasion by which they dodge the law, and make it difficult for the police to interfere. They contend for a sum of money. It seems dreadful and almost incredible—does it not?—to think that such scenes can be enacted within a few miles of our peaceful home. But you will realize, Mr. Montgomery, that while there are such influences for us to counteract it is very necessary that we should live up to our highest."

The doctor's sermon would have had more effect if the assistant had not once or twice had occasion to test his highest and come upon it at unexpectedly humble elevations. It is always so particularly easy to "compound for sins we're most inclined to by damning those we have no mind to." In any case, Montgomery felt that of all the men concerned in such a fight—promoters, backers, spectators—it is the actual fighter who holds the strongest and most honourable position. His conscience gave him no concern upon the subject. Endurance and courage are virtues, not vices, and brutality is, at least, better than effeminacy.

There was a little tobacco shop at the corner of the street, where Montgomery got his bird's-eye and also his local information, for the shopman was a garrulous soul who knew everything about the affairs of the district. The assistant strolled down there after tea and asked, in a casual way, whether the tobacconist had ever heard of the Master of Croxley.

"Heard of him! Heard of him!" the little man could hardly articulate in his astonishment. "Why, sir, he's the first mon o' the district, an' his name's as well known in the West Riding as the winner o' t' Derby. But Lor', sir"—here he stopped and rummaged among a heap of papers. "They are makin' a fuss about him on account o' his fight wi' Ted Barton, and so the *Croxley Herald* has his life an' record, an' here it is, an' thou canst read it for thysel'."

The sheet of the paper which he held up was a lake of print around an islet of illustration. The latter was a coarse wood-cut of a pugilist's head and neck set in a cross-barred jersey. It was a sinister but powerful face, the face of a debauched hero, clean-shaven, strongly eyebrowed, keen-eyed, with a huge, aggressive jaw and an animal dewlap beneath it. The long, obstinate cheeks ran flush up to the narrow, sinister eyes. The mighty neck came down square from the ears and curved outwards into shoulders which had lost nothing at the hands of the local artist. Above was written "Silas Craggs," and beneath, "The Master of Croxley."

"Thou'll find all about him there, sir," said the tobacconist. "He's a witherin' tyke, he is, and we're proud to have him in the county. If he hadn't broke his leg he'd have been champion of England."

"Broke his leg, has he?"

"Yes, and it set badly. They ca' him owd K behind his bock, for thot is how his two legs look. But his arms—well, if they was both stropped to a bench, as the sayin' is, I wonder where the champion of England would be then."

"I'll take this with me," said Montgomery; and putting the paper into his pocket he returned home.

It was not a cheering record which he read there. The whole history of the Croxley Master was given in full, his many victories, his few defeats.

"Born in 1857," said the provincial biographer, "Silas Craggs, better known in sporting circles as The Master of Croxley, is now in his fortieth year."

"Hang it, I'm only twenty-three," said Montgomery to himself, and read on more cheerfully.

"Having in his youth shown a surprising aptitude for the game, he fought his way up among his comrades, until he became the recognised champion of the district and won the proud title which he still holds. Ambitious of a more than local fame, he secured a patron, and fought his first fight against Jack Barton, of Birmingham, in May, 1880, at the old Loiterers' Club. Craggs, who fought at ten-stone-two at the time, had the better of fifteen rattling rounds, and gained an award on points against the Midlander. Having disposed of James Dunn, of Rotherhithe, Cameron, of Glasgow, and a youth named Fernie, he was thought so highly of by the fancy that he was matched against Ernest Willox, at that time middle-weight champion of the North of England, and defeated him in a hard-fought battle, knocking him out in the tenth round after a punishing contest. At this period it looked as if the very highest honours of the ring were within the reach of the young Yorkshireman, but he was laid

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upon the shelf by a most unfortunate accident. The kick of a horse broke his thigh, and for a year he was compelled to rest himself. When he returned to his work the fracture had set badly, and his activity was much impaired. It was owing to this was he by the decision, that he withdrew from the ring. Since then he has hardly fought at all save to accommodate any local aspirant who may wish to learn the difference between a bar-room scramble and a scientific contest. The latest of these ambitious souls



"BENEATH WAS WRITTEN 'THE MASTER OF CROXLEY.'"

that he was defeated in seven rounds by Willox, the man whom he had previously beaten, and afterwards by James Shaw, of London, though the latter acknowledged that he had found the toughest customer of his career. Undismayed by his reverses, the Master adapted the style of his fighting to his physical disabilities and resumed his career of victory — defeating Norton (the black), Bobby Wilson, and Levi Cohen, the latter a heavy-weight. Conceding two stone, he fought a draw with the famous Billy McQuire, and afterwards, for a purse of fifty pounds, he defeated Sam Hare at the Pelican Club, London. In 1891 a decision was given against him upon a foul when fighting a winning fight against Jim Taylor, the Australian middle-weight, and so mortified comes from the Wilson coal-pits, which have undertaken to put up a stake of £100 and back their local champion. There are various rumours afloat as to who their representative is to be, the name of Ted Barton being freely mentioned, but the betting, which is seven to one on the Master against any untried man, is a fair reflection of the feeling of the community."

Montgomery read it over twice, and it left him with a very serious face. No light matter this which he had undertaken; no battle with a rough-and-tumble fighter who presumed upon a local reputation. The man's record showed that he was first-class—or nearly so. There were a few points in his favour, and he must make the most of them. There was age—twenty-three against

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forty. There was an old ring proverb that "Youth will be served," but the annals of the ring offer a great number of exceptions. A hard veteran, full of cool valour and ring craft, could give ten or fifteen years and a beating to most striplings. He could not rely too much upon his advantage in age. But then there was the lameness. That must surely count for a great deal. And, lastly, there was the chance that the Master might underrate his opponent, that he might be remiss in his training, and refuse to abandon his usual way of life, if he thought that he had an easy task before him. In a man of his age and habits this seemed very possible. Montgomery prayed that it might be so. Meanwhile, if his opponent were the best man who ever jumped the ropes into a ring, his own duty was clear. He must prepare himself carefully, throw away no chance, and do the very best that he could. But he knew enough to appreciate the difference which exists in boxing, as in every sport, between the amateur and the professional. The coolness, the power of hitting, above all the capability of taking punishment, count for so much. Those specially developed, gutta-percha-like abdominal muscles of the hardened pugilist will take without flinching a blow which would leave another man writhing on the ground. Such things are not to be acquired in a week, but all that could be done in a week should be done.

The medical assistant had a good basis to start from. He was 5ft. 11in.—tall enough for anything on two legs, as the old ring men used to say—lithe and spare, with the activity of a panther, and a strength which had hardly yet ever found its limitations. His muscular development was finely hard, but his power came rather from that higher nerve energy which counts for nothing upon a measuring tape. He had the well-curved nose and the widely-opened eye which never yet were seen upon the face of a craven, and behind everything he had the driving force, which came from the knowledge that his whole career was at stake upon the contest. The three backers rubbed their hands when they saw him at work punching the ball in the gymnasium next morning; and Fawcett, the horsebreaker, who had written to Leeds to hedge his bets, sent a wire to cancel the letter, and to lay another fifty at the market price of seven to one.

Montgomery's chief difficulty was to find time for his training without any interference from the doctor. His work took him a large part of the day, but as the visiting was done on foot and considerable distances had to be traversed, it was a training in itself. For the rest, he punched the swinging ball and worked with the dumb-bells for an hour every morning and evening, and boxed twice a day with Ted Barton in the gymnasium, gaining as much profit as could be got from a rushing two-handed slogger. Barton was full of admiration for his cleverness and quickness, but doubtful about his strength. Hard hitting was the feature of his own style, and he exacted it from others.

"Lord, sir, that's a turble poor poonch for an eleven-stone man," he would cry. "Thou wilt have to hit harder than that afore t' Master will know that thou art theer. Ah, thot's better, mon, thot's fine," he would add, as his opponent lifted him across the room on the end of a right counter. "Thot's how I likes to feel 'em. Happen thou'lt pull through yet." He chuckled with joy when Montgomery knocked him into a



"HE BOXED TWICE A DAY WITH TED BARTON."

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corner. "Eh, mon, thou art comin' along grand. Thou hast fair yarked me off my legs. Do it again, lad, do it again!"

The only part of Montgomery's training which came within the doctor's observation was his diet, and that puzzled him considerably.

"You will excuse my remarking, Mr. Montgomery, that you are becoming rather particular in your tastes. Such fads are not to be encouraged in one's youth. Why do you eat toast with every meal?"

"I find that it suits me better than bread, sir."

"It entails unnecessary work upon the cook. I observe also that you have turned against potatoes."

"Yes, sir, I think that I am better without them."

"And you no longer drink your beer?"

"No, sir."

"These causeless whims and fancies are very much to be deprecated, Mr. Montgomery. Consider how many there are to whom these very potatoes and this very beer would be most acceptable."

"No doubt, sir. But at present I prefer to do without them."

They were sitting alone at lunch, and the assistant thought that it would be a good opportunity of asking leave for the day of the fight.

"I should be glad if you could let me have leave for Saturday, Doctor Oldacre."

"It is very inconvenient upon so busy a day."

"I should do a double day's work on Friday so as to leave everything in order. I should hope to be back in the evening."

"I am afraid I cannot spare you, Mr. Montgomery."

This was a facer. If he could not get leave he would go without it.

"You will remember, Dr. Oldacre, that when I came to you it was understood that I should have a clear day every month. I have never claimed one. But now there are reasons why I wish to have a holiday upon Saturday."

Doctor Oldacre gave in with a very bad grace.

"Of course, if you insist upon your formal rights, there is no more to be said, Mr. Montgomery, though I feel that it shows a certain indifference to my comfort and the welfare of the practice. Do you still insist?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Have your way."

The doctor was boiling over with anger, but Montgomery was a valuable assistant—steady, capable, and hard-working—and he could not afford to lose him. Even if he had been prompted to advance those class fees, for which his assistant had appealed, it would have been against his interests to do so, for he did not wish him to qualify, and he desired him to remain in his subordinate position, in which he worked so hard for so small a wage. There was something in the cool insistence of the young man, a quiet resolution in his voice as he claimed his Saturday, which aroused his curiosity.

"I have no desire to interfere unduly with your affairs, Mr. Montgomery, but were you thinking of having a day in Leeds upon Saturday?"

"No, sir."

"In the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are very wise. You will find a quiet day among the wild flowers a very valuable restorative. Had you thought of any particular direction?"

"I am going over Croxley way."

"Well, there is no prettier country when once you are past the iron works. What could be more delightful than to lie upon the Fells, basking in the sunshine, with perhaps some instructive and elevating book as your companion? I should recommend a visit to the ruins of St. Bridget's Church, a very interesting relic of the early Norman era. By the way, there is one objection which I see to your going to Croxley on Saturday. It is upon that date, as I am informed, that that ruffianly glove fight takes place. You may find yourself molested by the blackguards whom it will attract."

"I will take my chance of that, sir," said the assistant.

On the Friday night, which was the last before the fight, Montgomery's three backers assembled in the gymnasium and inspected their man as he went through some light exercises to keep his muscles supple. He was certainly in splendid condition, his skin shining with health, and his eyes with energy and confidence. The three walked round him and exulted.

"He's simply ripping," said the undergraduate. "By gad, you've come out of it splendidly. You're as hard as a pebble, and fit to fight for your life."

"Happen he's a trifle on the fine side," said the publican. "Runs a bit light at the loins, to my way of thinkin'."

"What weight to-day?"

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"Ten-stone-eleven," the assistant answered.

"That's only three pund off in a week's trainin'," said the horsebreaker. "He said right when he said that he was in condition. Well, it's fine stuff all there is of it, but I'm none so sure as there is enough." He kept poking his finger into Montgomery, as if he were one of his horses. "I hear that the Master will scale a hundred-and-sixty odd at the ring-side."

"But there's some of that which he'd like well to pull off and leave behind wi' his shirt," said Purvis. "I hear they've had a rare job to get him to drop his beer, and if it had not been for that great red-headed wench of his they'd never ha' done it. She fair scratted the face off a potman that had brought him a gallon from t' Chequers. They say the hussy is his sparrin' partner, as well as his sweetheart, and that his poor wife is just breakin' her heart over it. Hullo, young 'un, what do you want?"

The door of the gymnasium had opened, and a lad about sixteen, grimy and black with soot and iron, stepped into the yellow glare of the oil lamp. Ted Barton seized him by the collar.

"See here, thou yoong whelp, this is private, and we want noan o' thy spyin'."

"But I maun speak to Mr. Wilson."

The young Cantab stepped forward.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"It's aboot t' fight, Mr. Wilson, sir. I wanted to tell your mon somethin' aboot t' Maister."

"We've no time to listen to gossip, my boy. We know all about the Master."

"But thou doant, sir. Nobody knows but me and mother, and we thought as we'd like thy mon to know, sir, for we want him to fair bray him."

"Oh, you want the Master fair brayed, do you? So do we. Well, what have you to say?"

"Is this your mon, sir?"

"Well, suppose it is?"

"Then it's him I want to tell aboot it. T' Maister is blind o' the left eye."

"Nonsense."

"It's true, sir. Not stone blind, but rarely fogged. He keeps it secret, but mother knows and so do I. If thou slip him on the left side he can't cop thee. Thou'll find it right as I tell thee. And mark him when he sinks his right. 'Tis his best blow, his right upper-cut. T' Maister's finisher, they ca' it at t' works. It's a turble blow, when it do come home."

"Thank you, my boy. This is information worth having about his sight," said Wilson. "How came you to know so much? Who are you?"

"I'm his son, sir."

Wilson whistled.

"And who sent you to us?"

"My mother. I maun get back to her again."

"Take this half-crown."

"No, sir, I don't seek money in comin' here. I do it——"

"For love?" suggested the publican.

"For hate," said the boy, and darted off into the darkness.

"Seems to me t' red-headed wench may do him more harm than good after all," remarked the publican. "And now, Mr. Montgomery, sir, you've done enough for this evenin', an' a nine hours' sleep is the best trainin' before a battle. Happen this time to-morrow night you'll be safe back again with your £100 in your pocket."

(*To be continued.*)

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A Peep into "Punch."

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]

Part X.—1890 to 1894.



"The Servants."—*Lady Patroness (Registry Office of Charitable Society).* "And why are you leaving your present Place?"

Small Applicant. "Please, 'M, the Lady said she can do with a less experienced Servant!" 1.—by Charles Keene, 1890.

THERE are some very notable pictures to be seen in our present Peep into Punch; for example, the last picture by Charles Keene, the first by Phil May, and the cartoon which is usually considered to be the masterpiece of Sir John Tenniel.



"Annals of a Quiet Parish."—*The Vicar's Wife (to Country Tradesman).* "Now, Hoskins, after so many years of our Liberal Patronage, it was really too bad of you to send us such a Globe--cracked from Top to Bottom——!"

Vicar (calling from the Study-door at end of passage). "My dear, did you recollect to send for Hoskins about the Globe you had the little Accident with last week?" 2.—by Charles Keene, 1890.

Pictures 1, 2, and 3 are all by Charles Keene, No. 3 being the last drawing by this great artist that was published in *Punch*. The date of this drawing is August 16, 1890, and Charles Keene died on the 4th of January, 1891, in his sixty-eighth year, having worked for *Punch* for nearly forty years—see Part II. of this article, which shows Charles Keene's first *Punch*-picture. On November 26, 1890, Keene wrote to a friend: ". . . . Infirmities increase upon me, but my appetite is so good and I sleep well, so that, like Charles 2nd, I shall have to apologize for being such an unconscionable long time a-dying. . . . . "

With the one exception of Sir John Tenniel, whose first drawing for *Punch* was published November 30, 1850, no *Punch*-artist has ever been associated with the paper for so long a while as Charles Keene,



3.—the last picture in "Punch" by Charles Keene; August 16, 1890.

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and "no black-and-white artist in this country has ever attained such a consummate mastery of his art as Charles Keene attained—

All with that broad free force, whose fascination
All felt, and artists most, that dexterous sleight
Which gave our land the unchallenged consummation
Of graphic mastery in Black-and-White—

wrote *Punch* in the obituary notice of January 17, 1891; and Mr. Punch's opinion of the greatest artist who has ever worked for him is amply corroborated by the united opinion of artists and critics in this country and elsewhere, although the general public has not as yet ranked the work of Charles Keene so high as it ranks the work of other artists inferior to Keene—possibly for the reason that Charles Keene deliberately ignored in his pictures the popular qualities of "prettiness" and elegance, which have, of course, no necessary connection with art. Charles Keene sought to be true in his expression of life and character, rather than attractive, and in this endeavour the great artist has a brilliant successor in Mr. Phil May, whose first *Punch*-picture we shall see farther on.



4.—SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S WORLD-FAMOUS CARTOON; PUBLISHED MARCH 29, 1890.

Sir John Tenniel's masterpiece (of late years) is shown in No. 4. It was published March 29, 1890, just after the present Emperor of Germany had decided to run Germany without Bismarck as the political pilot of the country. The confident young Emperor looks half-wistfully over the side of the ship at the



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.—"It's very odd—but I can't get rid of my Pictures. The House is full of them!"

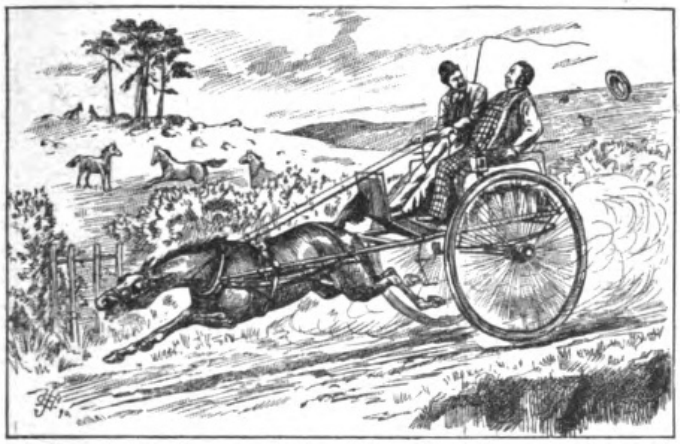
"Can't you get your Grocer to give 'em away with a Pound of Tea, or something?" 5.—BY DU MAURIER, 1890.



A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.—*Ill-used Husband (under the Bed).* "Aye! ye may Crack me, and ye may Thrash me, but ye canna break my Manly Sperrit. I'll na come oot!!"

6.—BY E. T. REED, 1890.

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A SPECULATIVE OFFER.—*Driver.* "Now, Tom, when we arrive at the Turn, I'll sell you the Dog-Cart for a Sov!"

7.—BY G. H. JALLAND, 1890.



THE SECRETS OF LITERARY COMPOSITION.—*The Fair Authoress of "Passionate Pauline," gazing fondly at her own reflection, writes as follows:*—"I look into the glass, Reader. What do I see? I see a pair of laughing, *espiègle*, forget-me-not blue eyes, saucy and defiant; a *mutine* little rose-bud of a mouth, with its ever-mocking *moue;* a tiny shell-like ear, trying to play hide-and-seek in a tangled maze of rebellious russet gold; while, from underneath the satin folds of a *rose-thé* dressing-gown, a dainty foot peeps coyly forth in its exquisitely-pointed gold morocco slipper," etc., etc. *(Vide "Passionate Pauline," by Parbleu.)*

9.—BY DU MAURIER, 1891.

brave old pilot who goes down to the boat, which is waiting to take him ashore, and the old pilot has to steady himself for just a moment with his left hand against the ship's side. The original sketch was finished by Sir John Tenniel as a commission from Lord Rosebery, who then gave it to Bismarck. Both the Prince and the Emperor were pleased with this stately picture, and "in acknowledging the drawing," says Mr. Spielmann in his "History of *Punch*," "the ex-Chancellor declared, 'It is indeed a fine one!'"



The G.O.M. of Politics at age 82, drawn by the G.O.M. of Art at age 71.

8.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

No. 5 is by du Maurier, and the very funny No. 6 is by Mr. E. T. Reed, that clever artist now so popular, whose first drawing was published in *Punch* on June 8, 1889. No. 7 is by Mr. G. H. Jalland.



IBSEN IN BRIXTON.—*Mrs. Harris.* "Yes, William, I've thought a deal about it, and I find I'm nothing but your Doll and Dickey-Bird, and so I'm going!"

10.—BY EVERARD HOPKINS, 1891.

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CLERICAL ÆSTHETICS.—*Fair Parishioner.* "And do you like the Pulpit, Mr. Auriol?"

The New Curate. "I do not. Er—it hides too much of the Figure, and I like every Shake of the Surplice to tell!"

11.—BY DU MAURIER, 1891.



"URBI ET ORBI."

MR. PUNCH RETURNS HIS BEST THANKS TO ALL AND SINGULAR, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS, FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION WITH WHICH THE TOAST OF HIS JUBILEE, EVERYWHERE AND BY EVERYBODY, HAS BEEN RECEIVED. TO EVERYONE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS, PEACE AND PROSPERITY. PUNCH.

13.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE; JULY 25, 1891.

[*The first Number of "Punch" was issued on July 17, 1841.*]

The Tenniel-cartoon in No. 8 was published in February, 1891. Mr. Gladstone was eighty-two, and rumours of his retirement were in the air. The last of Mr. Punch's verses which face this cartoon is:—

I regret, *so* much to tease them!
My last exit would much ease them.
But Retire!—and just to please them!
What do *you* think?
[*Winks and walks round.*]

The pictorial satire in No. 9 is by du Maurier. In No. 10 there is a most amusing skit by Everard Hopkins on the Ibsenite reason and rot of 1891, the fantastic and morbid work of the Norwegian dramatist being then thrust upon the London public,



"TURNING THE TABLES."—["The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing. French sentiment is always worth cultivating in that way, because, unlike the British variety, it has a distinct influence upon investments."—*Daily Paper.*]

12.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.



A JUBILEE GREETING!

MR. PUNCH (*for self and everybody*). "HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS, SIR!—KNOWN YOU FIFTY YEARS, AND LIKE YOU BETTER THAN EVER!"

Mr. Punch's Greeting to the Prince of Wales on the Prince's fiftieth birthday.

14.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

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A POSER.—*Fair Client.* "I'm always photographed from the same Side, but I forget which!"
Scotch Photographer (reflectively). "Well, it'll no be *this* Side, I'm thinkin'. Maybe it's t'ither!"
15.—BY E. T. REED, 1890.

with the comical result shown in this drawing.

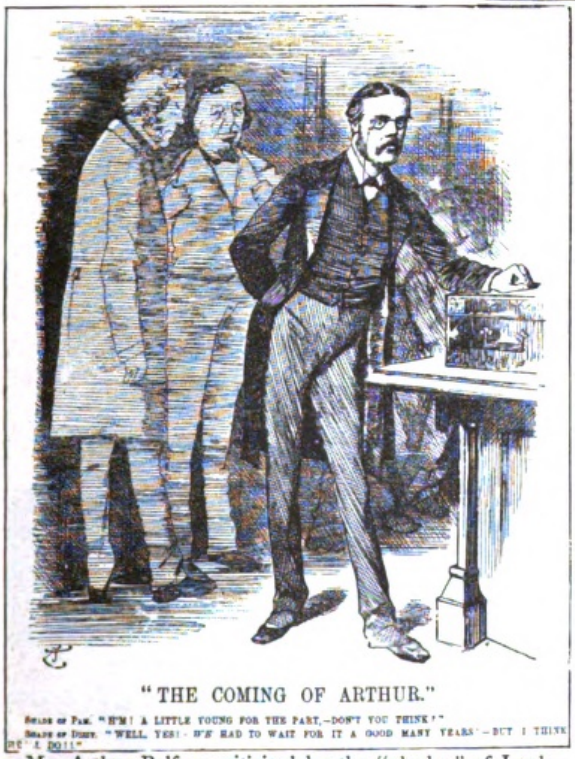
Glancing at No. 11, we see in No. 12 a good Tenniel-cartoon that hits off very neatly the relative positions of France and Russia at the time of the French loan to Russia in 1891 — the cunning Bear and his too-effusive Leader have changed places.



PERFECTLY PLAIN.—*Young Wife.* "Oh, I'm so happy! How is it you've never Married, Miss Prymme?"
Miss Prymme. "My dear, I never have accepted—and never would accept—any Offer of Marriage!" [*And then her Questioner began softly playing the old Air, "Nobody axed you."*]
17.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1892.



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. THE GOORMONG. (*Epicuri de Grege Porcus. British Isles.*) *Mr. Huggins.* "*What* a 'eavenly Dinner it was!"
Mr. Buggins. "B'lieve yer! Mykes yer wish yer was born 'Oller!"
18.—BY DU MAURIER, 1892.



"THE COMING OF ARTHUR."
SHADE OF PAM. "H'M! A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THE PART,—DON'T YOU THINK?"
SHADE OF DISRI. "WELL, YES!—H'M! HAD TO WAIT FOR IT A GOOD MANY YEARS!—BUT I THINK HE'LL DO!!"
Mr. Arthur Balfour criticised by the "shades" of Lords Palmerston and Beaconsfield.
16.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

Mr. Linley Sambourne gives us in No. 13 a very fine drawing of Mr. Punch on the attainment of his Jubilee. This was published July 25, 1891, and the first number of *Punch* was issued July 17, 1841. By the way, Mr. Sambourne has worked for *Punch* since April, 1867—more than thirty years—and his unique work, strong, fine, and true, is still one of the leading features of *Punch*.

The Tenniel in No. 14 portrays Mr. Punch greeting the Prince of Wales on *his* Jubilee—for both these famous and most popular personages were born in the year 1841, and so they both attained their Jubilee in 1891.

Another funny picture by Mr. E. T. Reed, No. 15, brings us to "The Coming of Arthur" in No. 16, by Tenniel, published February 20, 1892, in which month Mr. Arthur Balfour first became Leader of the House of Commons. The ghosts of two former Conservative Leaders, Palmerston and Disraeli, look at the new "young" leader of their Party, who was then in his

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The "Gog and Magog" of London City threatened by the London County Council.

19.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; MARCH 19, 1892.

forty-fourth year, and their remark, "But I think he'll do!!" has been fully justified by events. We have almost forgotten that this quietly strong statesman was once nicknamed in the House, "Miss Balfour."

Mr. Bernard Partridge drew No. 17, and No. 18 is by du Maurier—two talented artists whose love of beauty has so often delighted the readers of *Punch*.

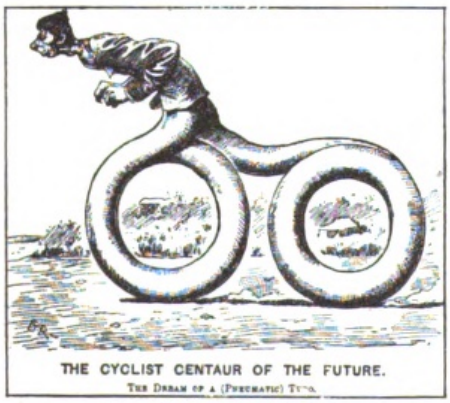
In No. 19 Sir John Tenniel depicts the genii of London City—Gog and Magog—singing the popular ditty, "Hush! Hush! Hush! Here Comes the Bogie Man!" as at the back of them hovers the menacing London County Council, which in 1892, with a large Progressive majority, threatened the ancient rights and powers of London City. Here is *Punch's* final *chorus* to the song:—



21.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; JULY 23, 1892.

Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
Turtle, be cautious: Griffin, hide!
You're under his black ban.
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
We'll save ye, *if we can*,
My pretty popsey-wopsey-wops,
From yon bad Bogie Man!

Nos. 20 and 22 are by Mr. E. T. Reed, and the Tenniel in No. 21—a very fine



20.—BY E. T. REED, 1891.



22.—ONE OF MR. E. T. REED'S FAMOUS "PREHISTORIC PEEPS"; FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.

23.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

cartoon—represents exhausted Mr. Gladstone (as John Gilpin) just dismounted from his exhausted horse, Liberal Party. The date of this is July 23, 1892, and at the General Election of that year the Liberals just managed to get into power, but could only remain in power by aid of the Irish Nationalist vote—hence the words "Home Rule" on the cloak which the weary old horseman carries on his arm.

Then was resumed that terrible "Home Rule Dance," so cleverly drawn by Mr. Harry Furniss in No. 25, in which the unfortunate politician was dragged this way and that by the conflicting interests and necessities of his uncomfortable position.



THE RHODES COLOSSUS
STRIDING FROM CAPE TOWN TO CAIRO.

24.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE; DECEMBER 10, 1892.



THE GRAND OLD MARIONETTE: OR, THE HOME-RULE DANCE.

25.—BY HARRY FURNISS; FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

Cartoon No. 23, by Tenniel, refers to the increase in European armaments. France and Germany each heavily burdened with armies of four million men are riding doggedly "The Road to Ruin," as the two horsemen glare at each other, while the overladen horses falter in their stride.

The very graphic picture in No. 24 is by Linley Sambourne: Mr. Cecil Rhodes strides across Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, connecting the two places with his telegraph wire.

In Tenniel's cartoon, No. 26, the old warrior is warily advancing along the top of

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A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

26.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; APRIL 15, 1893.

". . . . as if here a national Argosy, laden with Opulence, Rank, Intelligence, and Honour, had gone, dismally and desperately, down to —— *what?* . . . . "

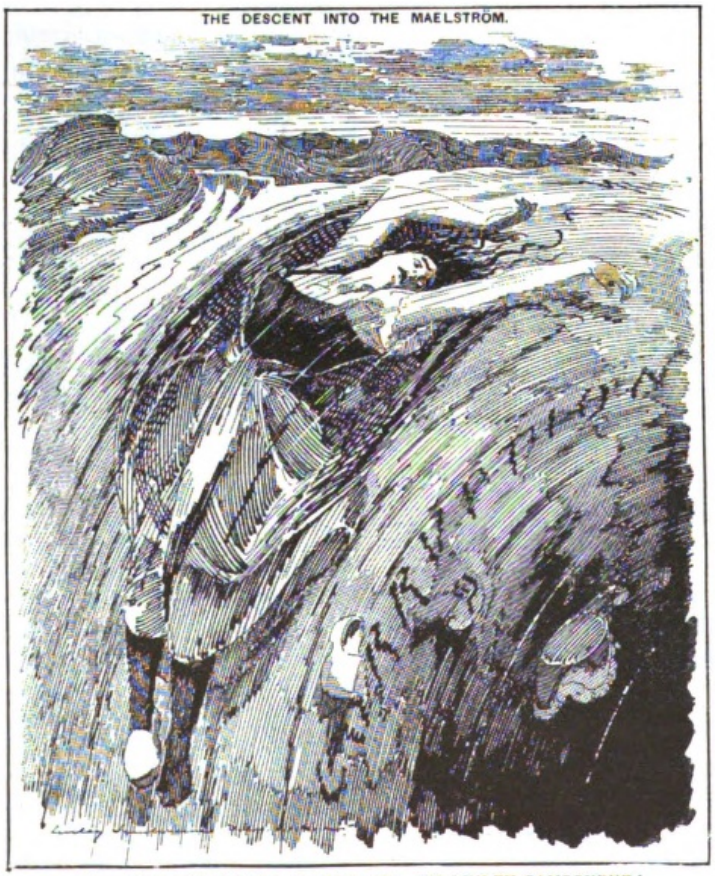


EQUIVOCAL.—"A—got anything on to-night, Lady Godiva?" —"Not much, I'm glad to say!"

28.—BY DU MAURIER, 1893.

the dangerous wall "Home Rule," with disaster awaiting him on either side, and with not even a star to guide his doubting eye as he anxiously gazes towards the unseen end of his dangerous pilgrimage.

One of Mr. Sambourne's best cartoons is that in No. 27—France descending into the maelström of Corruption. What splendid work Mr. Sambourne does! *Punch* wrote when this splendid drawing was published in January, 1893:



THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

27.—THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE. BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE; JANUARY 28, 1893.

Well, well—there is no need to dwell upon one of the many corruptions of the Third Republic of France, which, in January, 1893, when this picture was drawn, had not added to her muck-heap the crowning corruption of the Dreyfus horror.

Passing No. 28, we have in Nos. 29 and 30 two noble and rather pathetic cartoons by Sir John Tenniel which relate to the close of Mr.

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THE "FORLORN HOPE."

29.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

Gladstone's political life In No. 29, published September 30, 1893, the now desperate but still valiant old fighter is climbing the impossible cliff on the crest of which stands the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill had been rejected by the Lords,



MILITARY EDUCATION.—*General.* "Mr. de Bridoon, what is the general use of Cavalry in modern warfare?"
Mr. de Bridoon. "Well, I suppose to give Tone to what would otherwise be a mere Vulgar Brawl!"

31.—BY REGINALD CLEAVER, 1892.

and in revenge the old man leads his followers to attack them. Look at Tenniel's drawing of the desperate face.

A less painful picture is No. 30, published March 10, 1894, "Unarming." On March



UNARMING.

UNARM!—THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE!"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene IX.

30.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; MARCH 10, 1894.

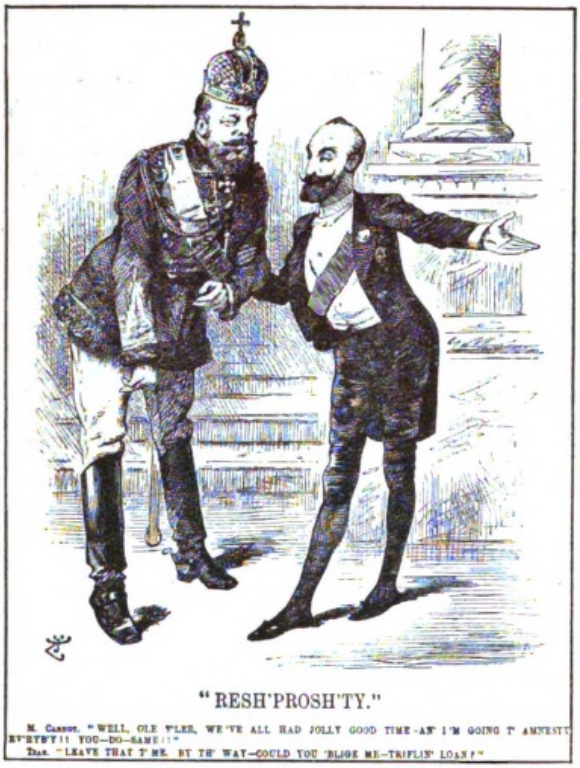


"AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!"—"That's supposed to be a Portograph of Lady Solsbury. But, bless yer, it ain't like her a bit in Private!"

32.—THE FIRST "PUNCH"-PICTURE BY MR. PHIL MAY; OCTOBER 14, 1893.

3rd the Queen had accepted Mr. Gladstone's resignation, and had summoned Lord Rosebery to form a Ministry. The worn old champion takes off his armour for the last time, and, in his eighty-fifth year, hangs

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33.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

upon the wall his double-handed sword of Leadership.

Mr. Reginald Cleaver has a very humorous drawing in No. 31, and in No. 32 we see



34.—BY E. T. REED, 1893.

the first picture by Mr. Phil May that was published in *Punch*. Not only is Mr. Phil May a natural humorist of the first water, but he has an astounding excellence of draughtsmanship and a truth of observation



35.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; DECEMBER 23, 1893.

which enable him to realize his humorous conceptions in a most masterly way. He



Nervous Youth (to Fair Débutante). "Er—I must congratulate you on your Appearance, Miss Godolphin!"
Fair Débutante (flattered). "Oh, thanks, Mr. Young!"
Nervous Youth (hastily). "Of course—er—I only mean your *First* Appearance, you know!"

36.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1894.

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OUR GIANT CAUSEWAY.

(*Opening of the new Tower Bridge, Saturday, June the 30th, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*)

FATHER THAMES. "WELL, I'M BLOWED! THIS QUITE GETS OVER *ME*!"

37.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; JUNE 30, 1894.



Q. E. D.

"WHAT 's UP WI' SAL!" "AIN'T YER 'ERD? SHE 's MARRIED AGIN!"

39.—BY PHIL MAY, 1894.



THE 'ARDEN-ING PROCESS.

Orlando. "TIRED, ROSALIND!" *Rosalind.* "PNEUMATICALLY."

38.—BY EVERARD HOPKINS, 1894.

is, moreover, as careful and thorough a workman as even Charles Keene was, and the quite remarkable "economy of means" that is so characteristic of Mr. Phil May's work (*i.e.*, the fewness of the strokes by which his effects are shown) is another sign of the genius of this fine artist, who, as "a man [of genius] in the street," is a worthy successor to the great Charles Keene himself.

In No. 33 Tenniel refers to the visit to Paris of the late Czar of Russia in the autumn of 1893. It is really very funny, for when, after a good dinner, President Carnot is effusively saying good-bye, the Czar edges in the request—"By th' way—could you 'blige me—triflin' loan?" A condition of things sufficiently near the truth to make the humour of this cartoon all the more funny.



AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.

'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal"). "HI! BILL! THIS IS 'ER!"

40.—BY PHIL MAY, 1894.

In No. 34 Mr. E. T. Reed has cleverly adapted a popular song to the Glacial Period; and in No. 35 Sir John Tenniel drives home a lesson that England

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A VERY VULGAR BOY.

ASKIN' YER PARDON, MISS, BUT MIGHT THAT 'ERE LITTLE DOG'S TAIL HA' BEEN CUT OFF OR DRUV' IN?"

41.—BY W. J. HODGSON, 1894.

must never forget, when he makes Father Neptune say to John Bull, "Look here, John, there's a jolly sight o' them furrin' craft about; take a tip from your old friend—build all you know—and *dash* the expense!"

Although the greatest care and the best work is put into the reproduction of these pictures, I doubt whether the beautiful little drawing in No. 36 by Mr. Bernard Partridge does justice to the original—for hundreds of thousands of copies of this magazine have to be printed. Notice how wonderfully Mr. Partridge has drawn the silk dress of this pretty girl, and how cleverly he has given the effects of light and shade produced by the Japanese lantern.

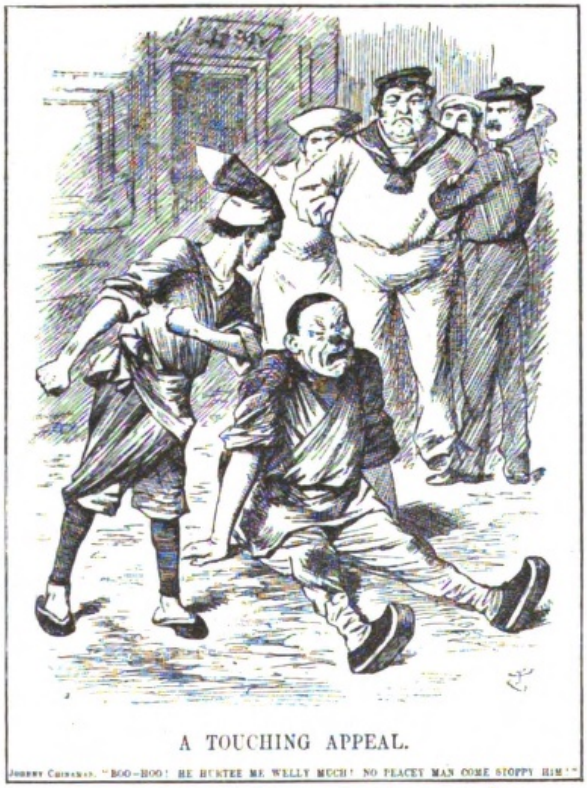
Just as Mr. Phil May is no unworthy successor of Charles Keene in the portrayal of the People's life, so we may say that Mr. Bernard Partridge is in all respects worthy to take up the mantle of George du Maurier in the portrayal of the life of Society.

No. 37 relates to the opening of the Tower Bridge in June, 1894; No. 38 is by Mr. Everard Hopkins, and Nos. 39 and 40 are two fine examples of Mr. Phil May's genius; he has drawn these people of the slums to the life—from the life. The artist has caught these men and women in the very act of their speech and movement, and shows them here *as* living people—not as dummies with words tacked on to them.



A BLOODTHIRSTY BARITONE.—*Miss Maud.* "Won't *you* sing something, Mr. Green?"

The Curate. "I haven't brought my Music. But if you know the Accompaniment, and would play it, I think I could sing 'The Brigand's Revenge'!" 43.—BY DU MAURIER, 1894.



A TOUCHING APPEAL.

JOHNNY CHINAMAN. "BOO-HOO! HE HURTEE ME WELLY MUCH! NO PEACEY MAN COME STOPPY HIM!"

42.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL; NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

Mr. W. J. Hodgson drew No. 41; and No. 42 is an amusing cartoon by Tenniel on the victory of little Japan over big China in 1894. George du Maurier drew No. 43.

(To be continued.)

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A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

XI.

CAPTAIN BARBER walked to his house in thoughtful mood, and sighed as he thought of the uncertainty of life and the futility of earthly wishes. The blinds at his windows were all decently drawn, while the Union Jack drooped at half-mast in the front garden. He paused at the gate with a strong distaste for encountering the subdued gloom and the wealth of womanly love which awaited him indoors, and, bethinking himself of the masterless state of his craft, walked slowly back and entered the Thorn Inn.

"No news, I suppose, Captain Barber?" said the landlady, regarding him with great sympathy.

The captain shook his head, and, exchanging greetings with a couple of neighbours, ordered something to drink.

"It's wonderful how you bear up, I'm sure," said the landlady; "when my poor dear died I cried every day for five weeks. I came down to skin and bone almost."

"Well, if I was you——," said the old man, irritably, and regarding the lady's ample proportions with an unfavourable eye.

"What?" inquired the other, pausing with her fingers on the whisky-tap.

"If I was you," repeated Captain Barber, slowly, in order to give time for full measure, "I should go an' cry for five months all day and all night."

The landlady put the glass in front of him sharply, and after giving him his change without looking at him, thoughtfully wiped down the counter.

"Mrs. Church quite well?" she inquired, with studied artlessness.

"Quite well," replied the captain, scenting danger.

The landlady, smiling amiably, subsided into a comfortable Windsor chair, and shook her head at him so severely that, against his better sense, he felt compelled to demand an explanation.

"There, there," replied the landlady, "get along with you, do! Innocence!"

"It's no good, Cap'n Barber," said one of the customers with the best intentions in the world.

"It struck me all of a heap," said the landlady.

"So it did me," said the other man.

"My missus knew it all along," said the first man; "she said she knew it by the way they looked at one another."

"Might I ask who you're talking of?" demanded the incensed Barber, who had given up the effort to appear unconscious as being beyond his powers.

"A young engaged couple," said the landlady.

The captain hesitated. "What have you been shaking your head at me and telling me it's no good for, then?" he demanded.

"At your pretending not to have heard of it," said the landlady.

"I have not 'eard of it," said Captain Barber, fiercely, as he took up his glass and walked towards the parlour. "I've got something better to do than talk about my neighbours' affairs."

"Yes, of course you have," said the landlady. "We know that."

The indignant Barber closed the door behind him with a bang, and, excited with the controversy, returned with a short and suspicious nod the greeting of a small man of shrunken and forlorn aspect who was sitting at the other side of the room.

"Mornin', Cap'n Nibletts," he growled.

"Mornin', sir," said Nibletts; "how's things?"

Captain Barber shook his head. "Bad as bad can be," he replied, slowly; "there's no hope at all. I'm looking for a new master for my vessel."

Nibletts looked up at him eagerly, and then looked away again. His last command had hoisted the green flag at the mouth of the river in a position which claimed attention, respect, and profanity from every craft which passed, its master having been only saved from the traditional death of the devoted shipmaster by the unpardonable conduct of the mate, who tore him from his craft by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his trousers.

"What about Harris?" he suggested.

"I don't like Harris's ways," said Barber, slowly.

"Well, what about Fletcher?" said Nibletts.

"Fletcher's ways are worse than wot Harris's ways are," commented Captain Barber.

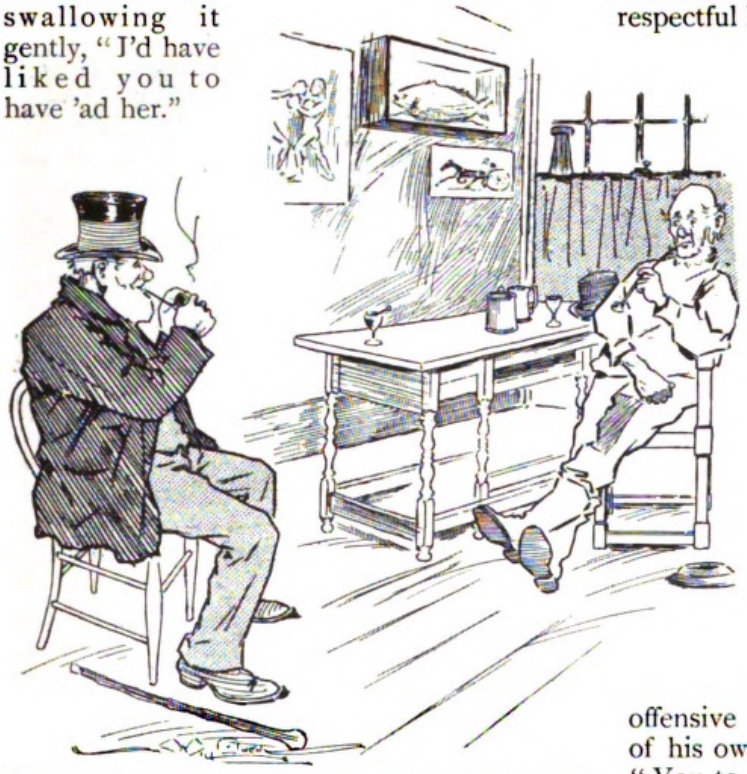
"I can understand you being careful,"

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said Captain Nibletts; "she's the prettiest little craft that ever sailed out of Seabridge. You can't be too careful."

"If things 'ad been different," said the gratified owner, rolling his whisky round his mouth and swallowing it gently, "I'd have liked you to have 'ad her."



"FLETCHER'S WAYS ARE WORSE THAN WOT HARRIS'S WAYS ARE."

"Thankee," said Nibletts, quietly.

There was a pause, during which both men eyed the noble specimens of fish which are preserved for tavern parlours. Captain Barber took another sip of whisky.

"I'm going to use my own judgment, Nibletts," he said, slowly. "I've always rose superior to the opinions of other people. There's nobody you know would give you a ship. *I'm* going to give you the *Foam!*"

Captain Nibletts, rising from his seat, crossed over, and, taking his hand, thanked him in broken accents for this overpowering expression of confidence in him. Then he walked back, and, taking his whisky from the table, threw it on the floor.

"I've had enough of that," he said, briefly. "When am I to take her over, Cap'n Barber?"

"So soon as ever you please," said his benefactor. "Old Ben'll stay on as mate; Fraser's gone."

Captain Nibletts thanked him again, and, clapping on his hard hat, passed hastily into the bar, his small visage twisted into a smile to which it had long been a stranger. With the customers in the bar he exchanged remarks of so frivolous a nature in passing that the landlady nearly dropped the glass she was wiping, and then, crimson with indignation, as the door swung behind him, realized that the melancholy and usually respectful Nibletts had thought fit to publicly address her as "Gertie."

In the same high spirits the new master swung hastily down the road to his new command. Work had already commenced, and the energetic Ben, having been pushed over once by a set of goods in the slings owing to the frantic attempts of the men at the hand-crane to keep pace with his demands, was shouting instructions from a safe distance. He looked round as Nibletts stepped aboard, and, with a wary eye on the crane, bustled towards him.

"Wot can we do for you, Cap'n Nibletts?" he inquired, with a patronizing air.

"I'm to be master," replied the other, quietly.

"*You?*" said Ben, with offensive astonishment, as he saw the death of his own ambitious hopes in that quarter. "You to be master?"

Nibletts nodded and coloured. "Cap'n Barber just gave me the berth," he remarked.

Ben sighed and shook his head. "He'll never be the same man ag'in," he affirmed, positively; "'e went away from 'ere dazed, quite dazed. 'Ow was 'e when you saw 'im?"

"He was all right," was the reply.

Ben shook his head as one who knew better. "I 'ope he won't get no more shocks," he observed, gravely. "It'll be nice for you to get to sea ag'in, cap'n."

Captain Nibletts raised his weather-beaten countenance and sniffed the air with relish.

"You'll be able to see the *Diadem* as we go by," continued the sorely-aggravated Ben. "There's just her masts showing at 'igh water."

A faint laugh rose from somebody in the hold, and Nibletts, his face a dull red, stole quietly below and took possession of his new quarters. In the course of the day he transferred his belongings to the schooner, and, as though half-fearful that his new command might yet slip through his fingers, slept on board.

On the way back to London a sum in simple proportion, set by Joe, helped to exercise the minds of the crew in the rare

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intervals which the new mate allowed them for relaxation: "If Ben was bad on the fust v'y'ge, and much wuss on the second, wot 'ud he be like on the tenth?" All agreed that the answer would require a lot of working. They tarred the rigging, stropped the blocks, and in monkey-like attitudes scraped the masts. Even the cook received a little instruction in his art, and estranged the affections of all hands by a "three-decker," made under Ben's personal supervision.

The secret society discussed the matter for some time in vain. The difficulty was not so much in inventing modes of retaliation as in finding some bold spirit to carry them out. In vain did the president allot tasks to his admiring followers, preceded by excellent reasons why he should not perform them himself. The only one who showed any spirit at all was Tim, and he, being ordered to spill a little tar carelessly from aloft, paid so much attention to the adverb that Joe half killed him when he came down again.

Then Mr. William Green, having learnt that the mate was unable to read, did wonders with a piece of chalk and the frying-pan, which he hung barometer-fashion outside the galley when the skipper was below, the laughter of the delighted crew bearing witness to the success of his efforts — laughter which became almost uncontrollable as the mate, with as stately an air as he could assume, strode towards the galley and brought up in front of the frying-pan.

"Wot's all that, cook?" he demanded, pointing to the writing.

"Wot, sir?" asked the innocent.

"On the frying-pan," replied Ben, scowling.

"That's chalk-marks," explained the cook, "to clean it with."

"It looks to me like writing," snapped the mate.

"Lor, no, sir," said the cook, with a superior smile.

"I say it does," said Ben, stamping.

"Well, o' course you know best, sir," said the cook, humbly. "I ain't nothing of a scholard myself. If it's writing, wot does it say, please?"

"I don't say it is writing," growled the old man. "I say it looks like it."

"I can assure you you're mistook, sir," said the cook, blandly; "you see, I clean the sorsepans the same way. I only 'eard of it lately. Look 'ere."

He placed the articles in question upside down in a row on the deck, and Tim, reading the legends inscribed thereon, and glancing from them to the mate, was hastily led below in an overwrought condition by the flattered Mr. Green.

"Cook," said the mate, ferociously.

"Sir," said the other.



"I WON'T 'AVE THE SORSEPANS CLEANED THAT WAY."

"I won't 'ave the sorsepans cleaned that way."

"No, sir," said the cook, respectfully, "it does make 'em larf, don't it, sir, though I can't see wot they're larfing at any more than wot you can."

The mate walked off fuming, and to his other duties added that of inspector of pots and pans, a condition of things highly offensive to the cook, inasmuch as certain culinary arrangements of his, only remotely connected with cleanliness, came in for much unskilled comment.

The overworked crew went ashore at the earliest possible moment after their arrival in London, in search of recuperative draughts. Ben watched them a trifle wistfully as they

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moved off, and when Nibletts soon after followed their example without inviting him to join him in a social glass of superior quality, smiled mournfully as he thought of the disadvantages of rank.

He sat for some time smoking in silence, monarch of all he surveyed, and then, gazing abstractedly at the silent craft around him, fell into a pleasant dream, in which he saw himself in his rightful position as master of the *Foam*, and Nibletts, cashiered for drunkenness, coming to him for employment before the mast. His meditations were disturbed by a small piece of coal breaking on the deck, at which he looked lazily, until, finding it followed by two other pieces, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that they were intended for him. A fourth piece, better aimed, put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt, and, looking up sharply, he caught the watchman in the act of launching the fifth.

"Hullo, old 'un," said George, cheerfully, "I thought you was asleep."

"You thought wrong, then," said the mate, sourly; "don't you do that ag'in."

"Why, did I 'urt you?" said the other, surprised at his tone.

"Next time you want to chuck coal at anybody," continued Ben, with dignity, "pick out one o' the 'ands; mates don't like 'aving coal chucked at 'em by watchmen."

"Look who we are," gasped the petrified George. "Look who we are," he repeated, helplessly. "Look who we are."

"Keep your place, watchman," said the mate, severely; "keep your place, and I'll keep mine."

The watchman regarded him for some time in genuine astonishment, and then, taking his old seat on the post, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave utterance to this shocking heresy, "Mates ain't nothing."

"You mind your business, watchman," said the nettled Ben, "and I'll mind mine."

"You don't know it," retorted the other, breathing heavily; "be—sides, you don't look like a mate. I wouldn't chuck coal at a *real* mate."

He said no more, but sat gazing idly up and down the river with a face from which all expression had been banished, except when at intervals his gaze rested upon the mate, when it lit up with an expression of wonder and joy which made the muscles ache with the exercise.

He was interrupted in this amusement by the sound of footsteps and feminine voices behind him: the indefatigable Tippings were paying another of their informal visits, and, calmly ignoring his presence, came to the edge of the jetty and discussed ways and means of boarding the schooner.

"Mr. Fraser's gone," said the watchman, politely and loudly; "there's a new skipper now, and that tall, fine, 'andsome, smart, good-looking young feller down there is the new mate."

The new mate, looking up fiercely, acknowledged the introduction with an inhospitable stare, a look which gave way to one of anxiety as Mrs. Tipping, stepping into the rigging, suddenly lost her nerve, and, gripping it tightly, shook it in much the same fashion as a stout bluebottle shakes the web of a spider.

"Hold tight, mar," cried her daughter, excitedly.

"I am," cried Mrs. Tipping. "Help!"

The watchman stepped into the rigging beside her, and patted her soothingly on the back; the mate coming to the side took her foot and assisted her to reach the deck. Miss Tipping followed, and the elder lady, after recovering from the shock caused by her late peril, fell to discussing the eternal subject of Mr. Robinson with the new mate.

"No, I never see 'im," said Ben, thoughtfully; "I never heard of him till you come asking arter 'im."

"You must make up your mind he's gone," said Mrs. Tipping, turning to her daughter, "that's what I keep telling you. I never was so tired of anything in my life as tramping down here night after night. It ain't respectable."

"You needn't come," said the other, dutifully. "He was last heard of on this ship, and where else am I to look for him? You said you'd like to find him yourself."

"I should," said Mrs. Tipping, grimly; "I should. Me an' him are to have a little talk, if ever we do meet."

"If he ever comes aboard this ship," said the mate, firmly, "I'll tackle him for you."

"Find out where he lives," said Mrs. Tipping, eagerly.

"And let us know," added her daughter, giving him a card; "that's our address, and any time you're up our way we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr.——"

"Brown," said the mate, charmed with their manners. "Mr. Brown."

"Ben," cried a voice from the wharf.

The new mate gazed austerely at the small office-boy above.

"Letter for the mate," said the youth, who was unversed in recent history; "catch!"

He pitched it to the deck and walked off

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whistling. There was only one mate in Ben's world, and he picked the letter up and put it in his pocket.

"Don't mind us, if you want to read it," said Mrs. Tipping, kindly.

"Only business, I expect," said Ben, grandly.

He took it from his pocket, and, tearing the envelope, threw it aside and made a feint of reading the contents.

"Not bad news, I hope?" said Mrs. Tipping, noticing his wrinkled brow.

"I can't read without my glasses," said the mate, with a measure of truth in the statement. He looked at Mrs. Tipping, and saw a chance of avoiding humiliation.

"P'r'aps you'd just look at it and see if it's important," he suggested.

Mrs. Tipping took the letter from him,



"MRS. TIPPING TOOK THE LETTER."

and, after remarking on the strangeness of the handwriting, read aloud:—

"DEAR JACK,—If you want to see Mr. Norton come to 10, John Street, Walworth, and be careful nobody sees you."

"Jack," said the mate, stooping for the envelope. "Why, it must be meant for Mr. —for Jack Fraser."

"Careful nobody sees you," murmured Miss Tipping, excitedly, as she took the envelope from the mate; "why, the address is printed by hand."

Mother and daughter looked at each other. It was evident that their thoughts were similar, and that one could have known them without the expenditure of the proverbial penny.

"I'll give it to him when I see him," remarked Ben, thrusting the letter in his pocket. "It don't seem to be important. He ain't in London at present, I don't think."

"I shouldn't think it was important at all," said Mrs. Tipping, soothingly.

"Not at all," echoed her daughter, whose cheek was burning with excitement. "Good-night, Mr. Brown."

Ben bade them good-night, and in his capacity of host walked up the wharf with them and saw them depart.

"Nice little thing, ain't she?" said the watchman, who was standing there, after Mrs. Tipping had bidden the mate good-bye; "be careful wot you're a-doin' of, Ben. Don't go an' spile yourself by a early marriage, just as you're a-beginning to get on in life. Besides, a mate might do better than that, and she'd only marry you for your persition."

XII.

IN happy ignorance of the changes caused by his sudden and tragic end, Captain Flower sat at the open window of his shabby Walworth lodging, smoking an after-breakfast pipe, and gazing idly into the dismal, littered yard beneath. Time—owing to his injured foot, which, neatly bandaged at a local dispensary, rested upon a second chair — hung rather heavily upon his hands as he sat thinking of ways and means of spending the next six months profitably and pleasantly. He had looked at the oleographs on the walls until he was tired, and even the marvels of the wax fruit under a cracked glass shade began to pall upon him.

"I'll go and stay in the country a bit," he muttered; "I shall choke here."

He took a slice of bread from the tray, and, breaking it into small pieces, began to give breakfast to three hens which passed a precarious existence in the yard below.

"They get quite to know you now," said the small but shrewd daughter of the house, who had come in to clear the breakfast things away. "How'd yer like your egg?"

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"Very good," said Flower.

"It was new-laid," said the small girl.

She came up to the window and critically inspected the birds. "She laid it," she said, indicating one of the three.

"She's not much to look at," said Flower, regarding the weirdest-looking of the three with some interest.

"She's a wonderful layer," said Miss Chiffers, "and as sharp as you make 'em. When she's in the dust-bin the others 'ave to stay outside. They can go in when she's 'ad all she wants."

"I don't think I'll have any more eggs," said Flower, casually. "I'm eating too much. Bacon'll do by itself."

"Please yourself," said Miss Chiffers, turning from the window. "How's your foot?"

"Better," said Flower.

"It's swelled more than it was yesterday," she said, with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"It feels better," said the captain.

"That's 'cos it's goin' dead," said the damsel, "then it'll go black all up your leg, and then you'll 'ave to 'ave it orf."

Flower grinned comfortably.

"You may larf," said the small girl, severely, "but you won't larf when you lose it, an' all becos you won't poultice it with tea-leaves."



"MISS CHIFFERS."

She collected the things together on a tea-tray of enormous size, and holding it tightly pressed to her small waist, watched with anxious eyes as the heavy articles slowly tobogganed to the other end. A knife fell outside the door, and the loaf, after a moment's hesitation which nearly upset the tray, jumped over the edge and bounded downstairs.

Flower knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and slowly refilling it, began to peruse the morning paper, looking in vain, as he had looked each morning, for an account of his death.

His reading was interrupted by a loud knock at the street-door, and he threw down the paper to be ready to receive the faithful Fraser. He heard the door open, and then the violent rushing upstairs of Miss Chiffers to announce his visitor.

"Somebody to see you, Mr. Norton," she panted, bursting into the room.

"Well, show him up," said Flower.

"All of 'em?" demanded Miss Chiffers.

"Is there more than one?" inquired Flower, in a startled voice.

"Three," said Miss Chiffers, nodding; "two gentlemen and a lady."

"Did they say what their names were?" inquired the other, turning very pale.

Miss Chiffers shook her head and then stooped to pick up a hairpin. "One of 'em's called Dick," she said, replacing the pin.

"Tell them I'm not at home," said Flower, hastily, "but that I shall be back at twelve o'clock. See?"

He produced a shilling, and the small girl, with an appreciative nod, left the room, and closed the door behind her. Flower, suffering severely from nervous excitement, heard a discussion in the passage below, and then sounds of a great multitude coming upstairs and opening various doors on its way, in spite of the indignant opposition afforded by the daughter of the house.

"What's in here?" inquired a well-known voice, as a hand was placed on his door-handle.

"Nothing," said Miss Chiffers; "'ere, you go away, that's my bedroom. Go away, d'you 'ear?"

There was the sound of a diminutive scuffle outside, then the door opened and a smartly-dressed young man, regardless of the fair form of Miss Chiffers, which was coiled round his leg, entered the room.

"Why, Dick," said the skipper, rising. "Dick! Thank goodness it's you."

"I've no doubt you're delighted," said Mr. Tipping, coldly. "What are you doing with that knife?"

"I thought it was somebody else," said Flower, putting it down. "I thought it was another attempt on my life."

Mr. Tipping coughed behind his hand and

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murmured something inaudibly as his sister entered the room, followed by the third member of the party.

"Oh, Fred!" she said, wildly, "I wonder you can look me in the face. Where have you been all this time? Where have you been?"

"Give the man time to think," said her brother, exchanging a glance with the other man.

"I've been everywhere," said Flower, facing them defiantly. "I've been hunted all over the country."

"But where did you go when you left me that day?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"It's a long story," said Flower, slowly. "But you got the letter I wrote you?"

Miss Tipping shook her head.

"You didn't get it?" said Flower, in surprise. "I can't think what you must have thought of me."

"I'll tell you what I thought of you, if you'd like to know," interrupted Mr. Tipping, eagerly.

"I wrote to you to explain," said Flower, glibly; "I went abroad suddenly, called away at a moment's notice."

"Special trains and all that sort o' thing, I s'pose," said Mr. Tipping, with interest.

"Dick," said Miss Tipping, fiercely.

"Well," said Dick, gruffly.

"Hold your tongue."

"I've not had any real sleep since," said Flower, pathetically, "what with the danger and thinking of you."

"Why didn't you write again?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"I asked you to write to a certain address in that letter I sent you," said Flower, "and when I came back to England and found there was no letter, I concluded that you couldn't forgive me."

Miss Tipping looked at him reproachfully, but Mr. Tipping raising his eyes gasped for air.

"But who are these enemies?" asked Miss Tipping, tenderly drawing closer to Flower.

"A man in the Government service——," began the captain.

He broke off disdainfully until such time as Mr. Tipping should have conquered a somewhat refractory cough.

"In the secret service," continued Flower, firmly, "has got enemies all round him."

"You'll have to get something else to do when we are married, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tearfully.

"You've forgiven me, then?" inquired Flower, hoping that he had concealed a nervous start.

"I'd forgive you anything, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tenderly; "you'll have to give up this job at once."

Captain Flower shook his head and smiled mournfully, thereby intimating that his services were of too valuable a nature for any Government to lightly dispense with.

"May I come round and see you to-morrow?" he inquired, putting his arm about the lady's waist.

"Come round to-morrow?" repeated Miss Tipping, in surprise; "why, you don't think I'm going to leave you here surrounded by dangers? You're coming home with us now."

"No, to-morrow," said the unhappy mariner, in a winning voice.

"You don't go out of my sight again," said Miss Tipping, firmly. "Dick, you and Fred shake hands."

The two gentlemen complied. Both were somewhat proud of their grip, and a bystander might have mistaken their amiable efforts to crush each other's fingers for the outward and visible signs of true affection.

"You'd better settle up here now, Fred," said Miss Tipping.

Flower, putting the best face he could upon it, assented with a tender smile, and, following them downstairs, held a long argument with Mrs. Chiffers as to the amount due, that lady having ideas upon the subject which did more credit to her imagination than her arithmetic.

The bill was settled at last, and the little party standing on the steps waited for the return of Miss Chiffers, who had been dispatched for a four-wheeler.

"Oh, what about your luggage, Fred?" inquired Miss Tipping, suddenly.

"Haven't got any," said Flower, quickly. "I managed to get away with what I stand up in, and glad to do that."

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm and leaned heavily upon his shoulder.

"I was very lucky to get off as I did," continued the veracious mariner. "I wasn't touched except for a rap over my foot with the butt-end of a revolver. I was just over the wall in time."

"Poor fellow," said Miss Tipping, softly, as she shivered and looked up into his face. "What are you grinning at, Dick?"

"I s'pose a fellow may grin if he likes," said Mr. Tipping, suddenly becoming serious.

"This is the first bit of happiness I've had since I saw you last," murmured Flower.

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm again.

"It seems almost too good to be true," he

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"THE BILL WAS SETTLED AT LAST."

continued. "I'm almost afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream."

"Oh, you're wideawake enough," said Mr. Tipping.

"Wideawake ain't the word for it," said the other gentleman, shaking his head.

"Uncle," said Miss Tipping, sharply.

"Yes, my dear," said the other, uneasily.

"Keep your remarks for those that like them," said his dutiful niece, "or else get out and walk."

Mr. Porson, being thus heckled, subsided into defiant mutterings, intended for Dick Tipping's ear alone, and the remainder of the drive to Chelsea passed almost in silence. Arrived at the Blue Posts, Flower got out with well-simulated alacrity, and going into the bar, shook hands heartily with Mrs. Tipping before she quite knew what he was doing.

"You've got him, then," she said, turning to her daughter, "and now I hope you're satisfied. Don't stand in the bar, I can't say what I want to say here—come in the parlour and shut the door."

They followed the masterful lady obediently into the room indicated.

"And now, Mr. Robinson," she said, with her hands on her hips, "now for your explanation."

"I have explained to Matilda," said Flower, waving his hand.

"That's quite right, mar," said Miss Tipping, nodding briskly.

"He's had a dreadful time, poor feller," said Dick Tipping, unctuously. "He's been hunted all over England by—who was it, Mister Robinson?"

"The parties I'm working against," said Flower, repressing his choler by a strong effort.

"The parties he's working against," repeated Mr. Tipping.

"Somebody ought to talk to them parties," said Mr. Porson, speaking with much deliberation, "that is, if they can find 'em."

"They want looking after, that's what they want," said Dick Tipping, with a leer.

"It's all very well for you to make fun of it," said Mrs. Tipping, raising her voice. "I like plain, straightforward dealing folk myself. I don't understand nothing about your secret services and Governments and all that sort of thing. Mr. Robinson, have you come back prepared to marry my daughter? Because, if you ain't, we want to know why not."

"Of course I have," said Flower, hotly. "It's the dearest wish of my life. I should have come before, only I thought when she didn't answer my letter that she had given me up."

"Where 'ave you been and what's it all about?" demanded Mrs. Tipping.

"At present," said Flower, with an appearance of great firmness, "I can't tell you. I shall tell Matilda the day after we're married—if she'll still trust me and marry me—and you shall all know as soon as we think it's safe."

"You needn't say another word, mar," said Miss Tipping, warningly.

"I'm sure," said the elder lady, bridling. "Perhaps your uncle would like to try and reason with you."

Mr. Porson smiled in a sickly fashion, and cleared his throat.

"You see, my dear——," he began.

"Your tie's all shifted to one side," said his niece, sternly, "and the stud's out of your button-hole. I wish you'd be a little tidier

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when you come here, uncle; it looks bad for the house."

"I came away in a hurry to oblige you," said Mr. Porson. "I don't think this is a time to talk about button-holes."

"I thought you were going to say something," retorted Miss Tipping, scathingly, "and you might as well talk about that as anything else."



"'YOUR TIE'S ALL SHIFTED TO ONE SIDE,' SAID HIS NIECE."

"It ain't right," said Mrs. Tipping, breaking in, "that you should marry a man you don't know anything about; that's what I mean. That's only reasonable, I think."

"It's quite fair," said Flower, trying hard to speak reluctantly. "Of course, if Matilda wishes, I'm quite prepared to go away now. I don't wish her to tie herself up to a man who at present, at any rate, has to go about wrapped in a mystery."

"All the same," said Mrs. Tipping, with a gleam in her eyes, "I'm not going to have anybody playing fast and loose with my daughter. She's got your ring on her finger. You're engaged to be married to her, and you mustn't break it off by running away or anything of that kind. If she likes to break it off, that's a different matter."

"I'm not going to break it off," said Miss Tipping, fiercely; "I've made all the arrangements in my own mind. We shall get married as soon as we can, and I shall put Dick in here as manager, and take a nice little inn down in the country somewhere."

"Mark my words," said Mrs. Tipping, solemnly, "you'll lose him again."

"If I lose him again," said Miss Tipping, dramatically, "if he's spirited away by these people or anything happens to him, Dick won't be manager here. Uncle Porson will have as much drink and as many cigars as he pays for, and Charlie will find another berth."

"Nobody shall hurt a hair of his head," said Mr. Tipping, with inimitable pathos.

"He must be protected against hisself," said Mr. Porson, spitefully; "that's the 'ardest part. He's a man what if 'e thinks it's his dooty 'll go away just as 'e did before."

"Well, if he gets away from Charlie," said Mr. Tipping, "he'll be cute. There's one thing, Mr. Robinson: if you try to get away from those who love you and are looking after you, there'll be a fight first, then there'll be a police-court fuss, and then we shall find out what the Government mean by it."

Captain Flower sat down in an easy posture as though he intended a long stay, and in a voice broken with emotion murmured something about home, and rest, and freedom from danger.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Tipping, "here you are and here you'll stay. After you're married it'll be Matilda's affair; and now let's have some tea."

"First of all, mar, kiss Fred," said Miss Tipping, who had been eyeing her parent closely.

Mrs. Tipping hesitated, but the gallant captain, putting a good face on it, sprang up and, passing his arm about her substantial waist, saluted her, after which, as a sort of set-off, he kissed Miss Tipping.

"I can only say," he said, truthfully, "that this kindness hurts me. The day I'm married I'll tell you all."

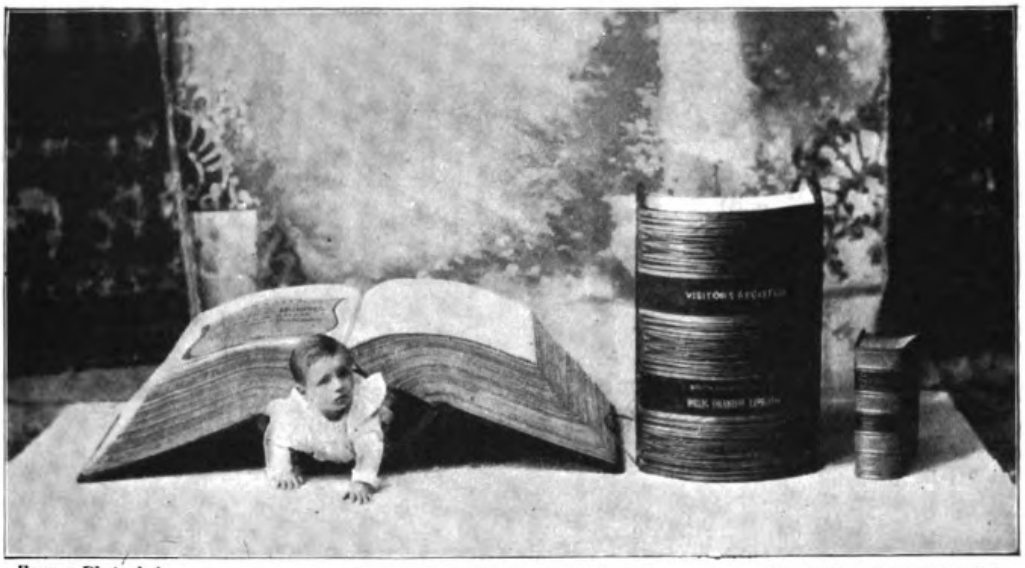
(*To be continued.*)

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"Biggest on Record."

By George Dollar.

II.



From a Photo. by] THE BIGGEST BOOK ON RECORD. *[G. W. Fox, Sioux Falls, S.D.*

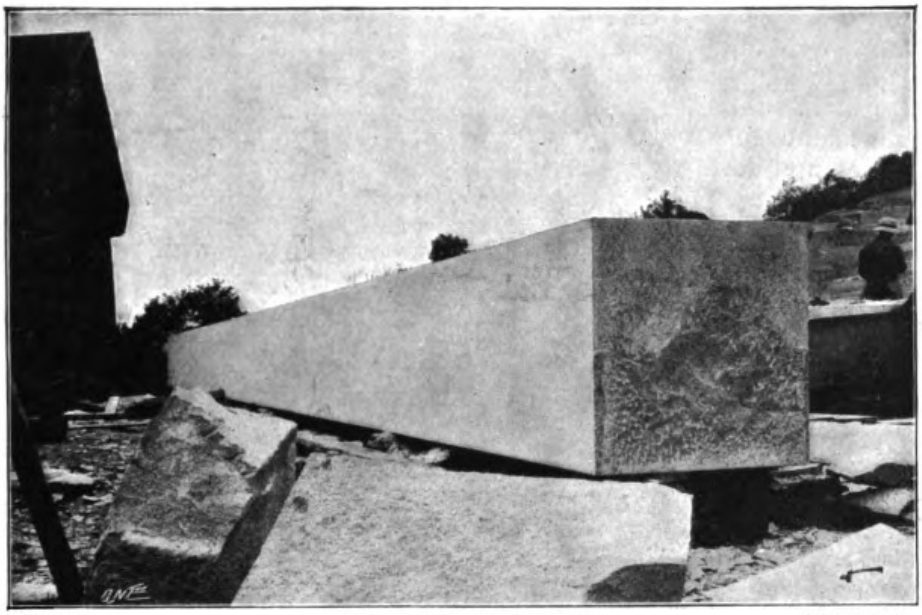
A BOOK that weighs 175lb. is not intended for use in a circulating library. It is, rather, intended for exhibition, and is never handled by the body public unless some Sampson in the throng is anxious to try his strength. It happened this way in Sioux Falls. When the largest book in the world—the one shown in the illustration with which we open this article—was exhibited in that city, just after the Chicago Exposition of 1893 had been closed, there were plenty of people anxious to try their powers. It was a "visitors' register," prepared by the South Dakota section of the World's Columbian Exposition, and contained so far as was possible all the names of all the visitors to all parts of that section which the active Dakotans were able to gather together. It really looked as if one 175lb. book would contain the complete set of names, but it was found necessary to have two, and these, bound in luxurious form by Messrs. Brown and Saenger, of Sioux Falls, attracted great attention. In our illustration we may note a copy of Webster's dictionary standing beside these giant books. Some idea of their size may be gained from the fact that the cover of Webster's is over 1ft. in height, and nearly 5in. in width.



THE BIGGEST STRAW HAT.
From a Photo. by S. Glendening, Luton.

The biggest hat on record was never intended for human wear. Both Nature and Fashion would rebel at such a thought. It was made by Messrs. Hucklesby and Co., of Luton, for some smart people in Newcastle, Australia, who wished it for advertising purposes. It

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From a] THE BIGGEST GRAVESTONE. *[Photograph.*

was made of so-called "Jumbo plait" an inch wide. Across the brim it measured 6ft. 6in., and in its construction no fewer than 180yds. of plait were used. "The work of ironing, or blocking," so we are informed by Mr. L. Glendening, of 45, Lea Road, Luton, "could only be accomplished by three men. It has a crown about 12in. high." When this unique specimen of the hatter's art was ready for shipment some months ago, a special case 7ft. square and 2ft. deep had to be made. Probably at the present time the people of Newcastle are enjoying this novelty in headgear, and there is little doubt that the expenses of its manufacture will be quickly recovered in advertising, even if Australia, through no fault of its own, never produces a man big enough to wear it.

The "richest man in the United States"—such being the title usually given by the newspapers to Mr. John D. Rockefeller—recently decided to erect a simple and effective monument in one of the Cleveland cemeteries. It is so simple that there is not a mark of any kind upon its surface to destroy its chaste outline, and it is so effective by virtue of its weight and height that it will undoubtedly become one of the great attractions of the city. Made of the largest block of granite ever quarried in America, costing over fifty thousand dollars, at Barre, Vermont, where it was shipped to Cleveland, and ten thousand dollars extra for transportation and erection in Lake View Cemetery, it is undoubtedly a remarkable piece of work. The bottom base, so called, is 14ft. square and 3ft. high, and the total height of the monolith 65ft. 10in. The length and weight were so great that cars of extraordinary strength were specially built for the transportation of the huge block of stone to Cleveland, and it was predicted by many that bridges and road-beds would be strained and perhaps crushed by it. The monument, however, arrived safely at its journey's end. Several attempts were made, it is said, to blow out a section large enough for the shaft, and several hundred tons of material were destroyed before the final block was secured. The accompanying photograph shows the monument after it was trimmed and polished for transport.

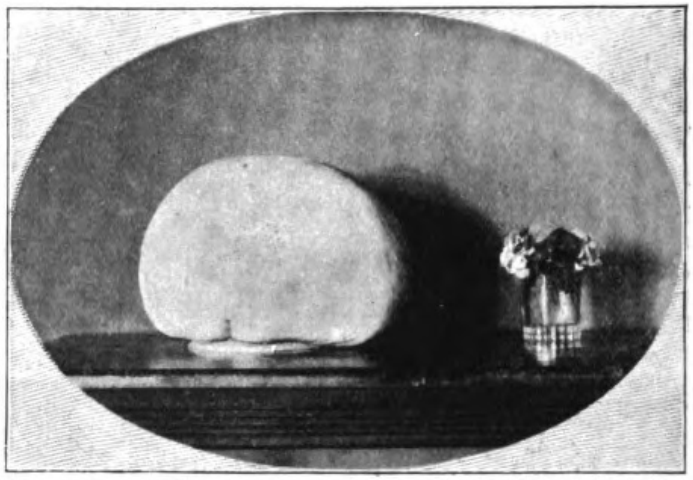
We now jump gracefully from monuments to water-melons, and are indebted to Mr.



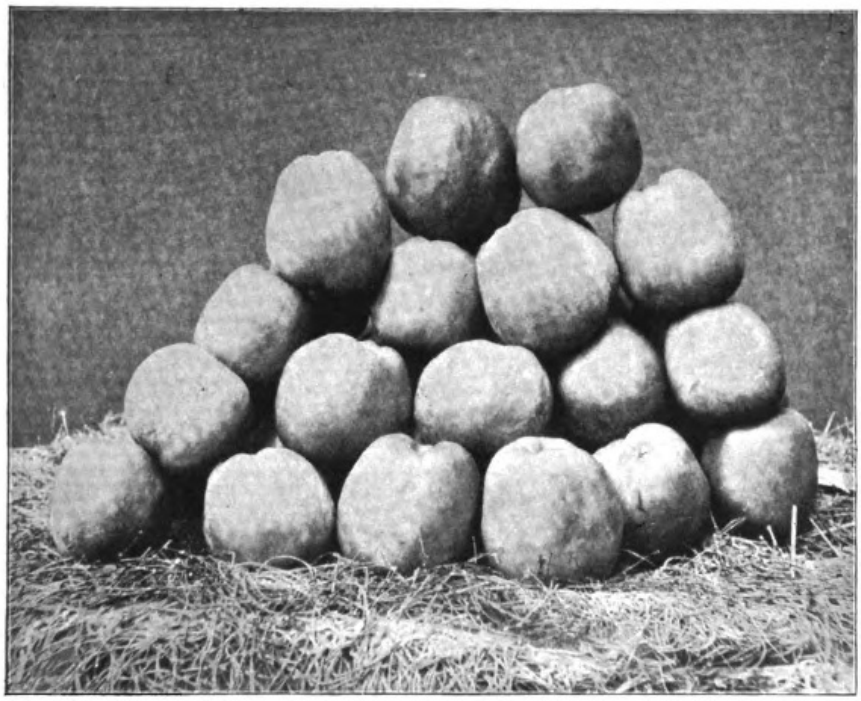
THE BIGGEST WATER-MELON.
From a Photo. by J. E. Orr, Rocky Ford, Col.

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D. W. Barkley, editor of *The Rocky Ford (Col.) Enterprise* for the accompanying photograph of a mammoth water-melon, shipped in 1898 to London. Colorado is famous for its melons and cantaloupes, and the melons grown at Rocky Ford are known throughout the United States for size and superior excellence. Whatever may have been their knowledge before, it did not take the London fruit porters long to find out about this little place when its monster melon arrived. The 350lb. which it was estimated to contain



THE BIGGEST MUSHROOM.
From a Photo. by Dr. F. R. Steirly, Minneapolis, Minn.



From a Photo. by] THE BIGGEST APPLES. *[E. S. Chase, Eureka, Cal.*

didn't scare the porters a bit, and the way they tried to lug it lovingly around was a sight to be seen.

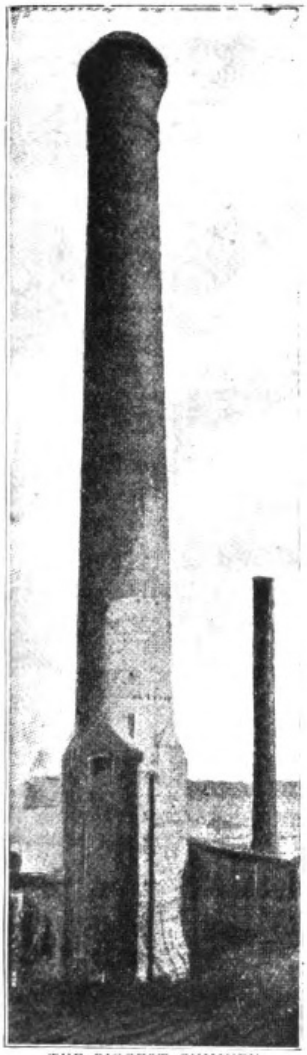
In talking of mushrooms, it is hardly fair to give weight as a guarantee of bigness. Mushrooms are such flimsy things that they might be as big as an umbrella without weighing much. The size of the accompanying mushroom, however, may be judged from the size of the small glass of pansies which may be seen beside it. Mr. Harry P. Rawson, of 2,120 Girard Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., informs us that it was found on the shore bordering a small lake in Minneapolis. The photograph was taken by Dr. F. R. Steirly.

As for the next picture, we do not for a minute pretend to say that these apples are each in themselves the biggest on record. But



From a Photo. by] THE BIGGEST VINEYARD. *[Taber, San Francisco.*

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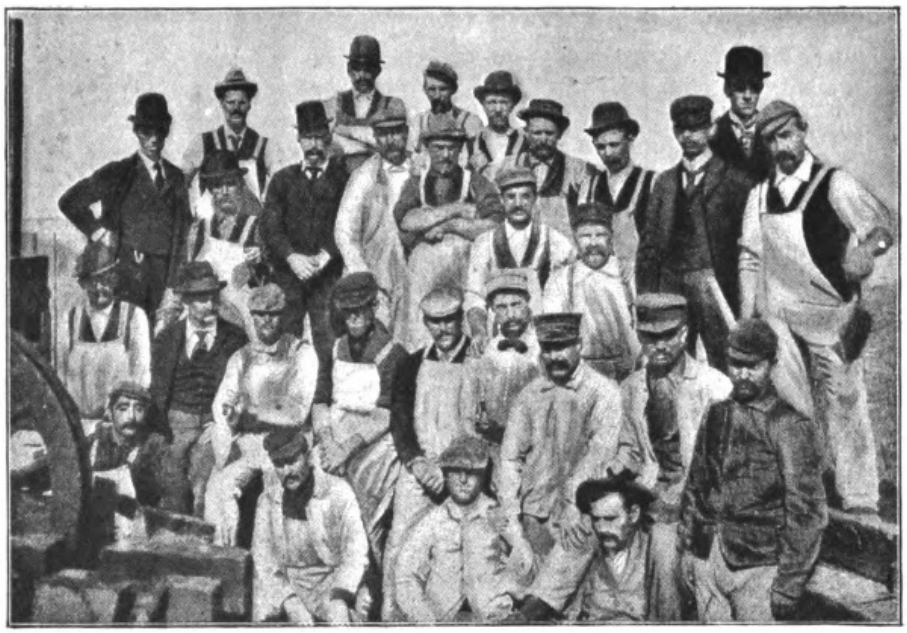
THE BIGGEST CHIMNEY.
From a Photograph.

the thirty-five apples, weighing, as they did, 60lb., are undoubtedly the biggest lot of big apples ever collected. They are one of the products of the Eel River district of Humboldt County, California, where apples seem almost as big as toy balloons.

While we are on California, it might be well to mention the biggest vineyard in the world, illustrated at bottom of previous page. It belonged to the late Senator Leland Stanford, and lies in the heart of the Sacramento Valley, about 200 miles north of San Francisco. The wine and brandy production of this farm of 59,000 acres is so great that Uncle Sam has put a bonded warehouse upon it to collect his taxes, and this warehouse occupies more than two acres of space. The big vineyard embraces about six square miles of territory, laid off with great regularity into lots of uniform size and streets of regular width. One might, indeed, call it a city of grapes, as each block contains about 1,400 vines, or 680 vines to the acre. The grapes on this wonderful vineyard ripen in July, and the picking begins about the 1st of August. Gangs of men and boys, numbering over 1,000 at the height of the season, are employed in collecting the juicy crop, which they put in boxes holding 50lb. each. Over 12,000 of these boxes are constantly ready for use, and as the labourers go from vine to vine, they put the bad grapes in one box and the good ones in another. The enormous size of the place ought to make one shudder at the thought of all the work necessary to reap the harvest.

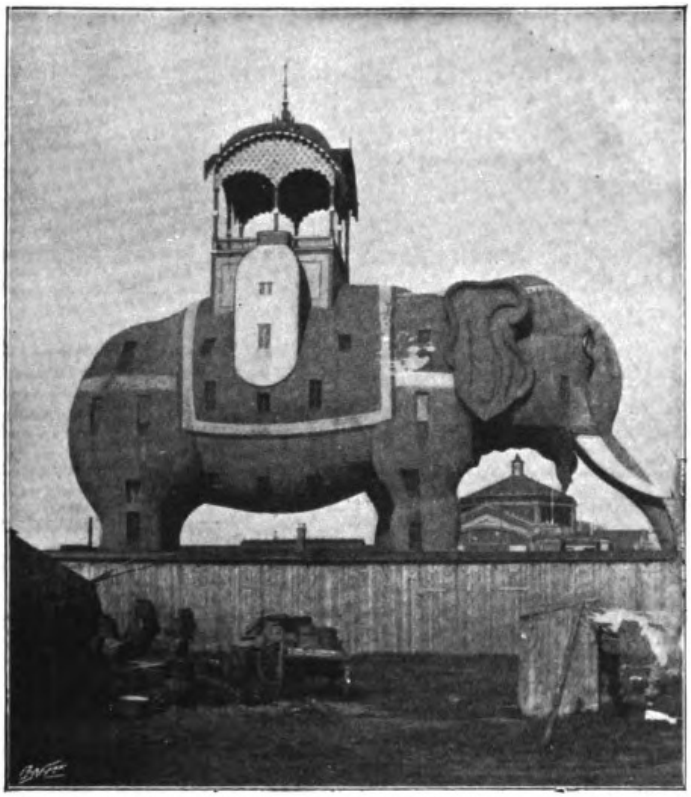
We now show the largest smoke-stack or chimney in the world. Here are a few facts about it. It is connected with the new steam-power plant of the Metropolitan Street Railway Companies in New York City. It is 353ft. high. It contains 3,400,000 bricks. Its measurements are: Outside diameter, 80ft. above the ground, 38ft. 10in.; weight, 8,540 tons. On the top of the chimney rests a massive cast-iron cap made in forty segments, and large enough to house an entire family, or, if necessary, to be comfortably divided into four rooms. In our illustration below we may see a party of happy workmen, numbering perhaps twenty-five or thirty. These were photographed on top of the chimney, 340ft. above ground.

As engineers and other interested people from all parts of the United States have visited this new power house, a few additional facts regarding the chimney may be noted. Two distinct concentric shells form the chimney, the inner one being separated from the outer to allow the former to expand and lengthen under the action of hot gases. The structure is stiffened by ribs 24in. wide



From a] WORKMEN ON TOP OF THE BIGGEST CHIMNEY. *[Photograph.*

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From a] THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT. *[Photograph.*

at the base. It is said that the massive stack is in constant motion, and has, in fact, been constructed so that it has more or less elasticity, which, in a strong wind, gives the structure a perceptible and tremulous motion.

That remorseless enemy of mankind which reporters call a "devouring conflagration" ate up some years ago the last remnant of the biggest elephant on record. It was so big that people coming into New York Harbour could see it from afar. It loomed up on Coney Island just as it looms up in our illustration — majestic and commanding, albeit a little ungainly and unsymmetrical. The elephant's creator has slashed holes for windows in its mighty sides, and hordes of people danced, ate, and made merry in its spacious interior. They have an elephant something like it in one of the famous pleasure resorts of Paris, but nothing so big as the old wooden elephant that associated itself for so many years with the delectable early history of "Coney." Its height was immense, as our illustration shows. They never saw fit to build another elephant after the aforesaid fire, so it could not have been a great commercial success. It deserves, however, in this article, to go on record as the biggest elephant of its kind.

So also the frog below, which tipped the balance at 92½lb. Out in California there are many wonders of Nature, and this is not the first that has come to us from Long Valley. The frog may be seen by anyone who visits the home of Mr. J. P. Edwards, of that town, where it is chained in a pond in front of Mr. Edwards's country home. Naturalists have heard of it, and have looked up their zoologies for a verification of this freak, arriving finally, as everybody does, at the conclusion that this 92½lb. batrachian is a piece of stone. They were not deceived. It is a stone. But, for all that, the man who made it did a good piece of work.



From a] THE BIGGEST FROG. *[Photograph.*

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The Snowflake of the Service.

By Frank R. Stockton.

FOUR very respectable persons sat around a table in a large and artistically furnished restaurant in one of our great cities. Three of them had been long acquainted with each other, and the fourth was a naval gentleman, apparently a stranger to the hotel and everybody in it. Ten minutes before our story opens he had been wandering about the room looking for a vacant place, and had been invited by the three friends to take a seat at their table. They were now all partaking of unpretending potations, and the naval gentleman had already begun to be acquainted with the others.

"Yes, sir," said he, in answer to a question from Mr. Duckworth, "I have sailed the sea to a considerable extent."



"I HAVE SAILED THE SEA TO A CONSIDERABLE EXTENT."

Mr. Duckworth was a medium-sized man, dressed in smooth black. He had not travelled much, but he had read a good deal. He had a scrutinizing mind, with which he endeavoured, whenever occasion arose, to separate the golden particles of speech from its dross. Sometimes Mr. Duckworth made great mistakes in his mental processes and found himself to be entirely wrong, but, as he frequently averred, he would much rather deceive himself than let anyone else do it.

"You may have sailed to a considerable extent," said Mr. Duckworth, "but, considering your age, it is impossible that you have sailed to a great extent."

Mr. Risler, who sat at the naval gentleman's right hand, was fat, and upon his face there was generally a smile of satisfaction and content seldom noticed on the countenance of the lean. He utterly ignored Mr. Duckworth's imputation that the naval gentleman was too young to know much about the sea.

"I am just in the mood," said he, "to hear a story about ships and sailors. Don't you know one, sir, that you could tell us?"

"Oh, yes," said the naval gentleman, putting down his glass. "I have had experiences, and I don't mind telling you one of them."

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At these words the fourth member of the party, who was a tall man, and sat opposite the naval gentleman, became intensely interested. He pushed his glass aside and leaned forward, his elbows upon the table. For a few moments the naval gentleman gazed reflectively at his empty glass, and Mr. Risler beckoned to a waiter.

"It was about three years ago," said the naval gentleman, "that I was third officer on the United States gunboat *Rapidan*."

Mr. Duckworth slightly knitted his brows. "I thought I knew the names of all the vessels in our navy," said he, "and I don't remember that one of them is named the *Rapidan*."

"Oh, confound your memory!" said Mr. Risler. "It doesn't make any difference whether the vessel was named the *Rapidan* or the *Slow Susan*. It's the story we want."

"We were in latitude 32deg., longitude about 40deg., when an incident occurred which I am going to relate. The *Rapidan* had long been noted as one of the neatest and best appointed, so far as her external appearance went, of all the gunboats in our service, and now that we were returning from a three years' cruise that vessel looked as if it had just been taken out of a bandbox. Every bit of brass shone like gold; the painted wood and iron work was as white as snow; the decks looked as if they belonged to ball-rooms; and all the hardwood trimmings were polished as if they had been metal. The officers were attired in their white duck, and the men and non-commissioned officers looked as if they were all trying on new clothes.

"There were reasons for the extra immaculate appearance of the *Rapidan*. We had had a long period of good weather; we were bound for home, and, of course, wanted to look as well as we could; and, besides, as we had ladies on board, every one of us, from the captain down, wished to make our vessel as elegant as possible."

"I did not know that ladies were allowed on board United States men-of-war when they were in commission," interrupted Mr. Duckworth.

"You are right, sir, very right," said the naval gentleman. "As a rule they are not, but this was an exceptional case. We were about three days out from the Azores when we overtook a steamer which had cleared a week before we sailed, and which was also bound for the United States. This vessel was in distress. Her engines had broken down, and she was slowly making her way back to the Azores under sail. We lay to and boarded her, and found that the captain was quite sure that he could make his way back under canvas, and we thought it was likely enough he could do so, provided bad weather did not set in. There were a few passengers on board, but most of them did not seem to be much troubled about the state of affairs, and were quite willing to go back, especially when they remembered that the owners would be obliged to board and lodge them until they were landed in the United States.

"But two passengers had no such ideas. These were a lady and her daughter, a young woman of twenty or thereabout; and they assured our first officer, who interviewed them, that what they wanted above all else in the world was to be taken off that damaged steamer. The elder lady had not slept a wink since the accident occurred, and they were both in a sadly disturbed, nervous condition. If the captain of the *Rapidan* would take them on board his vessel and carry them home they would be the most grateful of mortals, and if any objection should be made by the Navy Department after they arrived, Mrs. Russell declared that she was connected by marriage with a senator from the south-west, and she was sure that he had influence enough to make everything all right.

"Our captain did not hesitate very long. It would be a shame, even if there should be no storm and no danger, to leave two such delicate and evidently highly-cultured ladies to perish of nervous prostration on board a damaged vessel.

"The ladies were, of course, deeply thankful, and every officer on board our vessel was filled with pleasurable anticipations, for the report had rapidly spread that both ladies were exceedingly well-favoured.

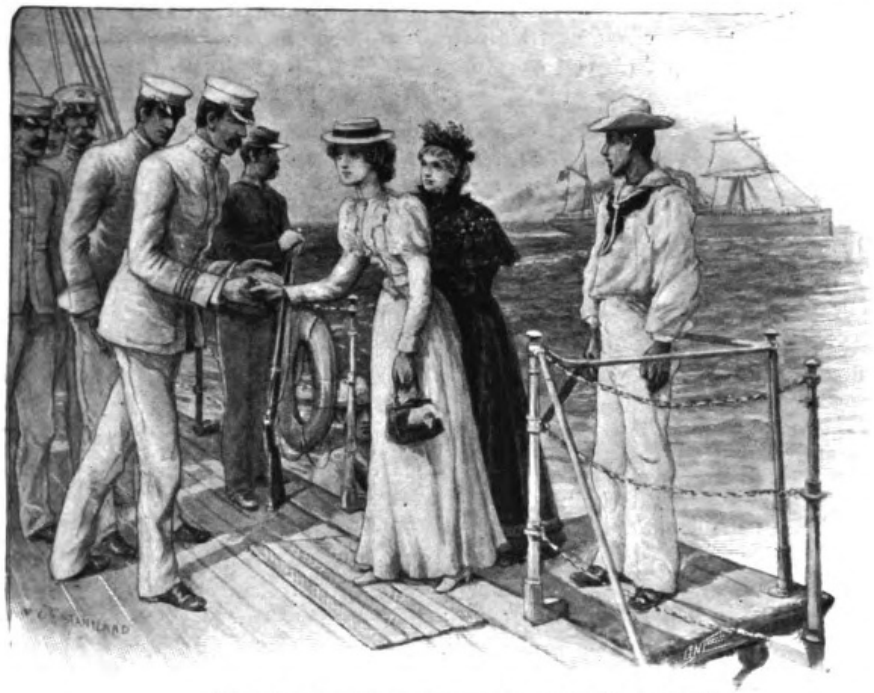
"I shall never forget the delight of Mrs. Russell and her daughter when they stood upon the deck of the *Rapidan* and looked about them. They declared that it seemed to them as if they had entered another world. They had thought the steamer they had left was good enough: but the brightness, the sweetness, the smoothness, and the immaculate white purity of this war-vessel was something they had never dreamed of in connection with anything which floated on the sea.

"Their admiration was so great and their expression of it so hearty and continual, that the heart of every man who heard them was filled with pride. Here was a reward for the thought and labour which all of us had ex-

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pended upon the work of making our beloved vessel the snowflake of the service.

"Some very pleasant days followed the arrival of the ladies on board the *Rapidan;* the skies grew brighter, the seas smoother, and the fresh breezes from the north-west were cooler and more invigorating.



"THEY STOOD UPON THE DECK OF THE 'RAPIDAN.'"

"Miss Emma Russell became as attractive to most of the young officers as our spotless vessel was to her. I use the word spotless," said the naval gentleman, "feeling fully authorized to do so, for on the evening of the arrival of the ladies orders had been given that no smoking of any kind was to be done on deck, for no matter how careful one might be, it was impossible to know where ashes might be blown; and that if anyone wished to sharpen a lead-pencil he must go below and stand over the hatchway of the engine-room. But as I was more nearly her age than any of the others, and as I think there was a certain something in each of us which gave rise to a sympathy which, if not perceptible to anyone else, was quite plain to me, I was a good deal in her company, and lost no opportunity of letting her know the pleasure which this companionship gave me.

"Most of the younger officers seemed to differ with me in regard to my idea of the harmony of my nature with that of the young lady's, and they did what they could to deprive me of my opportunity. But taking it all in all, I think I may fairly say that of every ten hours which Miss Russell spent in the society of the officers of the *Rapidan*, six hours and a half were spent with me.

"After breakfast one morning a sail was reported on our weather bow, just appearing above the horizon-line, and almost directly in our course. At this news a mild excitement spread through the vessel, and all available glasses were brought into use, and I am happy to say that mine was accepted by Miss Russell. The excitement rapidly increased, however, when it was found that the distant vessel did not seem to be bound upon any course, for she appeared to be stationary.

"Nearer and nearer we drew to the vessel, and it was not long before many practised eyes on board the *Rapidan* discovered that the craft we were approaching was nothing more than a derelict, abandoned vessel. There were no signals of distress and no signs that people were on board.

"Now, our captain had received orders, on setting out upon his cruise to eastern waters, to destroy all derelicts which he might discover in the Atlantic Ocean, both upon his passage eastward and upon his return. Therefore, when he announced that, as soon as he should discover that this was really an abandoned vessel floating about at the mercy of the wind and of the waves, he would proceed to destroy it according to his orders,

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there was great delight on board the *Rapidan*. This would be an incident of the greatest interest, a sort of a battle at sea in which there could be no danger to life or limb, and in which the destruction of property would be an act of humanity.

"The ladies were greatly excited, and at first they did not know whether to be charmed or frightened. Miss Emma thought it was a pity to destroy a great, big, valuable ship, but as it was really such a dangerous obstacle to navigation, she would love above all things to see us sink it. Mrs. Russell at first said that when the work of destruction should actually begin she should go down into her state-room, for the whole thing seemed to her like some sort of an execution. But the more we talked about the matter with her, the more plainly she began to see that the proposed destruction was really a charitable act, and then she took as much interest in what was about to happen as did her daughter.

"We approached within a reasonable distance of the derelict, which was a wooden vessel, a four-masted schooner of American build. We steamed entirely around her, so that our glasses swept her deck. There was nobody on board, and it was plain enough to those who understood the appearance of things that it had been a long time since anybody had been on board of her.

"A consultation was held in regard to the method of the demolition of this derelict. At first most of the officers thought it would be an admirable piece of practice for our 5in. guns, but our captain was not of that mind. In the first place, he had sunk a good many derelicts in the course of his naval career by means of his ship's guns, and a repetition of this performance would possess for him no particular novelty or interest; and, besides, it sometimes required a good deal of time and a great many shots to sink even a wooden vessel, and he was afraid that the tremendous reports of our guns, with the jar and the smoke and all the unpleasant accompaniments of our artillery practice, would be extremely annoying to the ladies. Therefore, he thought that it would be a great deal better to ram the abandoned hulk, to break a great hole in her side, and then to retire to a suitable distance and watch her slowly sink. The captain had never rammed and sunk a vessel, and he was greatly pleased at this most favourable opportunity for a piece of naval practice in which he was so much interested.

"When the rest of the officers heard the captain's opinions there were no dissenting voices, and the idea of gun practice was entirely given up. The *Rapidan* had a fine steel prow, and she ought to be able to make a good ram; anyway, it would be a lively piece of fun which none of us had expected.

"As to the ladies, when the matter was fully explained to them they expressed themselves eminently satisfied with the proposed proceedings. Mrs. Russell was sure that the firing of great cannon would certainly give



"THE DERELICT WAS A FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER."

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her a dreadful headache, and Miss Russell was in favour of doing whatever would be the greatest fun. I assured her that ramming would be no end better fun than lying off at a distance and firing our guns.

"The *Rapidan* was now prepared for action—very different action, indeed, from anything she had ever known before. She was not built for a ram, and would probably never have been used in that way in actual battle; but, in this case, the party of the other part being no more than an utterly defenceless wooden vessel, it was thought by all on board that our swift and powerful cruiser might do some very pretty work.

"Mrs. Russell anxiously inquired of the captain if he thought there would be much of a shock, to which he replied that he did not believe that the collision would be felt very much by anybody on our vessel, although it would probably shake up the derelict a good deal. We should strike end on, making a clean cut into the side of the other vessel. That would really be all that we would be obliged to do, unless we chose to wait at a little distance and see the great hulk sink.

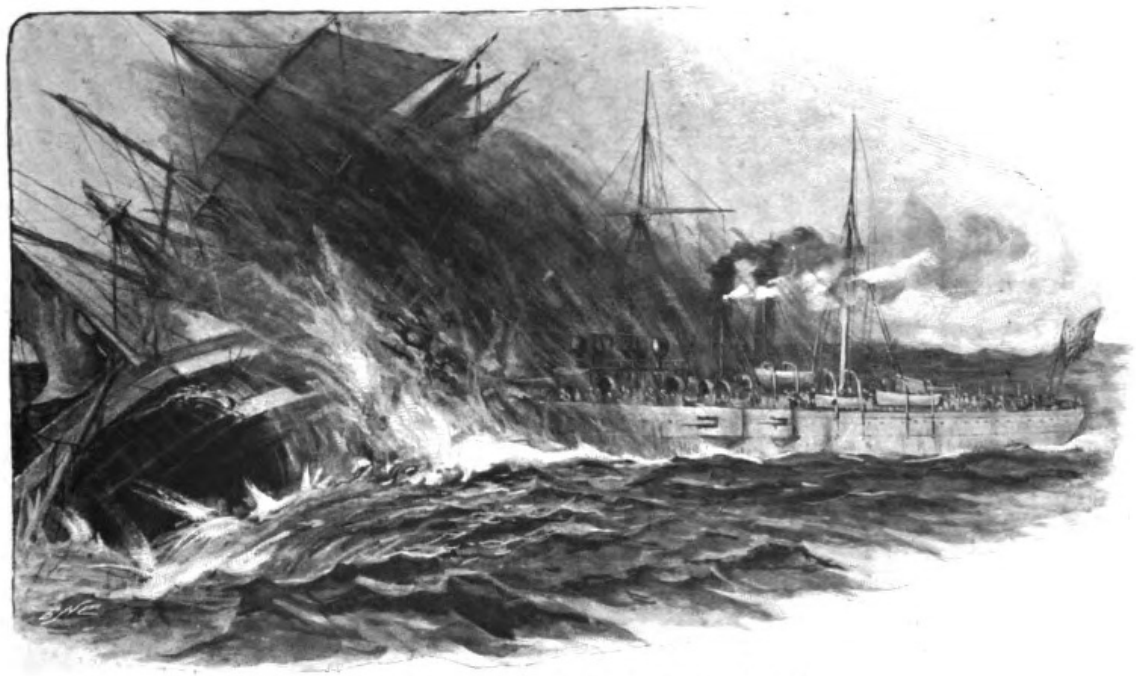
"'I don't know whether I should like that or not,' said Mrs. Russell. 'Of course, I need not look if I don't want to.'

"The preparations for the ramming of the derelict consisted mainly in making everything fast. As the captain had said, the shock was not expected to be great, but still it would not do to leave our crockery and glass where the pieces might be shaken together and broken, and, of course, the bric-à-brac must be cared for. The glass doors of the book-cases were closed and locked, and the lids were fastened down over all travelling inkstands.

"As we were all anxious for the approaching sport, and were filled with the greatest desire to behold the destruction of a four-masted schooner, as ever was a Roman audience to see a Christian die in the arena, the *Rapidan* was soon ready for her onset.

"We were about a mile from the derelict, and everybody who could possibly do so stood on deck. None of the officers were on the bridge, because if the shock should be more severe than was expected, this elevated position might be a little unsafe. Nearly all of us who were on the decks, where we could enjoy a full view of what was about to happen, were very sorry indeed for the engineers, firemen, and stokers, whose duties made it necessary for them to remain below, where they could see nothing. But this, of course, could not be avoided; we could not make a successful ram unless our engines and furnaces were kept at the highest pitch of working order.

"I stood by Miss Russell on the quarter-deck. Her mother was near by, with the captain and second officer assuring her that she need not be the least nervous, and if she did not care to see the derelict sink, one of them would conduct her below before any actual submergence should begin.



"THERE WAS A SHOCK, FOLLOWED BY A CRASH."

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"Now the word was given to go ahead at full speed. Our bow was pointed at about the middle of the schooner, which was very sensibly supposed to be the weakest spot in such a long, long vessel. On, on, we went, the derelict growing larger to our eyes in a most supernatural fashion.

"Miss Russell drew a little nearer to me. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the great black vessel ahead of us, and involuntarily she seized my hand. Thrilled with the sudden sense of the manly power of protection, I pressed it closely.

"'If this were a real battle,' said I, 'and that great hulk were crowded with fierce pirates, I would guard with my life this dear girl who has thus shown her trust in me.'

"The towering hulk stood just ahead of us, and in an instant we had struck her, and in that instant my eyes were fixed on my dear Emma.

"There was a shock, followed by a crash, and a grinding, and then all the world disappeared from my view. A little noise I heard about me, but not much. The ship, officers, men, the masts, deck, ladies, everything had disappeared from my sight, and yet I could not say that everything had really disappeared, for I still held Emma by the hand. I tried to speak to her, but could not: I had no power of speech. Perhaps she was speaking to me, but certainly I could not hear her. She made a startled move away from me, but I held her fast by the hand. I could feel that she was trembling like a frightened bird.

"I was filled with a sickening horror and despair. Nothing seemed to be the matter with me. I felt no pain; my senses appeared to be in perfect order; I could move my arms and legs; and, moreover, I must be standing by Emma very much as I had been standing when I last looked upon her face. I endeavoured again to speak, but my lips were glued together. I tried to open my eyes, and succeeded so far that I obtained a little glimpse of light, then all was dark again. I thrust my left hand into my side pocket—for some strange reason it was difficult even to do this—and I drew out my handkerchief. With this I rubbed and rubbed and rubbed my eyes, until at last I was enabled to open them and look out upon the world.



"THE FACE WAS AS BROWN AS THE HAT AND THE DRESS."

"What was the sight I saw?

"Before me, her hand in mine, was the figure of a girl—a statue-like figure—with

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features, form, and drapery as well displayed as if it had been the most faithful copy from Nature; but it was of one deep, uniform brown colour. There was no blue in the eyes, no red on the lips, and the face was as brown as the hat and the dress.

"This figure made a sudden movement. I know it was trying to speak or scream. It made a step forward, and in doing so slipped and fell upon its knees on the smooth brown deck. I raised it to its feet and lifted it into a brown deck-chair which stood near by.

"Then I looked about me. Behind the place where Miss Russell had stood was the figure of Mrs. Russell, flat upon the deck where she had fallen. She was perfectly motionless, and presented the appearance of an immense chocolate *éclaire*. Near her stood two brown figures, probably the captain and second officer. And then as I turned and looked about me, I found that everything upon the *Rapidan* was of the same sombre brown.

"On deck, the men, recovered from their first surprise, were beginning to move about, rubbing their eyes and mouths, swearing, slipping, falling in every direction. The upper works of the vessel presented an appearance not only of discoloration, but of wreck. The brown smoke-stacks lay overturned upon the upper works; the bridge was a brown wreck, and so far as I could recognise the portions of the vessel above decks, they were shattered and broken.

"As I gazed around upon this wide, wild expanse of brown desolation, the engineers, firemen, and stokers came running up from below. They had opened the steam-valves, and came running up to see what was the matter.

"This company of astonished men, as they hurried on deck to see what had happened, appeared to my eyes like a body of immaculate angels compared to the brown, hustling, swearing, slipping, stumbling crowds on deck. They seemed like messengers of sweetness and light. I saw two of them talking rapidly together. It was the second engineer and a steward. I made my way toward them, slipping down twice.

"'What is the matter?' I gasped. 'What has happened?'

"'Happened?' said the second engineer. 'That rotten old hulk we cut in half was laden entirely *with treacle!*'

"From some of the stewards and a few other men who had been afraid to remain on deck, not knowing what might happen, and who had, therefore, kept themselves in partial shelter, I learned exactly what had happened. When the *Rapidan*, under full head of steam, struck the derelict, she went entirely through that unfortunate vessel. But at the moment of impact there shot up something like an enormous brown waterspout, which then descended upon both vessels in a veritable cataract of treacle. In a word, every exposed portion of each vessel was instantly treacle-plated.

"I made my way back to Miss Russell, who was now on her feet and endeavouring to walk. She had partially rubbed the treacle from her eyes and mouth. The moment she saw me she screamed and cried, 'Go away! Go away!' She did not recognise me, and probably thought I was the demon who had done it all.

"Most of the people on deck were beginning to see: some with one eye and some with both. Nearly all of them could shout and splutter with their mouths. Mrs. Russell had revived and was sitting up, with the captain rubbing her eyes with one of his shirt-sleeves. He had taken off what had been his white duck jacket.

"Above all, around all, and everywhere was the most dreadful smell of rum. This, of course, was due to the all-pervading treacle. But, as nearly everybody on board was more familiar with the smell of rum than with that of treacle, the circumambient odour was referred to the former liquid.

"I cannot describe the wild and exciting performances of the next few hours. The transformation of the beautiful snowflake of the service into a treacle-besmeared horror was so complete, that for a time we seemed not to know what to do.

"There were symptoms of a general rush to get below in order to exchange our treacle-dripping garments, but the thought of the mess which this procedure would make all over the vessel caused the captain to issue an order—which was transmitted by the firemen and stokers, for the reason that they were possessed of the power of plain speech—to the effect that no man should go below, but that the ladies should be carried to their state-rooms.

"Two stokers, who would have been dirty under any other circumstances, carried Mrs. Russell to the head of the after companion-way, where she was received by two others, who had not yet been contaminated by contact with the decks.

"Her daughter was treated in the same way, and she neither screamed nor struggled, so perfectly satisfied was she with the superior

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cleanliness of the young firemen who bore her in their arms.

"Then an order was given to start the pumps — I don't remember whether they manned them or whether the donkey engine was in order. Then began such a playing of streams from big-nozzled hose as never was seen on the sea before. The captain wanted no man to spread the contamination of treacle into the interior recesses of his odour of rum mixed with wash-water, and the other could not endure the smell of paint."

"And what became of the derelict?" asked Mr. Duckworth.

"Few of us gave a thought to her," replied the naval gentleman. "But one of the engineers said that he had seen her two parts sink about a quarter of an hour after the collision."



"SHE NEITHER SCREAMED NOR STRUGGLED."

vessel; and until they had been washed as clean as they could be made the crew were not allowed to go below. And then the hatches and companion-ways were closed and the hose were turned on everything. We squirted and grumbled and growled and smelled rum until night came down upon us.

"For more than a week after that memorable day the crew washed and scoured and holy-stoned and polished and painted. During the whole of that time the two ladies kept their rooms. The one could not abide the

Now the little man, who had been intensely interested, rose from his chair and leaned forward, his hands upon the table. He had not yet spoken a word, but his interest had grown to such an intensity that it had become necessary to relieve it by speech.

"Do you know," said he, "that, considering the smell and everything else, I should say that that affair you have been telling about was a first-class rum punch!"

Mr. Risler immediately ordered four.

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In Nature's Workshop.

By Grant Allen.

VII.—THE DAY OF THE CANKER-WORM.

IT was Attila's boast, they say—I never met him personally—that where his horse's foot had once trodden, grass never grew again. Chief of the countless hordes of Huns and other barbarians scattered among the northern mosses of Europe and Asia, he swept, the Scourge of God, across the civilized but decrepit Roman empire, and left behind him one broad path of destruction in ruined towns and desolated homesteads. Centuries later, another Mongol, Timur, came forth from the same savage heart of Asia, and built his pyramid of skulls among the lonely steppes to testify to the countless thousands of human lives he had recklessly sacrificed. But these historical plagues of conquering kings, though terrible indeed in their kind, are as nothing in devastating power when compared with the destructive insect armies which from time to time burst over and obliterate whole wide areas of culture. The hosts of locusts which eat their way across the face of a continent might make Attila's boast with greater truth than the ferocious Hun himself could make it: the desolation which follows one of these terrible floods of living things is appalling to behold. And then, does not the very pettiness of the enemy render him harder to engage? Artillery is useless against myriads upon myriads of tiny foes; even railway trains have been stopped in their course in America by hordes of insects. The smaller and more numerous the adversary, the less the chance of engaging him with honour: you kill a million; and straightway ten millions take their place. France has lost more by the phylloxera which devours her vines than by the indemnity she paid to Germany for the war of 1870: and the worst of it is, the Uhlan has gone, but the phylloxera still remains encamped and intrenched in all her vineyards. That tiny fly is an enemy with which treaties and capitulations are impossible: no cession of fortresses will satisfy its greed; no promises of money down or of territory ceded will induce it to forego its conquered provinces.

I propose in this paper to trace the life-history of one or two among these famous armies of conquering insects, the Assyrian hosts or Napoleonic hordes of their kind, creatures which are produced in vast quantities at once, and which suddenly appear in devastating numbers over whole areas of country. And I do not think we can do better for a beginning than by taking the case of that too familiar American pest, the so-called seventeen-year locust. American, I say, because in this, as in most other matters, America still "whips creation." When the United States go in for anything, they go in for it as a rule on the huge scale: their vast areas of forest and prairie and wheatfield allow the development of gregarious life in a way unknown to our little peninsular and mountain-severed Europe. Here we have meadow and pasture and copse and heath dividing the soil with corn or turnips: in America, wheat occupies whole square miles in a line, and so affords an easy prey to every aggressive insect. Hence it happens that such pests in the States assume the proportions of veritable armies, and that skilled entomologists have to be employed by government like policemen or soldiers in order, if possible, to check the assaults of the foe by opposing to each its own appropriate natural and hereditary antagonist.

You will hardly be surprised to hear at the outset that the seventeen-year locust is not a locust at all. "Things are not what they seem," the poet tells us; and most plants and animals are so strangely misnamed by popular natural history, that the fact of a creature being called by one name almost suffices to make one conclude it must deserve another. Locusts in Africa are very destructive beasts: a cicada in America is equally destructive: that casual resemblance of habit and practical result was enough to make the American farmer call his own local pest by the name of locust. But if you look at the portrait of the female cicada, as shown in No. 15, you will see at a glance that she does not present the slightest resemblance to the true locusts, but that, on the contrary, she is almost identical with the quaint little chirpers which keep up such a ceaseless and emulous concert in the fields and woods of Southern Europe in piping summer-time. Wherever vines grow, there you will find the South European cicada busily performing. Its continuous song is faintly pleasing to most people, especially if heard at a little distance: but it becomes disagreable at last, from its constancy and monotony, and if heard very near it is harsh and grating.

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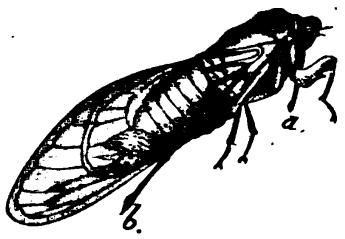
A word or two at the outset about cicadas in general, viewed as a family, may help to put you more at home with the group as a whole: after which, we may proceed to inquire into the domestic concerns of the seventeen-year cicada herself in particular. Cicadas in the lump are large and stout-bodied insects, of the beaked class: they are very musical in their tastes, and have wings which are arranged slantwise, like the roof of a house. Their food is strictly vegetarian. Like all their kind, they are specially adapted for living by suction, draining the juices of the plants on which they fasten. For this purpose they are provided with an elaborate and highly-developed beak, intended for piercing the tissues of the food-plant. The females have also a stout and horny egg-layer or ovipositor, extremely complex in its mechanism, as I shall show hereafter; and this egg-layer is equally designed for making incisions in the tissues of plants, and laying the eggs where the young grubs, in their earliest stage, will be safest from attack and surest of rich and nutritious provender. Cicadas have always two large and very prominent eyes, set sideways at the edge of the head: but in addition to this pair, many kinds have also three secondary eyelets or ocelli, which are placed between the main eyes in the centre of the forehead: and these smaller eyes are frequently most brilliant in hue, with a gleam like a jewel's. Otherwise, the cicadas are not remarkably handsome or decorated insects; they reserve the whole of their aesthetic taste for the musical faculty.

As a rule, indeed, you will find that birds and insects specialize their allurements in one or other of these two directions—song or colour; the two are seldom found together. Very brilliantly plumaged birds, like the peacock, the birds of paradise, the humming-birds, and the parrots, do not often possess beautiful voices: and, *per contra*, very sweet-voiced birds, like the lark, the nightingale, the thrush, and the linnet, are not usually remarkable for the hues of their feathers. It seems almost as though nature economized in the matter of display: where she attracts by song, she does not think it necessary to attract by colour; where plumage suffices to charm the eyes of delighted mates, she does not trouble to add music also. So pretty a girl, she says, can do without accomplishments: so accomplished a girl has no need for beauty. Now, the cicadas are, almost without exception, musical. But their song is produced exclusively by the male insects, who are provided for the purpose with a curious resonant, drum-like instrument. It consists of a cavity with a stretched membrane, whose vibration, controlled by muscles, sets up the familiar chirping or stridulating noise so well known to all who have lived in Italy. In warm sunshine these insect vocalists keep up a continuous concert of sweet sounds, intended no doubt to attract the females. Resonators in the body increase the volume of the note, and make it carry further; we had one cicada in our house in Jamaica which sang so loud that we always knew it as the prima donna. We were wrong in the gender, I admit: we ought rather to have said the first tenor; for the females have no song: a fact much commented upon by the malicious Greek poet—doubtless a married man, tied to a loquacious Athenian lady:—

> Happy the cicadas' lives
> Since they all have voiceless wives.

You can thus tell a male cicada from a female at once, because the large horny plate which covers the stridulating apparatus in the nobler sex is wanting or at least rudimentary in the ladies of the species.

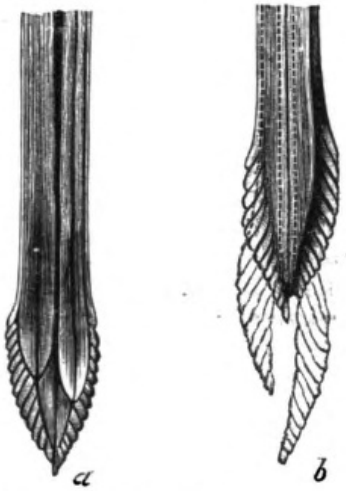
But I am too long delaying the introduction of our particular subject, the seventeen-year cicada, who is really the hero of this present drama. The name is an odd one, but it is strictly true. The cicadas of this kind appear in each district once only in every seventeen years—"And that is once too many," said an aggrieved Kentucky farmer. The fact is, all cicadas remain for a long time underground in the grub condition before emerging in the upper air as perfect insects; and this particular sort takes no less than seventeen years to mature, though there is in certain States a thirteen-year variety or local species. No. 1 of my illustrations shows you a specimen with the wings on one side removed, so as to exhibit the chief offending organs—the mouth or beak (*a*) and the saw-like egg-layer (*b*). In the breeding season, the males appear for a short time only, sing, pair, and then die at once, it being probable, indeed, that they cannot or do not eat in the adult or perfect condition. But the females make up for this little defect in their partners' economy by eating



1.—THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA.

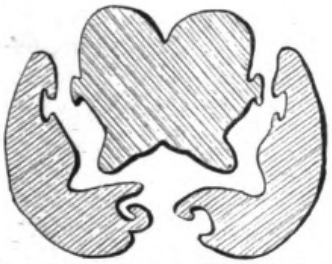
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voraciously, and laying some four or five hundred eggs apiece in the buds or twigs of trees: after which they, too, proceed to die, having also fulfilled their place in nature. For the winged state in insects is usually little more than a device for mating and egg-laying: it may be aptly compared to the flowering stage in plants, since the flower exists only for the sake of being fertilized, and fades as soon as the seeds begin to set; its sole use is to attract the impregnating insects, as the sole use of the butterfly is to mate and lay eggs for future generations.



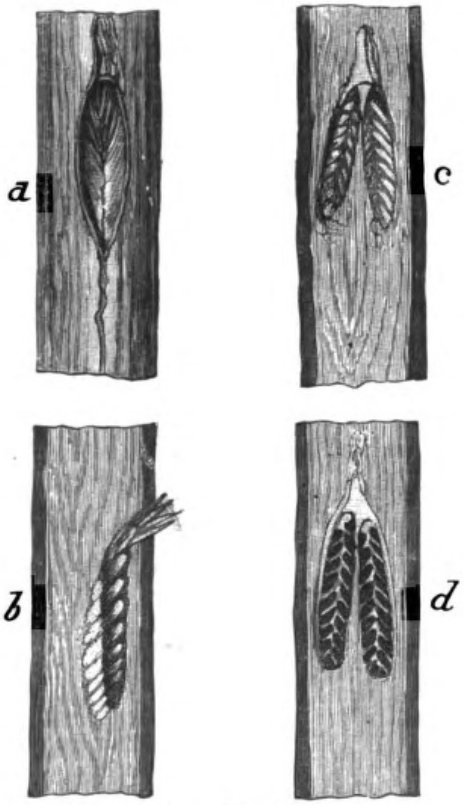
2.—THE SAW FOR MAKING EGG-NESTS.

But the ovipositor or egg-layer, seen at *b* in No. 1, is a most remarkable organ, whose minute structure you can further observe in No. 2, where I have had it much enlarged puncture drilled by the ovipositor. At *b*, the surface of the twig has been deftly removed, so as to show the arrangement of the eggs in the egg-basket thus cunningly excavated. At *c*, you have a side-view of the eggs lying in their basket; and at *d*, you have the cavity exposed after the eggs are removed, so as to let you see the sculpture left by the ovipositor. I think you will agree that a neater or more perfect nest could hardly be devised than this thus carved out of a living twig by the minute instruments at the disposal of a petty two-inch-long insect.


3.—SECTION OF THE SAW, SHOWING HOW THE PARTS FIT TOGETHER LIKE A PUZZLE.

The eggs soon hatch out in their snug little nest in the twig: but the larvæ do not continue to live there permanently. In a very short time they drop to the ground, burrow their way into the soil by means of their strong-toothed thighs, and fasten on to the roots of trees and plants, where they earn their livelihood by perpetual suction. Caterpillars and other above-ground larvæ, exposed to stress of weather and with the perpetual terror of winter before their eyes, usually live and feed for one summer only: they turn into pupæ during the course of that summer, or at best assume the chrysalis form in late autumn, hibernating as well as they can in the dormant condition, and coming out as perfect insects with the succeeding springtide. But the cicada tribe pass their larval period for the most part underground, where they are tolerably protected from the inclemency of the weather, for frost never strikes deep; therefore, they need be in no hurry to grow old apace: they can take their own time for arriving at maturity. And they do take it: they eat their way slowly and laboriously through life: one variety of the periodical cicada matures in seventeen years, the other in thirteen.

for you. In *a*, this wonderful cutting instrument is seen from above, and in *b*, from beneath, the dotted lines being intended to indicate the up-and-down motion of the saw-like blades or cutters. These cutters are fitted together by grooves into the fixed holder or axis almost like a puzzle, so as to move up and down truly: and the cross-section in No. 3 enables you to appreciate the exquisite way in which the parts fit into one another, with that extraordinary accuracy only to be found in the works of nature. No. 4, again, shows you how the mechanism acts as a whole. It exhibits a series of views of the twig of a tree operated upon by the seventeen-year cicada. At *a*, you have a recent



4.—NESTS AND EGGS IN TWIGS OF CHESTNUT.

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Meanwhile, the larva lives by suction on roots and underground stems or tubers, doing much unobtrusive damage to vegetation in a quiet way, and eating what he can get with constant vigilance. Of course, he is often eaten in turn, in accordance with the usual law of nature: for myriads of the larvæ are devoured by birds, by frogs, and even by pigs, which grub them up with their snouts from the soil where they have buried themselves; but myriads more survive, and turn out in the end as fully-winged cicadas, to the no small disgust of the American agricultural interest.

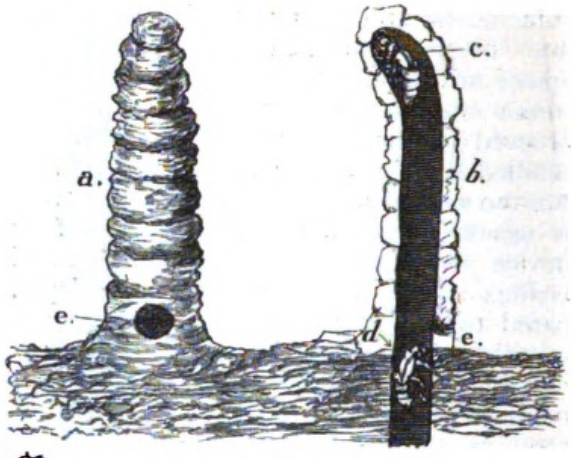
No. 5 is a portrait of the larva, "aged eighteen months," if I may plagiarize the familiar phrase so often used in another department of this Magazine with reference to the photographs of more illustrious



5.—THE LARVA OF THE CICADA, AGED EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

celebrities. You will see at once that our undeveloped cicada is already a creature capable of doing a fair amount of serious damage to trees or crops; and when you consider that he has still fifteen years to grow, you can understand that he inspires a just fear in the bosom of the farmer who has most to deal with him. Admirably adapted both for sucking and nipping, as this picture shows, he can do as much harm as any insect of his size known to science, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of that famous winged fiend, the true African locust.

At the end of his long and tedious minority, the cicada larva begins at last to think of assuming the *toga virilis* of his race, and prepares to put on the robe of the pupa. But his pupa stage is not like that of the butterfly, an inert and mummy-like chrysalis existence: in common with the great group of beaked insects to which he belongs, the cicada only undergoes what is technically known as an "imperfect metamorphosis." The pupa in these cases does not become dormant: it is merely a sort of active hobbledehoy, which walks and behaves like the larva or the perfect insect: it represents an intermediate form between the grub and the winged cicada—an intermediate form quite as capable of taking care of itself as the perfect animal. For seventeen years vast hordes of larvæ live unseen underground in the same district: at the end of that time, all with one accord begin to change into pupæ, and construct for themselves strange galleries of emergence, so that the soil in certain places seems honeycombed with their tunnels. Two of these galleries are seen in No. 6, one in front view, and the other laid open as a section. Here *e* is the door or orifice of the gallery, and *c* is a pupa waiting to undergo transformation; while *d* is a brother insect just ready to metamorphose. Whole acres together are often covered and pierced with these strange tubes or shells, as thick as blades of grass in an English meadow.



6.—THE GALLERIES FOR THE PUPÆ.



7.—THE PUPA COMES OUT.

No. 7 shows the next stage in the process of emergence. Here, the active pupa has walked up from the ground, and is just preparing to enter upon a new phase of life as a free winged insect, frequenting the open

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sunlight. It moves cautiously and slowly, a little dazzled and stunned, like a man brought up for many years in a mine, and then suddenly turned loose in the crowded and garish streets of some great city. No wonder the creatures feel like so many insect Kaspar Hausers, and move gingerly about on the branches which support them. The pupa crawls out upon a twig, and finds its skin has strangely hardened.



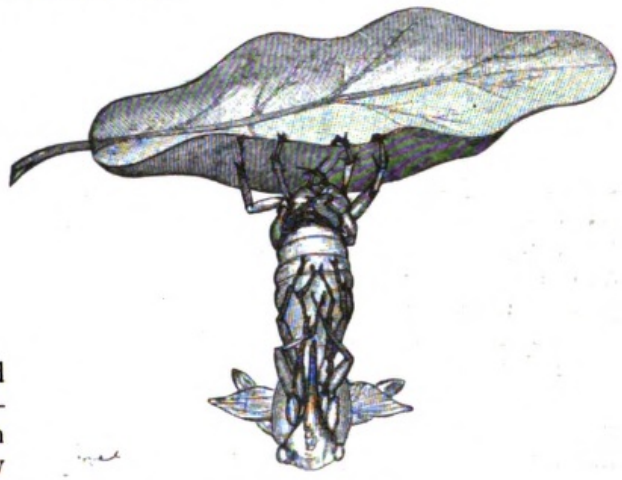
8.—AND THE CICADA COMES OUT OF IT.



9.—BODY FREE!

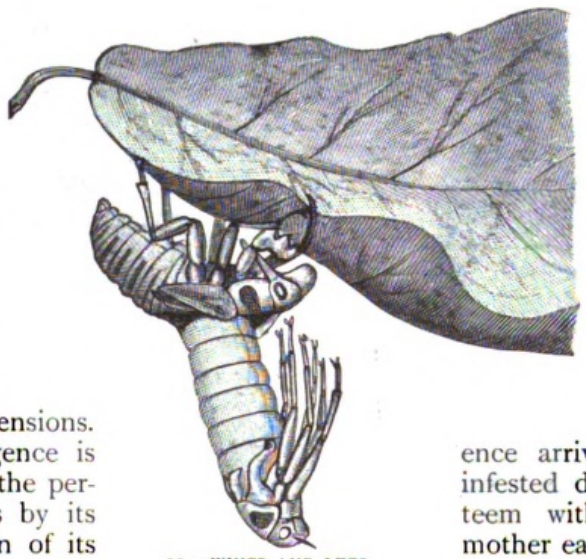
After a while, it pauses, as in No. 8, and feels the hardened shell on its back gradually breaking. The winged cicada, which has formed itself within the pupa's skin, now begins to worm its way out with hereditary caution. In No. 9 you see it freeing itself from its mummy-case, a pale and ghost-like creature, as yet very timid and uncertain of the future. In No. 10, with one long pull, it has got its legs and wings free, but its tail still remains enclosed in the cast-off shell or pupal skin. The wings, you will observe, are at this stage very small, and quite inconspicuous: we shall see hereafter how they plim themselves out in the open air to the adult dimensions. In No. 11, the emergence is almost complete, and the perfect insect only hangs by its tail to the cast-off skin of its own pupa. The wings are here seen sideways, and have grown a little larger, but they are still rather thick or fleshy in texture, softly plastic, and wholly unfit for the act of flying.

The three next illustrations show the process of passing into the flying stage. In No. 12, the newly-emerged cicada has cast itself quite free from the clogging garment of its pupal condition, and is balancing itself on a leaf preparatory to inflating and drying its wings. In No. 13, it has poised itself firmly, and is beginning to swell. In No. 14, the wings have been fully inflated, like a



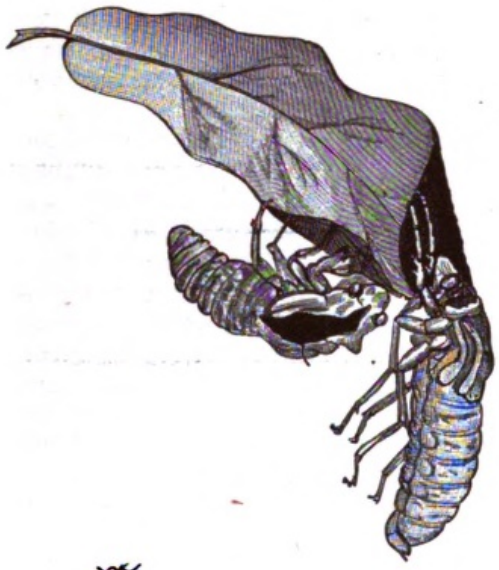
11.—HOLDING ON BY HER TAIL.

Dunlop tyre, and are now hardened and ready for action. In this stage, the cicada assumes a beautiful glossy and satiny appearance, though it still looks a trifle pallid and ghost-like. The illustrations show you in each case only a single cicada: the American farmer has good ground for knowing that, like other misfortunes, they never come singly. When the moment for emergence arrives, the ground in an infested district seems simply to teem with masses of cicadas: mother earth brings them forth: they pour out in their millions,



10.—WINGS AND LEGS ALL OUT!

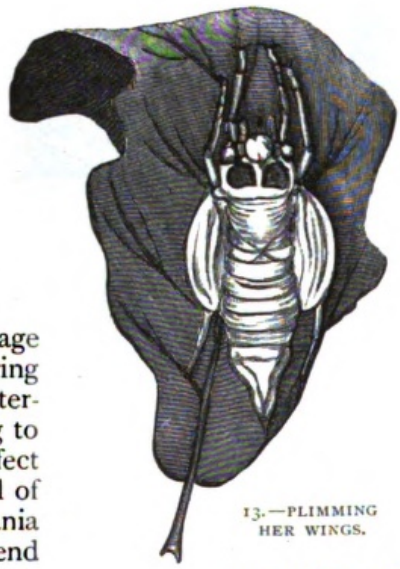
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12.—CICADA JUST EMERGED, WITH EMPTY PUPA-CASE.

and devour everything on which they can lay their beaks with ruthless destructiveness. In a few days trees and shrubs are laid bare, crops are destroyed, and the year's labour is rendered vain by the victorious insects. The damage done by them as larvæ during their seventeen years of subterranean existence is as nothing to the damage done by the perfect insects during their short spell of adult activity. In Pennsylvania they have been known to bend and break down the limbs of trees by their weight: the forests ring with the shrill sound of their music.

For now comes the pairing season. Early in June, on every branch around, the male cicadas sit and beat their tiny drums as a summons to their lady-loves, in emulation with one another, like nightingales or skylarks. Sometimes you may hear two particularly loud ones singing or drumming in rivalry: as soon as one leaves off for a second, the other begins, like Virgil's swains, in alternate verses. Attracted by the sound, the clustering females alight near the most favoured male, and soon select the partner that suits them. In the woods at cicada-time you may see hundreds and thousands of such little domestic dramas enacted on every side, the boughs being alive with many myriads of eager performers, each surrounded by its own little admiring group of female listeners. All around, the branches of the neighbouring trees are covered with a drapery of rent and forsaken pupa-cases.



13.—PLIMMING HER WINGS.

The next stage in the drama of cicada life consists in the deposition of the eggs. No. 15 shows us a female cicada, apparently lost in profound thought, and seated lengthwise on a twig of chestnut. But she is not composing an epic: in reality, she has pierced the tissues of the shoot with her auger-like egg-layer, and is now engaged in laying her eggs safe out of harm's way



14.—WINGS FULLY EXPANDED.



15.—LAYING EGGS.

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among the pigeon-holes of one of those neat little nests already illustrated. It is for the sake of producing these eggs in sufficient numbers that the perfect insects — at least the females — have eaten so ravenously ever since they emerged from the pupal form: for they lay about a round five hundred apiece, and they have to devour material enough for this immense production in a week or so of rapid and greedy accumulation. You can't make eggs out of nothing, of course: and the more you have to lay, the more you must eat in order to lay them.

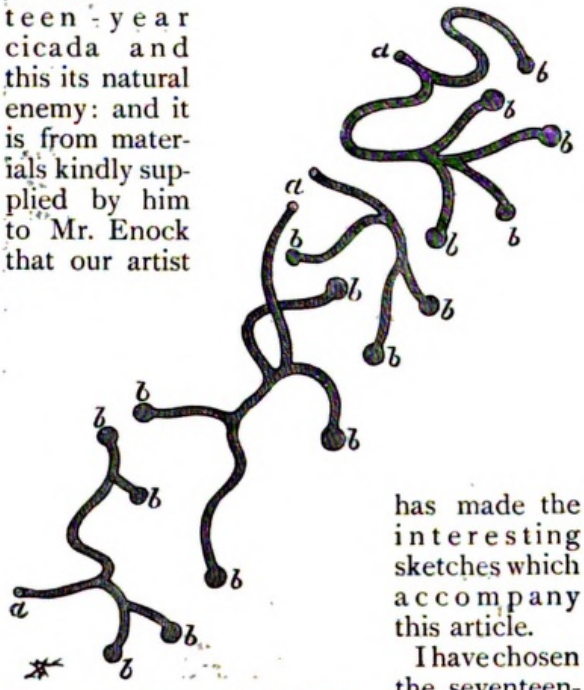


16.—CARRIED OFF BY AN ENEMY.

So far, we have dealt mainly with eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, with a slight accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music. But the cicada's life is not always "all beer and skittles." No. 16 represents an untoward accident, to which our hero is commonly liable. A parasitic insect, by name Megastizus, smaller than the cicada, but stronger and heavier, seizes it bodily in his legs and carries it off to store his own nursery, exactly as evil spirits carry off wicked souls in old Italian pictures. Megastizus is a burrower, and No. 17 shows in a lurid light one of his underground tunnels, with his own ugly larva engaged in devouring the dead cicada. These burrows themselves are singular examples of insect architecture, Ali Baba caves of tiny robbers: they are represented in ground plan in No. 18, *a*, *a* being in each case the door or entrance, and *b*, *b*, *b* the little round chambers stored with cicadas in which the eggs are laid and the larvæ developed. The late Professor C. V. Riley, the official entomologist of the United States, made a special study of the seventeen-year cicada and this its natural enemy: and it is from materials kindly supplied by him to Mr. Enock that our artist has made the interesting sketches which accompany this article.



17.—THE ENEMY'S LARVA FEEDING ON DEAD CICADA.



18.—THE ROBBER'S CAVES: SECTIONS OF THE ENEMY'S BURROWS.

I have chosen the seventeen-year cicada as the first example of these destructive hordes of gregarious insects, partly because of the curious regularity of its re-appearance in the infested districts, and partly because of its interesting musical tastes: but there are many other species equally destructive elsewhere, not the least formidable of which is the famous or infamous migratory locust of Oriental countries. The true locust is a large grasshopper-like creature, provided both with wings and with powerful jumping thighs: it is voracious in its appetite, and will devour

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almost anything, including at a pinch even its own species. The females are provided with strong and sharp egg-laying implements, and you can often watch them boring a hole with these weapons in the desert soil, and depositing their numerous eggs in the nest thus excavated. I have seen them so by hundreds on the Algerian hillsides. From the first, the young locusts resemble their parents in everything except in the presence of wings; they are most sociable in their habits, and hop about in great swarms over the arid country at the edge of the desert. By-and-by, leaving the larval form behind, they need their strong but delicate papery wings; and then begins a terrible and devastating migration. They have eaten all there is to eat in their native belt, and must needs go elsewhere. Driven from home by hunger, like the hordes of the north who attacked and overthrew the Roman Empire, the young locusts march forward in vast swarms, which sometimes extend over hundreds of miles of country together. If they succeed in finding a cultivated tract, they clear it in a few days of every living green thing: if they fail, they are almost equally to be dreaded in the end, for then they die by millions of starvation, and their rotting bodies, covering acres of land at once, fester in the sun and set up at last a pestilential malaria, which finally spreads as influenza or fever to Europe and America. From all which it may readily be seen that the prophet Joel was not exaggerating when he described the locusts as eating that which the palmerworm had left—"the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

But perhaps the method recently adopted by the British authorities for killing locusts in Cyprus affords the best commentary upon the numbers and destructiveness of these invading hordes. An ingenious land-owner in the island, Mr. Richard Mattei, had noticed that when locusts are "upon the march," about ten days after their hatching, they allow no obstacle in their course to stop them, but climb or crawl (like young eels up weirs) over every barrier that comes in their way. But he had also noticed that they could not get a foothold on a perfectly smooth surface; and he hit accordingly on a clever plan for checking their triumphant advance altogether. He induced the government to bar their progress across country by erecting screens of canvas, set up on stakes, and topped by a broad band of that unpleasantly smooth and varnished fabric known to housewives as "American cloth." The American cloth was more than the locusts could stand: they preferred death to so vile an invention. And this is how they meet their end with becoming fortitude. At the foot of the screens, deep pits are dug and lined with zinc. The locusts advance to the screens, which are laid right across their line of march, but being unable to climb over the polished cloth they fall into the pits. Thousands upon thousands thus tumble in masses on top of one another, and crush one another to death: the smooth zinc at the side effectually prevents them from climbing out again. In one year, the locusts were thus trapped in no less than 26,000 pits: the number of the killed was roughly estimated at a number which runs into twelve figures, say some 200,000,000,000, or two hundred thousand millions. The cost of killing this gigantic host amounted only to 2s. a million, which is certainly not excessive. If we could conduct our Soudan campaigns on the same terms, I fear there would not be a native left alive in Africa at the end of a twelvemonth. The resources of civilization would have civilized Baggaras and Matebeles into non-entity—which is sooner or later the usual course of our Imperial mission.

Another curious insect of the army-forming kind is that quaint little beast, the processional caterpillar of Southern Europe, an insect on which I have made continual observations for many seasons on the Riviera. The best-known species is the processional caterpillar of the pine tree; it lives in nests like those of wasps, surrounded with a sort of cob-webby silk cover. These nests may be seen by thousands on the trees in the Esterel in early spring: they are cut down and burned in vast quantities by the foresters, but no amount of burning ever seems to diminish their numbers. When they sally forth to feed or to bury themselves before assuming the chrysalis form, they march straight across country in a long line: or, if obstacles intervene, they curve round the base of trees or the edges of rocks in graceful undulations. Every procession has a recognised leader who heads the band: the rest follow after him in long Indian file, one after another, each holding on fast to the tail of the man in front of him. This at least is the only way in which I myself have ever seen them march: I find pictures in books of the caterpillars marching two or three abreast, or even in wedge-shaped triangular order: but after years of watching, I have never myself known them to go in any other way than single file, in a long sinuous line, one by one after the acknowledged leader.

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If you break the line, the whole body at first seems paralyzed for a moment: then slowly they begin to recover confidence and to meet the situation. The last man left at the end of the fore part of the train seems to pull or bite the tail of the man just in front of him, who in turn communicates with the next in front, and so on all along the line, till the news has been telegraphed right ahead to the leader. Then the leader halts, and all the rest halt behind him. Meanwhile, a similar telegraphic message has been sent post haste to the rear by the front caterpillar of the second half, or interrupted portion: he seems to halt, marking time, and so to prevent the man just behind him from moving; this last by a backward shove similarly communicates the news of a breach to the insect at his tail; and so on till both halves of the divided procession have come to a dead stand, awaiting developments. If you have only removed one caterpillar from the line to a little distance, he soon crawls back again into his place in the procession: in which case the end insects on either side of him telegraph forward and back the return of the lost member, and in a few minutes the *cortège* moves on again. But if you have hopelessly removed three or four caterpillars to a considerable distance, so that they cannot find their way back, the line waits for twenty minutes or so, to give them a fair chance, and then, probably concluding that they have been eaten by birds or lizards, gives them up as lost, closes in again slowly, and resumes its march in a saddened and dispirited fashion.



19.—LIFE-HISTORY OF THE ARMY-WORM.

I have experimented in many ways with these lines of caterpillars, and have always found that if only one insect was removed, the procession soon joined together again, either with him or without him. But if several were removed at various points, so as entirely to disorganize the whole line, the insects seemed to get puzzled and at last lost heart, curling round upon one another in a helpless muddle, and trying each to effect a junction with a leader. None but the original leader, however, seems qualified to lead: a heaven-born king or elected president, I know not which, he is absolutely necessary to the safety of the line: remove him, and not an insect will stir a leg: no other of the line dare take the place of the duly constituted hierophant. Deprived of their chief, the caterpillars seem to be thrown into an agony of terror; each tries to shuffle off upon his equally unwilling neighbour the responsibility of going first. As a rule, this chaos ends by making them all roll up into a tangled ball and refuse to move either forward or backward: there they stop till they die, or are trodden under foot or eaten by birds, too timid to proceed without their proper general. I suspect that the ordinary pictures of lines three or four deep must be derived from such broken and disorganized processions; for I have never known a healthy and perfect line proceed in any other way than by single file order.

The last of these destructive insects with which I shall deal here is the dreaded army-worm, a terrible plague of American wheat-fields. The whole life-history of this dangerous wild beast is summed up for us in brief in No. 19, drawn also from materials supplied by Professor Riley, who worked harder at the investigation of these insect pests than any other entomologist in Europe or America. No. 1 in this illustration shows the harmless and innocent-looking eggs, quietly deposited by the mother moth on a blade of wheat as it grows. No. 2 gives us the larva just hatched, and proceeding to make a meal on the farmer's young crop. Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6 show it growing progressively fatter in the process, much to the detriment of the corn; while at 7 it is represented as turning into a pupa, and at 8, 9, and 10 is seen as the perfect insect. This American army-worm commits terrible ravages in the western wheatfields, and sometimes attacks whole districts at once like an invading battalion.

A totally different but still more interesting

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insect is known by the same name of army-worm in Southern Europe. It is the grub of a midge, and is not separately noticeable; but its numbers make it conspicuous, and its curious habits have always attracted the attention both of naturalists and of farmers. The European army-worm, however, is not in any way a menace to agriculture: it is merely noteworthy from the strangeness and weirdness of its processional habits. The adult midge is a small black fly, no bigger than a mosquito: it lays its numerous eggs among fallen and rotting leaves, which form the favourite food of its myriad larvæ. The eggs hatch out into little naked maggots, about a quarter of an inch long: the body is sticky and almost transparent, but the wee black head gives the tiny beasts a rather knowing expression, like insects of the world, quite at home in society. When the time arrives for the grubs to turn into chrysalides, thousands of families of them collect together among the fallen leaves so as to form a veritable army, which sets forth on a march across country in a serried phalanx, many feet in length, and crawling some sixty or seventy abreast in very irregular order. The line flows like a cataract over whatever comes in its way, the individual whitish grubs not being particular whether they crawl over one another or not: and as they wind in and out, around trunks of trees and gnarled roots or stems, they resemble nothing so much as a huge grey snake trailing slowly through the brushwood. The line seethes with life: it is a living stream, composed of translucent and viscid insects, so fluid and plastic in its mode of progression that you have to look close before you can convince yourself that it is really made up of individual maggots.

At last the army reaches a suitable place for undergoing its metamorphosis. Then instinct teaches it what to do. It halts by common consent, and the various grubs roll themselves up into a huge round ball, which seems for a time to be perfectly motionless. If you watch it long, however, you will soon begin to perceive that it is growing by degrees mysteriously smaller and smaller. Can the grubs be eating one another up, like the Kilkenny cats? It looks as though the mass were disappearing slowly into thin air: only when the ball has begun to reach its last few layers do you get an inkling of the explanation of the mystery. The larvæ have chosen a nice soft spot in the deep black mould of the wood where they can easily bury themselves to undergo transformation. Those at the bottom of the ball first burrow into the ground, and are followed one by one by the others in succession. There they all assume the form of small mummy-like pupæ: and after passing through their transformation underground, emerge at last as a vast and tangled swarm of small black midges, dancing in the sunlight with rhythmical motion. But though the European army-worm is really quite harmless, being a member of the rather innocuous or useful group of fungus-eating midges, the occasional appearance of the armies across a grassy path has always been a cause of superstitious terror to the peasants of the wild and tangled forest-lands which the creature frequents. Strange stories are told and believed about these innocent little grubs: their advent is a sign of impending war: they are the harbingers of invasion: they herald misfortune like comets and earthquakes: they even appear as portents of God's wrath before the occurrence of plague, famine, and pestilence. In New Orleans and other American towns exposed to yellow-fever, it is believed that a closely similar midge, the so-called "yellow-fever fly," accompanies the epidemics of that dreaded disease. But it is not improbable that the microbe of yellow-fever may really be spread by means of midges, so that in this respect the current belief of the New World rests perhaps upon a firmer basis than the antique superstition of the European woodlands.

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LINDA

A STORY OF THE GIPPSLAND BUSH



By Basil Marnan.

I.

WHEN Patrick Holan and his wife Peggy took out a big clearing location in Gippsland, Victoria, they imagined for some years that they were indisputably masters of themselves and their property. With the arrival of Linda, however, this innocent belief began to be subjected to wavering doubts, and by the time that queenly mite had passed the fourth anniversary of her birthday, Patrick and Peggy came to the absolute conviction that they were the victims of a tyranny, and that the real sceptre was wielded by the baby hands of Linda.

She was a fair-haired child, with long, harvest-gold locks that floated round her shoulders, and nestled about the delicately-veined pearly temples, and strayed lovingly over the smooth, clear brow, as if to tease the curling, silken, velvety fringe that shielded her eyes. Angel eyes they were—wide, blue, fearless, with the instant flash of trust, the divine gaze of innocence and laughter. The child was the joy of Patrick's life, the sanctification of his improvident marriage. He had been a first class man at Trinity, Dublin, and had had great expectations of doing well at the English Bar, his father being a judge, and wealthy moreover. But when he had married penniless Peggy Moriarty, the daughter of a small tenant farmer, with nothing but her winsome, lovely face, her lilting brogue, and her tender Irish heart to recommend her, Judge Holan had been furious.

"You have disgraced your family, sir!" he had said, almost lapsing in his excitement into brogue. "And the only decent thing you can do is to bury yourself. I'll pay you five thousand pounds into the City Bank at Melbourne, and when you get there you can go to the deuce."

So Patrick went—not to the deuce, but to Melbourne, though save for the presence of Peggy he thought at first it was very much an equation in terms.

With that native energy which everywhere distinguishes the Hibernian outside the tyrannous tradition of his own isle, he had struck straight for the heart of Gippsland. It was cheaper and, he rightly thought, wiser to buy a big clearing location, and stock by degrees, than to start on mortgage and large flocks. The hard work braced him, and at the end of four years he lorded it over two hundred head of cattle, half as many sheep, innumerable pigs, and some five hundred acres of pasture, widening every day. Geelong was then but a village, the Victoria Lakes on his right were thick with swan and fowl, while his nearest neighbour lay four days, trek through the blue haze of stately gums

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and wattle. Though his homestead was not an imposing structure, he was very fond of it. A commodious log mansion it was, in fact, flanked by a dairy that was the pride of Peggy's heart.

One bright afternoon in June Linda, sitting on the veranda that ran round the dairy, was busily occupied in watching the antics (as they seemed to her) of two men who came riding apparently towards the house. Presently, with an amused gurgle, she called to her mother to share the sport.

"Muddie, muddie!" she cried, "do come here and look at these funny men playing hide-and-seek in the trees."

Peggy Holan put her face through the door, with a bright smile.

"Is daddie back already?" she asked.

"How silly you are, muddie," was the crushing retort. "As if my fardie would play like that 'cept with me."

Mrs. Holan slipped out on to the veranda, and shading her eyes with hands bathed in fresh cream looked anxiously down the road. She was a little woman, with eyes of the true Irish grey, and a face almost ridiculously like her daughter's, at once wistful, droll, and wilful. As she looked an expression of fear crept into her eyes, and for a moment she trembled. A mile away down the road two men were approaching on horseback. But in place of riding up on the track, they were skirting in and out of the trees as if bent on eluding observation. Only the previous night her husband had been telling her that he had heard that Jake Hardy's gang had been seen in the neighbourhood, and had expatiated largely on the terror that grim bush-ranger had been in the vicinity of Ballarat, till pursuit of him had become so hot that he had found a change of quarters imperative. The thought of all this flashed into Peggy Holan's mind simultaneously with the recollection that her husband had in the house some £300 in cash, which he had provided for the purchase of cattle the following week.

It was impossible to recognise the strangers at the distance, but that they were strangers she knew at a glance. One learns quickly in the bush to distinguish friends by the mere set of a man in the saddle. And the manner of those approaching was not reassuring. She was not so much conscious of fear for herself as of anxiety for the money. Under the spell of this emotion she seized Linda's hand and fled into the house. The money lay in neat little rouleaux in a drawer, ready to be transferred to Patrick's marketing belt. Gathering it up into her apron she crossed over again to the dairy, and let it drop, packet by packet, into a large can of milk. She had bidden Linda wait for her the while in the house, and now rejoining her she unhooked a revolver from the wall and took up her stand with the child on the veranda. Her heart beat high as the two strangers, leaving the bush, galloped headlong for the house. Their identity needed no explanation. The pistols covering her as they dismounted were eloquent enough, and the hand with which she tried to point her own revolver was shaking in a way just as expressive.

"Don't you go 'urtin' yerself, marm, with that there plaything," remarked one of the bandits, facetiously.

He stretched out his hand for it, and Peggy, now half dead with fright, felt un-



"DON'T YOU GO 'URTIN' YERSELF, MARM."

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commonly relieved as his fingers took it from her.

"We thought," went on the man, with a wink to his comrade, "as you'd be lonely like with the old man away. So we've paid you a visit. You've no call to be frightened, if you do as you're told. An' for a start, jest let's see the place where the guv'nor stows his cash."

Peggy turned as if about to fly. But the man, with an oath, was too quick for her. He seized her arm and swung her round. Then an unexpected diversion came. Linda, who had been gazing on the scene with wide blue eyes growing each moment more mutinous, suddenly flung herself on the bully, fighting at his leg with clenched fists and active teeth. After the first moment's yell of pained surprise, for Linda had a very pretty set of teeth, it would have gone hard with the child save for the sudden interference of the second bandit.

"No, you don't, darn you," he said, snatching the child from the furious clutch of his comrade. "We ain't 'ere to butcher babies or knock silly women out. Come inside and search. It won't take long to clear out this shanty."

Their first efforts proving fruitless, they turned their attention for a moment to the kitchen, where a goodly store of food and bottles tempted them to a diversion.

Meanwhile Peggy sat like one dazed on the veranda, murmuring again and again to herself, "If only Pat would come!" When at last the ruffians had finished their meal, and sat whispering together and looking ever and again towards her, Linda suddenly thrust her hand into her mother's and whispered:—

"Don't be fitened, muddie! I'll take care of you."

As the two men advanced the child's cheeks flushed hotly, and she whispered again, "I'll go and tell fardie!"

A light of hope flashed into Mrs. Holan's eyes, only to die down next minute.

"You could never find him," she whispered.

"Oh, yes, I can," the child answered, sturdily. "Tick (the dog) finds him, so I'll smell him out like Tick—see?"

Then, before her mother could say a word, she had glided off the veranda, skirted the house, and in a moment was lost to view in the bush.

II.

WHEN Linda found herself under shelter of the trees she ran along as fast as her little legs would carry her in the direction she had that morning seen her father take. She knew that he was felling trees with three assistants somewhere quite a long way off, and had not the slightest doubt that if she went straight on as he had done till she was out of sight of the house she would find him easily. Yet when at last she ventured to look round, and found that she could no longer see the house, a sudden awe came on her. The woods were so big and so still; the trees all seemed to be watching her; the leaves to be whispering about her. The little brows puckered for a moment in perplexity, and the baby lips, till then so tightly, rebelliously clenched, took a downward curve that told of a great desire to cry. The disappointment was very real and so very bitter. Here she was quite out of sight, and so, just on the place where her father had disappeared that morning; yet he was nowhere to be seen. She went on for a few paces falteringly. Gradually her steps grew slower and slower, her lips drooped more and more, and she came to a halt. Then a bright look flashed into her eyes, and her flute-like treble rang through the bush: "Fardie! Fardie!" and again, "Fardie!"

But as the lingering echoes died away, and the silence seemed to brood more heavily, a sudden access of terror seized her, and she sank on to the ground. The great gum trees towered above her, making the sky like little pools of water. Between the mighty trunks she could see nothing save the shimmer of a blue haze, that crept up and up and seemed to be full of eyes. She felt that she wanted her mother dreadfully, but with the thought came the memory that her mother was wanting her father just that way too. She crept on to her knees, and, solemnly clasping her hands, looked up into a tiny pool of blue sky.

"Dear guardy angel," she said, in all trust, "if you're not werry sleepy or werry busy, just now, do please show me the way my fardie's gone."

At that instant, and, to her child-mind, as if in direct answer to her prayer, a great blue butterfly with golden stripes on its wings fluttered out from the shade and went zig-zagging through the shadow and sunlight in front of her. With a delighted scream the child jumped to her feet and fled in hot pursuit after it. Not for a second did she doubt that it was the "guardy angel" itself. Had not her father told her only last night that just such a butterfly had whispered to him while he was at work all that his little girl had been doing? And here, she thought,

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was that same dear butterfly going to tell her father now. Once or twice, indeed, she thought it did not seem to know its way very well, for sometimes it almost turned back. Yet she followed it in perfect trust, getting deeper and deeper into the bush, farther and farther from all signs of a track. For an hour or more she toiled bravely on, till suddenly her errant guide soared lazily aloft into the branches of a giant wattle and settled himself comfortably for a snooze.

At the same moment the sound of voices reached her ears, and with a shrill cry of joy and gratitude she dashed down a little slope, turned a bank of shrubs, and was standing breathless in the middle of four or five men.

Her advent seemed to startle them, for they one and all sprang to their feet, grasping at guns and revolvers. Linda eyed them in solemn scrutiny.

"Where's fardie?" she asked, briskly, advancing a step.

"Blow me, if it ain't Holan's kid," muttered one of the men. "I seed her yesterday when I was taking the lay of the land."

"Go out and scout, Jem," ordered the man addressed, "and see if she's alone or followed."

Then turning to the child, he regarded her curiously.

"Have you lost your father, little 'un," he asked, not unkindly.

Linda gravely nodded, treating him to that searching child-gaze the while which even the best of men may find disconcerting.

"If the boys don't haul it off all right," said one of the men, "I guess she'll do for a ransom, eh, cap'? A slice of luck, I call it."

The man addressed as "captain" was silent, broodingly watching the child through half-closed lids. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with an expression rather sullen than savage, and with a great golden beard that hid half his face. But his eyes were not the eyes of a wicked man. At least, so Linda thought, for she suddenly walked up to him and put out her hand, beaming on him with a smile utterly unsuspicious.

The captain's grim features relaxed into a sheepish grin as his great, hairy hand closed over the tiny, rosy fingers. Next minute the girl had climbed on to his knee and was pouring out her tale. The bandits gathered round, spell-bound. It seemed to them the "rummiest' thing they had ever dreamt of, to hear this lost mite telling their captain that her mother was held up by two of his own men. And the glances they cast at each other were strangely furtive and ashamed when Linda, jumping down, seized her new friend's hand and cried: "And you must come at once, at once, to help my muddie!"

"Don't you worry, little 'un," said the captain, as he lifted her again on to his knee. "Your dad's home by now, and your mamm's quite safe. I saw 'em pass not far from here a while back. I guess that 'guardy angel' must ha' told him after all. You bide here awhile till I get my horse round, and I'll see as you get back to your mammie."

The child with one glance into his face settled comfortably into his arms. In two minutes her head drooped, the sturdy, tired limbs relaxed, the heavy eyes peacefully closed, and she was sleeping on the breast of Jake Hardy. One by one his comrades stole out tip-toe from the glen, leaving the bush-ranger alone with the sleeping child.



"WITH A DELIGHTED SCREAM THE CHILD JUMPED TO HER FEET AND FLED IN HOT PURSUIT."

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"THE CHILD SETTLED COMFORTABLY INTO HIS ARMS."

III.

MEANWHILE, within half an hour of Linda's departure, Patrick Holan with three armed men had dashed up to his homestead. He had struck the spoor of the gang that morning and, alarmed for the safety of his household, had returned immediately. The two bandits had no time either to escape or resist. Covered by four barrels, they deemed discretion the road to safety, and threw up their hands. When they were safely trussed, Mrs. Holan, between laughter and tears, asked for Linda, never dreaming that her husband's so timely arrival had been due to any cause but the child's encounter with him.

When Patrick learnt that his darling had gone off alone into the bush to find him his face blanched, and he gave his wife a look of reproach that reduced her to terrified sobs.

"Sure, darling!" she said, chokingly, "it wasn't my fault at all, at all. She just slipped off before I could stop her, and then I didn't dare, for fear those demons would be murthering her."

Pat wasted no time in arguing. Telling off one of the men to act as guard, he mounted with the others, and next moment was galloping furiously through the woods in the direction Linda had taken. Night fell, and still he had not returned. Mrs. Holan, in an anguish of anxiety and fear, paced the veranda to and fro like a wild thing. She never knew till then how dear the child was to her — her heart grew sick with terror as she thought of her alone and lost in that vast bush. Suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs thudded softly on her straining ears. She flew rather than ran down the steps. The moon was just creeping up, and the light shone wanly through the trees. It was sufficient, however, to outline the burly form of a bearded man, who, swinging himself gently from his horse, was approaching her on foot and bearing in his arms a bundle wrapped in a coat. When Peggy got near him her limbs failed her and her heart seemed suddenly to stop beating. "Was it Linda?" she thought. "Had anything happened to her?" The man's words reassured her, however.

"Don't be for waking of her, missus," he said, in a whisper. With a stifled cry the mother sprang forward, stretching out her arms. After a momentary pause, and with a movement strangely reluctant, the man transferred his precious freight.

Peggy gave a great sigh of utter joy as she strained the sleeping form to her, and gazed into the flushed, unconscious, happy face.

"Come inside," she whispered. "Nay, you shall!" she added, seeing the man hesitating. She seized his hand, and drew him gently after her. He followed unresisting, but it did not escape her attention that as he entered he shifted his belt so that two revolver butts rested readily to his grip.

Once inside she forced him into a chair, and poured out a flood of eager, excited

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questions. Where had he found her? Who was he? And so forth, till the man, suddenly rising, stayed her with his hand.

"Look 'ere, missus!" he said, "I ain't good at beating about the bush—leastways, not with words. My name's Jake Hardy, and them was my fellows as held you up this afternoon; though, as they ain't back to camp, I guess there's a chance your old man held them up. The little 'un crossed our trail this evening lookin' for 'er daddie. The boys were for holdin' her for ransom. Waal, I thought different." He paused and mopped his face, gazing with a curious, hungry look at the child. Then he went on: "There was a time when I 'ad a kiddy like that, just about the same age, too. Then I got trunked for a thing as I never did, s'elp me never! And when I came out after twelve months she was under the sod—kind of pined, you know, lookin' fer 'er daddie and mebbe summut to eat, fer 'er mammie was dead too. Then I went crazed and took to the bush. That's my yarn, missus. And that's the reason I brought your little 'un back to you. It's men I'm agen, and the cruel demons as make men brutes, not little, innercent angels. Good-day, ma'am. You'll be safe agen me and mine, this day out, and if the boys did get your shekels, you shall have 'em back the morning."

He feasted his eyes yearningly for a moment on the child, then turned towards the door.

"Wait!" called Peggy, whose eyes were streaming.

She moved to the door of an inner room and called out, "Tom, loose the prisoners and bring them out."

The man peering over her shoulders saw his two comrades lying cheek by jowl, lashed hand and foot. Next minute, after a renewed command from Peggy, they were loosed, and ten minutes later, in spite of Tom's grumbling protest, were swallowed in the black shadows of the bush. More than an hour passed before Pat, wild of face and haggard-eyed, returned to find Linda awake and wildly shrieking, "Muddie! Look! There's fardie coming!"

He hardly heard the tale his wife sobbed out as he clasped the little one to his heart. When its full significance reached him later he was very silent for awhile, and Linda wondered why his eyes glistened and his voice was so funny and husky as he muttered at last, "Poor fellow, you did right letting them go, little woman."

When later the sovereigns came out of the milk-pan, Linda, sitting in her night-gown reflectively licking the cream off, coin by coin, murmured: "Will that funny man what cried when he sung me to sleep come to breakfast?"

And he did, though none but Linda and her parents know that the clean-shaven, quiet



"LICKING THE CREAM OFF, COIN BY COIN."

man who signed on with Pat Holan early the following dawn was the same man as had been there the night before. And the police at Ballarat, who received some £900 with the intimation that Jake Hardy had retired from business, and forwarded the said sum by way of restitution, winked the weather-eye very sapiently, and opined that it was a really deep move on Jake's part to put them off their guard. But they never thought through all the following years of identifying him with Linda's stalwart henchman whom everyone save Linda knew as "Surly Mike."

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The Romance of Niagara Bridges.

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

NO matter what caused the formation of the Niagara gorge, the fact remains that its existence has forced a wonderful demonstration of man's skill. The romance of the Niagara Bridges is the most marvellous and interesting story of its kind in the history of the world.

It is, indeed, a strange coincidence that as the current of the river cut its way through the canyon, it was separating what were to be sections of two nations—the river being the boundary between New York State and the Dominion of Canada—which were later to be brought into mutual rejoicing over the connection of the mighty cliffs by such a tender bond as that of a boy's kite-string.

In the early days, before the Niagara gorge had been spanned by a bridge, the only means of crossing was by a ferry operated close to the foot of the Falls—that great, natural spectacle which has for centuries commanded the admiration of the people of the world. Then the Niagara locality was deemed quite a distance west, but ambitious man kept plunging still farther westward to open up the new country beyond. The gorge of Niagara lay across the direct pathway. It was evident that this obstacle to travel must be overcome, and the necessary money was secured to construct a bridge. The style of structure decided upon was of the suspension type, and the site was at the point where the edges of the cliffs were over 800ft. apart, and this right above where the terrible whirlpool rapids begin. The first thing to be done was to establish connection between the bluffs. No boat could live in the waters below, and so a line could not be carried across in that way. It was proposed to fire a rocket high in the air, giving it sufficient slant to allow it to fall on the opposite shore, and thus carry a cord across from bank to bank. It was found to be impracticable to do this, and then the simple method that brought success was adopted.

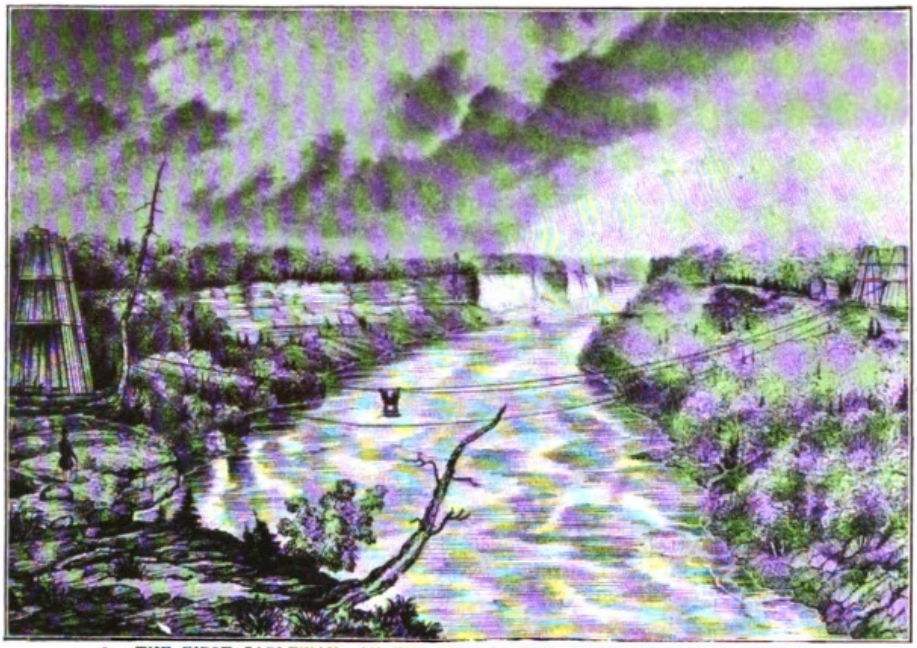


1.—HOMAN WALSH, WHO, AS A BOY, MADE WITH HIS KITE-STRING THE FIRST CONNECTION BETWEEN THE NIAGARA CLIFFS. *From a Photograph.*

Among the boys of the small village on the New York bank there was one who had won wide distinction for his ability as a kite-flyer. His name was Homan Walsh (No. 1). To him the contractors went for help. They asked him to display his skill with his kite, and try to let it fall from the sky on to the distant shore. Young Walsh entered into the attempt with great enthusiasm. He recognised that the prevailing wind of the locality was from the south-west, and so he sought the Canadian shore as a starting-place for his kite. Going up the river two miles he was ferried across the stream, and then he walked back down along the bank to the bridge site. It was not long ere he had his kite, which he had named "The Union," high in the air. The breeze was good. Walsh and the people who had gathered on either bank were hopeful. It was expected that with sunset the wind would go down so that the kite could be lowered and the connection between the banks made. Darkness fell. The wind continued to blow a stiff breeze. All hope was gone for the time being, and it was recognised that possibly with the turn of the night the wind would settle as desired. Along the Canadian shore where young Walsh waited, holding fast to the kite-string as a doctor would to the pulse of a patient, in order to know the strength of the pull, bonfires were lighted so that the onlookers might keep warm during the coolness of the night. Soon off across the gorge similar watch fires blazed up on the New York shore, and Walsh knew his purpose was understood.

Midnight came. The night turned. One day had given place to another. The wind went down. The kite did not pull so hard. Walsh knew it was settling—but where? An hour or more passed. Then over the gorge, high above the roar of the rapids, there came to his ears the sound of cheering. Faint, indeed, it was, but it was sufficiently loud to tell the glad story that the kite had fallen, and that between the rocky cliffs of the world-famed Niagara chasm connection had for the first time been established. It was, indeed, a happy moment for him, as he afterward said himself to the writer. "I felt," said he, "that I had leaped from boyhood to manhood. I had joined two

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2.—THE FIRST CABLEWAY—ON THE SITE OF THE FIRST SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
From an Old Print.

countries. Boy-like, I was proud of my work." A short time passed, and then there was a sharp, sudden tugging at the string Walsh held in his grasp. The strain increased. Suddenly it relaxed. The end of the cord that Walsh held fell loose. Tears burst from his eyes, for he knew that there had been too much cord let out, allowing it to sag until it had caught on the rough, uneven surface of the big pieces of ice of a floe passing down the river. The very wind that had raised his kite had broken the ice-field in Lake Erie and brought it down the river just in time to undo what he had accomplished. It was a sorrowful ending of his effort. Kind, new-found friends gave him comfort until morning, when he went up to the ferry to cross the river to his home. Arriving there, he found that the ice was coming over the Falls in such vast fields that a boat dare not attempt a crossing. For eight days he was held on the Canadian side by this condition of the river, finally reaching home safely. He found his kite in good condition, and resolved to try again. This purpose he carried out at the first favourable opportunity, and succeeded in making the connection between the cliffs. This was the commencement of the first great bridge across the Niagara gorge, as well as of the first great suspension bridge erected in America.

The slender kite-string served to draw a heavier rope across the gorge. Wire cables followed, and on one of these wire cables the first cableway in America was operated (No. 2). This cableway was used for passenger service and also for the construction work. The cable was made of thirty-six No. 9 iron wires, and on it an iron basket was operated. This old relic of the early-day bridge construction at Niagara is still in the possession of the Buffalo Historical Society. It was designed by Judge T. G. Hulett, of Niagara Falls, who is still alive. It was made of strips of band-iron, varying in width from an inch to an inch and a half, fastened with rivets. The illustration (No. 3) shows that it is higher at the ends than in the centre. The manner in which its shape was decided upon is most interesting. In December, 1847, Judge Hulett and General Ellet, the contractor, met at the old Eagle Tavern, at the Falls, and during their conversation the merits of a cable and basket as an aid to the work were discussed. The form of the basket was determined by Judge Hulett rising from the old-fashioned rocking-chair in which he sat, and, pulling another chair of similar pattern up to it, he said, "There is the shape of your basket." A glance at the following illustration will show that this idea was closely adhered to. One of the men referred to favoured wood as the material for the basket, but a rapid calculation showed



3.—THE IRON BASKET USED ON THE FIRST CABLEWAY.
From a Photograph.

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that a basket made of iron would be lighter, and so it was that the first great suspension bridge in all America was built by aid of this device. While the cableway was in operation the fare charged for passage across the gorge in the basket was $1 for each person, and on some days as much as $125 was taken.

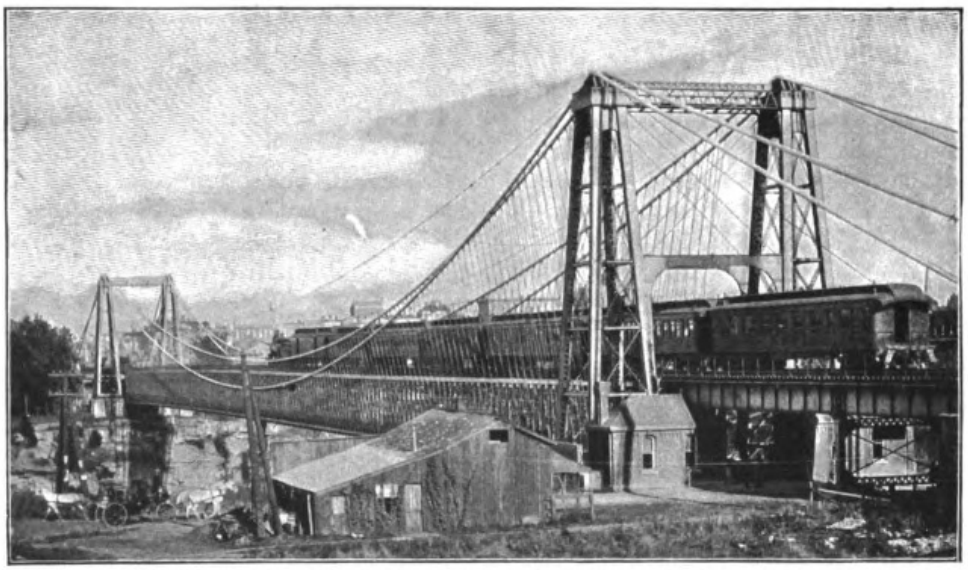
On October 10th, 1848, the value of the basket and cableway was well illustrated at the time of an accident. A violent wind-storm had wrecked one of the sections of the bridge-work, and the floor, with four men on it, was thrown across the cable line. Back and forth they swung 200ft. above the river at the mercy of the storm. It was a thrilling spectacle. Volunteers were called for to man the basket and go to their rescue. The men who went out in the basket carried with them a small ladder, and by its aid the four men scrambled into the car and were drawn safely to shore.

From the work performed on this cableway the first suspension bridge at Niagara was developed. It was of wood, even to the towers, and was completed in 1848.

From this success in spanning the gorge grew the idea of building a suspension bridge on the same site for railway purposes. The project won favour, and John A. Roebling was selected as the engineer. The work progressed with reasonable rapidity, and the bridge was finished in 1855. It was the only great railway suspension bridge ever erected. It was a wooden structure, the length of span being about 800ft. It was a double-deck structure, the upper deck being for railway trains and the lower deck for carriages and pedestrians. At the time of its erection it was regarded as a great—in fact, wonderful—triumph of engineering skill, and such it truly was. The towers of the railway bridge were of stone.

In 1880 a most wonderful feat of engineering was performed in connection with this bridge, which was nothing more or less than the replacing of the old wooden truss by a metal truss without in any way interfering with traffic across the bridge on either deck. While the bridge was being thus transformed there were no serious accidents, and traffic proceeded with its accustomed regularity. The engineer in charge of this work was Leffert L. Buck, a man who has won brilliant fame in connection with the Niagara bridges, as well as in Europe. In 1886 a still further transformation was made in the structure by replacing the towers of stone with steel towers. This also was accomplished without interrupting traffic. With this finished the bridge had been entirely reconstructed (No. 4).

The reconstructed suspension bridge filled all requirements for over ten years, but the constantly increasing weight of railroad rolling stock, and the fact that the suspension bridge had but a single railway track across its upper deck, developed the necessity for constructing a new bridge. It was then that the death-knell of the Niagara suspension bridges was sounded, engineers deciding that an all-metal arch was the proper structure to replace the most historic suspension bridge in the world. On April 9th, 1896, work on the foundations of a new arch was commenced. It was projected that this arch should occupy the identical site of the suspension bridge, and that the new arch should be erected and the old suspension bridge removed without delaying the traffic over the structure. The abutments of this new arch were located mid-way between the water's edge and the top of the bluff on what is



4.—THE STEEL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, WHICH WAS REPLACED BY THE LOWER ARCH.
From a Photograph.

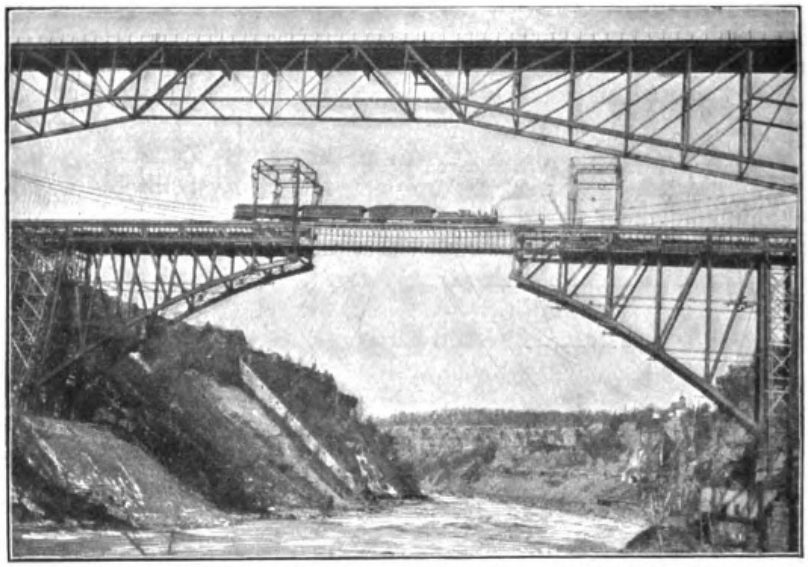
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known as the Clinton ledge of limestone. High up from the abutments to the suspension bridge above, great false-work structures were built in order to facilitate the arch construction. The abutments are four in number, two on each side of the river, each supporting one leg of the arch.

The work of erecting the steel superstructure began September 17th, 1896, and the bridge was fully completed August 27th, 1897, the test taking place July 29th, 1897. The span of the main arch from abutment to abutment is 550ft., and it is connected to the banks by two approach spans 115ft. in length. The height of the centre from the water is about 200ft. It can easily be imagined that the erection of such a great arch was an undertaking of magnitude. To replace any small bridge with another bridge is quite an undertaking, but to supplant a great Niagara suspension bridge with a structure of different type 200ft. above the water was an undertaking requiring the greatest skill.

Only the most skilled bridge builders could be employed, for the slightest error might send scores of men to death in the rapid running waters below. Every part of the new arch must fit to a nicety, so that when lowered into position it would be a perfect part of the whole. Nearly all the trains of the Grand Trunk Railway pass over this structure, and during the entire work not a single train was delayed, while traffic on the carriage floor was delayed but a brief time daily, this fact being precautionary rather than a necessity. On each side of the river anchor-pits were built, and out from these extended anchor chains to hold the steel that formed the halves of the arch, the method of erection being to build out from either side and placing the last section in the centre. Day after day the great steel arms continued to grow out from the abutments (as seen in No. 5), until finally they met and were connected in the centre, completing the springing of the arch. From this point the work was very rapid. Section by section the old suspension bridge was torn away and new parts of the arch inserted, until the old structure had entirely given place to the new, when the load was shifted on to the new arch, which was now brought into continuous service. The superstructure of the suspension bridge, the old cables, and the towers were taken down, and the grandest arch in the world for railway purposes stood out in all its beauty over the chasm.

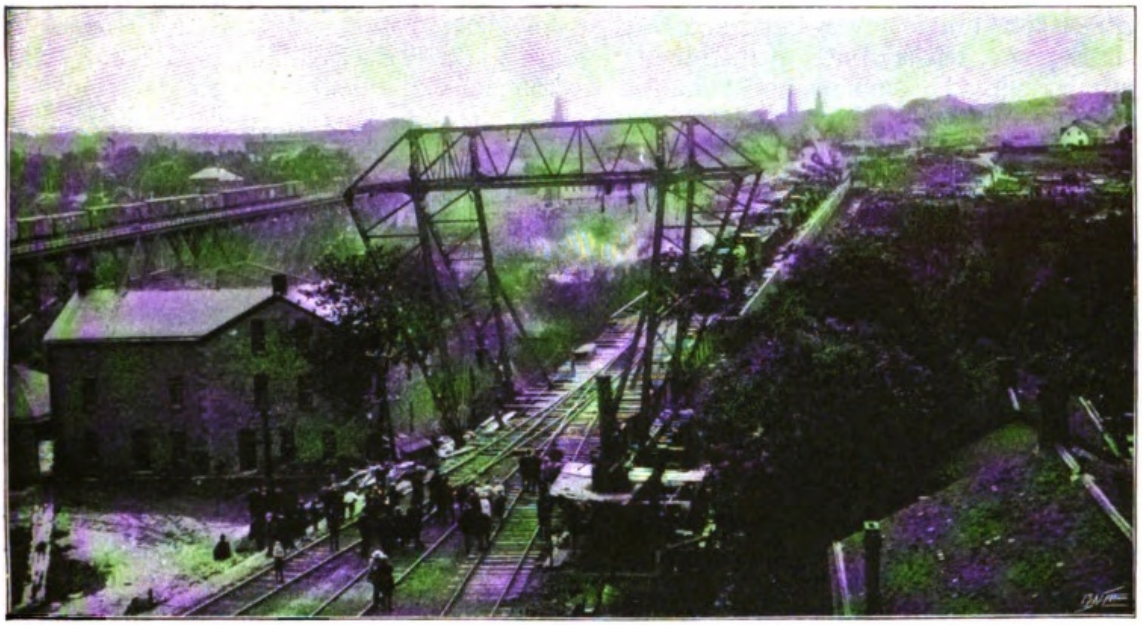
The test of the arch was a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Early on the afternoon of July 29th, 1897, there put out from the Canadian side two great trains. Each train consisted of eight locomotives and nine loaded coal cars, on top of which rails were piled to increase the weight. In addition to this a heavy load was placed on the lower floor. Slowly the trains made their way out on the upper deck of the structure. Thousands of people lined the river banks on both sides, to witness the test. The trains stopped, as though afraid to proceed. It was simply to give the engineers an opportunity to take levels. Then they ran a little farther out on the arch. They stopped again. It was a thrilling spectacle. What if the arch should succumb to the load? People held their breath. The signal to go ahead was again given. The front engines stood over the centre of the arch. More levels were taken. Again the engines forged ahead. They were at the three-quarter post. Silently they stood, and then they pulled ahead again. The weight of the entire two trains was on the bridge. There was just a moment of silence, and then there burst forth from the engines of the train such triumphant shrieks of whistling as never before had startled the echoes of the Niagara gorge



5.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST GREAT ARCH BRIDGE UNDER THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, ON WHICH THE TRAINS WERE STILL RUNNING. [*From a Photograph.*]

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(No. 6). People waved their hats in frenzy of excitement, and cheer upon cheer swept across from shore to shore. The engineers who witnessed it. One piece, the Falls of Niagara, was displayed by a perfect wall of fire reaching from the floor of the arch to the water in the river. It was indeed a sublime spectacle, beyond all possibilities of description. Thousands upon thousands of people rejoiced over the accomplishment of modern engineering, and expressed pleasure unbounded at the progress of the age (No. 7).



From a] 6.—TEST OF THE ARCH—TRAINS WHISTLING IN TRIUMPH. [*Photograph.*

had made a perfect job. The first Niagara arch had successfully withstood a greater load than was likely ever to be put on it again, unless at some future time it should be again tested.

Within a few weeks the bridge companies and the Grand Trunk Railway inaugurated a three days' celebration of the successful completion of the wonderful bridge, and excursions were run from all parts of the States and the Dominion of Canada. Such a feast of rejoicing had never before and never since been witnessed on the banks of the famous Niagara. All day and almost all night long people of the two countries surged across the arch free, enjoying the regal entertainment provided on both sides of the river, all very much resembling an English country fair. The fireworks feature of the celebration will never be forgotten by those

While the original suspension bridge still stood, the development of railroad interests in and about Niagara, owing to the construction of more trunk lines, developed a demand for the construction of another



7.—CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST ARCH BRIDGE—NEW YORK SIDE.
From a Photograph.

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bridge, and a site 300ft. above the suspension bridge was selected. On this site the great cantilever bridge of Niagara was erected. It is a double-track structure; in fact, the first double-track bridge ever built across the Niagara gorge. It is owned by the Michigan Central Railroad Company, and is indeed a famous structure. Work on this grand piece of engineering was commenced April 15th, 1883, and it was completed December 1st of the same year. It is the second bridge of the kind built in the United States. Its total length is 910ft., divided into two cantilever arms, one of which is 375ft. long and the other 395ft. long. These cantilevers or arms are supported on steel towers, which rise 130ft. from piers located at the water's edge. In the centre the ends of the cantilever arms are connected by a fixed span 125ft. long. On the shore ends of the cantilever arms rest huge stone abutments weighing many tons.

The cantilever bridge stands higher above the water than the lower steel arch, and as it was built in 1883, it was the first Niagara bridge to be built out from the ends and connected in the centre high over mid-stream. Monster false works were erected on both sides of the river, and section by section the cantilever arms grew out over the river. It being the initial work of the kind at Niagara, it attracted unusual attention, and each day the progress made was noted by crowds of admiring humanity. Finally there was but a single section of the fixed span of the centre to be placed (No. 8). So close were the two ends of the arms that a plank was thrown across the gulf to connect them. Then it was that an interesting incident occurred. The engineer in charge, desiring a young lady friend should have the honour of first crossing the bridge, gave strict orders that none of the workmen should cross the plank. The temptation was too great, however. "Jack" McCloy, the well-known Niagara guide, who was then at work on the bridge, sprang across the narrow plank, and thus had the honour of being the first to cross from section to section of this wonderful Niagara bridge. When the engineer learned of McCloy's deed he promptly discharged him, so McCloy walked the plank in a double sense.

The test of this bridge (shown complete in No. 9) was made on December 20th, 1883. About eight o'clock that morning seven heavy freight engines ran across the structure in line, but the formal and most severe test occurred about noon of that day during a heavy snowstorm. On each of the two tracks ten large locomotives and twelve platform cars loaded with gravel, making twenty locomotives and twenty-four cars in all, were run out on the bridge. The structure stood the test nobly, greatly to the pleasure of the engineers. The trains stretched from pier to pier, and when their full weight was on the bridge the whistles of the locomotives sounded the good news to the assembled thousands.

The success met with by the promoters and builders of the railway suspension bridge created a demand for a bridge two miles farther up stream, close to the Falls, where the scenic feature was more pronounced. After much opposition a charter was obtained, and in the winter of 1867–68 a rope was carried across the river at the site of the proposed new bridge on an ice bridge, and thus connection was made between the cliffs at this point for another structure which was to develop many interesting incidents in bridge destruction and bridge construction.



From a] 8.—THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION. *[Photograph.*

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From a] 9.—THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE COMPLETED. *[Photograph.*

The bridge first built on this site was a wooden structure, opened to the public on January 2nd, 1869. It was only about 10ft. wide, and carriages were unable to pass one another on it. This led to long waits at either end, and no doubt many readers of this article will remember the long lines of carriages moving in one direction across the bridge in caravan form, while many others were waiting for the line to pass in order that they might secure the right of way. Those were the days when the Niagara hackman was in his prime, and the locality had not been revolutionized by the electric trolley. In 1872 steel supplanted wood in the bottom chord, and in 1884 the wooden towers, in which elevators were operated on the Canadian side, gave way to towers of steel. In October, 1887, the work of widening the bridge was commenced, and it was completed June 13th, 1888, without any suspension of traffic. This gave an entire new steel structure from bank to bank, with a span of 1,268ft. (No. 10). As a suspension bridge, it was the admiration of all who visited Niagara, but it was doomed to an untimely fate.

On the night of January 9–10th, 1889, the Niagara locality was visited by a terrific hurricane, and when daylight came in the morning not a single inch of the bridge proper remained, it having been torn away from the cliffs as though cut out by a knife,



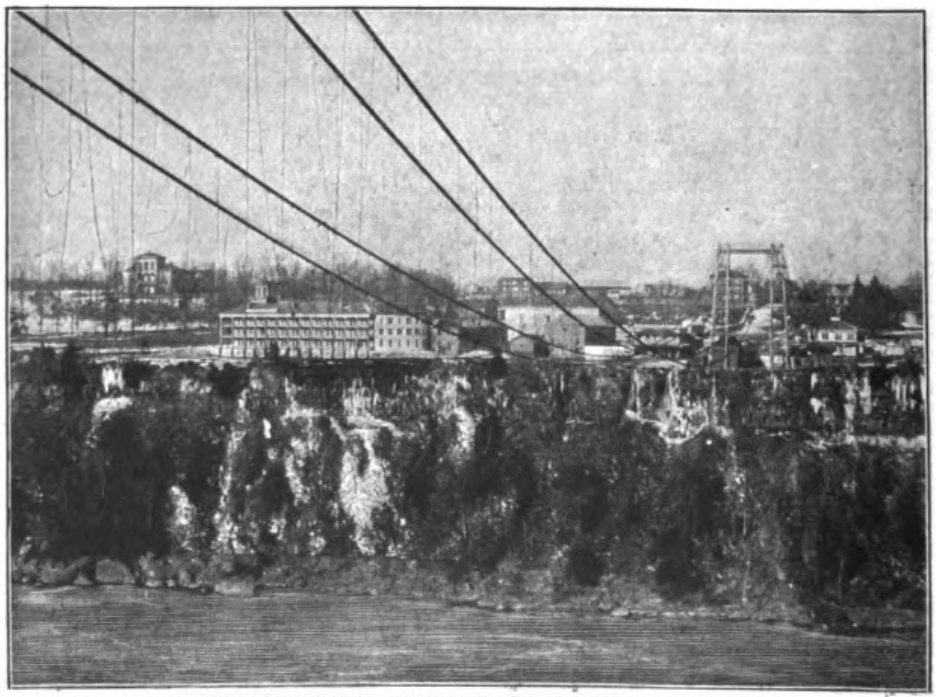
From a] 10.—NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE OF 1888. *[Photograph.*

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and the entire mass of steel lay bottom up in the gorge below. On the slopes of the bank on each side of the river the ends of the fallen mass were visible, while beneath the deep, silent waters of the river the greater portion of the wreck was hidden, and there it remains to this day. On the fatal night the wind swept down the gorge across the Horseshoe Fall from the south-west. With its span of over 1,200ft., the bridge was broadside to the gale. It was caught by the storm, and at nightfall was swinging back and forth on the wind. People who desired to cross the structure were warned of their danger, but some few venturesome persons in response to duty pressed on across the tossing bridge.

One of these was Dr. John W. Hodge, and his experience of that night has gone down in history as one of the truly thrilling incidents of Niagara. In answer to a call from a very sick patient, Dr. Hodge, who resides on the New York side, went across to Canada, and returned in the height of the storm. Only a very high sense of duty to his patient led him to do this. It was about 10 p.m. that he crossed to Canada, and it was 11.30 p.m. when he started to return. Down the ink-black gorge the gale swept, bringing great sheets of spray and water right off the crest of the Falls, striking the bridge with hurricane effect. As he made his way toward the New York end he noticed by the high tossing and low dropping of the structure that some of the stays had apparently broken. From side to side the mighty structure surged, and 20ft. or more high it tossed. The doctor realized that his life was in peril, for the storm seemed to be increasing in intensity. To the southern or upper rail of the structure he clung as best he could, and carefully picked his way over the doomed bridge. His headway was necessarily slow, for at times the bridge would tip at an angle of 45deg. The force of the wind almost took his breath away, while the clouds of spray and water almost drowned him. The night was intensely cold—the clashing of the wires of the bridge, the upheaval and swinging to and fro of the floor, and the roar of the Falls intensified the situation, and made the doctor almost fear reaching the river bank. His tightly-buttoned overcoat was torn loose by the wind, which fairly ripped the buttons off. He made an attempt to throw off the garment, but he dared not loosen his hold of the bridge with both hands for fear of being blown from the structure into the river. His only hope was to hold on and creep or walk toward the New York end, and this he did. When he passed off the bridge he was almost exhausted. He was the last man to cross the bridge before it fell. It is generally understood that the destruction of the bridge was due to a parting of the suspenders, which gave way one by one, allowing the bridge more freedom to swing on the gale until it was torn from its fastenings. It was about 3 a.m., on the 10th of January, 1889, that the bridge fell, and in the morning it presented a sorrowful spectacle (No. 11): a twisted, broken, upturned mass in the gorge below. For weeks it was an attraction to visitors to Niagara, and even now at very low water ends of the steel may be seen in the river on the Canadian side.

While they mourned the loss of their



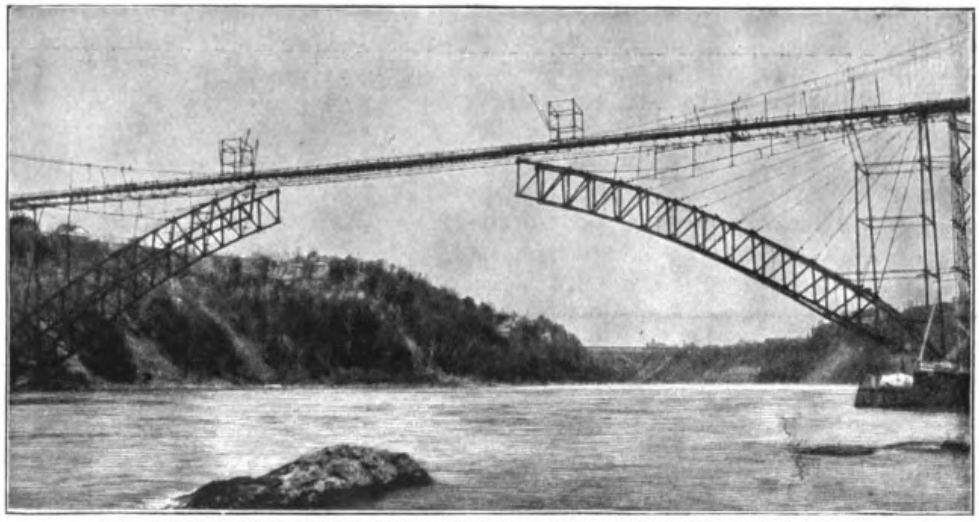
11.—REMAINS OF THE SAME BRIDGE AFTER THE HURRICANE IN WHICH DR. HODGE HAD HIS THRILLING EXPERIENCE. [*From a Photograph.*

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bridge the controlling companies were equal to the occasion, and at once ordered it to be duplicated. This rebuilding of the bridge was a feat of surprising rapidity; but as the iron-mills had all the patterns, the steel parts were quickly at hand. On March 22nd, 1889, the duplicate bridge was started, and on May 7th, 1889, it was opened for travel, thus accomplishing one of the most notable feats of bridge construction ever witnessed on the Niagara frontier. This structure had a width of 17½ft., and when it was built the men behind it believed they were building for all time.

Not so, however. In 1889 they little realized that the ensuing decade would bring forth such wonderful changes in the Niagara region as to demand a voluntary destruction of the handsome structure they had built, in order that it might give way to a more modern and a better bridge. But all this was to be, and has now taken place. With the development of great units of electrical power at Niagara Falls there was a revolutionizing force of wonderful power set free. The horse-car lines of the region and other new roads were electrically equipped, and a new force was set to work developing the Niagara surroundings. With the construction of electric roads on both sides of the gorge for scenic purposes there came a demand for international connection of the lines, in order that a belt-line trolley service might be operated about the gorge. The modern electric car is heavily weighted, and it was found that none of the bridges were sufficiently strong to furnish the required service. This led to the determination to replace the upper and new suspension bridge with an all-metal arch.

This arch was built in 1897–98, and has the distinction of being the greatest steel arch in the world. The abutments stand close to the water's edge on both sides of the river, and the length of the main span between them is about 840ft. This arch has but one floor, on which room has been provided for double tracks for the electric car service, the road being the first international line between the United States and Canada. There is ample room for carriages, and walks are also provided for pedestrians. As the bridge practically stands right in front of the Falls, a grand view of the cataract is obtainable. In the grace of its lines this arch is surpassingly beautiful, and is to-day classed as one of the wonderful things to be seen at Niagara. The method of erection (No. 12) was very similar to the arch first erected across the gorge, the suspension bridge being removed after the arch had been erected (No. 13). It is the fourth bridge built on this site.

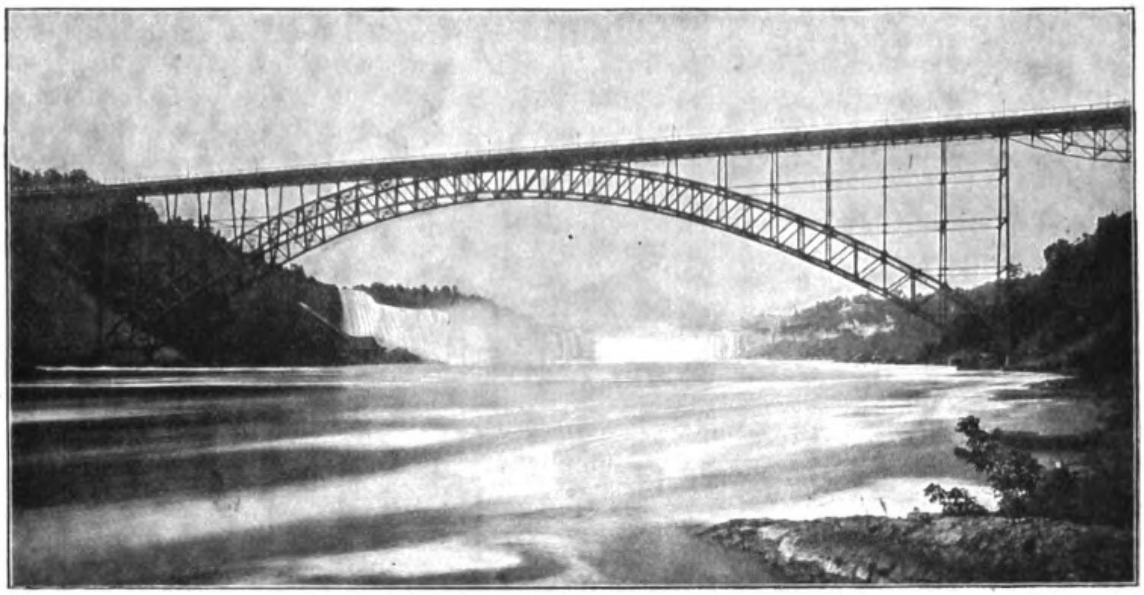


12.—CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT STEEL ARCH UNDER THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
From a Photograph.

The second suspension bridge erected across the Niagara chasm was built right in front of the world-famous Queenston Heights, and stretched across the river to the Lewiston Mountain.

Encouraged by the apparently bright prospects of the locality, capital in 1850–51 erected the second great suspension bridge that ever spanned the Niagara. This bridge was opened on March 20th, 1851, and it stood firm, and furnished means of crossing the gorge until the morning of February 1st, 1864, when it was wrecked by a wind storm. Some days previous to its destruction a great floe of ice came plunging down the gorge from Lake Erie. High winds prevailed, and the water raised many feet. The wind subsided, but the ice-fields of Lake Erie had been broken by the wind and thaw, and continued to come down over the Falls and pass down the gorge in great quantities. The men in charge of the structure feared

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From a] 13.—THE GREATEST STEEL ARCH IN THE WORLD, COMPLETE. *[Photograph.*

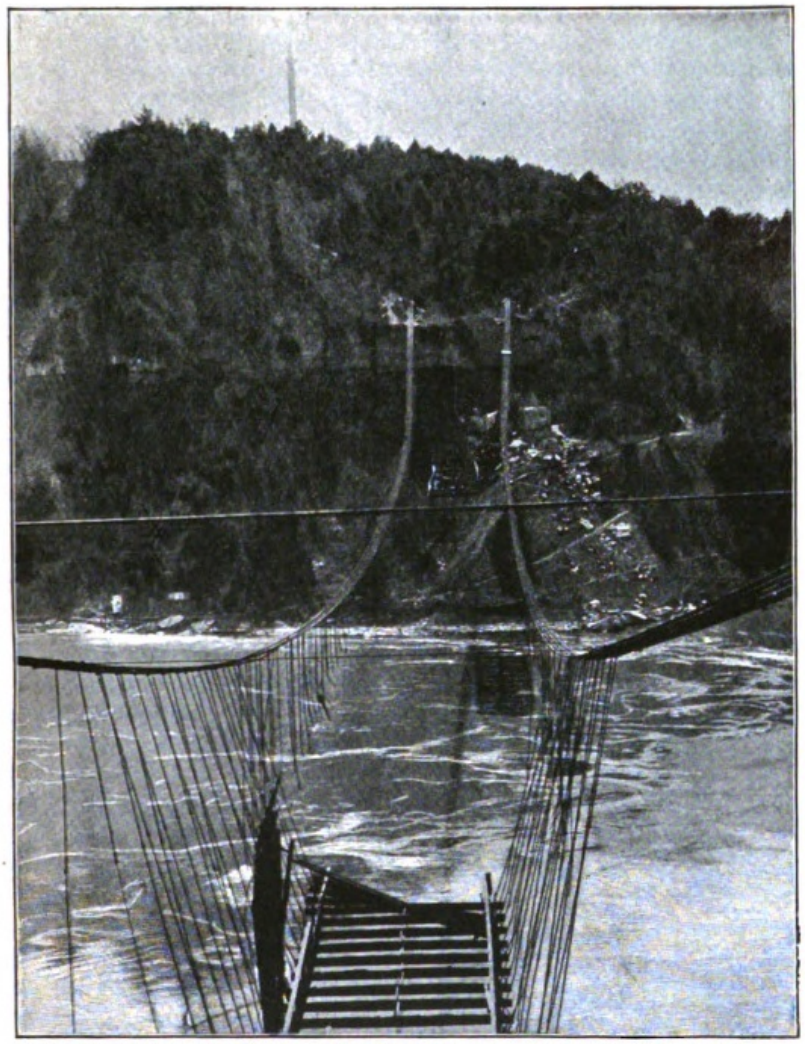
that the guys of the bridge would be torn away by the mass of running ice, and so orders were given to unfasten them and carry them up out of the path of the ice-field. This was done. The ice-floe passed on down the river to Lake Ontario without having done much damage at any point, and none to the bridge property. Fair weather followed. Spring appeared to be opening, and the condition of the guys of the bridge was overlooked. A storm of great force swept down the rocky gorge. It caught the bridge full on the up-side and tossed it to and fro. Then it was recognised that a mistake had been made in not re-fastening the guys, but it was too late. The men in charge were helpless. They could only stand on the river banks and watch the bridge sway with the wind, hoping that it would outride the storm. Their confidence in this was misplaced. The hurricane increased in fury. It fairly tore through the gorge, uprooting mammoth trees, and seemed engaged in an effort to move the cliffs. When the storm was at its height a portion of the floor of the structure was torn away and plunged into the river. When the wind went down the bridge was a sad spectacle (No. 14). It had been severely wrenched and twisted, and a part of the deck was gone. It was announced that it would be rebuilt, but time passed and the structure continued to decay and fall away. The fact was, the bridge had not been a paying investment financially, and the companies were not strong enough financially to rebuild it. Year after year it continued to drop away, until finally but a small portion of the floor beams hung from the cables, all forming one of the most interesting old landmarks of the Niagara region up to the fall of 1898, when they were cut away, and allowed to drop into a watery grave in the river, where they still remain.

There are numerous interesting incidents connected with the history of these old cables, as they swung across the chasm between two countries for years. Criminals who dared not cross either of the bridges farther up stream made their way over the cables in the darkness of night. In one instance, an Orleans County murderer was captured in Canada, and the officers failed to understand how he crossed the river until he told of his passage across the cables at night. The Niagara border offers many inducements to smugglers, more in the past, perhaps, than at present, and Customs' officers watch the river closely. One night two inspectors were on guard near the old towers on the New York side. They were watching the river below, expecting to see a boat make for a landing near a path that had a winding course to the cliff top. The night was ideal for smuggling. Now and then a young moon broke through the clouds. The eyes of the watchers wandered here and there over the river surface in their effort to decipher real or fancied objects. Midnight had come and gone. More than once they thought they saw a boat on the river, but each time they were disappointed. Suddenly one of the men gave a startled whisper.

"Good heavens, what's that?" he said.

"Where?" quickly inquired his companion.

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14.—WRECK OF THE SECOND SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FEBRUARY 1, 1864—SHOWING THE CABLES OVER WHICH THE CRIMINALS ESCAPED. *From a]* [*Photograph.*

"Out on the cable."

Out over the river, on the cables, in a crouching position, crawling up the strands toward the abutment, was to be seen the form of a man. He had come in view of the two men as he reached a height on the cable where his form was outlined against the lighter sky beyond. It was a startling discovery. The vigilant inspectors were not looking for that kind of game. It was hard to determine what the man's coming in that way meant. They decided to lie quiet and await developments, making their way quietly back to the end of the cables at the anchorages, and intending to wait for the man to land. When he reached the top of the towers he stood straight up and slapped his sides with his hands, apparently resting his muscles. His form was clearly outlined against the sky. Soon he made his way down the cables and stepped off within 10ft. of where the officers were. They had decided not to molest him, for possibly he had come across to give the signal for more important work. The man disappeared in the woods. That was the last seen of him. From the distance there fell on the ears of the officers the puffing and snorting of an early morning train on the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad, as it made its way up the mountain. A cessation of the noise of the locomotive told the men on guard that the train had stopped at the mountain station. Inquiry next day revealed the fact that the man who crossed the cables had boarded the train at that point, but who he was, or what his mission, was never known. It was but one of the mysteries of Niagara.

Now a new suspension bridge has just been erected on this very site. While the bridge of 1851 was among the pioneer bridges of America, so to the same degree does this latest bridge mark all the advancement since made in bridge construction during the past half-century. The cutting of the old cables was the first step towards the construction of the new bridge. The old bridge was simply fifty years ahead of the demands of the locality. And yet this new bridge cannot be said to be actuated by the demands of the Lewiston or Queenston growth, but on the contrary it is inspired by the same revolutionizing tendencies that led to the supplanting the upper suspension bridge by a steel arch, and this is the demands of the electric car traffic in and about the Falls, which is making the time-honoured Niagara hackman a back number. It is the energetic spirit of New Niagara that is doing all this, and compliment is paid to the early bridge builders by selecting the very site where failure was met years ago.

This latest suspension bridge is the only structure of its kind spanning the Niagara, a remarkable fact considering the fame that the former suspension bridges gave to the gorge. But all the old suspension bridges have passed away, and have been supplanted by the modern all-metal arch. The new

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bridge has a cable span of 1,040ft., while the suspended span is 800ft. The roadway of the bridge is 25ft. wide, and through the centre of it runs a single track for electric cars. Steel was used in its construction, and in all about 800 tons of metal was used. It is supported by four cables, each composed of fourteen 2¼ in. wire ropes. These cables once were part of the old upper suspension bridge at the Falls.

All the former suspension bridges erected near the Falls were built even with the tops of the cliffs, but this new Lewiston bridge is suspended midway between the water and the top of the bank, thus following the style of construction of the first Lewiston bridge. This location is somewhat novel, and necessitates the building of long approaches on either side. These approaches are double tracked and lead to the approach spans of the bridge, that on the New York side about 34ft. long and the one on the Canadian side about 19ft. long. The bridge opened for traffic on July 21st, 1899, the ceremony being shown in our last picture (No. 15).

Such is the history of bridge erection and destruction brought about by the marvellous force that rent the Niagara cliffs apart. It marks the beginning of the construction of wonderful bridges in America, and points out the steps of progress that have been made. The bridges there built have been copied for use in foreign lands, but no place in the world has such a wonderful and interesting history in connection with its bridges, all of which commanded the admiration of the world. There is no doubt but that the old suspension bridges, which are now but memories, marked the highest stage of engineering talent and skill at the time they were built, and so do the two great all-metal arches, the great cantilever, and this latest and newest suspension bridge, tell of the progress and advancement made in bridge-building.



15.—OPENING OF THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, JULY 21, 1899.
From a Photograph.

Homan Walsh is dead. He died in Lincoln, Neb., on March 8th, 1899. His body was taken to Niagara Falls for burial. The train that carried it passed over the steel arch built on the site where a half-century before he had stood on the river bank and flew his kite to connect the cliffs by the slender cord held in his hand. In fancy, picture to yourself the scene of that wintry day when young Walsh successfully united the cliffs. Review the illustrations of this article showing the changes time wrought in the bridge there first erected, and then look upon the slowly-moving train as it crossed the bridge, bearing the silent and dead body of the man who, as a boy, made that train's passage over the mighty river possible.

Little did Homan Walsh think that his kite-string was building a path that would lead him from his Western home to the grave.

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

IV.—EAST OF NORTH.

ABOUT a fortnight after the terrible affair of the Diana Sapphire, and when the excitement in connection with it had partially subsided, Chetwynd and I were alone in his consulting-room. Lunch was over, and we were having a quiet smoke by ourselves. Banpfylde's horrible death had done the Club no good, and more than one wealthy and distinguished member had sent in his resignation. My suspicions of Kort were on the increase, but, watch him as I would, he remained as impassive and unemotional as ever, never betraying by look or word anything to lead me to suppose that he was possessed of a special knowledge with regard to the disappearance of the sapphire. Chetwynd and I were discussing him now.

"I don't like the man," I said, with vehemence.

My brother partner's usually imperturbable face wore an expression of annoyance.

"My dear fellow," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "what a restless imagination you have! Now, I am a profound admirer of Kort, his ability is undoubted, and I consider him a gentleman in every sense of the word."

He had scarcely spoken before the door was opened, and Kort himself appeared. He came forward and dropped into the nearest chair.

"I want to talk to you both," he said; "I have something to tell you. I thought of taking you separately into my confidence, but as you are here I may as well speak to you together." He paused, and looked first at Chetwynd and then at me. "I am in a dilemma of a painful nature," he continued.

"Indeed, and what is that?" I asked. My tone was the reverse of cordial. Kort gave me a quick glance, then he turned to Chetwynd.

"I crave your sympathy," he continued. "I am a married man—I have bad news of my wife."

"You married!" cried Chetwynd, springing to his feet; "and why did you not tell us so when we entered into partnership?"

"Because the fact of my being married or single was a personal matter," he replied, quietly. "I did not wish to worry either of you with my private affairs, but circumstances have lately arisen which make it important for me to have Isobel here."

I started and glanced at him eagerly.

"You have already seen my wife," he said, returning my gaze. "Yes, she was the lady who called here one day several weeks ago. We have been married for some years. She does not enjoy good health, poor girl, and I have kept her with a maid in town and gone to see her whenever possible, but she has been so much worse lately that it is necessary for me to have her under my own roof. She will, of course, come here as an ordinary member, and I shall pay the customary fee for her."

"In your case that can scarcely be expected," said Chetwynd. "I will own," he continued, "to a feeling of disappointment that you should have kept your marriage a secret from Cato and myself; but as you have a wife we ought to welcome her. Doubtless she will be extremely useful to us all. We have long wanted a lady at the head of this establishment."

"I grieve to say," continued Kort—his voice was very restrained, and also full of sorrow—"that Isobel cannot take the position you are kind enough to suggest. The slightest excitement is bad for her. She suffers from a curious affection of the brain, which came on shortly after our marriage. She is very sweet and gentle, and sympathetic, and I am sure you will like her, but there are times when she cannot appear in public. Nothing gives her such relief as living in high altitudes, and I am anxious that she should have her own private suite of rooms in our Davos wing. As you know, the altitude there is 7,000ft., equal to half-way up Mont Blanc—there is no one in the Davos wing at present. Can we manage to give my wife two or three rooms there? It would be a great relief to me."

"Certainly," said Chetwynd, "we shall be very glad to welcome your wife, and I think I can answer both for Cato and myself that we will do all in our power to restore her to health."

"Oh, I must be her doctor," said Kort; "I have studied her symptoms for years and thoroughly understand them." As he spoke, an uneasy sparkle came into his dark eyes, vanishing the next moment. "I am much obliged to you both, and I only regret that I

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did not take you into my full confidence before," he added.

Two days later Mrs. Kort arrived. Her husband brought her himself to the Sanctuary in one of our private carriages. She was a slender, very young-looking woman. Her complexion and hair were so dark as to give her quite a foreign appearance, but those wonderful deep-blue eyes, to which I have already alluded, made the whole expression of her gentle face one of wonderful distinction. There was a quiet dignity, too, about her manner and the tones of her sweet voice; but in repose that highly bred and lovely face was full of unutterable sadness. It was only when she spoke and smiled, which she did, alas! very rarely, that it woke up into its full beauty. Her husband led her into the hall, bending over her assiduously, and



"MRS. KORT ARRIVED."

watching her with apparently the most devoted affection. They were both followed by a brusque-looking, red-haired young woman, whom I concluded was Mrs. Kort's maid.

Sherwin's dying words about Isobel, the Isobel who had doubtless broken his heart, came back to me as I looked full at Mrs. Kort. I then went forward and held out my hand.

"I have seen you already," I said; "welcome to the Sanctuary Club. Do you not remember the day when you called to see your husband here a short time ago?"

"No," she replied; "I don't think I have ever been here before." She glanced anxiously at Kort as she spoke—"Have I, Horace? Have I come here already?"

"Yes, my love, certainly," he replied. "She has a very bad memory," he added, glancing at me, and giving me at the same time a warning look which seemed to say, "Don't worry her."

She sat on the nearest chair and looked around her.

"What a pretty place," she said; "I am glad I have come. I am sure I shall like to be here, and to make your acquaintance, Dr.——"

"Cato is my name," I said.

"Dr. Cato," she replied, smiling faintly as she spoke.

"Had you not better come at once to your apartments, Mrs. Kort?" said the maid at this juncture, coming forward and speaking in a brisk voice.

"Oh, yes, Susan, yes," answered her mistress. She got up; Kort gave her his arm and took her upstairs.

The next day Mrs. Kort came downstairs and joined the rest of the guests. Wherever she went she made friends, and everyone present was more or less interested in her; but wherever she went, too, she carried that look of indescribable sadness about with her. What worry had she lived through? What mystery surrounded her past? She talked little, and at intervals complained of that curious and quite abnormal want of memory. But up in her apartments, where Chetwynd and I constantly visited her, she was as bright and even cheerful as any young woman I had ever met.

Kort himself insisted on being her physician. He was quite assiduous in his attentions, and seldom left her long alone with either Chetwynd or myself.

"She is better," he said one day, a week after her arrival; "the Davos air is doing her a world of good. I must take a château for her in the Swiss mountains; she is so happy when she is up in her Davos suite."

"But surely," I answered, "she ought to

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be happy elsewhere. That queer brain affection from which she suffers ought to be looked into very carefully, Kort. It is hard on a pretty girl like your wife to be banished to one suite of rooms."

"She has had already the best advice," he answered, in a tone which evidently resented any further interference on my part. "But the day is a fine one—bracing, yet not too bracing—I will run upstairs now and ask her if she would like to have a drive."

He had scarcely left the room before Chetwynd came in.

"I had a letter this morning from a Mr. Charles Ridley," he said, "a new prospective member of the Club. I asked him to call this afternoon. He is just home from the usual round of Bads, and I should think is full of *maladies imaginaires*."

"What time do you expect him?" I asked.

"Oh, any time now. He said he would be here about three o'clock. I will show him over the place; you had better come with us."

Almost immediately afterwards there was a ring at the front door, and the next moment the butler announced Mr. Charles Ridley. A tall, thin, fair-haired man was shown in. He might have been about forty years of age. He was dressed with the greatest care, wearing a frock-coat, in the lapel of which was a pink carnation. Holding his hat in his hand he came daintily across the room as Chetwynd rose to greet him.

"Mr. Ridley, I believe?" said Chetwynd.

"That is my name," he replied. "You have heard of me from our mutual friends, the Jacksons. I am tired of wandering in Continental spas, and hearing great things of your Club am anxious to inspect it."

Chetwynd introduced him to me.

"We shall have pleasure in conducting you over the place," he said. "Will you come with us now?"

Chetwynd led the way, and Ridley and I followed. We showed him over the main part of the establishment, took him to the wing specially set aside for our various hydropathic treatments, and showed him that part of the Davos suite not occupied by Mrs. Kort.



"MR. CHARLES RIDLEY."

He expressed himself delighted with everything, and made one or two pertinent remarks, showing that he was a well-informed man.

"This is just the thing for me," he said; "you have, I see, one of the Exchange Telegraph instruments in the smoking-room. It is most convenient having racing results out here as soon as one would get them in one's own club in Pall Mall."

"Then you are interested in the turf?" I asked.

"Oh, I dabble a little for amusement," he replied, with a laugh. "I am an idle man, and must do something, '*pour passer le temps*.' I shall enjoy this place—it seems quite an ideal place for repose after the eternal irritation of foreign hotels."

As we were descending the staircase after going all over the great house I saw that Kort was standing in the hall. He was smoking, with his back to the fireplace.

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As we approached him I noticed that he was regarding us rather curiously, and I fancied that I saw him give a start—his cheroot certainly dropped on the rug. He picked it up and turned to us.

Chetwynd immediately introduced Ridley. Ridley did not even bow or take the slightest notice of Kort's outstretched hand. He stepped back, and a deep, red-brick colour suffused his face. It was all too evident that the men had met before. Before Ridley could utter a word, however, Kort stepped briskly forward.

"Mr. Ridley!" he exclaimed, "I remember you now perfectly." Again he held out his hand, his mouth smiled, but not his eyes. There was no answering smile on Ridley's face. He returned Kort's glance steadily, and said, in a quiet tone:—

"How do you do, Mr. Kort? This is a strange meeting—strange, and unlooked for."

The little scene scarcely occupied a minute, and we were all chatting easily again almost directly; but I could not help watching Kort's manner, for I had never seen his face wear quite such an expression before. Usually so quiet and self-possessed, there was now a look of unrest, if not fear, in his eyes. He sat down and crossed one leg over the other, and the rapid but regular movement of the foot told me that his heart was beating fast—a secret sign I learned years ago, and often used, unsuspected by patients themselves. It told me he was restraining himself for all he was worth.

Ridley stayed a few moments longer, promised to come to the Club in a couple of days, and left us.

I did not say a word of my suspicions to Chetwynd, but I continued to watch Kort. I saw that he was not himself: he had lost some of his self-control, and evidently did not wish to find himself alone in my presence.

Ridley arrived towards the end of the week, and now, somewhat to my surprise, I saw that he and Kort were on friendly terms. Our new member was a good-humoured but uninteresting individual, the one great interest in his life being to read the sporting papers and send telegrams to his bookmaker. He had, however, one other hobby: he spent a great deal of time over photography—he possessed several excellent and expensive cameras, and in the afternoons would make excursions alone or accompanied by Kort for the purpose of getting good subjects for photography. When not so engaged he would spend most of his time in the smoking-room, anxiously watching the results of his racing ventures as they were recorded on the green baize board where the tape was pinned. As I got to know him better I saw that he was cursed with nerves in a state of high irritation, and judging by this sign manual I perceived that many of his speculations were the reverse of successful.

Since the arrival of Ridley I also noticed that Mrs. Kort never came downstairs. Late one evening we were in the hall; most of the members had already gone to bed, but Kort, Ridley, Chetwynd, and myself still sat up, chatting idly over our pipes. Suddenly I bent towards Kort.

"Is your wife worse?" I asked; "I have not seen her for a week."

The moment I uttered the words Ridley bent forward in his chair; he stared at Kort, then he said, in a low tone of intense astonishment:—

"Is your wife here?"

"Yes," answered Kort. His manner was nonchalant, and yet at the same time had a decided note of suppressed resentment in its tone.

"Yes," he said again, in an emphatic manner, "my wife is here."

"I should like to meet Mrs. Kort again," was Ridley's reply.

"My wife is ill at present," answered Kort; "I have been obliged to keep her upstairs for a week. When she is fit to receive you I am sure it will be a pleasure to her to renew your acquaintance." As he spoke, he rose and looked steadily into Ridley's eyes. There was a sort of challenge in his expression.

Ridley tapped his foot impatiently.

"When you say your wife is ill I believe you," he said, emphatically; "the miracle is that she should be alive."

Kort made no answer to this, but his sallow face seemed to me to become paler than its wont.

"I am going up to my wife now," he said, after a moment of almost oppressive silence. "Good-night, gentlemen."

When he had gone, Ridley turned with a laugh to me.

"A little put out, eh?" he said. "I had him there. May I ask you two gentlemen where you came across your amiable third partner?"

His question evidently annoyed Chetwynd.

"As Mr. Kort happens to be our partner, we decline to discuss him," he said. Then he glanced at me: "I am going to follow Kort's example, and am off to bed," he said.

Ridley lay back in his chair,

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"RIDLEY LAY BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

"So you are both under that man's fascinations," he remarked. "Well, it's no affair of mine."

I turned the conversation, but during the night that followed I often thought of Ridley's words and the look of ill-concealed apprehension on Kort's face.

The next day I happened to be in a distant part of the grounds with our new patient. I noticed that he was in a state of high irritability, and, guessing the cause, asked him how his speculations were going on.

"I hope everything is all right," I said, in conclusion.

"Things are far from all right," was his answer. "I am a born gambler, Dr. Cato; I own it to my discredit. I have been heavily hit the last few weeks."

"Is the pleasure worth the loss?" I asked. "Backing horses always seems to me not only a dull but an expensive amusement."

"Perhaps so," he answered, "but at present I must go on. I don't mind telling you that I have lost a large sum, but I am quite certain to get it back next week at Kempton Park. After next week I intend to give up the pleasures of the turf—that is, when I have recouped my losses. I have obtained certain information which I can depend on as reliable, and I am making a heavy plunge."

"I hope you will be successful," I answered.

"Thanks," he replied. He took his cigar from his mouth, remained silent for a moment, then turned to me.

"Dr. Cato," he said, suddenly, "I saw that I annoyed you and Dr. Chetwynd last night when I spoke as I did to your partner, Kort. I wish to assure you now, however, that I did so with intention. The fact is I have been a good deal exercised in my mind lately as to whether or not I am justified in making a communication to you of a serious nature. It relates to your partner. I was considerably amazed to find him here, and still more astonished to hear that his wife is an inmate of this house."

"Well, and what of that?" I asked.

"If you knew as much as I do, you would well say 'What of that?' Ought I to enlighten you or ought I not?"

"Do you know anything against Mrs. Kort?" was my next question.

"Against *her?*—good heavens, no! except indeed that she is a victim. May I tell you more, or would you rather be left in the dark?"

"I am afraid I cannot listen to you," I said, after a pause. "Mr. Kort being our partner we are bound to hear nothing against him; or at least, if we do, he must know of what you accuse him, and you must be prepared to prove your words."

"Better leave things alone for the present," he said, after a pause. "I met him five years ago in Vienna. He is a man of undoubted ability and fascination," he made the last remark slowly, and with a peculiar smile hovering round the corners of his mouth. The next instant we both turned our heads; there was a light step on the grass behind us. Kort came up.

"I just came out to tell you, Ridley," he said, "that the Dolphin's price has come through on the tape. Twenty to one."

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"Twenty to one!" cried Ridley, his whole face undergoing a magical change. "By Jove! that's splendid; they're a smart clique in Russell's stables. Now's my chance. I'll drive down to Gregson, my bookmaker, at once and get on all I can. The price will be back to ten to one to-morrow night. I am much obliged to you, Kort."

He hurried off, and Kort seated himself by my side.

"Plunges pretty heavily, eh?" he said.

"Yes, but I suppose he is a rich man," I answered.

"Is he? I happen to know to the contrary. From a source that must be nameless I hear that he is on his last legs. He means to try and recoup himself by a big plunge on the Dolphin, Captain Harrison's horse. He has lost close on £40,000 this last fortnight, and I know he is in a desperate condition."

"By the way," I said, "he tells me he knew you in Vienna five years ago."

Kort laughed.

"Yes, I knew him, poor chap. In my opinion he is not all there, the inevitable result of a lazy and self-indulgent life. I should not be surprised to see him go in for G.P.I."

"General paralysis of the insane!" I cried; "I don't see much sign of that."

"Well, I may be wrong. I only know this, that if the Dolphin should lose the Sunbury Handicap at Kempton next week, I should not like to be responsible for what Ridley might do. I only hope he will win, for his own sake. He has asked me to go down with him, and I intend to do so. You had better come, too. The patients seem to be all in pretty good health, just now, and you can surely be spared."

"I will see," I answered; "if Chetwynd stays here I can go with you." I rose as I spoke and went indoors I felt considerably disturbed, and the more so as I could not confide my suspicions to anyone. It was evident that Ridley did know something to Kort's discredit — something upon which the man's position, perhaps even his liberty, depended. The whole thing was mysterious and unsatisfactory, and the most trying part of it was that, beyond doubt, Kort's young wife was involved in the affair. There was something queer about Mrs. Kort, something enigmatical, impossible to define. Her illness was unlike any which I had ever come across. She was ill and she was not ill. In the Davos suite of rooms she looked like a person in bounding health; and yet out of that suite she was nervous, depressed, uncertain in her words, and troubled with the strangest, most fleeting memory. In fact, she hardly possessed a memory at all.

On the day before the race Kort was manifestly very uneasy about his wife. He said she was in a strange state of excitement, and that if matters did not soon improve, he would take her abroad without delay.

"I can do nothing, of course," he continued, "until after Kempton Park Races, for I have promised to stand by Ridley on that occasion; but afterwards, unless she is better, I shall have to ask you and Chetwynd to give me a holiday."

I replied that that could easily be managed, but his words and restlessness impressed me a good deal, and towards evening I resolved to go up and see Mrs. Kort on my own account. I found her in the sitting-room which



"I FOUND HER IN THE SITTING-ROOM."

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was attached to her bedroom, and in a state of extreme agitation. She knew me quite well, and a look of momentary pleasure filled her eyes when I appeared, but then she said, in a distressed and yet restrained voice :—

"You ought not to visit me, Dr. Cato. My husband is prescribing for me and does not wish any other doctor to interfere, and," she added, "my head aches too frightfully for me to bear any ordinary conversation just now. Go away, please, leave me."

The maid Susan bustled into the room.

"I must ask you, sir, to leave my mistress at once," she said; "these attacks of strong excitement come on now and then; the one thing to bring Mrs. Kort round again is absolute quiet."

I left the room, determined to go downstairs, find Kort, tell him I did not like his wife's state, and ask him to see her with me, as I believed in the old adage that two heads are better than one.

Mrs. Kort's sitting-room opened into a large ante-room, which was also kept at a high altitude. I was just going through this room into the outer corridor, when the sound of voices in the passage without fell on my ears.

"You had better be civil to me," said Ridley, "for I hold your reputation, and worse, in my hands."

"You can prove nothing," I heard Kort reply, and then the two men went down the corridor.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Kort, Ridley, and I started in the wagonette for Kempton. I noticed that Kort, with a foresight for our comfort unusual with him, had provided a large hamper, containing, he told me, enough luncheon for four, as he had invited Dot Fisher, the jockey, to lunch with us.

We arrived at the course before the first race, and drew up outside the railings. Leaving the wagonette in charge of the groom, we strolled into the ring and heard the Dolphin's name mentioned pretty frequently between punter and bookmaker. He was now a strong second favourite at 5 to 1, and Ridley whispered to me that the thing was a certainty. The horse had already won a trial that must put all the other horses out of court. Although the man was full of hope, he was also in a state of most pitiable excitement, and I could not help feeling sorry for him, and hoping that he would succeed in his wild venture. At present his hopes were roseate, for the Dolphin was certainly the most admired horse in the paddock, and was in the highest possible favour. He was a beautifully built chestnut of six years, and in the pink of condition.

As Fisher had not a mount in the second race it was agreed that we should lunch then. The jockey, a small man with a wizened face, wearing Captain Harrison's colours, a yellow and green jacket and cerise cap, came to our trap, accompanied by Ridley. He took his seat on the box beside Kort, Ridley and I being behind.

Kort had provided an excellent bill of fare, and we fell to, for we were hungry. Fisher, however, refused to eat or drink anything, and only smoked a cigarette.

"What are you going to drink, Cato?" said Kort, turning to me.

"A whisky and soda," I replied; "I cannot drink champagne at this time in the morning."

"All right, hold your glass," he said, leaning down for a soda-water bottle. He unfastened the wire, and the next moment the cork flew out with a pop, the contents flying about and deluging the jockey beside him.

"Steady, Mr. Kort," cried Fisher, taking out his handkerchief, mopping his face and wiping his eyes; "I don't want a bath."

The soda-water had gone chiefly into his face and over his cap and coat. We all laughed as Kort with an angry exclamation flung the bottle down on the grass and opened another. At that moment the saddling bell for the Sunbury Handicap sounded, and Fisher sprang from the box.

"Good luck go with you," cried Ridley; "remember, it's a monkey if you win."

The jockey turned and waved his hand as he disappeared into the weighing-room.

"It will soon be over now," said Ridley, his face paling as he spoke.

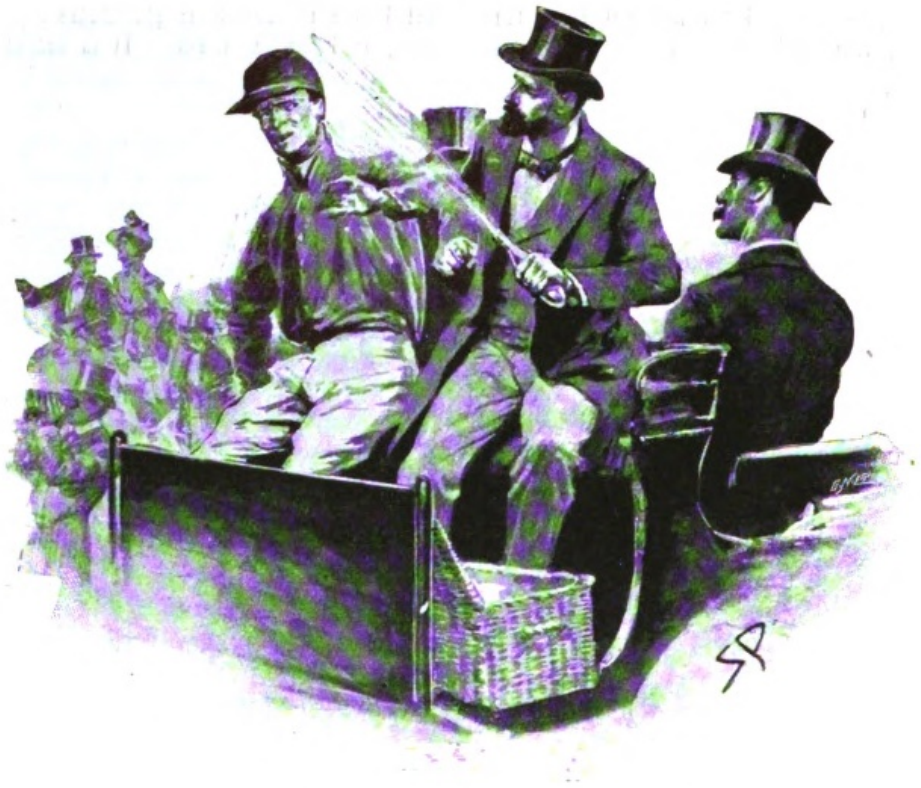
Five minutes later the fifteen runners came cantering down the course--a pretty sight—Fisher upon the Dolphin, who carried himself as if his victory were already prejudged. After one or two breaks away, the flag fell to a good start, and we stood up watching the horses through our glasses as they streamed out into view.

Suddenly, I heard Ridley utter a cry. His hand gripped my arm with trembling violence.

"Good heavens! Look! he has bolted—he is mad—I am ruined!" he cried, flinging himself back on the seat in an access of despair.

It was perfectly true. A babel of shouts came from the ring, for the Dolphin had left the course and was galloping wildly across

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"'STEADY, MR. KORT,' CRIED FISHER."

the ground. In a few moments he was pulled up and Fisher had dismounted, as half-a-dozen men rushed up to him. What were they doing? One of them had caught the Dolphin and another, for some inexplicable reason, was leading the jockey by the arm towards the paddock.

Ridley remained dazed by the fearful catastrophe, while Kort and I leapt down and hurried across the inclosure. We had not even seen what horse had won. In a few moments Kort, who knew some of the stewards, led me to the room where Fisher was seated. We quickly learned what had happened. Just after the start the jockey had been seized with some strange affection of his sight, and could no longer steer his horse.

"What can it be?" I cried, as Kort raised Fisher's head and looked into his eyes. There was a queer look in them: the pupils were enormously dilated, and did not re-act to light.

"Some obscure cerebral lesion," said Kort. "He must remain quiet; it may pass off."

"Cerebral lesion!" I cried; "impossible; there is no paralysis."

It was certainly the most extraordinary case I had ever seen, and I failed to account for it in any way; but as we left the jockey in the care of his friends, and went back to Ridley, a wild thought flashed through my brain. Just before the race Fisher had been drenched with soda-water, a large portion of the contents having gone into his face and eyes. Kort had brought the soda-water with the other provisions to the racecourse. Was this bottle specially prepared? Did it contain——? I did not allow myself even to whisper the thought which came to me, but hurrying to the wagonette I looked for the bottle. Of course it was gone. Without it, whatever suspicion I might entertain, nothing could be done. What did it all mean? Into what dreadful maze of crime had we entered?

In a few words I told Ridley what had happened. He scarcely seemed to hear or care. After a pause he suggested that we had better return home at once.

The journey back was dismal, and a gloom hung over Ridley and myself. My suspicions were stronger than ever, but I had no clue to guide me, and failed to see the slightest loophole by which I could bring Kort to book. Of our party he alone was cheerful, and offered many clever suggestions to account for Fisher's sudden and mysterious attack.

The next morning, though evidently still much shaken, Ridley seemed more himself. I met him about eleven o'clock going out with his camera to take some stereoscopic

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views of the grounds. I applauded him for his intention, and told him I was glad he was pulling himself together. I then went to my own private sitting-room. I happened to be rather busy that morning, and was soon absorbed in accounts, forgetting everything else in this employment. I had not been long busy before Kort knocked and entered. He looked peculiarly grave.

"Have you seen Ridley anywhere about?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; "I met him going out with his camera some time ago."

"How was he? How did he look?"

"I thought more cheerful; why do you ask?"

"Because I do not feel easy about him. He came to me early this morning, and there was a nasty look on his face. I disliked his manner and the way he spoke."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I have already mentioned my fears with regard to him. The shock of yesterday has thoroughly unhinged him, and I do not know what may happen. I have tried to cheer him up, and recommended him to do some photography. If he broods over his loss he may lose his reason. By the way, I see you are doing accounts. There are several things I want to talk to you about with reference to them. Let me see, what is the time?" He glanced at the clock. "Five minutes to twelve—shall we go into them now?"

"Very well," I answered, and we plunged into a quantity of miscellaneous matters. We had been engaged about half an hour when Chetwynd quickly entered.

"The most awful thing has happened," he cried. "Ridley has shot himself through the head with a revolver—his body has just been found in the grounds. It could not have been more than half an hour ago."

Kort and I sprang to our feet.

"What?" I exclaimed, "is he dead?"

"Quite dead. He was found by one of the gardeners, who came running to tell me."

"Poor fellow," said Kort, "that accursed racing. Fool that I was to let him go alone! I feared it, Cato, and told you so. It is too dreadful."

"I have sent for the police," said Chetwynd; "you had both better come down with me, the inspector will want to see us all."

We left the room, and Chetwynd leading the way we soon reached the spot. Yes, there lay the poor fellow among the low bushes in the plantation about a quarter of a mile from the house. His camera was beside him, and a revolver lay beneath his right hand. As we looked at the body an indescribable feeling of the utmost horror assailed me. The vague events of the last few weeks seemed to have culminated in this awful tragedy. Of course there would be an inquest, and at that inquest I should have to give evidence. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth on my oath—the evidence I should be bound to give in the interests of justice would include what I had overheard pass between Kort and the man whose dead body now lay before me.



"THERE LAY THE POOR FELLOW."

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As these thoughts passed through my brain I took a step forward.

"Don't touch him," cried Kort. "Leave him exactly as he is for the police to see. Ah, here is the inspector coming now." He spoke quietly, not like a man who had anything to fear.

The inspector of police made his examination carefully and quickly, asked a few questions, and then, taking possession of the camera and the revolver, had the body placed on the ambulance, which was led away to the mortuary. We then returned to the house.

That night I slept badly. The next day the inquest was held. The court was crowded, all the available seats provided for the public being full. Chetwynd and I were provided with seats beneath the coroner's desk, and just before the coroner entered Kort sauntered in and took a place by my side. With all his apparent nonchalance I could see that he was agitated, though scarcely more so than myself.

The jury were quickly sworn, and, having viewed the body, returned to their seats. The first witness called was the gardener who had found the dead man at 12.20; then a Mr. Henry Sharples, who had come from town, and who was a personal friend of the deceased. He gave evidence of identification, but could assign no cause for suicide beyond the fact that Ridley had lately sustained heavy losses.

The constable now called for Mr. Kort, who stepped into the witness-box and took the oath. The coroner began immediately to question him.

"You have, I believe, Mr. Kort, some knowledge of the very heavy speculation in which the deceased was engaged?"

"Yes," answered Kort, "it was a large bet, or series of bets. He lost a bet that would have brought him in £50,000 on the Dolphin at Kempton Park the day before yesterday."

"The horse lost, I understand, by some accident occurring to the jockey?" continued the coroner; "with this, however, we have nothing to do. Did the deceased say anything to you, Mr. Kort, which would lead you to suspect that in the event of his losing he might take his life?"

"He told me," answered Kort, "that he was in a desperate condition, and that if he lost he was ruined. His manner certainly did lead me to suspect that such an action was possible, and I mentioned my fears to Dr. Cato."

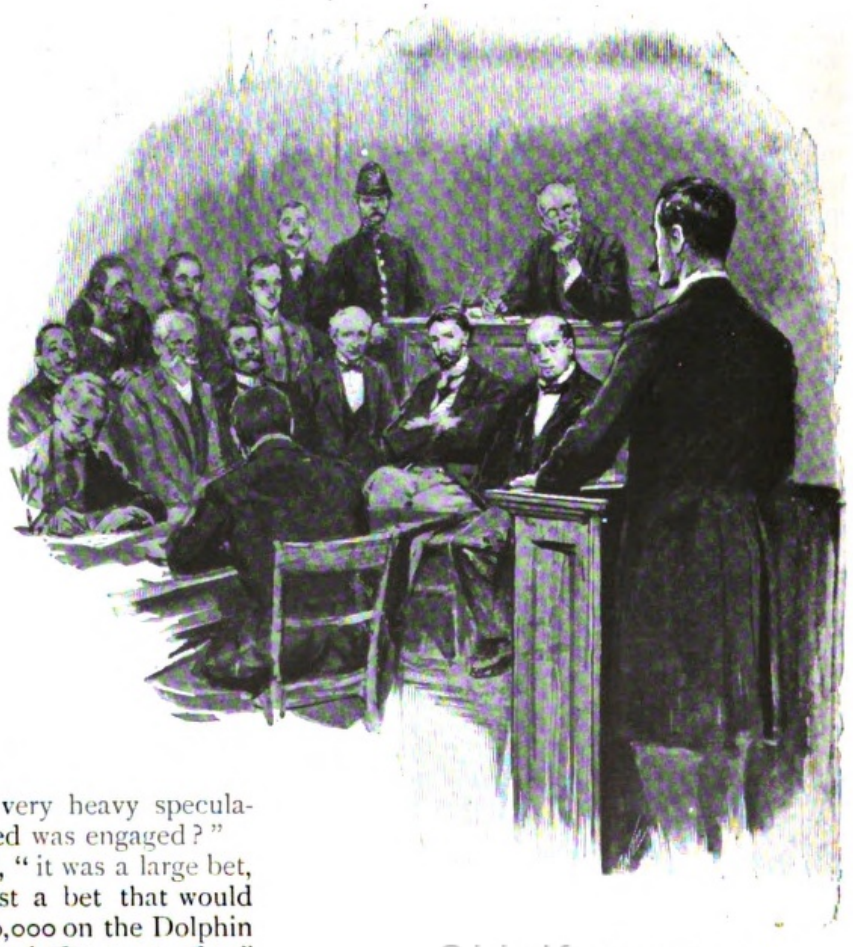
"How long have you known the deceased?" asked the coroner.

I was watching Kort sharply, and saw that at this moment he gave an uneasy gesture. His words, however, were perfectly quiet.

"I met Mr. Ridley five years ago in Vienna, but had not seen him since till he became a member of the Sanctuary Club."

"You think," said the coroner, "that the wound on the head was self-inflicted?"

"Certainly," answered Kort, "and," he added, "of such a nature that death would be quite instantaneous."



"I WAS THEN CALLED."

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This ended Kort's evidence, and I was then called. In the first few answers to the questions put to me I merely corroborated Kort's evidence as to Ridley's heavy loss, and then I added that in all probability the wound was self-inflicted.

"Why do you say 'probability,' Dr. Cato? Do you mean that there is a possibility of such a wound being given by someone else?"

"A possibility, certainly," I replied.

"Have you any reason to suppose that the deceased had an enemy?"

"I am not aware that he had one," I answered.

"Do you know of anyone to whom his death would be an advantage?"

At this question I hesitated—a wild tumult of thoughts was racing through my brain. The coroner quietly repeated his remark.

"From something he mentioned to me, and also from subsequent remarks which I happened to overhear, I have such a suspicion," I replied, slowly. Then I added, "Do you demand this as evidence from me?"

"Certainly; you must tell us everything you know."

I glanced at Kort, and saw that his eyes were fixed on my face. I then quietly repeated the remarks I had overheard pass between him and Ridley. The sensation that followed my words was profound—a hush fell all over the room. Then the coroner turned to me again.

"When did you first hear the news of the deceased's death?" he asked.

"At half-past twelve, when Dr. Chetwynd came in and told us."

"You say 'us'?"

"Yes, for Mr. Kort was with me at the time."

"How long had he been with you?"

"He came into my room at ten minutes to twelve."

"How is it that you remember the time so accurately?"

"I remember looking at the clock and also at my own watch."

"And Mr. Kort had not left the room until Dr. Chetwynd came in?"

"No."

"When was the deceased last seen alive?"

"I saw Ridley about eleven o'clock."

The coroner noted my answers carefully, and then, rising in his seat, said:—

"Gentlemen, I adjourn this inquest until ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

The next instant Kort rose from his seat.

"May I ask you one question, sir?"

"Certainly," replied the coroner.

"The police, I believe, took charge of Mr. Ridley's camera—may I ask whether the photographs have been developed, and, if so, may I see them?"

"The plate has been developed, and I believe a print has been taken from it," replied the coroner; "there is no objection to your seeing it at the police-station."

Why Kort made this request I could not imagine. I only knew that, as a result of my evidence, the inquest had been adjourned for the police to institute further inquiries. I saw Kort go up to the inspector, speak a few words to him, and they went out together.

Chetwynd and I now returned to the Club, which we reached about half-past eleven.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed before Kort, accompanied by the inspector, entered. He came up to me in the friendliest manner, and, without the slightest reference to my startling evidence against him, said:—

"Dr. Cato, will you and Mr. Chetwynd kindly accompany the inspector and myself? I shall value your advice on a certain important point."

Without a word we all went into the garden, and made our way to the spot where we had found Ridley's body. Here the inspector produced a print of the photograph Ridley had last taken, and he and Kort examined it minutely. Then Kort began to move about as if to get certain trees in a line.

"This," he said, "is the exact spot from where that photograph was taken. Do you agree with me?" he added, turning to me.

I examined the print closely, and then assented.

"What is the exact time now?" was his next question.

"Five minutes past twelve," I replied.

"Then we will wait exactly where we are for a few moments. Do you see that little window in the summer-house across there?"

"Yes," I answered.

"May I ask you to stand quite still in this spot and watch it closely?"

"Why?" I asked.

"You will see presently," he replied, and the inspector nodded and smiled.

I did as I was desired, still unable to grasp what they both meant. At the end of some minutes Kort said, quietly:—

"Do you see any change in the window?"

"None," I replied, "except that I can scarcely look at it now because it is reflecting the sun into my eyes."

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"Ah, exactly. This was not the case when you first saw it?"

"No."

"Well, look at this print again," he continued. "That bright white spot on the photograph corresponding to the pane of glass over there is quite perceptible, is it not?"

"Quite," I answered; "it makes a feature in the picture."

"Well, when Ridley took that photograph the sun was reflected from that window just as you see it now. It is therefore self-evident that the photograph could not have been taken before the sun shone on that window. It occurred to me just now that by referring to the print we could approximately deduce the time that Ridley shot himself, as it must, since death was instantaneous from the nature of the wound, have been at some period after the exposure of the plate. You can see for yourself that this photograph was taken after midday, for the shadows on the print fall slightly to the *East of North*, showing plainly that it was taken after the sun was at its meridian or midday. The body was found at 12.20: Ridley must, therefore, have shot himself between 12.10 and 12.20. Is that not clear, inspector?"

"Perfectly clear," replied the man; "it is an extremely clever and convincing piece of detection."



"IS THAT NOT CLEAR, INSPECTOR?"

I gazed at Kort for a moment in utter and absolute amazement, for I saw in an instant that if he was in my room at 11.50, and did not leave it until we both went with Chetwynd to view the body, he could not have possibly committed the murder.

The rare ingenuity, the very concisive reasoning that admitted of no deception, unless indeed the sun himself could lie, rendered me speechless.

"Mr. Kort," I said, "my evidence this morning was in the interests of justice. There was no other course open to me but to tell the truth of what I knew. I am still very much puzzled by a great deal that has occurred, but your innocence at least is proved beyond dispute."

"You were perfectly right in what you did, Dr. Cato," he answered, in a magnanimous tone, "but the fact is, poor Ridley was labouring under a gross misunderstanding with regard to some conduct of mine which happened many years ago. I will explain, later on, the unworthy suspicion which he harboured against me—but seeing that what you said just now might cast a slur on my innocence, it occurred to me to clinch the matter in the way I have done. The result has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Pray do not think any more about it."

The coroner's verdict next day was what might have been expected, "Suicide during temporary insanity."

"Well," I said to Chetwynd later on that same day, "my lips are silenced for the present, and poor Ridley's have been silenced for ever."

"And yet you still suspect?" said Chetwynd, looking keenly into my face.

"I still suspect," I replied, with emphasis. Little did I guess as I said the words what extraordinary events were soon to occur—events which would make the Sanctuary Club itself a by-word. For when a man is desperate, and has the ingenuity of a devil—to what will he not stoop!

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A TALE of a JUDY SHOW

By R. E. Vernède.

A SUNSET of considerable effulgence occupied the sky as our train puffed into the small Devonshire railway station. It was a passion of my aunt's family, enlarged for the occasion by one or two elderly relations and young friends, to plunge during their summer holidays into the farthest possible recess of the country, and there distract themselves with the delirious conviction that they were not in reality born, bred, and inhabitant within the sound of Bow Bells. I accepted my aunt's invitation, because, after all, diplomacy (my future career) requires a reserve of physical strength easily to be acquired in rural retirement. Besides, the presence of men about town gives the rustics some idea of what is going on.

As the train stopped I put up my eye-glass —a necessity for anyone meditating diplomacy—and stepped out of the carriage with some dignity, rejecting the proffer of numerous brown-paper hand-parcels which my aunt was distributing among her family and dependents. Personally, I object to this travelling *en famille*. It necessitates an amount of luggage which, piled on a small deserted country platform, suggests a domesticity positively *bourgeoise*. Nevertheless, as a party, I flattered myself that we were making some small impression, when —to the utter destruction of my tribal equanimity—I heard an old, grey headed gentleman scolding the station-master in loud, irate tones for permitting us to get out there.

"Curse it, sir," he was saying; "do you suppose I should have come to stay in this confounded hole of yours if I had known it was going to be swamped by a horde of trippers?"

"Vurry sorry, sur, I'm seure," said the meek station-master.

"Sorry, sir—what's the use of being sorry? Can't you send 'em on to the next place?"

"'Vraid I cawn't, sur," said the station-master; "'gainst the comp'ny's reg'lations, sur, I'm 'vraid, sur."

"Company's regulations," sniffed the old gentleman. "What does that matter? Tell 'em about the shrimps they'll get, boats a shilling an hour, niggers on the beach. They'll go on."

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Whether the meek station-master would have been driven to compliance or not I cannot say, for at that moment the train began to snort and struggle out of the station before all our baggage was unloaded. One local porter and the guard scattered the remaining things along the platform as the train moved on. The remaining porter ran alongside, gleaning packages as he went, and keeping up a continuous reckoning: "Thirty-seven—thirty-eight—thirty-nine——"

"Forty," shrieked my aunt, as the train seemed to be leaving us for good. "Stop the train! There are forty packages."



"'FORTY,' SHRIEKED MY AUNT."

"Vorty," counted the puffing porter, as a large hat-box flew out into the siding, and the other local official swung himself from the van with some agility.

Meanwhile I had reset my eye-glass, which had fallen in sheer dismay at the old gentleman's impertinence, which was the more exasperating because, just outside the fence that inclosed the platform, two young ladies were seated in a small dog-cart, in full hearing of his atrocious observations. In fact, they seemed to be a part of his ménage, for he went and bawled across the railings to the girl who was holding the reins.

"Great nuisance, my dear! Whole pack of trippers landed here. I thought we'd got away from them all."

The girl addressed made no audible answer, but she cast a contemptuous glance at our luggage, and beckoned to the old gentleman to get into the dog-cart, which she thereupon drove away. Unable to mark my sense of his behaviour, I turned upon the station-master, and was threatening him with many penalties for this incredible reception and the treatment of the hat-box, when Jim came up behind, slapped me violently on the shoulder, and said:—

"Come on, old Buffalo!"

"Really, Jim——" I began.

"They're all waiting," he said, "and there's a ten-mile drive."

Jim—a common enough name, but it was impossible to call him James, as his god-parents had done: they seem to imagine that they are entitled to do anything after paying for a silver mug—was my cousin. He was intolerable at times, as now. The moral impression we might have made had been rendered impossible. How can one crush even a station-master after being called "Old Buffalo"? I resigned myself to circumstances and ascended the wagonette.

This Devonshire village had its charms—a combe or split in the great cliff-line along the coast enabling one to get down to the sea-level without a rope ladder or a broken neck; a sufficiency of high-hedged steep lanes, like a Canadian chute—with loose stones in place of water; a limpid sea—full of prawns; admirable sunsets. There was no one in the place except the old gentleman and his family, so that really one could leave off an eye-glass without courting criticism. I seldom wore mine except when the old gentleman ("the Buffer," Jim called him), or his family, came in sight. The family seemed to consist of a daughter of haughty countenance (lovely—according to Jim—in fact, he raved) and daughter's friend—fat. All three of them wore an air of extreme displeasure, or else frigid unconcern, whenever we met them. I used to transfix the distance with my glass. Only once again did the old gentleman return to volubility, which was, on the occasion of shooting at a rabbit half-way up a hill, when he suddenly appeared on the top and heard the shots whistling past his ears. Otherwise, we were mutually blind, deaf, and dumb.

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Jim rather sympathized with him, but then he had an aggravating habit of appreciating other people's prejudices. It was due to this and to Jim's enthusiasm for sailing—about which he knew nothing—that the ice came to be broken.

It was on a fateful morning that Jim and I—the vanguard of a picnic party—came down to the beach, staggering under sandwiches and kettles and cold boiled fowls, which the others were to follow and eat, in the odorous, picturesque neighbourhood of sea-weed and anemones. In the tiny bay that dozed between the knees of the cliff a fisherman kept two ancient boats, one of which he let to the Buffer, the other he retained for lobstering purposes.

"Vurry pleased to let you genelmen have 'er," he had said to us, "when I ain't wantin' 'er myself. But take a word from me as knows, and don't you go out in 'er lest I'm with ye. The tides are vurry queer."

He had entertained us with a story of a local maelstrom, attracted to which the boat had circled round and round with him so swiftly that he had become almost too giddy to see the passing steamer which finally rescued him. Jim had been inclined to ascribe this misadventure to cider; and I instanced the case of the postman, who seemed to think our garden a local maelstrom, round which he was compelled to walk until he had deciphered all our correspondence with an industry and ease that did credit to the village schoolmaster.

On this fateful morning, however, the warnings of the fisherman were forgotten. There on the beach, from which the high tide was just turning back, lay the tub. Beside it were a mast and sail: a pleasant breeze appeared to blow smoothly from the land: the sea was like a pancake at rest. It was too much for Jim, and as under the circumstances I thought it would not be too much for me, in a very few moments we had the *Gompy Jane* in the water, the sail strung up from the mast in a style of Jim's own invention, and were being wafted—sideways as the crab crawls—out to sea.

"Splendid thing, the sea!" said Jim, bursting with originality, as he enjoyed such control of the sail as the wind did not dispute.

"Treacherous!" I suggested, lighting a pipe in order to keep the taste of sea out of my mouth.



"SPLENDID THING, THE SEA!"

"Not at all," said Jim. "We'll just sail out and tack back again in time to meet the others. Catch hold of that rudder, will you? Now, pull the right string—the left; no, the right."

"It seems to answer this rudder about as much as an elephant would, if you pulled its tail," I said, disgustedly. "There is no finesse about the *Gompy Jane*."

"The very boat for a sea," said Jim, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Is that what you call tacking?" I inquired, as the sail shifted from one side to the other with a very rapid motion, hitting me smartly on the back of the head at the same time.

"It's all right," said Jim, hastily, following the vagaries of the sail with some agility.

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"You needn't be alarmed. There's another boat a good deal farther out."

A boat was just visible in the distance—about a mile out. Beyond it a slight mist was gathering up. The Buffer then was also cruising? It explained Jim's desire to sail. He wished to see if the Buffer's daughter was on board—possibly to meet her on the neutralizing levels of the dispassionate sea, and attract her attention with a display of nautical ability.

"There is nothing new under the sun," I said.

"Feeling bad, old fellow?" asked Jim.

"Not at all," I said, with dignity; "but we ought to turn soon. We have the picnic things with us."

We had covered about half a mile in a very few minutes. Then the wind changed westward and blew along the coast. We had gone westward with it while Jim was explaining the theory of tacking to me. The mist had enveloped the Buffer's boat.

"Well," said Jim, "if you think we ought to turn, just pull that rudder the right way, and we'll come round into the wind."

"With pleasure," I said. I pulled the right way without making any impression. I then pulled the wrong way, and put an oar out tentatively over the stern to assist the rudder. The tub persisted in its crab-like career, and the waves were amusing themselves.

Jim was rather pig-headed. He insisted that the *Gompy Jane* should be brought round in the proper way. The proper way was apparently any way that did not necessitate rowing. The *Gompy Jane* showed no sign of conforming to Jim's theories. I coaxed her as a sailor coaxes an unruly horse: I contorted her rudder until it came off in my hand, like a lizard's tail—the *Gompy Jane* was not to be mobilized. Jagged rocks, surrounded by swirling seas, seemed to be marching out to meet us; the waves immediately beneath us were like horses that buck.

"Oremus," I said—"that is, let us use the oars."

"I'll pull her round," said Jim, "it's quite easy. You needn't row."

I was glad of that, because I felt as if my pipe was not drawing. I sat and timed Jim. I was going to allow him a quarter of an hour before I spoke. At the end of ten minutes a wave smacked us broadside on, and a canful of water toppled into the boat.

"Drat," said Jim, resting on his oars.

"We are," I remarked, with the calm of despair, "about three hundred yards farther down the coast than we were when you began to row."

"What?" said Jim. "In the wrong direction?"

"In the wrong direction," I repeated, solemnly. "I am going to take off my hat and my watch."

"You can't swim it," said Jim, testily; "it's too far."

"I can swim a mile," I said.

"In calm water," he said, "not in a slapping sea like this, with a waveful of liquid down your throat every third second."

"Then," I said, "let us think of what our last words are to be. If you are left, Jim, and I am taken, you will consider anything I say now as officially my last, and not report it if I curse slightly as the water goes bubbling inside me?"

Jim regarded the conversation as morbid, though he also took off his shoes. The tension of our situation was relieved by a sudden shrill cry.

"What's that?" said Jim.

"A seagull or a musical starfish," I suggested. "I believe those exhaust possibilities."

"Hel—p," the cry came again; nearer this time.

"I had forgotten sirens," I said.

In another moment the Buffer's boat tossed into sight through the mist, more crabwise and undirected than the *Gompy Jane*. Jim forgot his own position in a moment, and, seizing the oars, propelled us towards it. I could see that it was the friend who was appealing for assistance. She sat in the stern, hunched up, and trying to preserve her petticoats from the invading sea. At intervals of ten seconds she lifted up her voice and shrieked for help. The Buffer's daughter was the only other occupant of the boat. She sat forward, with the oars at rest in her hands, in rather an exhausted posture, but apparently quite unconcerned for her own safety, and very scornful of her friend's behaviour. "Hel—p!" shrieked the friend as we came alongside and I caught hold of the boat.

Jim stood up in the *Gompy Jane* very politely and took off his hat.

"Can we be of any assistance to you?" he said, in a generous manner. Generosity is a virtue that commends itself to those who cannot help themselves, and none is so profuse in offering aid to others as the utterly incompetent. But the friend was of unsuspicious nature. With a logic not to be despised, since it brought comfort, she argued

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that two men in a boat must be two boating men—acquainted with boats—at home on the seas—purveyors of safety. With pale face and many tears she explained her predicament. Judy (Jim glanced at the Buffer's daughter, who was haughtily contemplating vacancy) was the cause of it all (apparently an unrepentant cause). Judy had insisted on rowing her out, though she knew she ought not to have gone without her father. Now Judy couldn't get back, and, oh! would we help them, and if we would, should we all be drowned, and——

Jim interrupted: "The best thing for you to do is to get into our boat, as it's larger. I'm afraid we can't pull you back just yet, but we may be able to beach her somewhere."

The brusqueness of this order inspired the friend with confidence.

"Judy," she said, sharply, "do you hear? We are to get into the other boat. Do be quick, Judy."

"I suppose we must," said Judy, ungraciously.



"THE BUFFER'S DAUGHTER AND THE TEAR-STAINED FRIEND."

Jim, standing up in the bows, effected carefully the transit of the tottering friend. Then, as he held out his hand to the Buffer's daughter, she sprang lightly in, disregarding him. The Buffer's boat reeled off into the mist.

So there we were—a bashful quartette on a most disturbed sea. Jim pulled bow in a fit of modesty, and left me to the stroke oar. The Buffer's daughter—without being asked—grasped the rudder-lines with small firm hands, and relapsed into abstractedness. She was distractingly pretty and provokingly unconcerned. To the tear-stained friend, who was stout as well as tear-stained, and seemed to combine deafness with fluency, I indicated the tin for baling purposes, knowing that work inspires confidence.

"And will you really, really take me safe to shore?" she asked, in an interval of baling, divided between coyness and hysterics.

"Nothing, I assure you," I said, "would give me greater pleasure, and I think there is quite a chance of getting to shore. But which precise shore it will be, I cannot venture to prophesy."

"Oh," she cried, as another wave came tumbling over the side. "What do you mean?"

"Well," I spoke reassuringly, "we are at present between the shores of England and Wales. If we miss both those, we still have a choice between Ireland and America, though we shall be rather hungry by the time we get to America."

"Oh," moaned the friend, "I'm hungry now. I don't want to go to America."

"It has a very fair constitution," I hastened to assure her, "and you can get candy and cream-ice. In that respect America is better than Ireland, which is full of Fenians and potatoes, though local government is having most pacific results."

"Help!" cried the friend, "help!" She was unappreciative of my simple efforts, and since Jim gave me a poke in the back of a diplomatic nature, I desisted.

Nevertheless, though the sea continued to rage, the friend cheered up in the course of the next two hours, which was about the time we must have spent at that galley-like labour of the oars. Then she began to chat hard, and I learned many things about the Buffer family. The Buffer himself was a barrister

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from London, who always spent his holidays in Devonshire, and the friend had been asked to keep Judy company, being a recent school-friend. The Buffer's one idea was to get away from everyone and everything. Really, he was very nice—though rude—but he hated trippers and tripping resorts. This was said in an apologetic manner, that I did not permit myself to notice. The Buffer's daughter sat like an icicle in the stern.

Quite suddenly, as it seemed, the mist cleared and the sun came out. It was great good fortune that we had headed for the shore at this point, for there it lay before us—the beach of a small cove, comparatively rockless and uncommonly calm. The tide, when it is not with you, has an unpleasant habit of being against you, and as neither tide nor wind seemed to be with us, we took the best part of an hour getting within reach. Then the Buffer's daughter, without altering her steering, or—so to speak—turning a hair, ran us between the rocks into the cove beyond. The *Gompy Jane* grounded on a stone in about a foot of water, and Jim paddled ashore with the anchor. The situation was still a distressing one, for the cove was about five miles from anywhere, and surrounded by high cliffs, which by their very nature forbade trespassing. A more immediate trouble was that dry land still lay some fifteen yards off.

Chivalry and a rapid endeavour to estimate the friend's weight vied for a moment in my breast, but chivalry prevailed. I splashed into the water, and offered to convey the friend to land. She accepted bashfully, but without hesitation, and a deep blush overspread her cheeks. If the blush increased her weight, I do not know, but half-way to shore I was thankful that the distance was no greater. Jim had returned to the boat, where the Buffer's daughter was making ready to wade.

"May I carry you?" he said.

"Thank you," she said, coldly; "I can manage quite well by myself."

"It would give me great pleasure," he said, "and prevent you from getting wet."

"If you will move out of the way," she answered, quickly, "I can wade."

"I think you are quite wet enough already." Jim had a masterful manner when he chose. There was no answer; and, as I landed my burden, I turned to watch them coming in. She lay in his arms resignedly, like a tamed lynx, with drooping eyes. Her yellow hair, wisped and wetted with the brine, had come uncoiled, and hung dragging over his right shoulder. As for Jim—from his rapt expression and methodical gait—you would have thought he was just starting on a fifty-mile walk in the direction of Paradise. She thanked him in a low voice, as he set her down; then stooped hurriedly, as if she feared to have been taken in the act of gratitude, and became intent on squeezing sea-water from the corners of her dress.

"What shall we do now?" exclaimed the friend, to whom dry land had restored a natural volubility. "I don't know, Judy, what your father will say, for it must be quite late in the afternoon, and how we are to get away from here it's difficult to see. And I'm sure that these gentlemen must be very hungry after rowing us ashore like that. I'm very hungry myself, and I expect you are, Judy, though you won't admit it."

"Why not winkles?" I suggested, as Judy volunteered no reply.

"Winkles?" said the friend, dismally. "What are they like?"



"I WAS THANKFUL THAT THE DISTANCE WAS NO GREATER."

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"Dear me," I said, "I thought all ladies liked winkles. Pin-money is so called, simply because ladies used to spend all their money on buying pins to extract winkles with."

"How very interesting!" said the friend, enthusiastically responsive to this etymological information. "*I* think, Judy, that we're very lucky. Some people have to eat penguins."

"And rats and bustards and whale-blubber," I put in.

"Yes, don't they? Which must be very disagreeable. But if we can find winkles, I have several pins."

"There is also," I said, "a picnic basket in the boat, with chickens and sandwiches and kettles, and that sort of thing. We could eat those for dessert—after the winkles."

The friend rolled her eyes with delight. "Don't you think," she said—"don't you think it would perhaps be better to eat those first and have the winkles afterwards?"

"Which ever you think best," I said. "I am at your service."

Jim had been prospecting, and came up to say that he could get up the cliff at one place. He drew me aside.

"We must let the Buffer know of their whereabouts. We can't get back by sea. I don't suppose the friend would dare try—and it's getting late."

"Beastly dangerous cliff to climb," I said.

"Lots of rabbits do it," said Jim.

"Better have lunch first," I urged, but Jim was obstinate. He was of the stuff that makes martyrs and mules and Mohawk Indians, and occasionally rather good Englishmen. At present he was like a horse from the livery stables, that is determined to be back within the hour. Off he trotted, squelching in his boots.

I set myself to hunt for small pieces of wood to boil the kettle with, observing that the coasts of England were disgracefully free of wreckage. The friend unpacked the hamper, gloating, and the Buffer's daughter sat on a small rock—her hands clenched round her knees—and examined her favourite *vis-à-vis*—the horizon.

The sun shone pleasantly: overhead, I believe, some gulls cackled, as they see-sawed through air, and, without doubt, innumerable winkles dozed upon the rocks. It was a peaceful scene.

It was spoilt by Jim falling suddenly with a crash from half-way up the cliff. I started and dropped the stick, over which I was bending; the friend dropped her sandwich, and shrieked aloud; the Buffer's daughter turned quite pale, gave a little gasp, and sped swiftly to the side of the cliff where Jim lay. It seemed that the cliff had given way, as these slate cliffs will—first the foot-holds, then the hand-grips. Jim had not liked to call my attention to the fact, for fear of alarming the others, and fell silently as the last piece of slate crumbled. Since there was a split rock resembling the back of an iron porcupine two inches to the right of where he fell, it was lucky—as I told him, when I had recovered breath—that he had selected so unencumbered a resting-place. Meanwhile the Buffer's daughter had burst into speech. She demanded—without an "if you please"—the large handkerchief of her friend, tore it into strips, and after unlacing Jim's boot, began to wind it about his ankle, Jim feebly protesting that nothing was the matter.

"It's sprained," she said, briefly, as a huge swelling came to view. I drew off the friend, who was anxious to help, but unable to conceal her emotions, and set to building an oven, while she communicated to me her intentions of becoming an hospital nurse.

"A delightful profession!" I said, contemplating my oven with satisfaction and setting the kettle upon it. "There's nothing like an hospital for cheering one up."

"No, there isn't, is there?" she said, "except a theatre. But I think I like infectious children better than people with broken legs and splintery backs."

"Quite the Socratic idea," I said. There is no easier way to the heart of the foolish than to credit them with their deficiencies.

The sun shot golden bullets at all things that were not entrenched in the shadow of the cliffs; the waves became smaller and smaller, and stumbled up against the rocks, as though made sleepy with their flow, and the silence grew more intense. The friend said she thought she could manage a little chicken, but would wait until the kettle boiled. On our side of the cove was prose; from the side where Jim reclined, scraps of poetic conversation floated over, showing that the Buffer's daughter had found tongue. Above the slight singing of the kettle and the awful loquacity of the friend, some lines of Rossetti came distinctly to my ears:—

> Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
> But as the meaning of all things that are—

I shook my head slowly and screwed my eye-glass round. "Really," I said, "er—'the meaning of all things that are'?"

"Shall I take them over some sandwiches?"

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asked the friend, who suffered, as I have said, from deafness.

"One moment, pray," I said, "something —possibly the kettle—will be boiling soon."

The friend stopped in her charitable errand, and took a sandwich herself. Once more some words floated towards me :—

Even such Love is—and is not thy name Love?

"No, no, it's Judy," I murmured.

"The kettle is boiling," announced the friend.

I got up and strolled over to the other side of the cove. The silence was intense. I fixed Jim with my glass.

"How are you feeling?" I inquired.

"You see," said Jim, grinning, "Judy is trying a sort of secondary aid to the wounded, at the wounded's request. Fact is, we're engaged."

There is not much more to tell. We had an agreeable tea, though there was an unaccountable scarcity of sandwiches. The friend was taken into confidence—not by Judy—but it did not cause her to lose her appetite. About six o'clock, when I was about to attempt the ascent of the cliff, in great trembling lest, if I broke my leg, the friend should offer secondary aid—or indeed first —the Buffer himself, accompanied by a crowd of villagers, hailed us from the top.



"FACT IS, WE'RE ENGAGED."

"Like a young top," said Jim, hilariously.

"May I congratulate you," I said, turning to the Buffer's daughter, "on the successful way in which you have given first aid to the wounded?"

"Thanks," she said ; and then, with a burst of laughter which some people might call "silvery," "do you know—I rather like you, though you do wear an eye-glass and have been teasing Amelia, especially as you are Jim's friend."

"Jim's friend?" I said.

"Yes," said the Buffer's daughter, imperturbably ; "the friend of Jim."

He became undeniably affable when he found his daughter safe, though he seemed inclined to resent an effort made by the friend to fall upon his neck. This was after we had been drawn up by ropes, the friend's rope parting in two strands. Jim was taken home on a stretcher, and next day the Buffer came round and bestowed a blessing. Behind him came Judy, and bestowed other blessings. So I left Jim there on the sofa, and helped entertain the friend in the garden. We discussed the nutritious properties of Devonshire cream.

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Walking the Pole.

By A. H. Broadwell.

Photographs specially taken by A. J. Johnson.

WE have heard much about the North Pole, and we are going to hear a great deal more about the South Pole presently; in the meantime, however, we will introduce you to a memorable voyage on and along a new kind of pole altogether.

The pole under treatment in this case is but a very commonplace one at best. We may safely call it a common or garden scaffolding pole, strongly braced over a sheet of deep water.

Now, walking the pole has become part and parcel of every self-respecting water carnival, and, needless to say, is the *bonne bouche* of any such entertainment, inasmuch as it provides endless merriment at the expense of the fantastically-clad competitors.

The main idea is to reach the far end of the vacillating thing, which feat requires a deal of pluck and much more balancing-power than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals.

Various prizes are offered; the chief plum, however, falls to him who reaches the very end of the pole; as this, unfortunately, is but a rare achievement, the coveted trophy generally goes to the competitor who travels farthest along the uncertain path.

Though sad to relate, it is nevertheless quite true that none of the many brave men who are shown in the pictures that follow succeeded in reaching the end of the pole. They one and all struggled bravely on, but there came a time when every effort proved unavailing, a moment when nothing save the instantaneous abolition of the laws of gravity could have saved them from an ignominious tumble and consequent immersion.



THE COMPETITORS.

The contest under notice took place at the splendid open-air baths of the Tunbridge Wells Swimming Club, all arrangements being made through the kindness of its courteous secretary, Mr. W. Tyrell Biggs, who helped us to obtain the extraordinary pictures of water polo published in last month's issue.

The group which we reproduce first was taken immediately before the contest took place. The costumes are numerous, and it

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will be noticed that, according to the most approved London County Council methods, Robert is strongly in evidence, while our American cousin cuts a brave figure, as proud of his stars and stripes as Yankee ever was.

Our bobby was a brave man, and tackled the pole with that confidence which we usually expect from every member of the



ROBERT TAKES THE PLUNGE.

his helmet, cautiously made his way to the starting-point amid a sudden and breathless silence, and then, with a final look of defiance at someone tittering near by, he bravely went forth. As will be noticed, however, his self-assurance left him at an early stage of the proceedings, and, much against his will, he was "run in" soon after by an every-day citizen, who may be seen in the second



"RUN IN."

force. Unabashed by the repeated cries of "Move on, please," he carefully adjusted



A SLEEP WALKER.



A COUNTRY LASS.

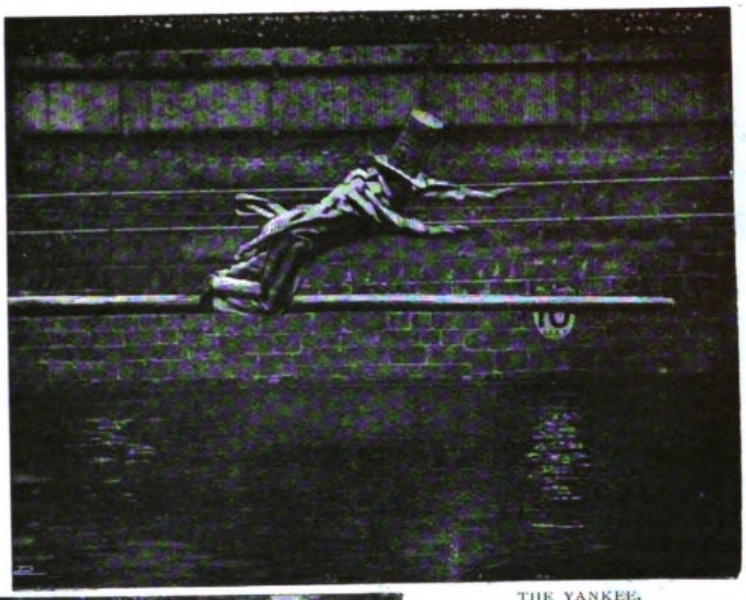
picture above, towing him to the bank in the best style advocated by the Royal Humane Society.

We now come to a couple of tumbles much resembling dives. It is evident that at the crucial moment the two masqueraders regained their self-possession for a moment, endeavouring to dive

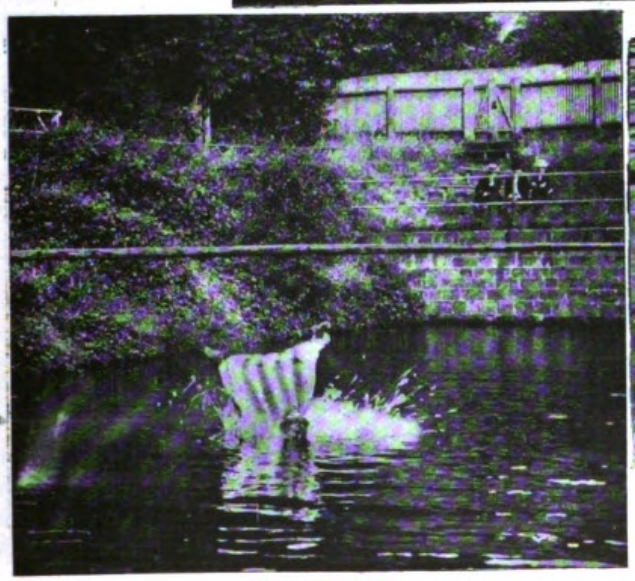
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according to rules. He in the night-dress tumbled headlong, holding a candlestick in the left hand; she in the sun-bonnet endeavoured to be graceful, but wasn't.

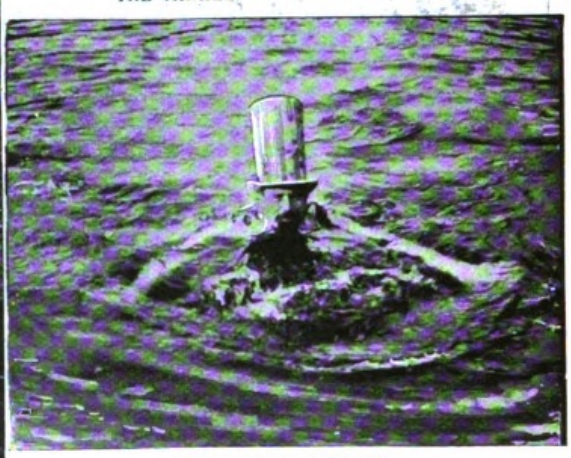
The Yankee caught slipping off the pole presented a gorgeous spectacle in the full glory of his stars and stripes. His hat of large dimensions might have been intended for a life-buoy in cases of emergency. He is losing his balance in the first picture, is half-way immersed in the second, while in the third he very pluckily returns to the shore apparently none the worse for his ducking.



THE YANKEE.

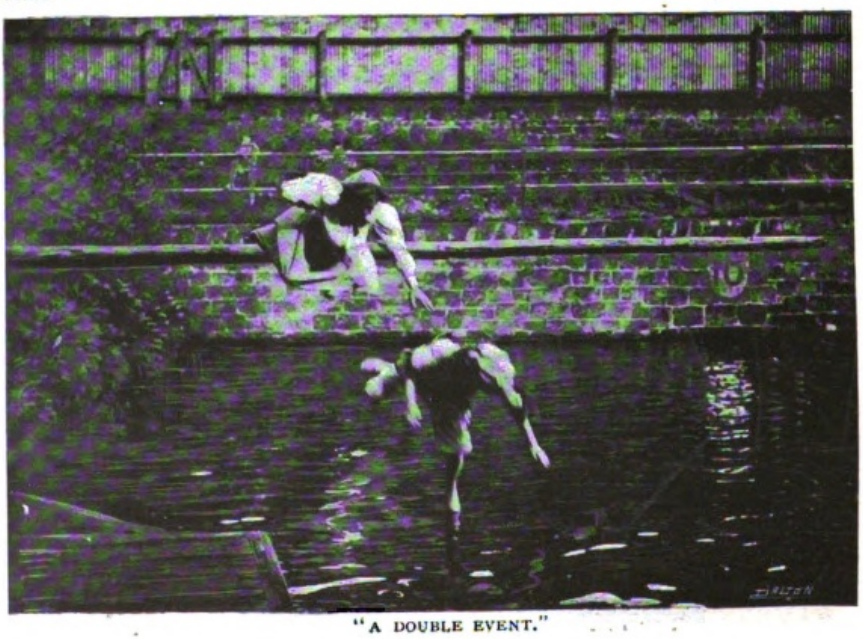


HIS DOWNFALL.



THE RETURN JOURNEY.

The next picture depicts what might well be called a "double event." Each, unwilling to make a start without the other, ventured on this slippery path tandem fashion. Alas, however, union is not always strength, for, curious to relate, the man in front assured us that, but for the man at his back, he most certainly would have reached the end of the pole and, of course, *vice versâ*. However that may be, they ventured together, and fell together, as all good friends should do.



"A DOUBLE EVENT."

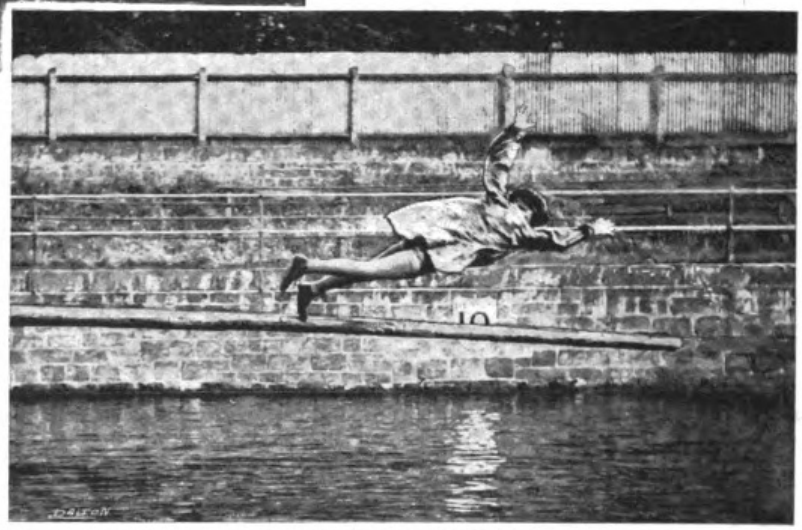
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AUNT SALLY'S HOPELESS CASE.

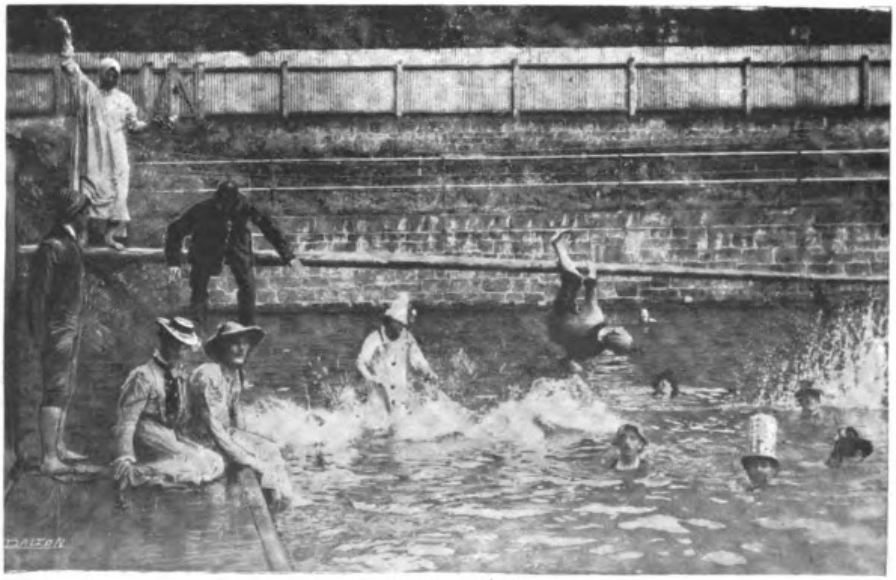
If you will take the trouble to refer to the group on the first page of this article you will get a good idea of Aunt Sally's appearance before this unfortunate accident took place. She was happy then in the pride of her old-fashioned sun-bonnet, but all good things must come to an end. The picture illustrates a crisis in poor Sally's life—a frantic clutch at the empty air above—a tremendous splash—and soon afterwards a bedraggled re-appearance, greeted with shouts of laughter not unmingled with commiseration.

The Italian count whose graceful departure is shown in the next photograph boasted that *he* of all would reach the much-coveted goal; there was to be no dilly-dallying about *his* walk; in Italy they did these things every day. "Why, sir, I'd walk this pole in my sleep," said he to an unsuccessful comrade. He spoke truly—it was only a dream; half-way through his perilous journey he indulged in a little by-play, lost his balance, and like the plucky knight he was he made the best of a bad business in the manner shown.



AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN.

Our last picture shows a general *mêlée* of our good-humoured and much-bedecked crowd.



A GENERAL MÊLÉE.

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

VIII.—THE EPISODE OF THE EUROPEAN WITH THE KAFFIR HEART.

UNFASHIONABLE as it is to say so, I am a man of peace: I belong to a profession whose province is to heal, not to destroy. Still, there *are* times which turn even the most peaceful of us perforce into fighters—times when those we love, those we are bound to protect, stand in danger of their lives; and at moments like that no man can doubt what is his plain duty. The Matabele revolt was one such moment. In a conflict of race we *must* back our own colour. I do not know whether the natives were justified in rising or not; most likely, yes; for we had stolen their country: but when once they rose, when the security of white women depended upon repelling them, I felt I had no alternative. For Hilda's sake, for the sake of every woman and child in Salisbury and in all Rhodesia, I was bound to bear my part in restoring order.

For the immediate future, it is true, we were safe enough in the little town; but we did not know how far the revolt might have spread; we could not tell what had happened at Charter, at Bulawayo, at the outlying stations. The Matabele, perhaps, had risen in force over the whole vast area which was once Lo-Bengula's country; if so, their first object would certainly be to cut us off from communication with the main body of English settlers at Bulawayo.

"I trust to you, Hilda," I said on the day after the massacre at Klaas's, "to divine for us where these savages are next likely to attack us."

She cooed at the motherless baby, raising one bent finger, and then turned to me with a white smile. "There you ask too much of me," she answered. "Just think what a correct answer would imply! First, a knowledge of these savages' character: next, a knowledge of their mode of fighting. Can't you see that only a person who possessed my trick of intuition, and who had also spent years in warfare among the Matabele, would be really able to answer your question?"

"And yet such questions have been answered before now by people far less intuitive than you," I went on. "Why, I've read somewhere how, when the war between Napoleon the First and the Prussians broke out in 1806, Jomini predicted that the decisive battle of the campaign would be fought near Jena: and near Jena it was fought. Are not *you* better than many Jominis?"

Hilda tickled the baby's cheek. "Smile, then, baby, smile!" she said, pouncing one soft finger on a gathering dimple. "And who *was* your friend Jomini?"

"The greatest military critic and tactician of his age," I answered. "One of Napoleon's generals. I fancy he wrote a book, don't you know—a book on war—'Des Grandes Opérations Militaires,' or something of that sort."

"Well, there you are, then! That's just it! Your Jomini, or Hominy, or whatever you call him, not only understood Napoleon's temperament, but understood war and understood tactics. It was all a question of the lie of the land, and strategy, and so forth. If *I* had been asked, I could never have answered a quarter as well as Jomini Piccolomini—could I, baby? Jomini would have been worth a great many me's. There, there, a dear, motherless darling! Why, she crows just as if she hadn't lost all her family!"

"But, Hilda, we must be serious. I count upon you to help us in this matter. We are still in danger. Even now these Matabele may attack and destroy us."

She laid the child on her lap and looked grave. "I know it, Hubert: but I must leave it now to you men. I am no tactician. Don't take *me* for one of Napoleon's generals."

"Still," I said, "we have not only the Matabele to reckon with, recollect. There is Sebastian as well. And whether you know your Matabele or not, you at least know your Sebastian."

She shuddered. "I know him: yes, I know him. . . . . But this case is so difficult. We have Sebastian—complicated by a rabble of savages, whose habits and manners I do not understand. It is *that* that makes the difficulty."

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"COULD I, BABY?"

"But Sebastian himself?" I urged. "Take him first in isolation."

She paused for a full minute with her chin on her hand and her elbow on the table. Her brow gathered. "Sebastian?" she repeated. "Sebastian?—ah, there I might guess something. Well, of course, having once begun this attempt, and being definitely committed, as it were, to a policy of killing us, he will go through to the bitter end, no matter how many other lives it may cost. That is Sebastian's method."

"You don't think, having once found out that I saw and recognised him, he would consider the game lost and slink away to the coast again?"

"Sebastian? Oh, no: that is the absolute antipodes of his type and temperament."

"He will never give up because of a temporary check, you think?"

"No, never. The man has a will of sheer steel—it may break, but it will not bend. Besides, consider, he is too deeply involved. You have seen him: you know: and he knows you know. You may bring this thing home to him. Then what is his plain policy? Why, to egg on the natives whose confidence he has somehow gained into making a further attack and cutting off all Salisbury. If he had succeeded in getting you and me massacred at Klaas's, as he hoped, he would no doubt have slunk off to the coast at once, leaving his black dupes to be shot down at leisure by Rhodes's soldiers."

"I see: but having failed in that?"

"Then he is bound to go through with it and kill us if he can, even if he has to kill all Salisbury with us. That, I feel sure, is Sebastian's plan: whether he can get the Matabele to back him up in it or not is a different matter."

"But taking Sebastian himself alone?"

"Oh, Sebastian himself alone would naturally say, 'Never mind Bulawayo! Concentrate round Salisbury, and kill off all there first: when that is done, then you can move on at your ease and cut them to pieces in Charter and Bulawayo.' You see, he would have no interest in the movement, himself, once he had fairly got rid of us here. The Matabele are only the pieces in his game. It is *me* he wants, not Salisbury. He would clear out of Rhodesia as soon as he had carried his point. But he would have to give some reasonable ground to the Matabele for his first advice: and it seems a reasonable ground to say, 'Don't leave Salisbury in your rear, so as to put yourselves between two fires. Capture the outpost first: that down, march on undistracted to the principal stronghold.'"

"Who's no tactician?" I murmured, half aloud.

She laughed. "That's not tactics, Hubert: that's plain common sense—and knowledge of Sebastian. Still, it comes to nothing. The question is not, 'What would Sebastian wish?' it is, 'Could Sebastian persuade these angry black men to accept his guidance?'"

"Sebastian!" I cried; "Sebastian could persuade the very devil! I know the man's fiery enthusiasm, his contagious eloquence. He thrilled me through, myself, with his electric personality, so that it took me six years—and your aid—to find him out at last. His very abstractness tells. Why, even in this war, you may be sure, he will be making notes all the time on the healing of wounds in tropical climates, contrasting the African with the European constitution."

"Oh, yes: of course. Whatever he does, he will never forget the interests of science. He is true to his lady-love to whomever else he plays false. That is his saving virtue."

"And he will talk down the Matabele," I went on, "even if he doesn't know their language. But I suspect he does, for, you must remember, he was two years in South Africa as a young man, on a scientific expedition, collecting specimens. He can ride

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like a trooper: and he knows the country. His masterful ways, his austere face, will cow the natives. Then again, he has the air of a prophet, and prophets always stir the negro. I can imagine with what air he will bid them drive out the intrusive white men who have usurped their land, and draw them flattering pictures of a new Matabele empire about to arise under a new chief, too strong for these gold-grubbing, diamond-hunting mobs from over sea to meddle with."

She reflected once more. "Do you mean to say anything of our suspicions in Salisbury, Hubert?" she asked at last.

"It is useless," I answered. "The Salisbury folk believe there is a white man at the bottom of this trouble already. They will try to catch him: that's all that is necessary. If we said it was Sebastian, people would only laugh at us. They must understand Sebastian as you and I understand him before they would think such a move credible. As a rule in life, if you know anything which other people do not know, better keep it to yourself: you will only get laughed at as a fool for telling it."

"I think so too. That is why I never say what I suspect or infer from my knowledge of types—except to a few who can understand and appreciate. Hubert, if they all arm for the defence of the town, you will stop here, I suppose, to tend the wounded?"

Her lips trembled as she spoke, and she gazed at me with a strange wistfulness. "No, dearest," I answered at once, taking her face in my hands. "I shall fight with the rest. Salisbury has more need to-day of fighters than of healers."

"I thought you would," she answered, slowly. "And I think you do right." Her face was set white: she played nervously with the baby. "I would not urge you: but I am glad you say so. I want you to stop: yet I could not love you so much if I did not see you ready to play the man at such a crisis."

"I shall give in my name with the rest," I answered.

"Hubert, it is hard to spare you—hard to send you to such danger. But for one other thing I am glad you are going . . . . They must take Sebastian alive: they must *not* kill him."

"They will shoot him red-handed if they catch him," I answered confidently. "A white man who sides with the blacks in an insurrection!"

"Then *you* must see that they do not do it. They must bring him in alive and try him legally. For me—and therefore for you—that is of the first importance."

"Why so, Hilda?"

"Hubert, you want to marry me." I nodded vehemently. "Well, you know I can only marry you on one condition—that I have succeeded first in clearing my father's memory. Now, the only man living who can clear it is Sebastian. If Sebastian were to be shot, it could *never* be cleared—and then, law of Medes and Persians, I could never marry you."

"But how can you expect Sebastian, of all men, to clear it, Hilda?" I cried. "He is ready to kill us both, merely to prevent your attempting a revision: is it likely you can force him to confess his crime, still less induce him to admit it voluntarily?"

She put her hands into the hollow of her eyes and pressed them hard with a strange, prophetic air she often had about her when she gazed into the future. "I know my man," she answered, slowly, without uncovering her eyes. "I know how I can do it—if the chance ever comes to me. But the chance must come first. It is hard to find. I lost it once at Nathaniel's. I must not lose it again. If Sebastian is killed skulking here in Rhodesia, my life's purpose will have failed: I shall not have vindicated my father's good name: and then, we can never marry."

"So I understand, Hilda, my orders are these: I am to go out and fight for the women and children of Salisbury, but I am to take care, if possible, that Sebastian shall be made prisoner alive, and on no account to let him be killed on the open!"

"I give you no orders, Hubert. I tell you how it seems best to me. But if Sebastian is shot dead—then you understand it must be all over between us. I *never* can marry you until or unless I have cleared my father."

"Sebastian shall not be shot dead," I cried, with my youthful impetuosity. "He shall be brought in alive, though all Salisbury as one man try its best to lynch him."

I went out to report myself as a volunteer for service. Within the next few hours the whole town had been put in a state of siege, and all available men armed to oppose the insurgent Matabele. Hasty preparations were made for defence. The ox-waggons of settlers were drawn up outside in little circles here and there, so as to form laagers, which acted practically as temporary forts for the protection of the outskirts. In one of these I was posted. With our company were two

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American scouts, named Colebrook and Doolittle, irregular fighters whose value in South African campaigns had already been tested in the old Matabele war against Lo-Bengula. Colebrook in particular was an odd-looking creature—a tall, spare man, bodied like a weasel. He was red-haired, ferret-eyed, and an excellent scout, but scrappier and more inarticulate in his manner of speech than any human being I had ever encountered. His conversation was a series of rapid interjections, jerked out at intervals, and made comprehensible by a running play of gesture and attitude.

"Well, yes," he said, when I tried to draw him out on the Matabele mode of fighting.



"I TRIED TO DRAW HIM OUT."

"Not on the open. Never! Grass, if you like. Or bushes. The eyes of them! The eyes! . . . ." He leaned eagerly forward, as if looking for something. "See here, Doctor: I'm telling you. Spots. Gleaming. Among the grass. Long grass. And armed, too. A pair of 'em each. One to throw"—he raised his hand as if lancing something—"the other for close fighting. Assegais, you know. That's the name of it. Only the eyes. Creeping, creeping, creeping. No noise. One raised. Waggons drawn up in laager. Oxen outspanned in the middle. Trekking all day. Tired out: dog tired. Crawl, crawl, crawl! Hands and knees. Might be snakes. A wriggle. Men sitting about the camp-fire. Smoking. Gleam of their eyes! Under the waggons. Nearer, nearer, nearer! Then, the throwing ones in your midst. Shower of 'em. Right and left. 'Halloa! stand by, boys!' Look up: see 'em swarming, black like ants, over the waggons. Inside the laager. Snatch up rifles! All up! Oxen stampeding, men running, blacks sticking 'em like pigs in the back with their assegais. Bad job, the whole thing. Don't care for it, myself. Very tough 'uns to fight. If they once break laager."

"Then you should never let them get at close quarters," I suggested, catching the general drift of his inarticulate swift pictures.

"You're a square man, you are, Doctor! There, you touch the spot. Never let 'em get at close quarters. Sentries?—creep past 'em. Outposts?—crawl between. Had Forbes and Wilson like that. Cut 'em off. Per-dition! . . . . But Maxims will do it! Maxims! Never let 'em get near. Sweep the ground all round. Durned hard, though, to know just *when* they're coming. A night: two nights: all clear: only waste ammunition. Third, they swarm like bees: break laager: all over!"

This was not exactly an agreeable picture of what we had to expect—the more so as our particular laager happened to have no Maxims. However, we kept a sharp look-out for those gleaming eyes in the long grass of which Colebrook warned us: their flashing light was the one thing to be seen, at night above all, when the black bodies could crawl unperceived through the tall dry herbage. On our first night out we had no adventures. We watched by turns outside, relieving sentry from time to time, while those of us who slept within the laager slept on the bare ground with our arms beside us. Nobody spoke much. The tension was too great. Every moment we expected an attack of the enemy.

Next day news reached us by scouts from all the other laagers. None of them had been attacked: but in all there was a deep, half-instinctive belief that the Matabele in force were drawing step by step closer and closer around us. Lo-Bengula's old impis or native regiments had gathered together once more under their own indunas—men trained and drilled in all the arts and ruses of savage warfare. On their own ground, and among their native scrub, those rude strategists are formidable. They know the country and how

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"WE WATCHED BY TURNS."

to fight in it. We had nothing to oppose to them but a handful of the new Matabeleland police, an old regular soldier or two, and a raw crowd of volunteers, most of whom, like myself, had never before really handled a rifle.

That afternoon, the Major in command decided to send out the two American scouts to scour the grass and discover, if possible, how near our lines the Matabele had penetrated. I begged hard to be permitted to accompany them. I wanted, if I could, to get evidence against Sebastian: or at least to learn whether he was still directing and assisting the enemy. At first, the scouts laughed at my request: but when I told them privately that I believed I had a clue against the white traitor who had caused the revolt, and that I wished to identify him, they changed their tone and began to think there might be something in it.

"Experience?" Colebrook asked, in his brief shorthand of speech, running his ferret eyes over me.

"None," I answered. "But a noiseless tread, and a capacity for crawling through holes in hedges which may perhaps be useful."

He glanced inquiry at Doolittle, who was a shorter and stouter man, with a knack of getting over obstacles by sheer forcefulness.

"Hands and knees!" he said, abruptly, in the imperative mood, pointing to a clump of dry grass with thorny bushes ringed about it.

I went down on my hands and knees and threaded my way through the long grasses and matted boughs as noiselessly as I could. The two old hands watched me. When I emerged several yards off, much to their surprise, Colebrook turned to Doolittle. "Might answer," he said, curtly. "Major says, choose your own men. Anyhow, if they catch him, nobody's fault but his. Wants to go. Will do it."

We set out through the long grass together, walking erect at first, till we had got some distance from the laager, and then creeping as the Matabele creep themselves, without displacing the grass-flowers, for a mere wave on top would have betrayed us at once to the quick eyes of those observant savages. We crept on for a mile or so. At last Colebrook turned to me, one finger on his lips. His ferret eyes gleamed. We were approaching a wooded hill, all interspersed with boulders. "Kaffirs here!" he whispered low, as if he knew by instinct. *How* he knew, I cannot tell; he seemed almost to scent them.

We stole on further, going more furtively than ever now. I could notice by this time that there were waggons in front, and could hear men speaking in them. I wanted to proceed, but Colebrook held up one warning hand. "Won't do," he said, shortly, in a low tone. "Only myself. Danger ahead! Stop here and wait for me."

Doolittle and myself waited. Colebrook kept on cautiously, squirming his long body in sinuous waves like a lizard's through the

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"COLEBROOK HELD UP ONE WARNING HAND."

grass, and was soon lost to us. No snake could have been lither. We waited, with ears attent. One minute, two minutes, many minutes passed. We could catch the voices of Kaffirs in the bush all round. They were speaking freely, but what they said I did not know, as I had picked up only a very few words of the Matabele language.

It seemed hours while we waited, still as mice in our ambush, and alert. I began to think Colebrook must have been lost or killed—so long was he gone—and that we must return without him. At last—we leaned forward—a muffled movement in the grass ahead! A slight wave at the base! Then it divided below, bit by bit, while the tops remained stationary. A weasel-like body slank noiselessly through. Finger on lips once more, Colebrook glided beside us.

We turned and crawled back, stifling our very pulses. For many minutes none of us spoke. But we heard in our rear a loud cry and a shaking of assegais: the Kaffirs behind us were yelling frightfully. They must have suspected something—seen some movement in the tufted heads of grass, for they spread abroad, shouting. We halted, holding our breath. After a time, however, the noise died down. They were moving another way. We crept on again, stealthily.

When at last, after many minutes, we found ourselves beyond a sheltering belt of brushwood, we ventured to rise and speak. "Well?" I asked of Colebrook. "Did you discover anything?"

He nodded assent. "Couldn't see him," he said, shortly. "But he's there right enough. White man. Heard 'em talk of him."

"What did they say?" I asked, eagerly.

"Said he had a white skin, but his heart was a Kaffir's. Great induna: leader of many impis. Prophet, wise weather doctor! Friend of old Moselekatse's. Destroy the white men from over the big water: restore the land to the Matabele. Kill all in Salisbury: especially the white women. Witches: all witches: they give charms to the men: cook lions' hearts for them: make them brave with love-drinks."

"They said that?" I exclaimed, taken aback. "Kill all the white women!"

"Yes. Kill all. White witches, every one. The young ones worst. Word of the great induna."

"And you could not see him?"

"Crept near waggons: close. Fellow himself inside. Heard his voice: spoke English, with a little Matabele. Kaffir boy who was servant at the mission interpreted."

"What sort of voice? Like this?" And I imitated Sebastian's cold, clear-cut tone as well as I was able.

"The man! That's him, Doctor. You've got him down to the ground. The very voice. Heard him giving orders."

That settled the question. I was certain of it now. Sebastian was with the insurgents.

We made our way back to our laager, flung ourselves down, and slept a little on the

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"HE'S THERE RIGHT ENOUGH."

ground before taking our turn in the fatigues of the night watch. Our horses were loosely tied, ready for any sudden alarm. About midnight, we three were sitting with others about the fire, talking low to one another, All at once Doolittle sprang up, alert and eager. "Look out, boys!" he cried, pointing his hands under the waggons. "What's wriggling in the grass there?"

I looked, and saw nothing. Our sentries were posted outside, about a hundred yards apart, walking up and down till they met, and exchanging "All's well" aloud at each meeting.

"They should have been stationary!" one of our scouts exclaimed, looking out at them. "It's easier for the Matabele to see them so, when they walk up and down, moving against the sky. The Major ought to have posted them where it wouldn't have been so simple for a Kaffir to see them and creep in between them!"

"Too late now, boys!" Colebrook burst out, with a rare effort of articulateness. "Call back the sentries, Major! The blacks have broken line! Hold there! They're in upon us!"

Even as he spoke, I followed his eager pointing hand with my eyes, and just descried among the grass two gleaming objects, seen under the hollow of one of the waggons. Two: then two: then two again: and behind, whole pairs of them. They looked like twin stars: but they were eyes: black eyes, reflecting the starlight and the red glare of the camp-fire. They crept on tortuously in serpentine curves through the long, dry grasses. I could feel rather than see that they were Matabele, crawling prone on their bellies, and trailing their snake-like way between the dark jungle. Quick as thought, I raised my rifle and blazed away at the foremost. So did several others. But the Major shouted, angrily, "Who fired? Don't shoot, boys, till you hear the word of command! Back, sentries, to laager! Not a shot till they're safe inside! You'll hit your own people!"

Almost before he said it, the sentries darted back. The Matebele crouching on hands and knees in the long grass had passed through them, unseen. A wild moment followed. I can hardly describe it, the whole thing was so new to me, and took place so quickly. Hordes of black human ants seemed to surge up all at once over and under the waggons. Assegais whizzed through the air or gleamed brandished around one. Our men fell back to the centre of the laager and formed themselves hastily under the Major's orders. Then a pause: a deadly fire. Once, twice, thrice we volleyed. The Matabele fell by dozens—but they came on by hundreds. As fast as we fired and mowed down one swarm, fresh swarms seemed to spring from the earth and stream over the waggons. Others appeared to grow up almost beneath our feet as they wormed their way on their faces along the ground between the wheels, squirmed into the circle, and then rose suddenly erect and naked, in front of us. Meanwhile, they yelled and shouted, clashing their spears and shields: the oxen bellowed: the rifles volleyed. It was a pandemonium of sound in an orgy of gloom. Darkness, lurid flame, blood, wounds, death, horror.

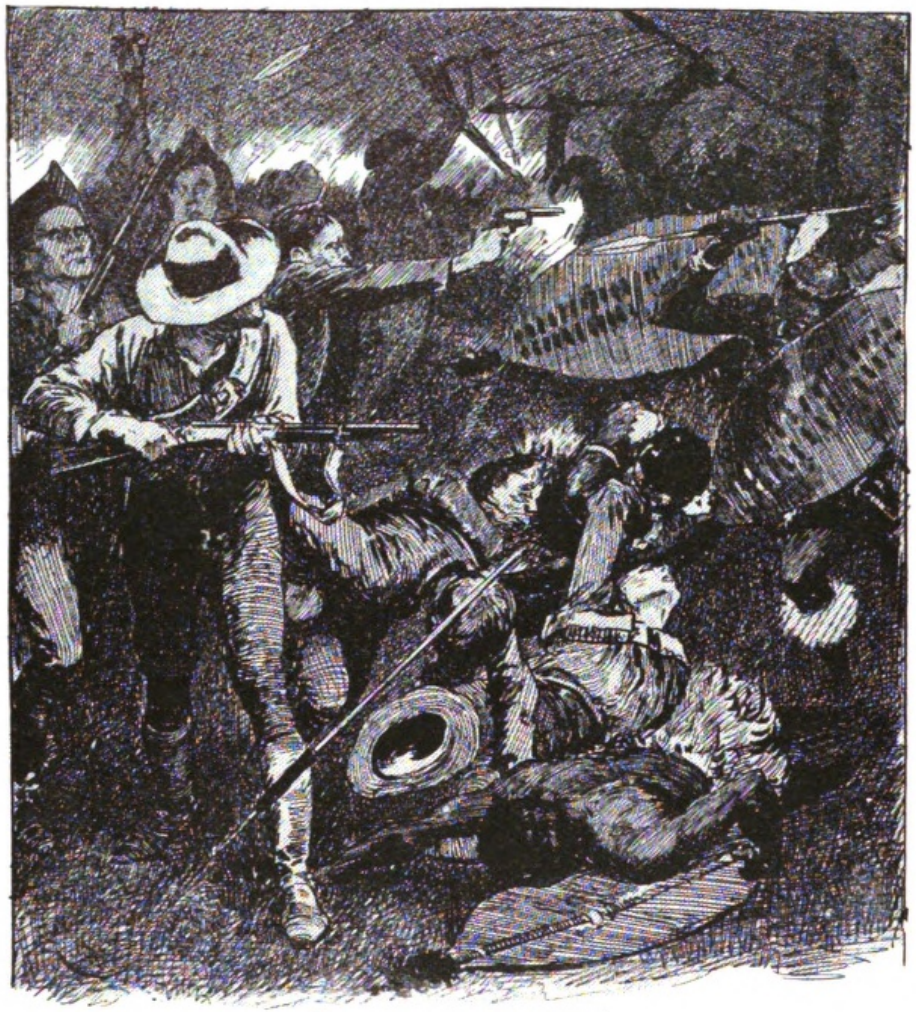
Yet in the midst of all this hubbub I could not help admiring the cool military calm and self-control of our Major. His

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voice rose clear above the confused tumult. "Steady, boys, steady! Don't fire at random. Pick each your likeliest man, and aim at him deliberately. That's right: easy — easy! Shoot at leisure, and don't waste ammunition!"

He stood as if he were on parade, in the midst of this palpitating turmoil of savages. Some of us, encouraged by his example, mounted the waggons, and shot from the tops at our approaching assailants.

How long the hurly-burly went on I cannot say. We fired, fired, fired, and Kaffirs fell like sheep: yet more Kaffirs rose fresh from the long grass to replace them. They swarmed with greater ease now over the covered waggons, across the mangled and writhing bodies of their fellows: for the dead outside made an inclined plane for the living to mount by. But the enemy were getting less numerous, I thought, and less anxious to fight. The steady fire told on them. By-and-by, with a little halt, for the first time they wavered. All our men now mounted the waggons, and began to fire on them in regular volleys as they came up. The evil effects of the surprise were gone by this time: we were acting with coolness and obeying orders. But several of our people dropped close beside me, pierced through with assegais.



"A WILD MOMENT FOLLOWED."

All at once, as if a panic had burst over them, the Matabele with one mind stopped dead short in their advance and ceased fighting. Till that moment, no number of deaths seemed to make any difference to them. Men fell, disabled: others sprang up from the ground by magic. But now, of a sudden, their courage flagged—they faltered, gave way, broke, and shambled in a body. At last, as one man, they turned and fled. Many of them leapt up with a loud cry from the long grass where they were skulking, flung away their big shields with the white

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thongs interlaced, and ran for dear life, black crouching figures, through the dense, dry jungle. They held their assegais still, but did not dare to use them. It was a flight, pell-mell — and the devil take the hindmost.

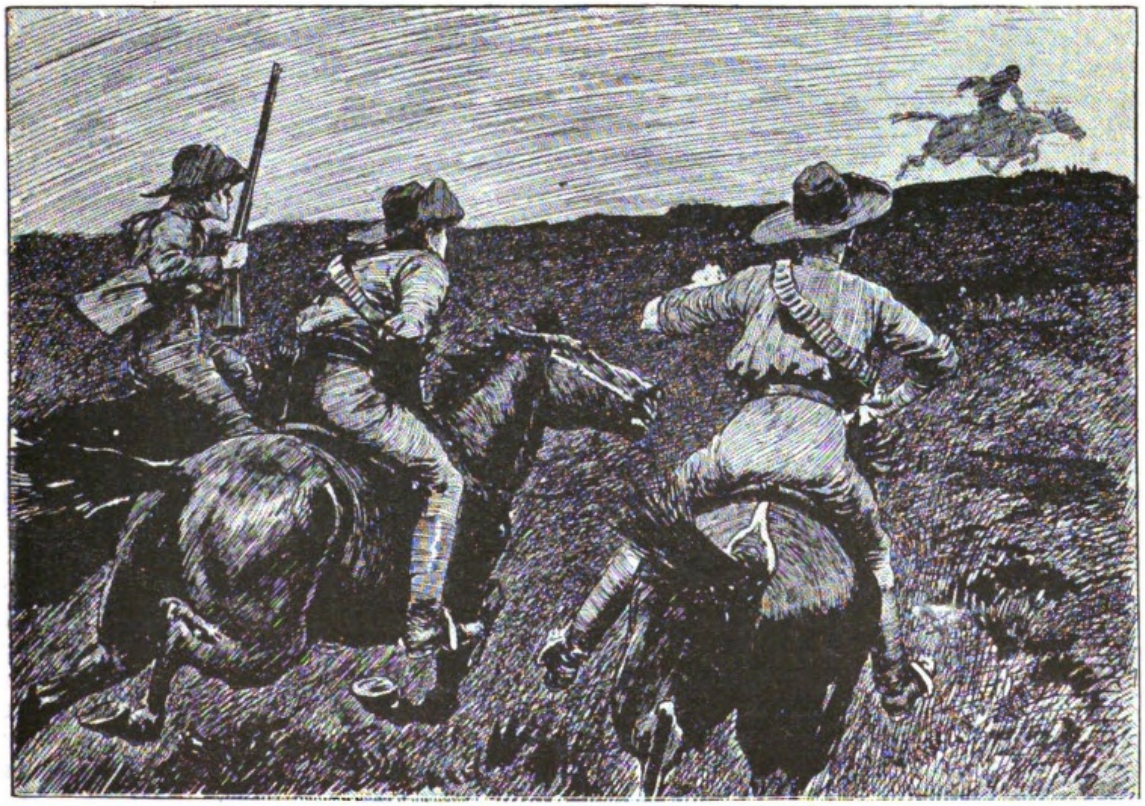
Not until then had I leisure to *think* and to realize my position. This was the first and only time I had ever seen a battle. I am a bit of coward, I believe—like most other men—though I have courage enough to confess it: and I expected to find myself terribly afraid when it came to fighting. Instead of that, to my immense surprise, once the Matabele had swarmed over the laager and were upon us in their thousands, I had no time to be frightened. The absolute necessity for keeping cool, for loading and reloading, for aiming and firing, for beating them off at close quarters—all this so occupied one's mind, and still more one's hands, that one couldn't find room for any personal terrors. "They are breaking over there!" "They will overpower us yonder!" "They are faltering now!" Those thoughts were so uppermost in one's head, and one's arms were so alert, that only after the enemy gave way and began to run at full pelt could a man find breathing-space to think of his own safety. Then the thought occurred to me, "I have been through my first fight, and come out of it alive: after all, I was a deal less afraid than I expected!"

That took but a second, however. Next instant, awaking to the altered circumstances, we were after them at full speed, accompanying them on their way back to their kraals in the uplands with a running fire as a farewell attention.

As we broke laager in pursuit of them, by the uncertain starlight we saw a sight which made us boil with indignation. A mounted man turned and fled before them. He seemed their leader, unseen till then. He was dressed like a European—tall, thin, unbending, in a greyish white suit: he rode a good horse, and sat it well: his air was commanding, even as he turned and fled in the general rout from that lost battle.

I seized Colebrook's arm, almost speechless with anger. "The white man!" I cried. "The traitor!"

He did not answer a word, but with a set face of white rage loosed his horse from where it was tethered among the waggons. At the same moment I loosed mine. So did Doolittle. Quick as thought, but silently, we led them out all three where the laager was broken. I clutched my mare's mane, and sprang to the stirrup to pursue our enemy. My sorrel bounded off like a bird. The fugitive had a good two minutes' start of us;



"IT WAS A MAD CHASE ACROSS THE DARK VELDT."

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but our horses were fresh, while his had probably been ridden all day. I patted my pony's neck: she responded with a ringing neigh of joy. We tore after the outlaw, all three of us abreast. I felt a sort of fierce delight in the reaction after the fighting. Our ponies galloped wildly over the plain: we burst out into the night, never heeding the Matabele whom we passed on the open in panic-stricken retreat: I noticed that many of them in their terror had even flung away their shields and their assegais.

It was a mad chase across the dark veldt—we three, neck to neck, against that one desperate runaway. We rode all we knew. I dug my heels into my sorrel's flanks, and she responded bravely. The tables were turned now on our traitor since the afternoon of the massacre. *He* was the pursued and *we* were the pursuers. We felt we must run him down and punish him for his treachery.

At a breakneck pace we stumbled over low bushes: we grazed big boulders: we rolled down the sides of steep ravines: but we kept him in sight all the time, dim and black against the starry sky: slowly, slowly—yes, yes!—we gained upon him. My pony led now. The mysterious white man rode and rode—head bent, neck forward—but never looked behind him. Bit by bit we lessened the distance between us. As we drew near him at last, Doolittle called out to me in a warning voice, "Take care, Doctor! Have your revolvers ready! He's driven to bay now! As we approach he'll fire at us!"

Then it came home to me in a flash. I felt the truth of it. "He *dare* not fire!" I cried. "He dare not turn towards us. He cannot show his face! If he did we might recognise him!"

On we rode, still gaining. "Now, now," I cried, "we shall catch him!"

Even as I leaned forward to seize his rein, the fugitive, without checking his horse, without turning his head, drew his revolver from his belt, and, raising his hand, fired behind him at random. He fired towards us, on the chance. The bullet whizzed past my ear, not hitting anyone. We scattered, right and left, still galloping free and strong. We did not return his fire, as I had told the others of my desire to take him alive. We might have shot his horse; but the risk of hitting the rider, coupled with the confidence we felt of eventually hunting him to earth, restrained us. It was the great mistake we made.

He had gained a little by his shots, but we soon caught it up. Once more I said, "We are on him!"

A minute later, we were pulled up short before an impenetrable thicket of prickly shrubs, through which I saw at once it would have been quite impossible to urge our staggering horses.

The other man, of course, reached it before us, with his mare's last breath. He must have been making for it, indeed, of set purpose; for the second he arrived at the edge of the thicket he slipped off his tired pony, and seemed to dive into the bush as a swimmer dives off a rock into the water.

"We have him now!" I cried, in a voice of triumph. And Colebrook echoed, "We have him!"

We sprang down quickly. "Take him alive, if you can!" I exclaimed, remembering Hilda's advice. "Let us find out who he is, and have him properly tried and hanged at Bulawayo! Don't give him a soldier's death! All he deserves is a murderer's!"

"You stop here," Colebrook said, briefly, flinging his bridle to Doolittle to hold. "Doctor and I follow him. Thick bush. Knows the ways of it. Revolvers ready!"

I handed my sorrel to Doolittle. He stopped behind, holding the three foam-bespattered and panting horses, while Colebrook and I dived after our fugitive into the matted bushes.

The thicket, as I have said, was impenetrable above; but it was burrowed at its base by over-ground runs of some wild animal—not, I think, a very large one; they were just like the runs which rabbits make among gorse and heather, only on a bigger scale—bigger even than a fox's or badger's. By crouching and bending our backs, we could crawl through them with difficulty into the scrubby tangle. It was hard work creeping. The runs divided soon. Colebrook felt with his hands on the ground: "I can make out the spoor!" he muttered, after a minute. "He has gone on this way!"

We tracked him a little distance in, crawling at times, and rising now and again where the runs opened out on to the air for a moment. The spoor was doubtful, and the tunnels tortuous. I felt the ground from time to time, but could not be sure of the tracks with my fingers: I was not a trained scout like Colebrook or Doolittle. We wriggled deeper into the tangle. Something stirred once or twice. It was not far from me. I was uncertain whether it was *him*—Sebastian—or a Kaffir earth-hog, the animal which seemed likeliest to have made the burrows.

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Was he going to elude us even now? Would he turn upon us with a knife? If so, could we hold him?

At last, when we had pushed our way some distance in, we heard a wild cry from outside. It was Doolittle's voice. "Quick! quick! Out again! The man will escape! He has come back on his tracks and rounded!"

I saw our mistake at once. We had left our companion out there alone, rendered helpless by the care of all three horses.

Colebrook said never a word. He was a man of action. He turned with instinctive haste, and followed our own spoor back again with his hands and knees to the opening in the thicket by which we had first entered.

Before we could reach it, however, two shots rang out clear in the direction where we had left poor Doolittle and the horses. Then a sharp cry broke the stillness—the cry of a wounded man. We redoubled our pace. We knew we were outwitted.

When we reached the open we saw at once by the uncertain light what had happened. The fugitive was riding away on a black lump, among the black bushes about him.

We looked around for him and found him. He was severely, I may even say dangerously, wounded. The bullet had lodged in his right side. We had to catch our two horses, and ride them back with our wounded man, leading the fugitive's mare in tow, all blown and breathless. I stuck to the fugitive's mare: it was the one clue we had now against him. But Sebastian, if it *was* Sebastian, had ridden off scot-free. I understood his game at a glance. He had got the better of us once more. He would make for the coast by the nearest road, give himself out as a settler escaped from the massacre, and catch the next ship for England or the Cape, now this *coup* had failed him.

Doolittle had not seen the traitor's face. The man rose from the bush, he said, shot him, seized the pony, and rode off in a second with ruthless haste. He was tall and thin, but erect — that was all the wounded scout could tell us about his assailant. And *that* was not enough to identify Sebastian.

All danger was over. We rode back to



"THE FUGITIVE WAS RIDING AWAY."

my own little sorrel. Riding for dear life, not back the way we came from Salisbury, but sideways across the veldt towards Chimoio and the Portuguese seaports. The other two horses, riderless and terrified, were scampering with loose heels over the dark plain. Doolittle was not to be seen: he lay,

Salisbury. The first words Hilda said when she saw me were, "Well, he has got away from you!"

"Yes: how did you know?"

"I read it in your step. But I guessed as much before. He is so very keen: and you started too confident."

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Mrs. Delany's Flower-Work.

THE author, or inventor, of this truly wonderful work was Mary Delany, well known from her "Autobiography and Correspondence," which was edited by Lady Llanover, and published in six volumes in 1861 and 1862.

The early life of this interesting lady was somewhat romantic. She was born at Coulston, in Wiltshire, and was the daughter of Bernard Granville, younger brother of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. Her father's sister Ann (afterwards Lady Stanley), being Maid of Honour to Queen Mary, Mary Granville was sent at an early age to live with her aunt, in expectation of a place in the Queen's household; but the Queen dying soon after, and the Granvilles being Tories, they lost the Court favour, and Mary went to stay with her uncle, Lord Lansdowne, at Longleat, the family seat. Here she stayed for some time, and her beauty, wit, and good breeding attracted much attention; among her admirers was a young gentleman named Twyford, who succeeded in gaining her affections. But in this case, as in so many others, the course of true love did not run smooth, for one day, when they were all at dinner, an old gentleman was brought in wet and dripping, having travelled on horseback on an exceedingly rainy day, and was announced as Mr. Alexander Pendarves, of Roscrow, Cornwall.



MRS. DELANY.
From the Original Picture painted by Opie for George III. and now at Hampton Court.

Her uncle was, she says in her letters, "exceedingly pleased at his arrival, and begged him to join them at once. I expected to have seen somebody with the appearance of a gentleman," says Mrs. Delany, writing at the time, "when the poor old dripping, almost drowned, *Gromio* was brought into the room, like Hob out of the well: his wig, his coat, his dirty boots, his large, unwieldy person, and his crimson countenance were all subjects of great mirth to me."

Thus she writes of the man who was destined to become her future husband, for though nearly sixty, this *Gromio*, as she calls him, was rich, and falling in love with her at sight, he prevailed upon her uncle to further his cause, and he, nothing loth, being eager to strengthen his political interest in that part of Cornwall, of which Pendarves owned the greater part, promised to do so. With this object, he pleaded the old gentleman's cause with all the eloquence he could command, but, his niece remaining obdurate, he threatened to have her young lover, Twyford, dragged through a horse-pond, should he venture to appear. Yielding at last to these forcible arguments, she consented, and, much against her inclination, was married to Pendarves in February, 1718. Her young lover died shortly after of an illness believed to have been brought on by his hopeless attachment.

After six years of unhappy married life her ancient partner died, leaving her with nothing but her jointure, for she had unfortunately dissuaded him on the day before his death from signing his will.

It was during this interval of widowhood and before her second marriage, which took place in 1743, that she made the acquaintance of her lifelong friend, the Duchess of Portland, as well as a number of prominent literary ladies of the time. The Duchess took her under her especial care, and she was frequently at Bulstrode, the Duke's seat in Buckinghamshire. Here it was that the greater part of the "Flower Mosaic Work" was accomplished; for her second husband, Patrick Delany, dying only five years after their marriage, the Duchess insisted upon her taking up her abode with her altogether. She, therefore, passed the summers at Bul-

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strode and the winters in her own house in London, in St. James's Place, where she was the centre of attraction among a group of famous literary people of the time, among whom was Horace Walpole, who spent much of his leisure at her house, Miss Burney (Madame d'Arblay), who lived with her during the latter part of her life, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, Dr. Burney, Mrs. Carter, etc.

With the Royal Family she was an especial favourite, George III. always speaking of her as "his dearest Mrs. Delany," and after the death of her dear friend and benefactor, the Duchess of Portland, which took place in 1785, he settled upon her a pension of £300 a year, and gave her a house at Windsor for life, where she was frequently visited by all the members of the Royal Family, from the King and Queen down to the little Princess Amelia, who always called her "dear Lany."

The "Flower-Work," of which a few specimens are here reproduced, was not begun till she was in the seventy-fourth year of her age, when, her eyesight beginning to fail her, and feeling herself likely to be cut off from the elegant pursuits of life, painting and drawing, fine needlework, etc., in which she was remarkably proficient, she cast about for some



SNOWDROP.

other occupation which would give employment to her ever-busy fingers, and at the same time occupy her mind. The result was this remarkable work from which this selection has been made, which was admitted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and all the best judges of the art of drawing and painting to be unrivalled in perfection of outline, delicacy of cutting, accuracy of shading and perspective, and harmony and brilliancy of colour; while, at the same time, they were the admiration of such botanists as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, etc. Indeed, Sir Joseph Banks used to say of them that they were the only imitations of Nature that he had ever seen from which he could venture to describe botanically any plant without the least fear of committing an error.

What first suggested the idea to Mrs. Delany, and encouraged her to proceed with the work, was a mistake which her friend the Duchess of Portland made one day in taking an imitation geranium, which she had just cut out from paper, for the real one. It is thus recorded: "Having a piece of Chinese paper on the table of bright scarlet, a geranium caught her eye of a similar colour and, taking her scissors, she amused herself by cutting out each flower by her eye, in the paper resembling its



TUBEROSE.

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hue; she laid the paper petals on a black ground, and was so pleased with the effect that she proceeded to cut out the calyx, stalks, and leaves in shades of green and pasted them down. After she had completed a sprig of geranium in this way, the Duchess of Portland came in and exclaimed, 'What are you doing with the geranium?' having taken the paper imitation for the flower. Mrs. Delany answered that, if the Duchess really thought it so like the original, a new work was begun from that moment; and the work was *begun* at the age of seventy-four and *ended* at the age of eighty-five; such a work as no other person before or since has ever been able to rival or even approach."



BLUSH ROSE.

It was long after the suggestion that the aged and indefatigable worker brought her work into any system, and in the first year she finished only two flowers, but in the second she accomplished sixteen, and in the third 160, and after that many more.

The flowers were all from Nature, fresh gathered or still growing plants, and her collection consists of whatever is most choice and rare, in flowers, plants, and weeds. Her plan was to place the plant or flower before her, and at the back of it, but not to touch it, she put a sheet of black paper doubled in the form of a folding screen, which, forming a dark background, threw out distinctly the outlines of the leaves and flowers, and made the lights and shadows more distinct. She did not draw the plants, but, *by her eye*, cut out each flower, or rather each petal, as they appeared: the lights and shades and tints were afterwards all likewise cut out and laid on, being pasted one over the other—the stamina, style, and leaves were separately done in the same manner, in various coloured papers, which she used to procure from captains of vessels coming from China, and from paper-stainers, from whom she used to buy pieces of paper in which the colours had run and produced extraordinary and unusual tints. In this manner she procured her material, and was enabled to produce the utmost brilliancy where it was required with the greatest harmony of colouring from the various semi-tones of tint laid on.

But the part of the work in which she appears ever to remain unrivalled is the way in which, by the eye alone, she directed the scissors, to cut out the innumerable parts necessary to complete the outline, shadowing, and detail of every leaf, flower, and stem, with such exactness that they all hung together, and fitted each other, as if they had been produced instantaneously by the stroke of a magic wand, and yet without a fault in perspective, or in the most difficult foreshortening. To look at them it is difficult to imagine that the work is not done in relief, so strongly do the subjects appear to stand out from the paper. They are, however, done absolutely on the flat, as much so as if they were painted on the paper.

Her plan was to finish a thousand, but the



MUSK THISTLE.

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BURNET ROSE.

progress of the work was stopped when she was within only twenty of that number. In 1782 she was compelled to abandon the work, her eyes being no longer able to direct her scissors in imitating accurately the exquisite and minute tracery of Nature.

Each flower is marked on the back of its mount with the spot from whence she took or received her model, with the date, and on not a few are interesting notes, of which the following are a few examples :—

"Finished Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1781. The day after I had the honour of paying my duty at the Queen's Lodge, at Windsor." "Bulstrode, Sept. 25th, 1780. Lord Mansfield came." "Bulstrode, Aug. 7th, 1778. Finished the day after the King and Queen were at Bulstrode." "The flower given me by Lord Harcourt," etc. On the front in either corner are the name of the flower and the monogram of the artist in coloured letters ; but the last year, when she found her eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail her before her work was accomplished, she cut out her initials in white, for she says, "I fancied myself nearly working in my winding-sheet."

One of the last flowers that she did was the *Portlandia grandiflora*, a West Indian flower, so called, according to a note in Mrs. Delany's own hand, after Her Grace of Portland, "a great lover of botany and well acquainted with all English plants." This flower is dated at the back by herself, "Bulstrode, 9th Aug., 1782. Kew," from whence the original specimen had been sent to her by command of the King and Queen, who always desired that any curious or beautiful plant in the Royal Gardens should be transmitted to Mrs. Delany when in blossom, and there are numbers of flowers executed by Mrs. Delany marked "Kew."

Nothing seems to have been too minute or intricate for these busy clever fingers, and every little detail of each plant is faithfully imitated, even to the down of the thistle and the tiny hairs on the stem of different plants. She even dared to attempt to imitate, and with remarkable success, the delicate fronds of the asparagus, which was a masterpiece, and forms one of the half-dozen or so specimens which Queen Charlotte selected for herself from the collection, the spaces from which she drew them still remaining vacant in the volumes, with the words in Mrs. Delany's own hand written across the page, "Selected by Queen Charlotte."

The work is contained in ten folio volumes, and is now in the national collection at the British Museum, to which institution it was bequeathed by Lady Llanover in 1897.



HORSE-CHESTNUT.

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*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

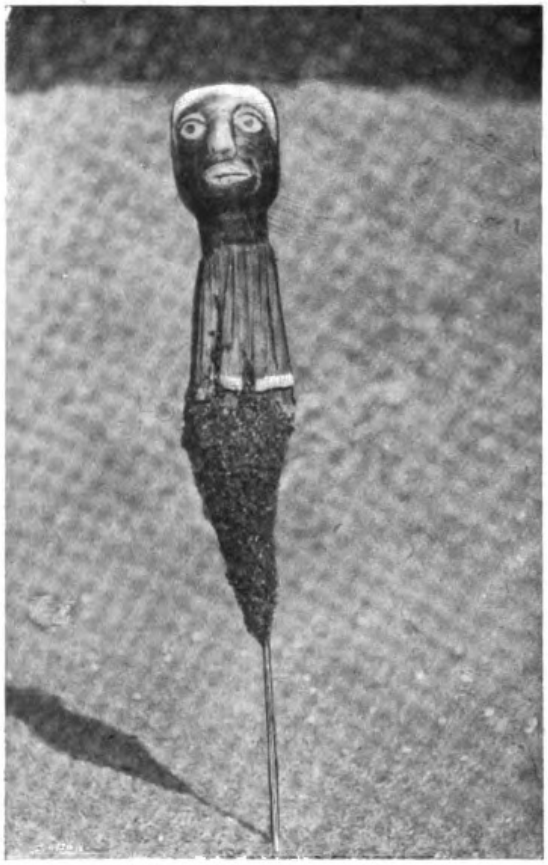


CARVED BY A CONVICT.

This is a photo. of a small keg carved with an ordinary pocket-knife out of a solid piece of wood, by a French prisoner in Quebec. On one side appear the words: "Fill it and you will see what it holds." When filled it is found to hold exactly one quart. How the ingenious prisoner managed to measure the capacity of his keg so accurately it is difficult to conjecture. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. E. A. Beatty, of Paignton.

SHOOTING A CHUTE.

This striking photograph was taken by Mr. J. Pitblado, of Winnipeg, during a canoe trip last summer. On the Manitou River, in one of the lumbering districts of Western Ontario, a number of dams have been built, and a "shoot" made in each for running logs down. The photograph represents Mr. J. B. McLaren, Q.C., of Winnipeg, and his wife in the act of running one of these "shoots" in a canoe. The current is very rapid, and it is remarkable that the photograph was taken at exactly the proper moment. It required great skill on the part of the canoeist to run the "shoot" without being upset. The photographer was standing at the bottom of one of the piers of the dam.



NICE FOR AUNT SALLY!

When swarming, bees alight on "all sorts and conditions" of places, but probably few are more curious than the one depicted in the photo. On the lawn in the garden of one of the principal bee-keepers of Worcestershire stood an old Aunt Sally, which had been placed there for the amusement of the children; and when the bees swarmed, they thought the short petticoats of her ladyship would prove an admirable resting-place. The sight was such a novel one when they had settled down, that the owner, before hiving the bees, brought his camera upon the scene, and the photo. here depicted is a reproduction of the original. The photo. is sent us by Mr. J. H. Davenport, of 3, Dagmar Road, S.E.



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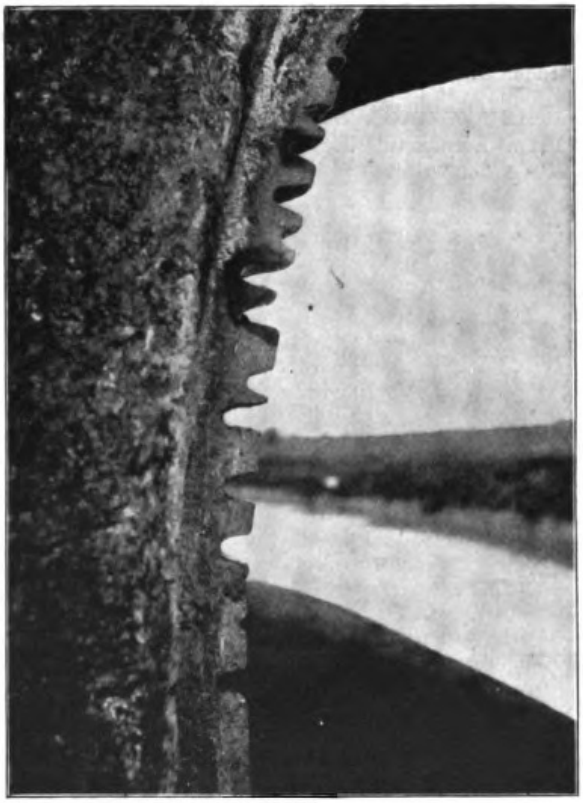


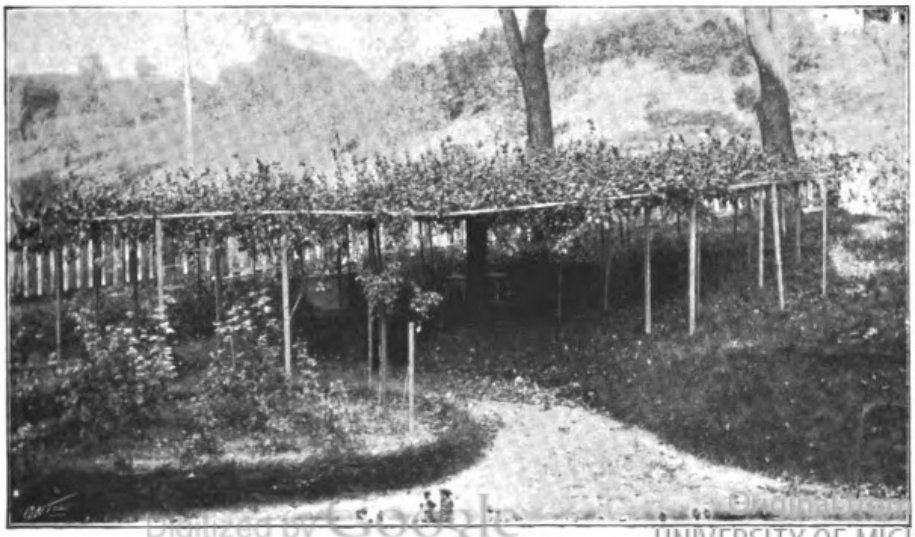
SELF-SUPPORTED.

We are indebted to Mr. T. A. Cantle, of Shivehampton, for the above photograph, which shows a new method of a party of people resting themselves. As will be seen, each knee supports a sitter. As Mr. Cantle sagely remarks: "This should be a big boon to a large family, who by its use could profit by selling their chairs."

ROOT UPWARDS.

To the right, half-way down a steep road known as Undertaker Hill, west of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, winds a rocky road at the base of a high bluff, overgrown with trees and greensward, and at the end of the road, near an ancient stone distillery, is an apple tree that apparently reverses the order of Nature, inasmuch as it bears fruit and leaves upon its roots. About thirty years ago this tree, when but 2ft. in height, was uprooted, and its branches planted where the roots had been. It still grows to bear fruit, and is to-day a curiosity that has puzzled horticulturists. This singular experiment in horticulture was prompted by a legend of a beautiful maiden, who, charged with a heinous crime and sentenced to death, uprooted a linden tree, planted its top where the roots had been, and made the prophecy that it would grow for ever as a monument to her innocence and to the cupidity of her persecutors. The tree grew, as she had predicted. The legend was told in Germany. It was heard by John Meiners, who subsequently emigrated to America and built the old stone distillery near Milwaukee. This man replanted twenty-five small apple trees in this way. For a long time they showed no sign of life. Then one began to bud, and of all those planted, this is the only one that could be nursed to a hardy life. The tree has not grown more than 2ft. in height since it was replanted. It now has a trunk about 12in. in diameter and about 4ft. high. The roots, now limbs, instead of growing vertically, grow horizontally, in long, slender arms, of which there are about twenty, so as to form excellent protection from the rain for one who may be seated underneath the tree. The branches form a flat, circular tree top about 60ft. in diameter. The tree has borne fruit for about twenty years. This photograph of the tree was taken while its fruit was ripening upon it by Mr. J. C. Muisse, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Wis.





ROPE v. IRON.

According to the proverb, the constant dropping of water will wear away a stone. Here is something even more remarkable of the same kind—a photo. which represents the indentations made by the constant rubbing of the tow-ropes on an iron bar 5in. square, which protects the stonework of one of the bridges on the Grand Junction Canal. We have to thank Mr. A. M. Mackilligan, of Berkhampstead, for this curiosity.

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"THE PACE THAT KILLS!"

Mr. A. Emery, the Hon. Sec. of the Manchester City Bicycle Club, sends us this amusing photo. "A photograph," he explains, "of a few members of the above club on their novel pacing machine."

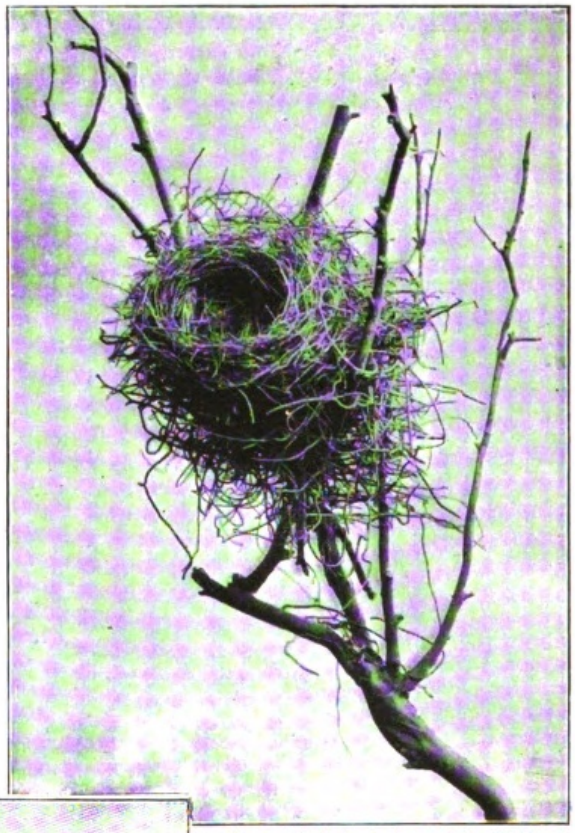
THE AMAZING FREAK OF AN EXPLOSION.

From Lieutenant R. Lyle McClintock, Curragh Camp, we have received this most interesting photo. and letter: "I inclose a contribution for your 'Curiosity' page—the freak of an explosion. Early in 1899—being at that time serving with the West Africa Frontier Force at Lokoja, on the middle Niger—I was told to blow up a large dead tree which stood on the river bank at a landing-place, obstructing traffic. I estimated about 8lb. gun-cotton as the charge, but having a lot of damaged stuff to get rid of, I put about 20lb. in a hole under the roots, tamped it heavily, and lit the fuse. All the camp came down to see the fun, and when, after the dense dust cloud caused by the explosion had cleared away, the tree was still apparently unmoved, they jeered not a little. However, on examination it proved that the heavy charge had blown the tree vertically into the air, where it had turned end for end and come down point first into the ground. It now stood immovably planted only 4ft. 8in. from its original position, quite vertically, roots in air. So complete was the illusion that the skipper of a Niger stern-wheeler actually moored his boat to it as usual a week after without noticing the inversion. On account of the moral effect on the natives, it is now preserved as an example of the 'Batouri Ju-Ju' (*i.e.*, white man's witchcraft). The crater made by the explosion can be seen in the photo."



A WIRE NEST.

Mr. George Taylor, of Merino Downs, Roma, had a pet magpie, which frequented the head station for years, but always left at the pairing season, after which it returned. Curiosity prompted the Taylor family to see where the bird went to, and found it had a nest in a high gum tree. Dr. Sheaffe, of Roma, wanted a young magpie, and a boy was sent up the tree for a young bird, which he secured, and on his return to terra-firma informed his spectators that the bird's nest was built of wire. His assertion naturally provoked a great deal of ridicule, when the boy, to prove his assertion, again went up the tree and cut the nest down. Upon examination it was found the old bird had collected bits of wire of all shapes and sizes, and formed the foundation of a nest, on top of which it had laid a piece of half-inch wire netting as a mattress, and then built its straw bed for the young ones. Photo. sent by Mr. R. W. Thurlow, of Brisbane.



From a Photo. by A. Lonner & Co., Brisbane.

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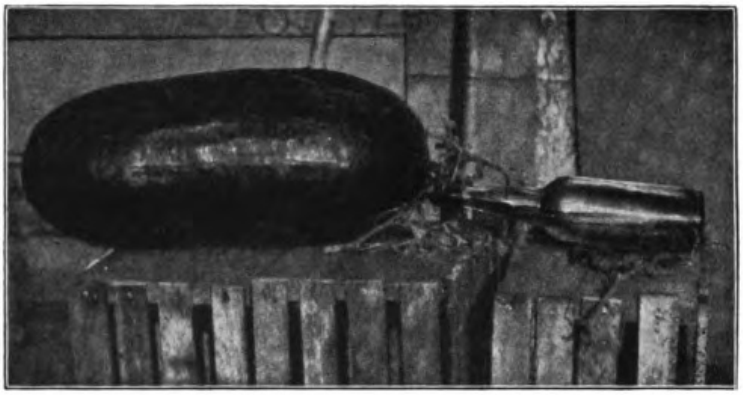


COOL CAMPING.

The 2nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which was organized and mustered into the services of the U.S. Army, April 25th, 1898, for service in the Spanish-American War, was encamped at Chickamauga Park, Georgia, from the 1st of May until the 1st of September, and while there the members of Company K decided to put to use their canvas hammocks, which had been furnished for service in Cuba. As will be observed by the accompanying photograph, the hammocks were arranged in tiers, thereby giving each of the eight men a cool and airy bunk, which certainly was a treat compared to the hot tents. The top hammock, which is occupied by Sergeant Partlow, who was the originator of the idea, was at least 25ft. above the ground, and he reached his bunk by the rope ladder arranged at the end of the hammocks. This hammock was so arranged that in rainy weather there was an immense covering put over the top, made of three or four rubber ponchos, and, as a result, all kept dry. The photograph was taken by Mr. A. B. Collier, late Captain and Adjutant, 2nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE.

The accompanying photograph, which we have received from Mr. G. L. Sullivan, West Medford, Massachusetts, is that of a water-melon raised on the Boston Common Fruit Ranch in Colorado, at the town of Manzanola. This melon was "brought up on a bottle," which also appears in the picture. When it was the size of a small cucumber all the other branches of the vine on which it grew were cut off and every other melon on that particular branch was taken off. A slit was made in the stem of the melon, and through this a narrow lamp-wick was run, the other end of which was placed in a bottle of water and sugar. The melon drank up the sweetened water again and again,



and when it was ripe it weighed 25lb. A good-sized melon of this variety weighs 14lb. It had practically no rind, and was unusually delicious and sweet.



WILLOW FLIES.

This is a photograph of "willow flies," a kind of fly which appears for a few days during early summer on Green River, Ky., and other streams of the district. The flies appear about dusk, apparently rising from the water, and in such numbers that they obscure the lights towards which they fly. The photo. shows a watch lantern on a Government barge, set out at dusk, and photographed next day with the flies it had attracted during the night. There were probably two or three bushels of them. In appearance the fly resembles the English May-fly. This photo. was taken by Mr. D. A. Watt, U.S. Assistant Engineer, of Bowling Green, Ky.

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A TORPEDO GONE WRONG.

This photo. illustrates the whaler of H.M.S. *Archer* with a torpedo stuck in her, and the carpenters cutting it out. The boat is alongside the ship, and the photo. was taken from the top of the hammock nettings, *i.e.*, directly above the boat. While at torpedo practice, the torpedo struck the whaler, which was lying near the target in readiness to pick it up on the expiration of its run, as seen in the photograph. This striking picture was sent in by Lieut. C. A. Fulcher, R.N.

A CHURCH BUILT BY ONE MAN.

Stivichall Church, near Coventry, which will seat nearly one hundred people, is in the unique position of having been built by one man only. It was built in 1810 by a man named James Green, a stonemason of Coventry, and was opened in 1817. The photo. was sent to us by Mr. G. T. Mills, of Coventry, who informs us that the building of the church was undertaken by James Green as an act of penance.



A DOUBLE-BARRELLED CANNON.

This, the only double-barrelled cannon in the world, was cast by a citizen of Athens, Georgia, during the Civil War of 1861—65. The inventor's idea was unique. It was to connect two solid



shot by means of a chain, and then to load the cannon with these shot. Both barrels were to be fired at the same time, and it was expected that the chain would tighten and mow down a company of men at one time. The cannon was fired but once, for on the first trial one barrel exploded before the other. One ball had the start of the other, and the two left the gun with a rotary motion, tearing up the earth and small trees for quite a distance. After the close of the war the cannon disappeared, and was not found until a few years since, when it was mounted by the city of Athens. Mr. T. R. King, of Athens, Ga., sends us this curiosity.

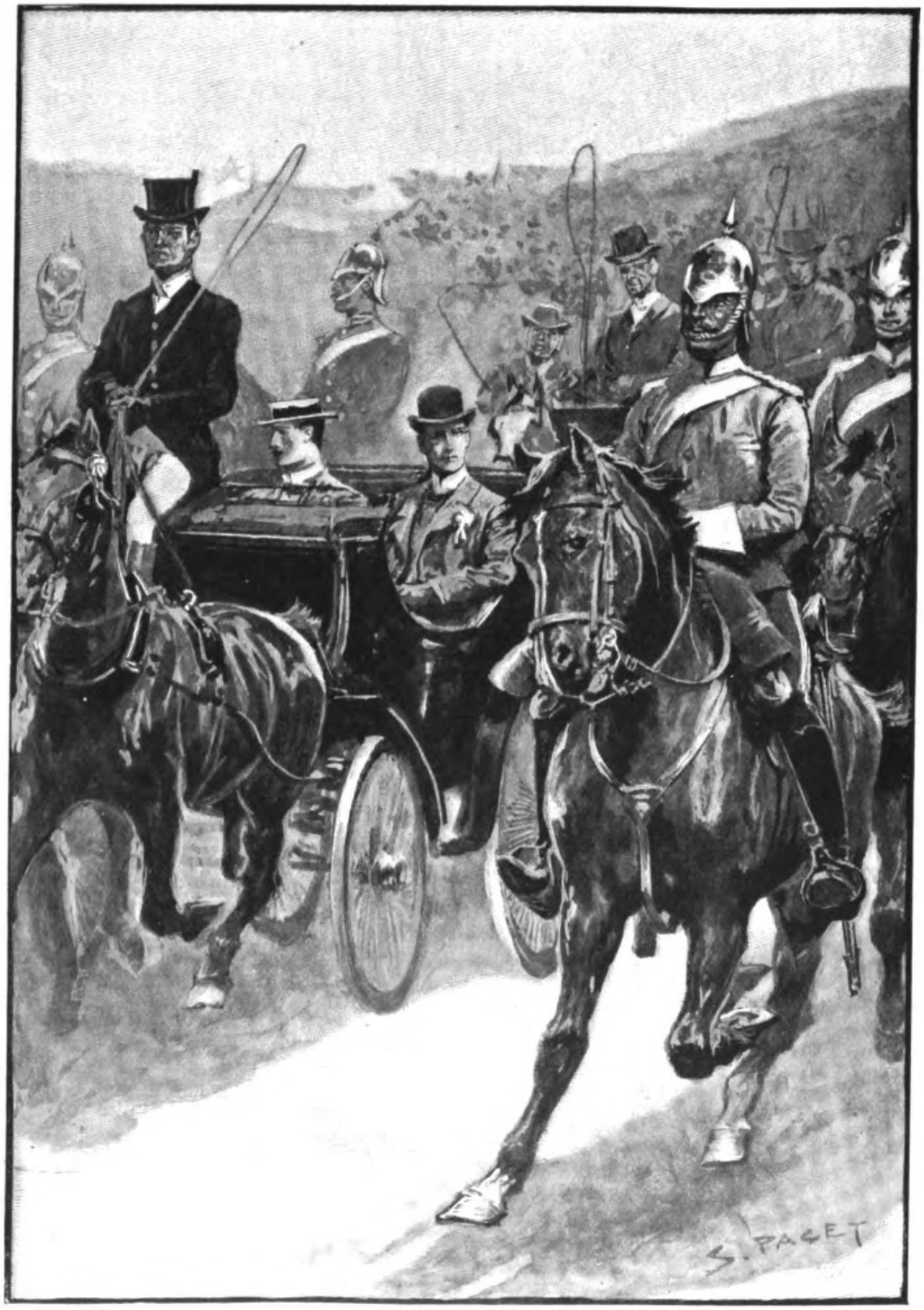


A HORSE IN A FIX.

The horse shown in the picture is blind, and falling into the Des Moines River, at Bonaparte, Iowa, a short distance above the dam, floated down until he arrived as shown in the picture. He seemed instinctively to realize his perilous position, as the current is very swift, and there is a sheer descent of probably 25ft. A great many plans were proposed to rescue him, but all dismissed as not feasible, until his owner anchored his boat up the stream with a large stone, and let himself down near enough to throw a rope over the horse's head, and then towed him up stream and to shore. The photo. shows the horse's master in the act of preparing the rope. Photo. sent in by Mr. L. L. Talbott, of Des Moines, Iowa.

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THE PROCESSION TO CROXLEY.

(*See page* 484.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xviii. NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 107.

The Croxley Master.

IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

WORK was struck at one o'clock at the coal-pits and the iron-works, and the fight was arranged for three. From the Croxley furnaces, from Wilson's Coal-pits, from the Heartsease Mine, from the Dodd Mills, from the Leverworth Smelters, the workmen came trooping, each with his fox-terrier or his lurcher at his heels. Warped with labour and twisted by toil, bent double by week-long work in the cramped coal galleries, or half-blinded with years spent in front of white-hot fluid metal, these men still gilded their harsh and hopeless lives by their devotion to sport. It was their one relief, the only thing which could distract their mind from sordid surroundings, and give them an interest beyond the blackened circle which inclosed them. Literature, art, science, all these things were beyond their horizon; but the race, the football match, the cricket, the fight, these were things which they could understand, which they could speculate upon in advance and comment upon afterwards. Sometimes brutal, sometimes grotesque, the love of sport is still one of the great agencies which make for the happiness of our people. It lies very deeply in the springs of our nature, and when it has been educated out, a higher, more refined nature may be left, but it will not be of that robust British type which has left its mark so deeply on the world. Every one of these ruddled workers, slouching with his dog at his heels to see something of the fight, was a true unit of his race.

It was a squally May day, with bright sunbursts and driving showers. Montgomery worked all morning in the surgery getting his medicine made up.

"The weather seems so very unsettled, Mr. Montgomery," remarked the doctor, "that I am inclined to think that you had better postpone your little country excursion until a later date."

"I am afraid that I must go to-day, sir."

"I have just had an intimation that Mrs. Potter, at the other side of Angleton, wishes to see me. It is probable that I shall be there all day. It will be extremely inconvenient to leave the house empty so long."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I must go," said the assistant, doggedly.

The doctor saw that it would be useless to argue, and departed in the worst of bad tempers upon his mission. Montgomery felt easier now that he was gone. He went up to his room, and packed his running shoes, his fighting drawers, and his cricket sash into a hand-bag. When he came down Mr. Wilson was waiting for him in the surgery.

"I hear the doctor has gone."

"Yes, he is likely to be away all day."

"I don't see that it matters much. It's bound to come to his ears by to-night."

"Yes, it's serious with me, Mr. Wilson. If I win, it's all right. I don't mind telling you that the hundred pounds will make all the difference to me. But if I lose, I'll lose my situation, for, as you say, I can't keep it secret."

"Never mind. We'll see you through among us. I only wonder the doctor has not heard already, for it's all over the country that you are to fight the Croxley Champion. We've had Armitage up about it already. He's the Master's backer, you know. He wasn't sure that you were eligible. The Master said he wanted you whether you were eligible or not. Armitage has money on, and would have made trouble if he could. But I showed him that you came within the conditions of the challenge, and he agreed that it was all right. They think they have a soft thing on."

"Well, I can only do my best," said Montgomery.

They lunched together; a silent and rather nervous repast, for Montgomery's mind was full of what was before him, and Wilson had himself more money at stake than he cared to lose.

Wilson's carriage and pair were at the door, the horses with blue and white rosettes at their ears, which were the colours of the Wilson Coal-pits, well known on many a football field. At the avenue gate a crowd of some hundred pit men and their wives

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gave a cheer as the carriage passed. To the assistant it all seemed dream-like and extraordinary—the strangest experience of his life, but with a thrill of human action and interest in it which made it passionately absorbing. He lay back in the open carriage and saw the fluttering handkerchiefs from the doors and windows of the miners' cottages. Wilson had pinned a blue and white rosette upon his coat, and everyone knew him as their champion. "Good luck, sir; good luck to thee!" they shouted from the roadside. He felt that it was like some unromantic knight riding down to sordid lists, but there was something of chivalry in it all the same. He fought for others as well as for himself. He might fail from want of skill or strength, but deep in his sombre soul he vowed that it should never be for want of heart.

Mr. Fawcett was just mounting into his high-wheeled spidery dog-cart, with his little bit of blood between the shafts. He waved his whip and fell in behind the carriage. They overtook Purvis, the tomato-faced publican, upon the road, with his wife in her Sunday bonnet. They also dropped into the procession, and then, as they traversed the seven miles of the high road to Croxley, their two-horsed rosetted carriage became gradually the nucleus of a comet with a loosely radiating tail. From every side road came the miners' carts, the humble, ramshackle traps, black and bulging, with their loads of noisy, foul-tongued, open-hearted partisans. They trailed for a long quarter of a mile behind them—cracking, whipping, shouting, galloping, swearing. Horsemen and runners were mixed with the vehicles. And then suddenly a squad of the Sheffield Yeomanry, who were having their annual training in those parts, clattered and jingled out of a field, and rode as an escort to the carriage. Through the dust-clouds round him Montgomery saw the gleaming brass helmets, the bright coats, and the tossing heads of the chargers, the delighted brown faces of the troopers. It was more dream-like than ever.

And then as they approached the monstrous uncouth line of bottle-shaped buildings which marked the smelting works of Croxley, their long, writhing snake of dust was headed off by another but longer one which wound across their path. The main road into which their own opened was filled by the rushing current of traps. The Wilson contingent halted until the others should get past. The iron men cheered and groaned according to their humour as they whirled past their antagonist. Rough chaff flew back and forwards like iron nuts and splinters of coal. "Brought him up, then." "Got t'hearse for to fetch him back?" "Where's t'owd K-legs?" "Mon, mon, have thy photograph took—'twill mind thee of what thou used to look." "He fight?—he's now't but a half-baked doctor!" "Happen he'll doctor thy Croxley Champion afore he's through wi't."

So they flashed at each other as the one side waited and the other passed. Then there came a rolling murmur swelling into a shout, and a great break with four horses came clattering along, all streaming with salmon-pink ribbons. The driver wore a white hat with pink rosette, and beside him on the high seat were a man and a woman, she with her arm round his waist. Montgomery had one glimpse of them as they flashed past: he with a furry cap drawn low over his brow, a great frieze coat, and a pink comforter round his throat. She brazen, red-headed, bright coloured, laughing excitedly. The Master, for it was he, turned as he passed, gazed hard at Montgomery, and gave him a menacing. gap-toothed grin. It was a hard, wicked face, blue-jowled and craggy, with long, obstinate cheeks and inexorable eyes. The break behind was full of patrons of the sport, flushed iron foremen, heads of departments, managers. One was drinking from a metal flask, and raised it to Montgomery as he passed, and then the crowd thinned, and the Wilson *cortège* with their dragoons swept in at the rear of the others.

The road led away from Croxley, between curving green hills, gashed and polluted by the searchers for coal and iron. The whole country had been gutted, and vast piles of refuse and mountains of slag suggested the mighty chambers which the labour of man had burrowed beneath. On the left the road curved up to where a huge building, roofless and dismantled, stood crumbling and forlorn, with the light shining through the windowless squares.

"That's the old Arrowsmith's factory. That's where the fight is to be," said Wilson. "How are you feeling now?"

"Thank you. I was never better in my life," Montgomery answered.

"By Gad, I like your nerve!" said Wilson, who was himself flushed and uneasy. "You'll give us a fight for our money, come what may. That place on the right is the office, and that has been set aside as the dressing and weighing room."

The carriage drove up to it, amidst the shouts of the folk upon the hill-side. Lines of empty carriages and traps curved down

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upon the winding road, and a black crowd surged round the door of the ruined factory. The seats, as a huge placard announced, were five shillings, three shillings, and a shilling, with half-price for dogs. The takings, deducting expenses, were to go to the winner, and it was already evident that a larger stake than a hundred pounds was in question. A babel of voices rose from the door. The workers wished to bring their dogs in free. The men scuffled. The dogs barked. The crowd was a whirling, eddying pool surging with a roar up to the narrow cleft which was its only outlet.

The break with its salmon-coloured streamers and four reeking horses stood empty before the door of the office; Wilson, Purvis, Fawcett, and Montgomery passed in.

There was a large, bare room inside, with square, clean patches upon the grimy walls, where pictures and almanacs had once hung. Worn linoleum covered the floor, but there was no furniture save some benches and a deal table with a ewer and a basin upon it. Two of the corners were curtained off. In the middle of the room was a weighing chair. A hugely fat man with a salmon tie and a blue waistcoat with birds'-eye spots came bustling up to them. It was Armitage, the butcher and grazier, well known for miles round as a warm man, and the most liberal patron of sport in the Riding.

"Well, well," he grunted, in a thick, fussy, wheezy voice, "you have come, then. Got your man? Got your man?"

"Here he is, fit and well. Mr. Montgomery, let me present you to Mr. Armitage."

"Glad to meet you, sir. Happy to make your acquaintance. I make bold to say, sir, that we of Croxley admire your courage, Mr. Montgomery, and that our only hope is a fair fight and no favour and the best man win. That's our sentiment at Croxley."

"And it is my sentiment also," said the assistant.

"Well, you can't say fairer than that, Mr. Montgomery. You've taken a large contrac' in hand, but a large contrac' may be carried through, sir, as anyone that knows my dealings could testify. The Master is ready to weigh in!"

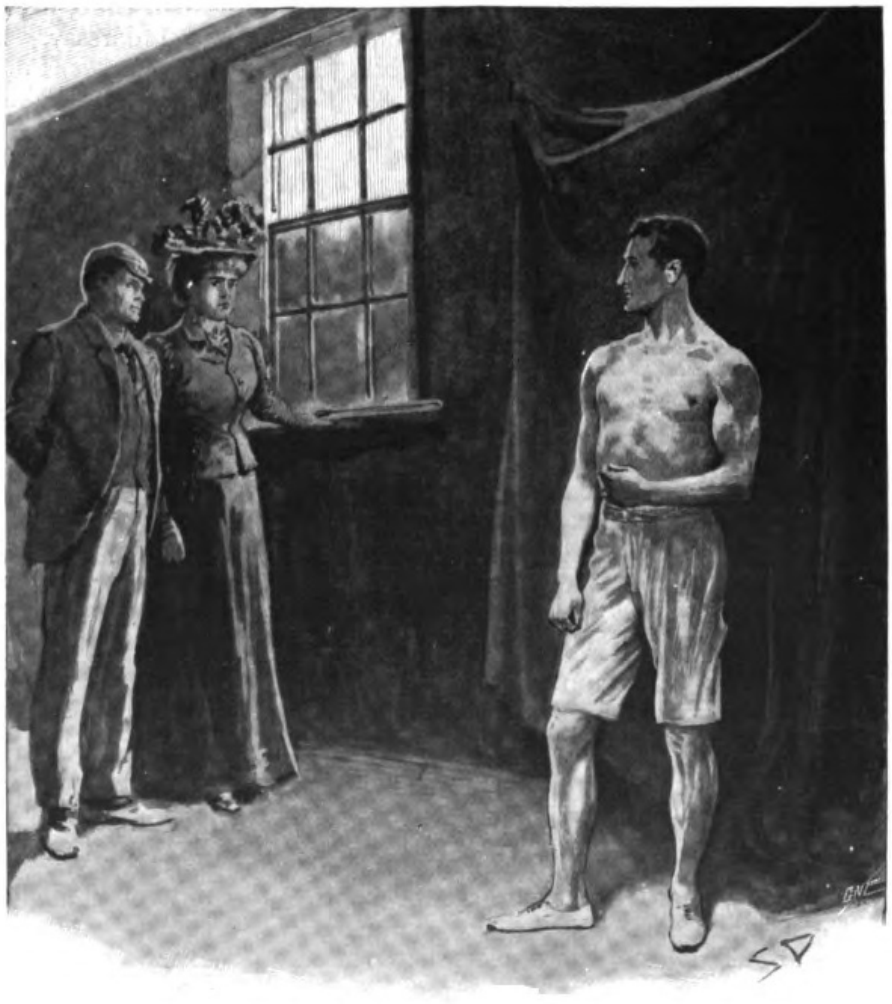
"So am I."

"You must weigh in the buff."

Montgomery looked askance at the tall, red-headed woman who was standing gazing out of the window.

"That's all right," said Wilson. "Get behind the curtain and put on your fighting kit."

He did so, and came out the picture of an athlete, in white loose drawers, canvas



"THE PICTURE OF AN ATHLETE."

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shoes, and the sash of a well-known cricket club round his waist. He was trained to a hair, his skin gleaming like silk, and every muscle rippling down his broad shoulders and along his beautiful arms as he moved them. They bunched into ivory knobs, or slid into long, sinuous curves, as he raised or lowered his hands.

"What thinkest thou o' that?" asked Ted Barton, his second, of the woman in the window.

She glanced contemptuously at the young athlete.

"It's but a poor kindness thou dost him to put a thread-paper yoong gentleman like yon against a mon as is a mon. Why, my Jock would throttle him wi' one hond lashed behind him."

"Happen he may—happen not," said Barton. "I have but twa pund in the world, but it's on him, every penny, and no hedgin'. But here's t' Maister, and rarely fine he do look."

The prize-fighter had come out from his curtain, a squat, formidable figure, monstrous in chest and arms, limping slightly on his distorted leg. His skin had none of the freshness and clearness of Montgomery's, but was dusky and mottled, with one huge mole amid the mat of tangled black hair which thatched his mighty breast. His weight bore no relation to his strength, for those huge shoulders and great arms, with brown, sledge-hammer fists, would have fitted the heaviest man that ever threw his cap into a ring. But his loins and legs were slight in proportion. Montgomery, on the other hand, was as symmetrical as a Greek statue. It would be an encounter between a man who was specially fitted for one sport, and one who was equally capable of any. The two looked curiously at each other; a bulldog, and a high-bred, clean-limbed terrier, each full of spirit.

"How do you do?"

"How do?" The Master grinned again, and his three jagged front teeth gleamed for an instant. The rest had been beaten out of him in twenty years of battle. He spat upon the floor. "We have a rare fine day for't."

"Capital," said Montgomery.

"That's the good feelin' I like," wheezed the fat butcher. "Good lads both of them—prime lads—hard meat an' good bone. There's no ill-feelin'."

"If he downs me, Gawd bless him," said the Master.

"An' if we down him, Gawd help him," interrupted the woman.

"Haud thy tongue, wench," said the Master, impatiently. "Who art thou to put in thy word? Happen I might draw my hand across thy face."

The woman did not take the threat amiss.

"Wilt have enough for thy hand to do, Jock," said she. "Get quit o' this gradely man afore thou turn on me."

The lovers' quarrel was interrupted by the entrance of a new-comer, a gentleman with a fur-collared overcoat, and a very shiny top-hat—a top-hat of a degree of glossiness which is seldom seen five miles from Hyde Park. This hat he wore at the extreme back of his head, so that the lower surface of the brim made a kind of frame for his high bald forehead, his keen eyes, his rugged and yet kindly face. He bustled in with the quiet air of possession with which the ring-master enters the circus.

"It's Mr. Stapleton, the referee from London," said Wilson.

"How do you do, Mr. Stapleton? I was introduced to you at the big fight at the Corinthian Club, in Piccadilly."

"Ah, I daresay," said the other, shaking hands. "Fact is, I'm introduced to so many that I can't undertake to carry their names. Wilson, is it? Well, Mr. Wilson, glad to see you. Couldn't get a fly at the station, and that's why I'm late."

"I'm sure, sir," said Armitage, "we should be proud that anyone so well known in the boxing world should come down to our little exhibition."

"Not at all. Not at all. Anything in the interests of boxin'. All ready? Men weighed?"

"Weighing now, sir."

"Ah, just as well I should see it done. Seen you before, Craggs. Saw you fight your second battle against Willox. You had beaten him once, but he came back on you. What does the indicator say?—163lb. —two off for the kit—161. Now, my lad, you jump. My goodness, what colours are you wearing?"

"The Anonymi Cricket Club."

"What right have you to wear them? I belong to the club myself."

"So do I."

"You an amateur?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are fighting for a money prize?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you know what you are doing? You realize that you're a professional pug from this onwards, and that if ever you fight again——"

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"I'll never fight again."

"Happen you won't," said the woman, and the Master turned a terrible eye upon her.

"Well, I suppose you know your own business best. Up you jump. One hundred and fifty-one, minus two—one hundred and forty-nine, twelve pounds difference, but youth and condition on the other scale. Well, the sooner we get to work the better, for I wish to catch the seven o'clock express at Hellifield. Twenty three-minute rounds, with one minute intervals, and Queensberry rules. Those are the conditions, are they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, then, we may go across."

The two combatants had overcoats thrown over their shoulders, and the whole party, backers, fighters, seconds, and the referee, filed out of the room. A police inspector was waiting for them in the road. He had a note-book in his hand—that terrible weapon which awes even the London cabman.

"I must take your names, gentlemen, in case it should be necessary to proceed for breach of peace."

"You don't mean to stop the fight?" cried Armitage, in a passion of indignation. "I'm Mr. Armitage, of Croxley, and this is Mr. Wilson, and we'll be responsible that all is fair and as it should be."

"I'll take the names in case it should be necessary to proceed," said the inspector, impassively.

"But you know me well."

"If you was a dook or even a judge it would be all the same," said the inspector. "It's the law, and there's an end. I'll not take upon myself to stop the fight, seeing that gloves are to be used, but I'll take the names of all concerned. Silas Craggs, Robert Montgomery, Edward Barton, James Stapleton, of London. Who seconds Silas Craggs?"

"I do," said the woman. "Yes, you can stare, but it's my job, and no one else's. Anastasia's the name—four a's."

"Craggs?"

"Johnson. Anastasia Johnson. If you jug him, you can jug me."

"Who talked of juggin', ye fool?" growled the Master. "Coom on, Mr. Armitage, for I'm fair sick o' this loiterin'."

The inspector fell in with the procession, and proceeded as they walked up the hill to bargain in his official capacity for a front seat, where he could safeguard the interests of the law, and in his private capacity to lay out thirty shillings at seven to one with Mr. Armitage. Through the door they passed, down a narrow lane walled with a dense bank of humanity, up a wooden ladder to a platform, over a rope which was slung waist-high from four corner stakes, and then Montgomery realized that he was in that ring in which his



"THEY RAGED ROUND HIM."

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immediate destiny was to be worked out. On the stake at one corner there hung a blue and white streamer. Barton led him across, the overcoat dangling loosely from his shoulders, and he sat down on a wooden stool. Barton and another man, both wearing white sweaters, stood beside him. The so-called ring was a square, 20ft. each way. At the opposite angle was the sinister figure of the Master, with his red-headed woman and a rough-faced friend to look after him. At each corner were metal basins, pitchers of water, and sponges.

In the hubbub and uproar of the entrance Montgomery was too bewildered to take things in. But now there was a few minutes' delay, for the referee had lingered behind, and so he looked quietly about him. It was a sight to haunt him for a lifetime. Wooden seats had been built in, sloping upwards to the tops of the walls. Above, instead of a ceiling, a great flight of crows passed slowly across a square of grey cloud. Right up to the topmost benches the folk were banked—broad cloth in front, corduroys and fustian behind; faces turned everywhere upon him. The grey reek of the pipes filled the building, and the air was pungent with the acrid smell of cheap, strong tobacco. Everywhere among the human faces were to be seen the heads of the dogs. They growled and yapped from the back benches. In that dense mass of humanity one could hardly pick out individuals, but Montgomery's eyes caught the brazen gleam of the helmets held upon the knees of the ten yeomen of his escort. At the very edge of the platform sat the reporters, five of them: three locals and two all the way from London. But where was the all-important referee? There was no sign of him, unless he were in the centre of that angry swirl of men near the door.

Mr. Stapleton had stopped to examine the gloves which were to be used, and entered the building after the combatants. He had started to come down that narrow lane with the human walls which led to the ring. But already it had gone abroad that the Wilson champion was a gentleman, and that another gentleman had been appointed as referee. A wave of suspicion passed through the Croxley folk. They would have one of their own people for a referee. They would not have a stranger. His path was stopped as he made for the ring. Excited men flung themselves in front of him. They waved their fists in his face and cursed him. A woman howled vile names in his ear. Somebody struck at him with an umbrella. "Go thou back to Lunnon. We want noan o' thee. Go thou back!" they yelled.

Stapleton, with his shiny hat cocked backwards, and his large, bulging forehead swelling from under it, looked round him from under his bushy brows. He was in the centre of a savage and dangerous mob. Then he drew his watch from his pocket and held it dial upwards in his palm.

"In three minutes," said he, "I will declare the fight off."

They raged round him. His cool face and that aggressive top-hat irritated them. Grimy hands were raised. But it was difficult somehow to strike a man who was so absolutely indifferent.

"In two minutes I declare the fight off."

They exploded into blasphemy. The breath of angry men smoked into his placid face. A gnarled, grimy fist vibrated at the end of his nose. "We tell thee we want noan o' thee. Get thou back where thou com'st from."

"In one minute I declare the fight off."

Then the calm persistence of the man conquered the swaying, mutable, passionate crowd.

"Let him through, mon. Happen there'll be no fight after a'."

"Let him through."

"Bill, thou loomp, let him pass. Dos't want the fight declared off?"

"Make room for the referee!—room for the Lunnon referee."

And half pushed, half carried, he was swept up to the ring. There were two chairs by the side of it, one for him and one for the timekeeper. He sat down, his hands on his knees, his hat at a more wonderful angle than ever, impassive but solemn, with the aspect of one who appreciates his responsibilities.

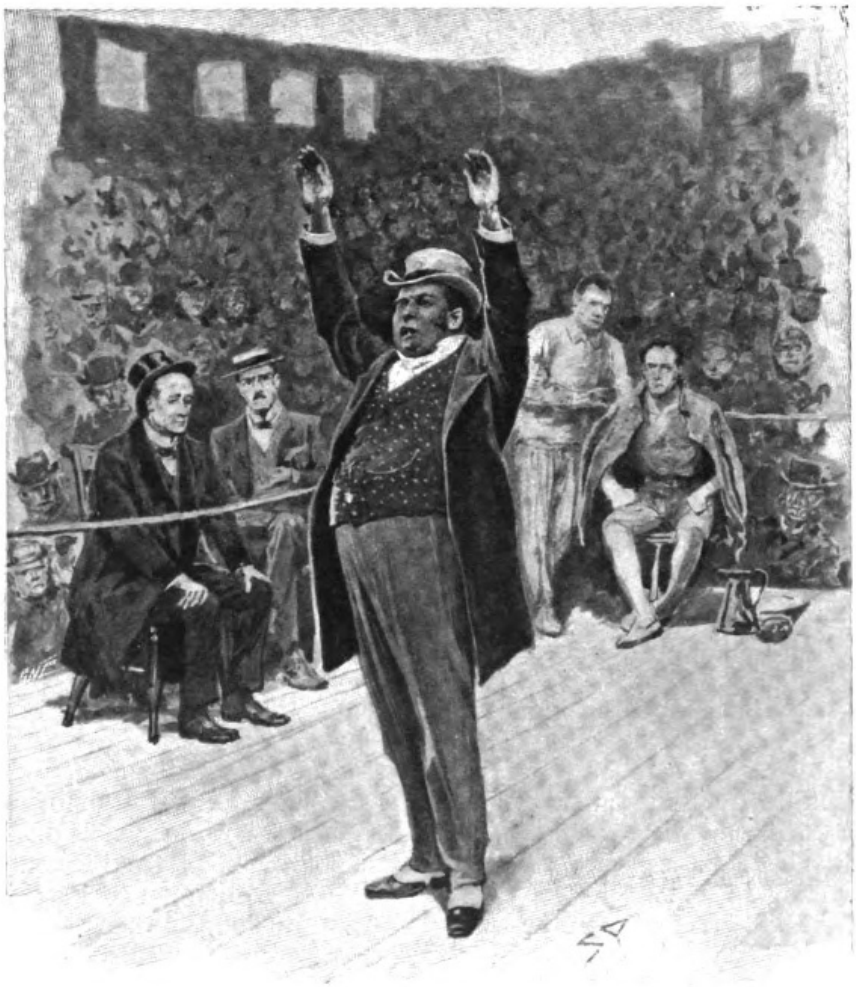
Mr. Armitage, the portly butcher, made his way into the ring and held up two fat hands, sparkling with rings, as a signal for silence.

"Gentlemen!" he yelled. And then in a crescendo shriek, "Gentlemen!"

"And ladies," cried somebody, for indeed there was a fair sprinkling of women among the crowd. "Speak up, owd man!" shouted another. "What price pork chops?" cried somebody at the back. Everybody laughed and the dogs began to bark. Armitage waved his hands amidst the uproar as if he were conducting an orchestra. At last the babel thinned into silence.

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"Gentlemen," he yelled, "the match is between Silas Craggs, whom we call the Master of Croxley, and Robert Montgomery, of the Wilson Coal-pits. The match was to be under eleven-eight. When they were weighed just now Craggs weighed eleven seven, and Montgomery ten nine. The conditions of the contest are the best of twenty three-minute rounds with two-ounce gloves. Should the fight run to its full length it will, of course, be decided upon points. Mr. Stapleton, the well-known London referee, has kindly consented to see fair play. I wish to say that Mister Wilson and I, the chief backers of the two men, have every confidence in Mr. Stapleton, and that we beg that you will accept his rulings without dispute."



"'GENTLEMEN!' HE YELLED."

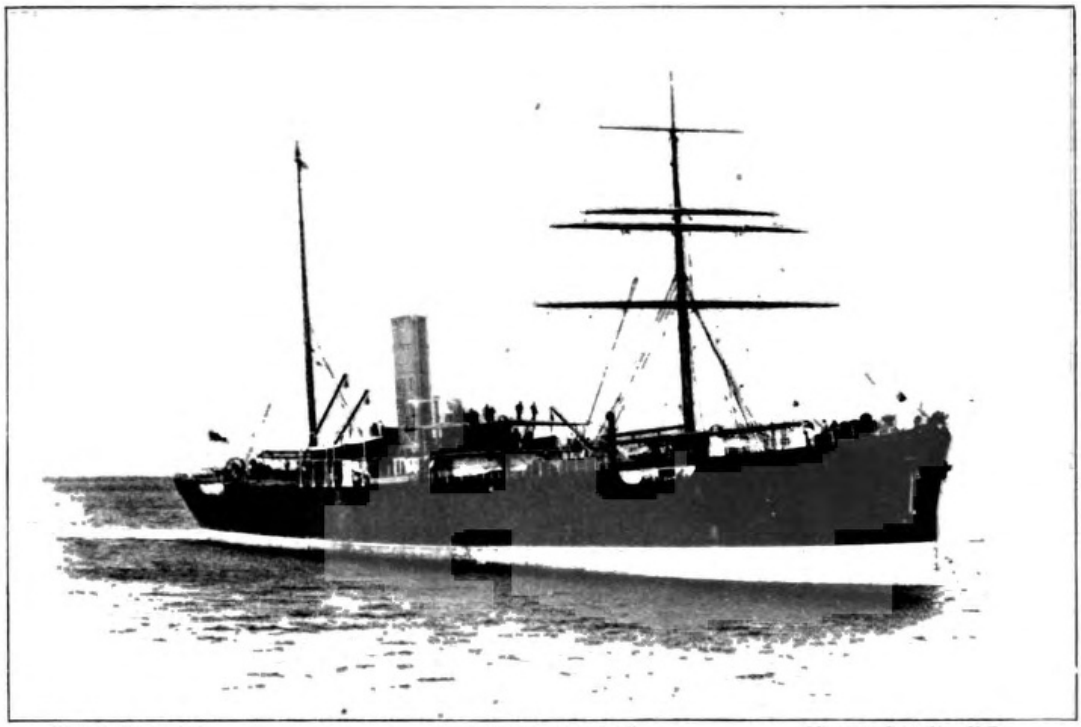
He then turned from one combatant to the other, with a wave of his hand.

(To be continued.)

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In Search of a Derelict.

By A. P. Buller.



From a Photo. by] THE "PERTHSHIRE." *[Denaus, Dunedin, N.Z.*

OF all the events of recent years connected with the sea, perhaps the break-down and disappearance in mid-ocean of the steamer *Perthshire*, and her ultimate rescue after drifting helplessly for forty-five days, covering a distance of over 1,400 miles, affords one of the most interesting and remarkable.

This splendid steel screw steamer was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1893, at a cost of some £80,000, for the Shire Line, and is one of a fine fleet trading between London, Australia, and New Zealand. She possesses a gross tonnage of 8,000 tons, being built almost entirely for cargo purposes, her usual shipments from the Colonies consisting of frozen mutton.

On the 26th day of April of the present year she left Sydney for the Bluff (her first calling point in New Zealand) with a large and valuable cargo, to be completed at the principal ports prior to her departure for London. She carried a few passengers and a crew of about sixty, making in all some seventy souls on board.

The trip ordinarily takes from four to six days at the outside, and her non-appearance at the Bluff, as week followed week, naturally gave rise to much anxiety and surmise. Vessels plying between Australia and New Zealand kept a sharp look-out, and some "zig-zagged" in their course in the hope of finding the missing ship. No tidings came to hand till the 26th May, when a scow of 150 tons, called the *Whangaroa*, arrived in Sydney, from New Zealand, and reported that on the night of the 12th of May she had seen on the horizon signals of distress, in the shape of blue lights and a continuous fire of rockets. Altering her course she sailed down, and eventually discerned the loom of a huge steamer, which proved to be the *Perthshire*. The scow signalled that she would stand by till daylight, and the answer came back, "Thanks." As soon as it became light, communications were established between the two ships, and the captain of the scow then learnt that the propeller shaft of the *Perthshire* had broken clean off in the tail-tube, and that in consequence she was absolutely helpless, her spread of canvas being too limited to give her even steering-way.

The little schooner could, of course, render no assistance, and continued her voyage to Sydney. The *Perthshire* had up to that time been drifting for fourteen days without sighting a sail. Another fortnight elapsed ere she was seen again, when, on May the 25th, a barque, *The Northern Chief*, sighted her in lat. 33 S., long. 164 E., still drifting to the northward, and to the region of reefs and islets, and now quite out of the track of steamers. Then for a further period of eighteen days

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she passed out of human ken, and vanished as completely as if the ocean had engulfed her.

By this time, as can be well imagined, the public anxiety was becoming intense; the question, "What *has* become of the *Perthshire?*" was asked in every quarter, and the mystery of her disappearance became a universal topic throughout Australasia. Tug-boats and private steamers were out in all directions looking for the derelict, both in the interests of humanity and the prospects of heavy salvage, and at last the apprehension became so great that two of Her Majesty's ships on the Australian Station were prepared to join in the search. The steamers of the Union Steamship Company's line, running weekly between Australia and New Zealand, had all deviated in their courses, expecting to find her, but without success, one after the other arriving only to report "no tidings of the *Perthshire*."

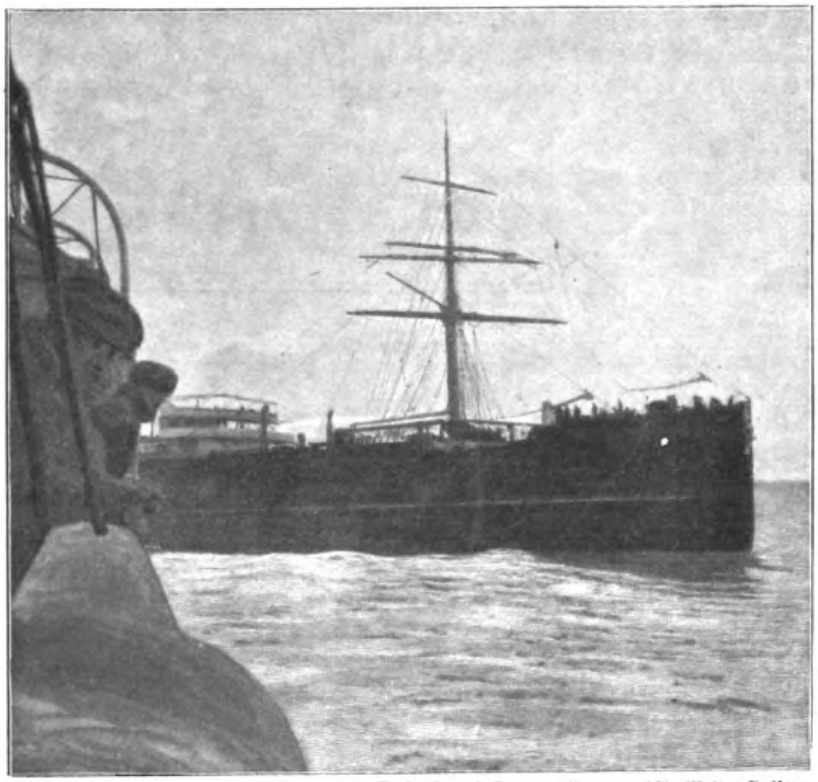
Then one of the company's boats, the ss. *Talune*, of 2,000 tons (on board of which the writer was a passenger), left Wellington on the 9th June, presumably for Sydney direct. On the following morning, however, the passengers were informed that she was going to make a lengthy search, and had taken in an extra supply of coal, rockets, and towing hawsers; we also noted that she was going far off her track, towards the north, instead of shaping on the usual westerly course.

On the second day out "a crow's nest," in the shape of a coal-basket, was swung up to the fore-topmast head, and from this elevated perch two-hourly watches were kept—a lonely vigil for the look-out man; but the hope was ever present that while sweeping the trackless waste of waters with his telescope he would at last descry the derelict.

Till now we had sighted neither sail nor steam, and, but for a rear-guard of never-tiring albatrosses, we had the ocean to ourselves. In fact, the endless expanse of moving water rather reminded one of the first lessons in geography, when we were told that "the ocean occupies a very large part of the globe on which we live!" An electric beacon light, in the form of a double shield, was rigged up at the mast-head, fitted with twelve electric burners, giving a power equal to 300 candles. This shield arrangement enabled an arc of light to show from either side of the vessel a distance of twenty-two miles; that is to say, a tract of forty-four miles was covered by our beacon.

On the evening of the third day the probability of being in the neighbourhood of the *Perthshire* increased, and the rockets were brought out for use. The first two, in their anxiety to speed into the heavens on their errand of help, burst prematurely when some thirty feet up, but the third left the deck with a screech and roared its way into space, leaving behind its fiery train of sparks. Its far-off explosion could just be heard above the noise of wind and wave, followed by the beautiful meteoric shower of bursting stars high above us.

Throughout this and the following night rockets were thrown up hourly, but met with no response. Monday passed uneventfully, and we were beginning to fear that our ocean tramp would prove fruitless. At noon on that day our course was still lying to the N.W. (or, to be absolutely accurate, N.W. ¾ N.), our latitude 30.20 S., longitude 167.19 E., and, roughly speaking, some 600 miles out of our course. Our commander



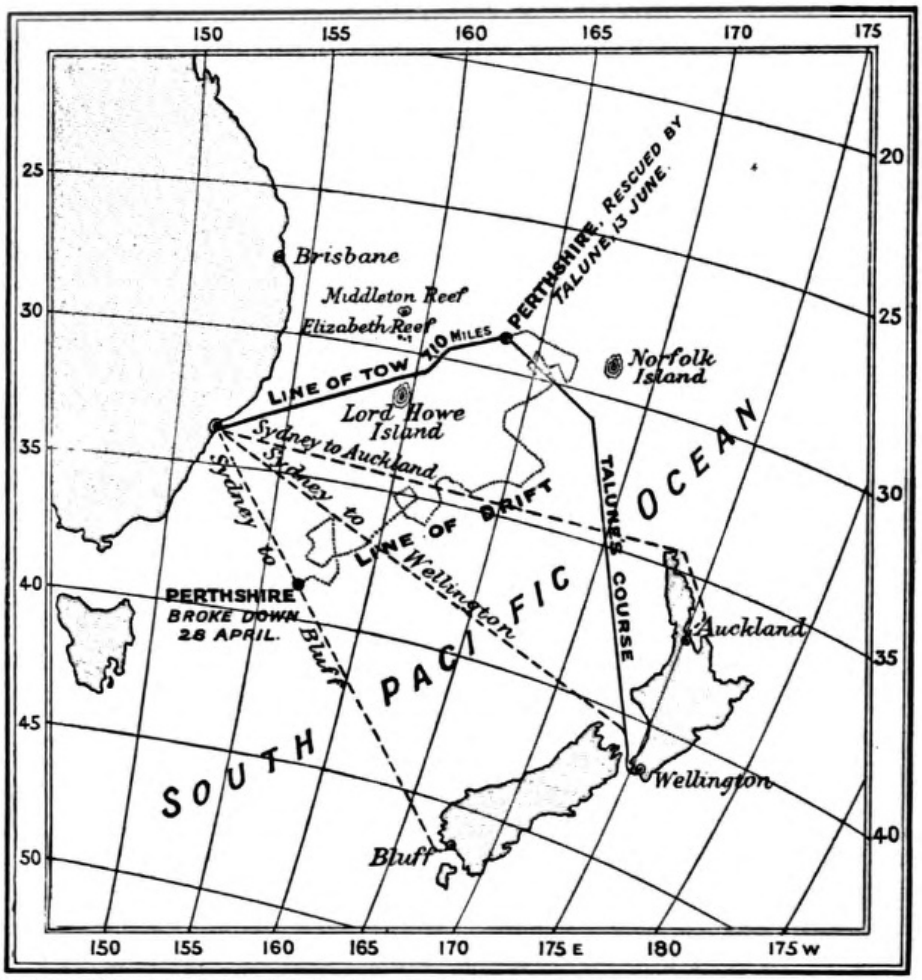
From a Photo. by] COMING UP TO THE "PERTHSHIRE." *[Sir Walter Buller.*

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(Captain Spinks) had spent many anxious hours poring over the chart, studying the trend of the ocean currents, and plotting the courses of the other searchers in order to get at the proper position of the *Perthshire*. He ultimately decided to run up within fifty miles south of Norfolk Island and then take a zig-zag or triangular course from there to Lord Howe's Island, his opinion being that the missing vessel would be found somewhere towards the apex of the triangle, and subsequent events proved how correct he was in his surmise.

Towards three o'clock on Tuesday morning (13th June) passengers awoke on missing the now familiar "drum of the racing screw," and to hear the sea thrashing against their port-holes as our steamer rolled from side to side in the swell. Lightly clad, one hurried on deck to hear the cheering news that we had "found the *Perthshire!*"

Away on our starboard hand we could see her head-light blinking, and as the first shaft of day broke in the east, there lay our derelict silhouetted dark and large against the horizon. The second officer had sighted her shortly before three, a blue light burnt on the *Perthshire* having attracted his attention. We then drew close and stood by until daylight enabled us to communicate with her. At the time of finding her she was slowly heading on the same course that we were on, viz., W. by N. ¼ N., the latitude being 29·3 S., longitude 163·38 E. By referring to the accompanying chart one will get a fair idea of her position, some 750 miles off her course. It was a most fortunate circumstance that we sighted her when we did, for Captain Spinks had decided to alter his course within the next hour to the S.W., in which case we would certainly have missed her. About 7 a.m. her captain boarded us, meeting with a hearty cheer as he reached our deck. His expressions of relief and delight at such welcome succour can be left to one's imagination. He informed our captain that the day before he had almost given up hope, and had remarked, "Shall we *ever* be found?" He told us that on the day of the break-down (28th April) a terrific crash was heard on board the *Perthshire*, just as if she had been struck by a tremendous wave, followed by great shaking of the engines. The mischief was very soon discovered, and it was found that the propeller was hard up against the rudder-post. As the task of repairing the break seemed insurmountable, and it was impossible in any way to navigate the ship, he decided not to attempt it, trusting to be soon picked up by some passing steamer.

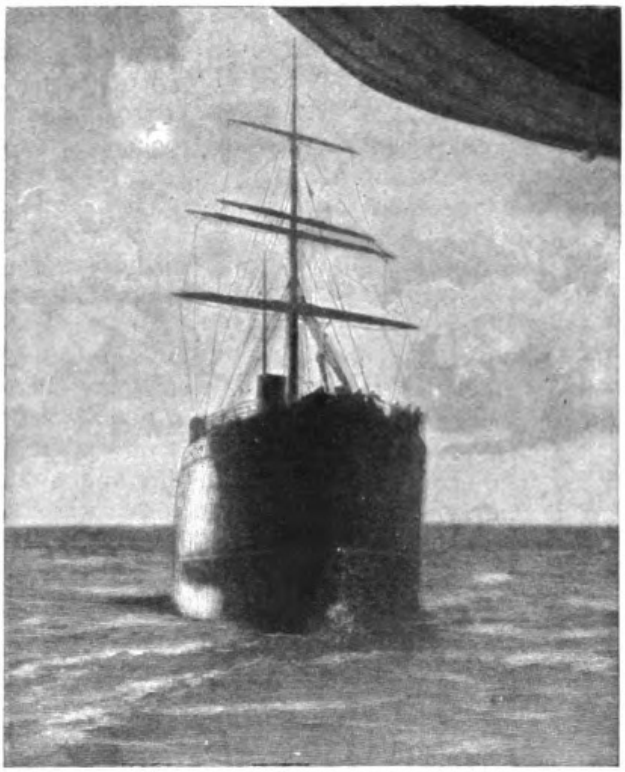


SKETCH CHART—SHOWING THE TRACK OF STEAMERS FROM SYDNEY TO NEW ZEALAND. THE POSITION OF THE "PERTHSHIRE" WHEN SHE BROKE DOWN—HER LINE OF DRIFT AS SHOWN ON HER CHART—THE COURSE THAT THE "TALUNE" TOOK TO LOOK FOR HER—WHERE SHE WAS DISCOVERED—AND THE LINE OF TOW TO SYDNEY.

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Week followed week, however, without assistance coming; by this time they were far off the track of vessels, drifting towards the South Sea Islands, and the hope that always springs eternal in the human breast at last began to fade. At one time his ship was in great peril of being blown towards the dreaded Elizabeth reef (lying to the north of Lord Howe's Island), a strong gale taking him in that direction, but fortunately the wind shifted to another quarter, and for a time the danger was averted. Gale followed gale, and he was quite unable to fight against the currents, drifting in one day alone no less than seventy-five miles.

How completely helpless the ship was can be gathered from the fact that, while drifting, she described three complete circles. Every effort was now made to get the fractured shaft in something like working order, and it proved a matter of the most extreme difficulty and danger. Owing to the fact that the shaft had broken off in the after-tube, those working at it had very little space to move in, and were continually exposed to the danger of the water suddenly rushing in and drowning them all before they could leave the compartment. At last, after fourteen days' incessant work, the broken shaft was reached (after cutting through the three-inch stern-tube) and patched up by means of immense couplings, sufficient to enable the ship to steam very slowly in calm weather, although quite unable to face a head wind or sea. On hearing these particulars one could not fail to admire the silent heroism and indomitable perseverance of the *Perthshire's* engineers, working so steadfastly at what appeared at first to be an almost hopeless task.

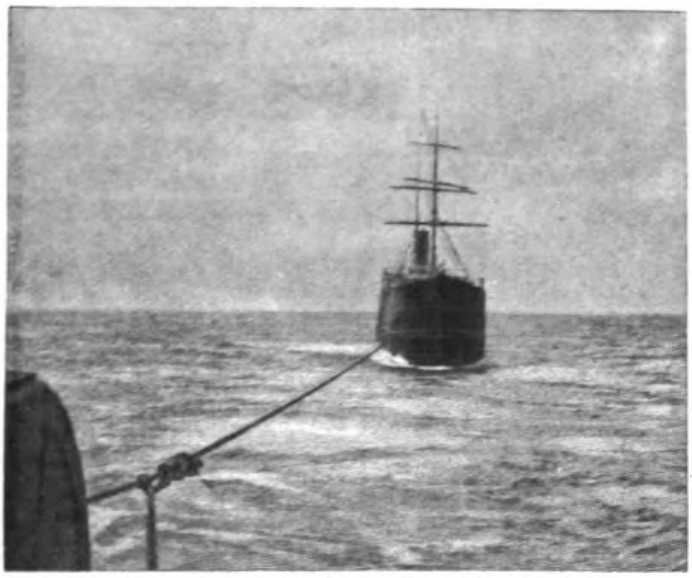


THE "PERTHSHIRE" PREPARING FOR TOWING.
From a Photo. by Sir Walter Buller.

After mutual congratulations had been exchanged between the two commanders and arrangements had been discussed, we ran up the signal to "Prepare for towing," and the captain of the *Perthshire* then left us. Forthwith preparations were made on our ship. Mighty hawsers were brought along our deck, and the sailors went about the business as if they had graduated from steam tugs, and that towing an ocean liner a matter of 700 miles was quite an every-day occurrence with them. A light Manila hemp rope was brought over from the *Perthshire* by boat, to which was attached a 14in. hawser, and, the supply being insufficient, a wire hawser attached to that, and then made fast on the *Perthshire*. Our end of it was brought through the after-chocks on the starboard side, a turn taken round the stern bitts, then brought along the upper deck, passed through the hawse-pipes amid-ships, and finally made fast to the bitts on the main deck forward. A 10in. hawser was then bent on to the other, and veered out some fifty fathoms astern, the other end being carried along the port side and made fast in the same manner as that on the starboard side. By this ingenious method the strain was equally divided throughout the whole ship.

At 8.30 a.m. all was ready, and a string of bunting fluttered gaily up on the *Perthshire*, conveying the message, "Tow slowly, and good luck to you." The two ships swung gradually into line, and at 8.40 the telegraph rang out its instructions to the engine-room. Simultaneously the responsive screw throbbed out its answer, and cheer after cheer went up from both ships as they pointed their bows to the south-west and forged slowly ahead. It was a spectacle to be long remembered by those fortunate enough to witness it, and for the remainder of the day everyone was intent on watching the great liner straining at her cable, and plunging her mighty bows into the deep, 100 fathoms astern.

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SHOWING THE V-SHAPED ARRANGEMENT OF THE ROPES.
From a Photo. by Sir Walter Buller.

Up to this stage the weather had been singularly fine, but our lucky star seemed to wane as soon as we started on our long tow. The wind now freshened on our beam, and finally went dead ahead, bringing with it a very lumpy sea, and towards evening it became evident that the cable would not stand the strain much longer. The steam winches then came into play, and from the chain-locker forward fathoms of anchor cable were brought along the deck and added to the hawser, giving an additional length sufficient to considerably ease the tension. This necessitated a stoppage for about an hour. By noon the following day we had covered 120 knots with our captive, travelling at the rate of about five or six knots an hour. By this time, however, wind and sea had considerably increased, and our speed diminished to two or three knots. Thursday morning brought no improvement in the weather, and as the ship's bell struck 8.30, a mighty sea lifted us like a cork, striking the *Perthshire* a minute later. The 14in. hawser snapped in the middle like a fiddle-string, and our charge, after a tow of 194 miles, became a derelict once more.

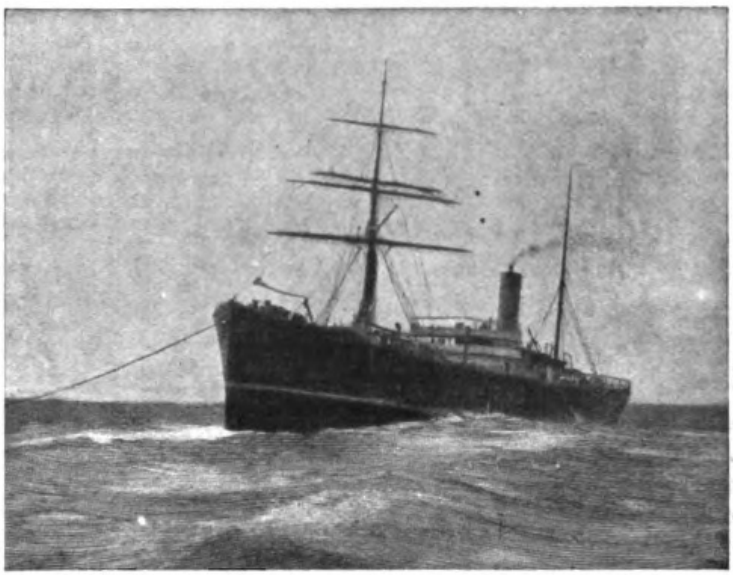
The space between the ships widened rapidly, and half a mile lay between us in a few minutes. Signals were run up on board the *Perthshire* notifying that she had "lost command," and that they would tighten up the couplings before re-towing. To husband our coal we shut off steam, and at three o'clock the *Perthshire* signalled that she was ready. She was now some distance off, drifting at the rate of about two miles an hour, or as the bo'sun remarked, "going to leeward like a crab!" Those seven hours of waiting helped us more easily to realize the dreariness of drifting, even though we possessed the power of steaming at any moment. By this time a tremendous sea was running and half a gale from the south-west was blowing, with occasional squalls sweeping down, accompanied by stinging sheets of rain. A line had to be got to the *Perthshire* by some means or other, and as an open boat could not have lived in such a sea, it was decided to steam up to her and endeavour to effect the connection by means of a ship's rocket. To do so necessitated a very close approach, for we found that the rockets weighted with a necessarily heavy line would only fly a short distance. Then came an incident in seamanship to which it would be hard to find a parallel in the records of the South Pacific. Running close up to the *Perthshire* we loosed our first missive: it ran a true course, but struck her fore-yard, and the line fell back. For the next twenty minutes a running fire of rockets took place between the ships, one after the other falling short and bursting under water, giving one the idea of mimic naval warfare. At length a rocket from the *Perthshire* became entangled in one of our rocket lines, which was secured, and



THE "PERTHSHIRE" IN TOW.
From a Photo. by Sir Walter Buller.

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the fusillade ceased. These efforts to get our line on board, and eventually to receive the *Perthshire's* wire hawser in return, necessitated constant manœuvring on the part of our steamer, at one time a space of only some 40ft. dividing the two vessels. On reflection for a moment it is easy to realize how fraught with danger such a rescue was. A helpless leviathan, drifting, rolling, and plunging in an angry sea, a thrust from whose towering iron bows would have sent us to the bottom, was a dangerous customer to tackle. However, it had to be done, and our captain did it, though it was patent to all that only a man of iron nerve, and one that knew his ship and knew his men, would have essayed the task.



THE "PERTHSHIRE" JUST AFTER THE BREAKING OF THE HAWSER.
From a Photo. by Sir Walter Buller.

By four o'clock we had the *Perthshire's* wire hawser on board. Our cable was now unshackled from the anchor and brought aft along the upper deck, sufficient cable being laid down to allow of its being paid out when the two cables were bent. It was then made fast to the forward bitts on the main deck. A heavy tackle, comprising two 16in. treble blocks with a 4in. Manila fall, was then rove, lashed to the towing cable, and taken up to the bitts and capstan on the fo'c's'le head, this arrangement acting as a "spring" to relieve the weight from the bitts on the main deck. The after end was then bent on to the *Perthshire's* wire hawser, and again we had her in tow and were heading once more on the home trail. Against the heavy sea and head wind we now made very slow progress, tugging sullenly at our burden, and only registering seventy-four miles by noon on the following day. By midday on Saturday the gale was pretty well spent, and we had added another 130 knots. Shortly afterwards the wind veered round, and enabled the *Perthshire* to shake out her canvas, and thus take some of the strain off our engines. We now made splendid progress, and by twelve o'clock on the following day had reduced the distance by 194 miles, but the fates were determined to have a parting kick at us, for ten minutes later the *Perthshire* signalled that the couplings on the shaft had broken, and we were again brought to a standstill. While waiting, a pilot boat sighted us afar off, steamed alongside, and then sped off to Newcastle (some thirty miles distant) with the news. A few hours later and the telegraph would be clicking its message far and wide that the *Perthshire* had been saved! A delay of seven hours, while the couplings were being tightened, and we were off again, this time without further mishap.

Sydney Heads were reached early next morning (June 19th), and a flotilla of steam-tugs, launches, and all sorts and conditions of craft came out to give us joyous greeting. Our triumphant entry down the harbour was a touching and impressive sight: steamers and ferry-boats blew their whistles incessantly as they passed, and cheers went up from every side. We took the *Perthshire* back to her own moorings in Athol Bight, and there left here. Her anchor rattled out in the placid waters of Port Jackson, to the accompaniment of a parting cheer, and the long tow of 710 miles was over!

Thus the drama of the "missing *Perthshire*," to which only a Clark Russell could do justice, closes. Her helpless drift of over 1,400 miles, the plaything of wind and wave for forty-five days, and her varied experiences from the time of the breakdown to her ultimate finding and rescue, furnish the Pacific with a romance hard to equal in the annals of the sea.

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

IX.—THE EPISODE OF THE LADY WHO WAS VERY EXCLUSIVE.

THE Matabele revolt gave Hilda a prejudice against Rhodesia. I will confess that I shared it. I may be hard to please: but it somehow sets one against a country when one comes home from a ride to find all the other occupants of the house one lives in massacred. So Hilda decided to leave South Africa. By an odd coincidence, I also decided on the same day to change my residence. Hilda's movements and mine, indeed, coincided curiously. The moment I learned she was going anywhere I discovered in a flash that I happened to be going there too. I commend this strange case of parallel thought and action to the consideration of the Society for Psychical Research.

So I sold my farm and had done with Rhodesia. A country with a future is very well in its way: but I am quite Ibsenish in my preference for a country with a past. Oddly enough, I had no difficulty in getting rid of my white elephant of a farm. People seemed to believe in Rhodesia none the less firmly because of this slight disturbance. They treated massacres as necessary incidents in the early history of a colony with a future. And I do not deny that native risings add picturesqueness. But I prefer to take them in a literary form.

"You will go home, of course?" I said to Hilda, when we came to talk it all over.

She shook her head. "To England? Oh, no. I must pursue my Plan. Sebastian will have gone home: he expects me to follow."

"And why don't you?"

"Because—he expects it. You see, he is a good judge of character; he will naturally infer from what he knows of my temperament that after this experience I shall want to get back to England and safety. So I should—if it were not that I know he will expect it. As it is, I must go elsewhere: I must draw him after me."

"Where?"

"Why do you ask, Hubert?"

"Because—I want to know where I am going myself. Wherever you go, I have reason to believe, I shall find that I happen to be going also."

She rested her little chin on her hand and reflected a minute. "Does it occur to you," she asked at last, "that people have tongues? If you go on following me like this, they will really begin to talk about us."

"Now, upon my word, Hilda," I cried, "that is the very first time I have ever known you show a woman's want of logic! I do not propose to follow you: I propose to happen to be travelling by the same steamer. I ask you to marry me: you won't: you admit you are fond of me: yet you tell me not to come with you. It is *I* who suggest a course which would prevent people from chattering — by the simple device of a wedding. It is *you* who refuse. And then you turn upon me like this! Admit that you are unreasonable."

"My dear Hubert, have I ever denied that I was a woman?"

"Besides," I went on, ignoring her delicious smile, "I don't intend to *follow* you. I expect, on the contrary, to find myself beside you. When I know where you are going, I shall accidentally turn up on the same steamer. Accidents *will* happen. Nobody can prevent coincidences from occurring. You may marry me or you may not; but if you don't marry me, you can't expect to curtail my liberty of action, can you? You had better know the worst at once: if you won't take me, you must count upon finding me at your elbow all the world over—till the moment comes when you choose to accept me."

"Dear Hubert, I am ruining your life!"

"An excellent reason, then, for taking my advice and marrying me instantly! But you wander from the question. Where are you going? That is the issue now before the house. You persist in evading it."

She smiled and came back to earth. "Oh, if you *must* know, to India, by the east coast, changing steamers at Aden."

"Extraordinary!" I cried. "Do you know, Hilda, as luck will have it, *I* also shall be on my way to Bombay by the very same steamer!"

"But you don't know what steamer it is?"

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"No matter. That only makes the coincidence all the odder. Whatever the name of the ship may be, when you get on board I have a presentiment that you will be surprised to find me there."

She looked up at me with a gathering film in her eyes. "Hubert, you are irrepressible!"



"I HAVE A PRESENTIMENT THAT YOU WILL BE SURPRISED TO FIND ME THERE."

"I am, my dear child: so you may as well spare yourself the needless trouble of trying to repress me."

If you rub a piece of iron on a loadstone it becomes magnetic. So, I think, I must have begun to acquire some part of Hilda's own prophetic strain; for sure enough, a few weeks later, we both of us found ourselves on the German East African steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm*, on our way to Aden—exactly as I had predicted. Which goes to prove that there is really something after all in presentiments!

"Since you persist in accompanying me," Hilda said to me as we sat in our chairs on deck the first evening out, "I see what I must do. I must invent some plausible and ostensible reason for our travelling together."

"We are not travelling together," I answered. "We are travelling by the same steamer; that is all—exactly like the rest of our fellow-passengers. I decline to be dragged into this imaginary partnership."

"Now do be serious, Hubert! I am going to invent an object in life for us."

"What object?"

"How can I tell yet? I must wait and see what turns up. When we tranship at Aden, and find out what people are going on to Bombay with us, I shall probably discover some nice married lady to whom I can attach myself."

"And am I to attach myself to her, too?"

"My dear boy, I never asked you to come. You came unbidden. You must manage for yourself as best you may. But I leave much to the chapter of accidents. We never know what will turn up, till it turns up in the end. Everything comes at last, you know, to him that waits."

"And yet," I put in, with a meditative air, "I have never observed that waiters are so much better off than the rest of the community. They seem to me——"

"Don't talk nonsense. It is *you* who are wandering from the question now. Please return to it."

I returned at once. "So I am to depend on what turns up?"

"Yes. Leave that to me. When we see our fellow-passengers on the Bombay steamer, I shall soon discover some ostensible reason why we two should be travelling through India with one of them."

"Well, you are a witch, Hilda," I answered: "I found that out long ago: but if you succeed between here and Bombay in inventing a Mission, I shall begin to believe you are even more of a witch than I ever thought you."

At Aden we changed into a P. and O. steamer. Our first evening out on our second cruise was a beautiful one: the bland Indian Ocean wore its sweetest smile for us. We sat on deck after dinner. A lady with a husband came up from the cabin while we sat and gazed at the placid sea. I was smoking a quiet digestive cigar: Hilda was seated in her deck chair next to me.

The lady with the husband looked about her for a vacant space on which to place the chair a steward was carrying for her. There was plenty of room on the quarter-deck: I could not imagine why she gazed about her with such obtrusive caution. She inspected the occupants of the various chairs around

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with deliberate scrutiny through a long-handled tortoise-shell optical abomination. None of them seemed to satisfy her. After a minute's mental effort, during which she also muttered a few words very low to her husband, she selected an empty spot midway between our group and the most distant group on either side of us. In other words, she sat as far away from everybody present as the necessarily restricted area of the quarter-deck permitted.

Hilda glanced at me and smiled. I snatched a quick look at the lady again. She was dressed with an amount of care and a smartness of detail that seemed somewhat uncalled for on the Indian Ocean. A cruise on a P. and O. steamer is not a garden party. Her chair was most luxurious and had her name painted on it, back and front, in very large letters, with undue obtrusiveness. I read it from where I sat, "Lady Meadowcroft."

The owner of the chair was tolerably young, not bad looking, and most expensively attired. Her face had a certain vacant, languid, half *ennuyé* air which I have learned to associate with women of the *nouveau-riche* type—women with small brains and restless minds, habitually plunged in a vortex of gaiety, and miserable when left for a passing moment to their own resources.

Hilda rose from her chair and walked quietly forward towards the bow of the steamer. I rose, too, and accompanied her. "Well?" she said, with a faint touch of triumph in her voice when we had got out of earshot.

"Well, what?" I answered, unsuspecting.

"I told you everything turned up at the end!" she said, confidently. "Look at that lady's nose!"

"It does turn up at the end—certainly," I answered, glancing back at her. "But I hardly see——"

"Hubert, you are growing dull! You were not so at Nathaniel's.... It is the lady herself who has turned up, not her nose—though I grant you *that* turns up too—the lady I require for our tour in India: the not impossible chaperon."

"Her nose tells you that?"

"Her nose, in part: but her face as a whole, too, her dress, her chair, her mental attitude to things in general."

"My dear Hilda, you can't mean to tell me you have divined her whole nature at a glance, by magic!"

"Not wholly at a glance. I saw her come on board, you know—she transhipped from some other line at Aden as we did: and I have been watching her ever since. Yes, I think I have unravelled her."

"You have been astonishingly quick!" I cried.

"Perhaps—but then, you see, there is so little to unravel! Some books, we all know, you must 'chew and digest'; they can only be read slowly: but some you can glance at, skim, and skip; the mere turning of the pages tells you what little worth knowing there is in them."

"She doesn't *look* profound," I admitted, casting an eye at her meaningless small features as we paced up and down. "I incline to agree you might easily skim her."

"Skim her—and learn all. The table of contents is *so* short. . . . . You see, in the



"'SHE DOESN'T LOOK PROFOUND,' I ADMITTED."

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first place, she is extremely 'exclusive': she prides herself on that—bases herself on her 'exclusiveness': it, and her shoddy title, are probably all she has to pride herself upon: and she works them both hard. She is a sham great lady."

As Hilda spoke, Lady Meadowcroft raised a feebly querulous voice. "Steward! this won't do! I can smell the engine here. Move my chair. I must go on further."

"If you go on further that way, my lady," the steward answered, good-humouredly, but with a man-servant's deference for any sort of title, "you'll smell the galley, where they're cooking the dinner. I don't know which your ladyship would like best—the engine or the galley."

The languid figure leaned back in the chair with an air of resignation. "I'm sure I don't know why they cook the dinners up so high," she murmured, pettishly, to her husband. "Why can't they stick the kitchens underground—in the hold, I mean—instead of bothering us up here on deck with them?"

The husband was a big, burly, rough-and-ready Yorkshireman—stout, somewhat pompous, about forty, with hair wearing bald on the forehead: the personification of the successful business man. "My dear Emmie," he said, in a loud voice, with a North Country accent, "the cooks have got to live. They've got to live like the rest of us. I can never persuade you that the hands must always be humoured. If you don't humour 'em, they won't work for you. It's a poor tale when the hands won't work. Even with galleys on deck, the life of a sea-cook is not generally thowt an enviable position. Is not a happy one—not a happy one, as the fellah says in the opera. You must humour your cooks. If you stuck 'em in the hold you'd get no dinner at all—that's the long and the short of it."



"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF DREW THEIR SKIRTS AWAY AS SHE PASSED."

The languid lady turned away with a sickly, disappointed air. "Then they ought to have a conscription or something," she said, pouting her lips. "The Government ought to take it in hand and manage it somehow. It's bad enough having to go by these beastly steamers to India at all, without having one's breath poisoned by——" the rest of the sentence died away inaudibly in a general murmur of ineffective grumbling.

"Why do you think she is *exclusive?*" I asked Hilda, as we strolled on towards the stern, out of the spoilt child's hearing.

"Why, didn't you notice?—she looked about her when she came on deck to see whether there was anybody who *was* anybody sitting there, whom she might put her chair near. But the Governor of Madras hadn't come up from his cabin yet; and the wife of the Chief Commissioner of Oude had three civilians hanging about her seat; and the daughters of the Commander-in-Chief drew their skirts away as she passed: so she did the next best thing—sat as far apart as she could from the common herd, meaning all the rest of us. If you can't mingle at once with the Best People, you can at least assert your exclusiveness negatively, by declining to associate with the mere multitude."

"Now, Hilda, that is the first time I have ever known you show any feminine ill-nature!"

"Ill-nature! Not at all. I am merely trying to arrive at the lady's character for my own guidance. I rather like her, poor little thing. Don't I tell you she will do? So far from objecting to her, I mean to go the round of India with her."

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"You have decided quickly."

"Well, you see, if you insist upon accompanying me, I *must* have a chaperon: and Lady Meadowcroft will do as well as anybody else. In fact, being be-ladied, she will do a little better, from the point of view of Society, though *that* is a detail. The great matter is to fix upon a possible chaperon at once, and get her well in hand before we arrive at Bombay."

"But she seems so complaining!" I interposed. "I'm afraid, if you take her on, you'll get terribly bored with her."

"If *she* takes *me* on, you mean. She's not a lady's-maid, though I intend to go with her: and she may as well give in first as last, for I'm going. Now, see how nice I am to you, sir! I've provided you, too, with a post in her suite, as you *will* come with me. No, never mind asking me what it is, just yet: all things come to him who waits; and if you will only accept the post of waiter, I mean all things to come to you."

"All things, Hilda?" I asked, meaningly, with a little tremor of delight.

She looked at me with a sudden passing tenderness in her eyes. "Yes, all things, Hubert. All things. But we mustn't talk of that—though I begin to see my way clearer now. You shall be rewarded for your constancy at last, dear knight-errant. As to my chaperon, I'm not afraid of her boring me: she bores herself, poor lady: one can see that, just to look at her; but she will be much less bored if she has us two to travel with. What she needs is constant companionship, bright talk, excitement. She has come away from London, where she swims with the crowd; she has no resources of her own, no work, no head, no interests. Accustomed to a whirl of foolish gaieties, she wearies her small brain: thrown back upon herself, she bores herself at once, because she has nothing interesting to tell herself. She absolutely requires somebody else to interest her. She can't even amuse herself with a book for three minutes together: see, she has a yellow-backed French novel now, and she is only able to read five lines at a time; then she gets tired and glances about her listlessly. What she wants is someone gay, laid on, to divert her all the time from her own inanity."

"Hilda, how wonderfully quick you are at reading these things! I see you are right: but I could never have guessed so much myself from such small premises."

"Well, what can you expect, my dear boy? A girl like this, brought up in a country rectory—a girl of no intellect, busy at home with the fowls, and the pastry, and the mothers' meetings—suddenly married offhand to a wealthy man, and deprived of the occupations which were her salvation in life, to be plunged into the whirl of a London season, and stranded at its end for want of the diversions which, by dint of use, have become necessaries of life to her!"

"Now, Hilda, you are practising upon my credulity. You can't possibly tell from her look that she was brought up in a country rectory."

"Of course not. You forget. There, my memory comes in. I simply remember it."

"You remember it? How?"

"Why, just in the same way as I remembered your name and your mother's when I was first introduced to you. I saw a notice once in the births, deaths, and marriages—'At St. Alphege's, Millington, by the Rev. Hugh Clitheroe, M.A., father of the bride, Peter Gubbins, Esq., of The Laurels, Middleston, to Emilia Frances, third daughter of the Rev. Hugh Clitheroe, rector of Millington.'"

"Clitheroe—Gubbins: what on earth has that to do with it? That would be Mrs. Gubbins: this is Lady Meadowcroft."

"The same article, as the shopmen say—only under a different name. A year or two later, I read a notice in the *Times* that 'I, Ivor de Courcy Meadowcroft, of the Laurels, Middleston, Mayor-elect of the Borough of Middleston, hereby give notice, that I have this day discontinued the use of the name Peter Gubbins, by which I was formerly known, and have assumed in lieu thereof the style and title of Ivor de Courcy Meadowcroft, by which I desire in future to be known.'

"A month or two later again I happened to light upon a notice in the *Telegraph* that the Prince of Wales had opened a new hospital for incurables at Middleston, and that the mayor, Mr. Ivor Meadowcroft, had received an intimation of Her Majesty's intention of conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Now, what do you make of it?"

"Putting two and two together," I answered, with my eye on our subject, "and taking into consideration the lady's face and manner, I should incline to suspect that she was the daughter of a poor parson, with the usual large family in inverse proportion to his means: that she unexpectedly made a good match with a very wealthy manufacturer who had raised himself: and that she was puffed

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up accordingly with a sense of self-importance."

"Exactly. He is a millionaire or something very like it: and being an ambitious girl, as she understands ambition, she got him to stand for the mayoralty, I don't doubt, in the year when the Prince of Wales was going to open the Royal Incurables, on purpose to secure him the chance of a knighthood. Then she said, very reasonably, 'I *won't* be Lady Gubbins—Sir Peter Gubbins!' There's an aristocratic name for you!—and, by a stroke of his pen, he straightway dis-Gubbinised himself, and emerged as Sir Ivor de Courcy Meadowcroft."



"I WON'T BE LADY GUBBINS."

"Really, Hilda, you know everything about everybody! And what do you suppose they're going to India for?"

"Now, you've asked me a hard one. I haven't the faintest notion. . . . And yet . . . let me think. . . . How is this for a conjecture?—Sir Ivor is interested in steel rails, I believe, and in railway plant generally. I'm almost sure I've seen his name in connection with steel rails in reports of public meetings. There's a new Government railway now being built on the Nepaul frontier—one of these strategic railways I think they call them—it's mentioned in the papers we got at Aden. He *might* be going out for that. We can watch his conversation, and see what part of India he talks about."

"They don't seem inclined to give us much chance of talking," I objected.

"No: they are *very* exclusive. But I'm very exclusive too. And I mean to give them a touch of my exclusiveness. I venture to predict that, before we reach Bombay, they'll be going down on their knees and imploring us to travel with them."

At table, as it happened, from next morning's breakfast, the Meadowcrofts sat next to us. Hilda was on one side of me: Lady Meadowcroft on the other: and beyond her again, bluff Yorkshire Sir Ivor, with his cold, hard, honest blue North Country eyes, and his dignified, pompous English, breaking down at times into a North Country colloquialism. They talked chiefly to one another.

Acting on Hilda's instructions, I took care not to engage in conversation with our "exclusive" neighbour, except so far as the absolute necessities of the table compelled me. I "troubled her for the salt" in the most frigid voice: "May I pass you the potato-salad?" became on my lips a barrier of separation. Lady Meadowcroft marked and wondered. People of her sort are so anxious to ingratiate themselves with "all the Best People" that if they find you are wholly unconcerned about the privilege of conversation with a "titled person" they instantly judge you to be a distinguished character. As the days rolled on, Lady Meadowcroft's voice began to melt by degrees. Once, she asked me quite civilly to send round the ice: she even saluted me on the third day out with a polite "Good morning, doctor."

Still, I maintained (by Hilda's advice) my dignified reserve, and took my seat severely with a cold "Good morning." I behaved like a high-class consultant, who expects to be made Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

At lunch that day Hilda played her first card with delicious unconsciousness—apparent unconsciousness: for, when she chose, she was a consummate actress. She played it at a moment when Lady Meadowcroft, who by this time was burning with curiosity on our account, had paused from her talk with her husband to listen to us. I happened to say something about some Oriental curios belonging to an aunt of mine in London. Hilda seized the opportunity. "What did you say was her name?" she asked, blandly.

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"Why, Lady Tepping," I answered, in perfect innocence. "She has a fancy for these things, you know. She brought a lot of them home with her from Burma."

As a matter of fact, as I have already explained, my poor dear aunt is an extremely common-place old Army widow, whose husband happened to get knighted among the New Year's honours for some brush with the natives on the Shan frontier. But Lady Meadowcroft was at the stage where a title is a title: and the discovery that I was the nephew of a "titled person" evidently interested her. I could feel rather than see that she glanced significantly aside at Sir Ivor, and that Sir Ivor in return made a little movement of his shoulders equivalent to "I told you so."

Now, Hilda knew perfectly well that the aunt of whom I spoke *was* Lady Tepping; so I felt sure that she had played this card of malice prepense, to pique Lady Meadowcroft.

But Lady Meadowcroft herself seized the occasion with inartistic avidity. She had hardly addressed us as yet: at the sound of the magic passport, she pricked up her ears, and turned to me suddenly. "Burma?" she said, as if to conceal the true reason for her change of front. "Burma? I had a cousin there once. He was in the Gloucestershire Regiment."

"Indeed?" I answered. My tone was one of utter unconcern in her cousin's history. "Miss Wade, will you take Bombay ducks with your curry?" In public, I thought it wise under the circumstances to abstain from calling her Hilda. It might lead to misconceptions: people might suppose we were more than fellow-travellers.

"You have had relations in Burma?" Lady Meadowcroft persisted.

I manifested a desire to discontinue the conversation. "Yes," I answered, coldly, "my uncle commanded there."

"Commanded there! Really! Ivor, do you hear? Dr. Cumberledge's uncle commanded in Burma." A faint intonation on the word *commanded* drew unobtrusive attention to its social importance. "May I ask what was his name?—my cousin was there, you see." An insipid smile. "We may have friends in common."

"He was a certain Sir Malcolm Tepping," I blurted out, staring hard at my plate.

"Tepping! I think I have heard Dick speak of him, Ivor."

"Your cousin," Sir Ivor answered, with emphatic dignity, "is certain to have mixed with nobbut the highest officials in Burma."

"Yes, I'm sure Dick used to speak of a certain Sir Malcolm. My cousin's name, Dr. Cumberledge, was Maltby — Captain Richard Maltby."

"Indeed," I answered, with an icy stare. "I cannot pretend to the pleasure of having met him."

Be exclusive to the exclusive, and they burn to know you. From that moment forth Lady Meadowcroft pestered us with her endeavours to scrape acquaintance. Instead of trying how far she could place her chair from us, she set it down as near us as politeness permitted. She entered into conversation whenever an opening afforded itself, and we two stood off haughtily. She even ventured to question me about our relation to one another: "Miss Wade is your cousin, I suppose?" she suggested.

"Oh, dear, no," I answered, with a glassy smile. "We are not connected in any way."

"But, you are travelling together!"

"Merely as you and I are travelling together—fellow-passengers on the same steamer."

"Still, you have met before."

"Yes, certainly. Miss Wade was a nurse at St. Nathaniel's in London, where I was one of the house doctors. When I came on board at Cape Town, after some months in South Africa, I found she was going by the same steamer to India." Which was literally true: to have explained the rest would have been impossible, at least to anyone who did not know the whole of Hilda's history.

"And what are you both going to do when you get to India?"

"Really, Lady Meadowcroft," I said severely, "I have not asked Miss Wade what she is going to do. If you inquire of her point-blank, as you have inquired of me, I dare say she will tell you. For myself, I am just a globe-trotter, amusing myself. I only want to have a look round at India."

"Then you are not going out to take up an appointment?"

"By George, Emmie," the burly Yorkshireman put in, with an air of annoyance, "you are cross-questioning Dr. Cumberledge, nowt less than cross-questioning him!"

I waited a second. "No," I answered, slowly. "I have not been practising of late. I am looking about me. I travel for enjoyment."

That made her think better of me. She was of the kind, indeed, who think better of a man if they believe him to be idle.

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She dawdled about all day on deck chairs, herself, seldom even reading: and she was eager now to drag Hilda into conversation. But Hilda resisted: she had found a volume in the library which immensely interested her.

"What *are* you reading, Miss Wade?"



"MISS WADE IS YOUR COUSIN, I SUPPOSE?"

Lady Meadowcroft cried at last, quite savagely: it made her angry to see anybody else pleased and occupied when she herself was listless.

"A delightful book!" Hilda answered. "'The Buddhist Praying Wheel,' by William Simpson."

Lady Meadowcroft took it from her and turned the pages over with a languid air. "Looks awfully dull!" she observed, with a faint smile, at last, returning it.

"It's charming," Hilda retorted, glancing at one of the illustrations. "It explains so much. It shows one why one turns round one's chair at cards for luck: and why, when a church is consecrated, the bishop walks three times about it sunwise."

"Our Bishop is a dreadfully prosy old gentleman," Lady Meadowcroft answered, gliding off at a tangent on a personality, as is the wont of her kind: "he had, oh, such a dreadful quarrel with my father over the rules of the St. Alphege Schools at Millington."

"Indeed," Hilda answered, turning once more to her book. Lady Meadowcroft looked annoyed. It would never have occurred to her that within a few weeks she was to owe her life to that very abstruse work, and what Hilda had read in it.

That afternoon, as we watched the flying fish from the ship's side, Hilda said to me abruptly, "My chaperon is an extremely nervous woman."

"Nervous about what?"

"About disease, chiefly. She has the temperament that dreads infection — and therefore catches it."

"Why do you think so?"

"Haven't you noticed that she often doubles her thumb under her fingers — folds her fist across it—so—especially when anybody talks about anything alarming? If the conversation happens to turn on jungle fever, or any subject like that, down goes her thumb instantly, and she clasps her fist over it with a convulsive squeeze. At the same time, too, her face twitches. I know what that trick means. She's horribly afraid of tropical diseases, though she never says so."

"And you attach importance to her fear?"

"Of course. I count upon it as probably our chief means of catching and fixing her."

"As how?"

She shook her head and quizzed me. "Wait and see. You are a doctor; I, a trained nurse. Before twenty-four hours, I foresee she will ask us. She is sure to ask us now she has learned that you are Lady Tepping's nephew, and that I am acquainted with several of the Best People."

That evening, about ten o'clock, Sir Ivor strolled up to me in the smoking-room with affected unconcern. He laid his hand on my arm and drew me aside mysteriously. The ship's doctor was there, playing a quiet game of poker with a few of the passengers. "I beg your pardon, Dr. Cumberledge," he began, in an undertone, "could you come outside with me a minute? Lady

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"I FORESEE SHE WILL ASK US."

Meadowcroft has sent me up to you with a message."

I followed him on to the open deck. "It is quite impossible, my dear sir," I said, shaking my head austerely, for I divined his errand. "I can't go to see Lady Meadowcroft. Medical etiquette, you know: the constant and salutary rule of the profession!"

"Why not?" he asked, astonished.

"The ship carries a surgeon," I replied, in my most precise tone. "He is a duly qualified gentleman, very able at his profession, and he ought to inspire your wife with confidence. I regard this vessel as Dr. Boyell's practice, and all on board it as virtually his patients."

Sir Ivor's face fell. "But Lady Meadowcroft is not at all well," he answered, looking piteous; "and—she can't endure the ship's doctor. Such a common man, you know! His loud voice disturbs her. You *must* have noticed that my wife is a lady of exceptionally delicate nervous organization." He hesitated, beamed on me, and played his trump card. "She dislikes being attended by owt but a *gentleman*."

"If a gentleman is also a medical man," I answered, "his sense of duty towards his brother practitioners would, of course, prevent him from interfering in their proper sphere, or putting upon them the unmerited slight of letting them see him preferred before them."

"Then you positively refuse?" he asked, wistfully, drawing back. I could see he stood in a certain dread of that imperious little woman.

I conceded a point. "I will go down in twenty minutes," I admitted, looking grave; "not just now, lest I annoy my colleague—and I will glance at Lady Meadowcroft in an unprofessional way. If I think her case demands treatment I will tell Dr. Boyell." And I returned to the smoking-room and took up a novel.

Twenty minutes later I knocked at the door of the lady's private cabin, with my best bedside manner in full play. As I suspected, she was nervous—nothing more—my mere smile reassured her. I observed that she held her thumb fast, doubled under in her fist, all the time I was questioning her, as Hilda had said; and I also noticed that the fingers closed over it convulsively at first, but gradually relaxed as my voice restored confidence. She thanked me profusely, and was really grateful.

On deck next day she was very communicative. They were going to make the regular tour first, she said, but were to go on to the Tibetan frontier at the end, where Sir Ivor had a contract to construct a railway, in a very wild region. Tigers? Natives? Oh, she didn't mind either of *them*: but she was told that that district—what did they call it? the Terai, or something—was terribly unwholesome. Fever was what-you-may-call-it there—yes, "endemic"—that was the word: "oh, thank you, Dr. Cumberledge." She hated the very name of fever. "Now you, Miss Wade, I suppose," with an awestruck smile, "are not in the least afraid of it?"

Hilda looked up at her calmly. "Not in the least," she answered. "I have nursed hundreds of cases."

"Oh, my, how dreadful! And never caught it?"

"Never. I am not afraid, you see."

"I wish *I* wasn't! Hundreds of cases! It makes one ill to think of it! . . . . *And* all successfully?"

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"Almost all of them."

"You don't tell your patients stories when they're ill about your other cases who died, do you?" Lady Meadowcroft went on with a quick little shudder.

Hilda's face by this time was genuinely sympathetic. "Oh, never!" she answered, with truth. "That would be very bad nursing! One's object in treating a case is to make one's patient well; so one naturally avoids any sort of subject that might distress or alarm them."

"You really mean it?" Her face was pleading.

"Why, of course. I try to make my patients my friends: I talk to them cheerfully: I amuse them and distract them: I get them away, as far as I can, from themselves and their symptoms."

"Oh, what a lovely person to have about one when one's ill!" the languid lady exclaimed, ecstatically. "I *should* like to send for you if I wanted nursing! But there—it's always so, of course, with a real lady; common nurses frighten one so. I wish I could always have a lady to nurse me!"

"A person who sympathizes—that is the really important thing," Hilda answered, in her quiet voice. "One must find out first one's patient's temperament. *You* are nervous, I can see." She laid one hand on her new friend's arm: "You need to be kept amused and engaged when you are ill: what *you* require most is — insight — and sympathy."

The little fist doubled up again: the vacant face grew positively sweet. "That's just it! You have hit it! How clever you are! I want all that. I suppose, Miss Wade, *you* never go out for private nursing?"

"Never," Hilda answered. "You see, Lady Meadowcroft, I don't nurse for a livelihood. I have means of my own: I took up this work as an occupation and a sphere in life. I haven't done anything yet but hospital nursing."

Lady Meadowcroft drew a slight sigh. "What a pity!" she murmured, slowly. "It does seem hard that your sympathies should all be thrown away, so to speak, on a horrid lot of wretched poor people, instead of being spent on your own equals—who would so greatly appreciate them."

"I think I can venture to say the poor appreciate them, too," Hilda answered, bridling up a little—for there was nothing she hated so much as class-prejudices. "Besides, they need sympathy more: they have fewer comforts. I should not care to give up attending my poor people for the sake of the idle rich."

The set phraseology of the country rectory recurred to Lady Meadowcroft—"our poorer brethren," and so forth. "Oh, of course," she answered, with the mechanical acquiescence such women always give to moral platitudes. "One must do one's best for the poor, I know—for conscience' sake and all that: it's our duty, and we all try hard to do it. But they're so terribly ungrateful! Don't you think so? Do you know, Miss Wade, in my father's parish——"

Hilda cut her short with a sunny smile—half contemptuous toleration, half genuine pity. "We are all ungrateful," she said, "but the poor, I think, the least so. I'm sure the gratitude I've often had from my poor women at St. Nathaniel's has made me sometimes feel really ashamed of myself. I had done so little—and they thanked me so much for it."

"Which only shows," Lady Meadowcroft broke in, "that one ought always to have a *lady* to nurse one."

"*Ça marche!*" Hilda said to me, with a quiet smile, a few minutes after, when her ladyship had disappeared in her fluffy robe down the companion-ladder.

"Yes, *ça marche*," I answered. "In an hour or two you will have succeeded in landing your chaperon. And what is most amusing, landed her, too, Hilda, just by being yourself—letting her see frankly the actual truth of what you think and feel about her and about everyone!"

"I could not do otherwise," Hilda answered, growing grave. "I must be myself, or die for it. My method of angling consists in showing myself just as I am. You call me an actress, but I am not really one: I am only a woman who can use her personality for her own purposes. If I go with Lady Meadowcroft, it will be a mutual advantage: I shall really sympathize with her, for I can see the poor thing is devoured with nervousness."

"But do you think you will be able to stand her?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, yes. She's not a bad little thing, *au fond*, when you get to know her. It is society that has spoilt her. She would have made a nice, helpful, motherly body if she'd married the curate."

As we neared Bombay conversation grew gradually more and more Indian; it always does under similar circumstances. A sea voyage is half retrospect, half prospect:

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it has no personal identity. You leave Liverpool for New York at the English standpoint, and are full of what you did in London or Manchester: half-way over you begin to discuss American Custom-houses and New York hotels: by the time you reach Sandy Hook, the talk is all of quick trains west and the shortest route from Philadelphia to New Orleans. You grow by slow stages into the new attitude: at Malta you are still regretting Europe: after Aden, your mind dwells most on the hire of punkah-wallahs and the proverbial toughness of the dak-bungalow chicken.

"How's the plague at Bombay now?" an inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain at dinner our last night out. "Getting any better?"

Lady Meadowcroft's thumb dived between her fingers again. "What, is there plague in Bombay?" she asked, innocently, in her nervous fashion.

"Plague in Bombay!" the captain burst out, his burly voice resounding down the saloon. "Why, bless your soul, ma'am, where else would you expect it? Plague in Bombay! It's been there these five years. Better? Not quite. Going ahead like mad. They're dying by thousands."

"A microbe, I believe, Dr. Boyell," the inquisitive passenger observed deferentially, with due respect for medical science.

"Yes," the ship's doctor answered, helping himself to an olive. "Forty million microbes to each square inch of the Bombay atmosphere."

"And we are going to Bombay!" Lady Meadowcroft exclaimed, aghast.

"You must have known there was plague there, my dear," Sir Ivor put in, soothingly, with a deprecating glance. "It's been in all the papers. But only the natives get it."

The thumb uncovered itself a little. "Oh, only the natives!" Lady Meadowcroft echoed, relieved, as if a few thousand Hindus more or less would hardly be missed among the blessings of British rule in India. "You know, Ivor, I never read those *dreadful* things in the papers. *I* read the Society news, and Our Social Diary, and columns that are headed 'Mainly About People.' I don't care for anything but the *Morning Post* and the *World* and *Truth*. I hate horrors. . . . . But it's a blessing to think it's only the natives."

"Plenty of Europeans, too, bless your heart," the captain thundered out, unfeelingly. "Why, last time I was in port, a nurse died at the hospital."

"Oh, only a nurse——" Lady Meadowcroft began, and then coloured up deeply with a side glance at Hilda.

"And lots beside nurses," the captain continued, positively delighted at the terror he was inspiring. "Puckka Englishmen and Englishwomen. Bad business, this plague, Dr. Cumberledge! Catches particularly those who are most afraid of it."

"But it's only in Bombay?" Lady Meadowcroft cried, clutching at the last straw. I could see she was registering a mental determination to go straight up country the moment she landed.

"Not a bit of it!" the captain answered, with provoking cheerfulness. "Rampaging about like a roaring lion all over India!"

Lady Meadowcroft's thumb must have



"MY WIFE HAS DELIVERED HER ULTIMATUM."

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suffered severely. The nails dug into it as if it were someone else's.

Half an hour later, as we were on deck in the cool of the evening, the thing was settled. "My wife," Sir Ivor said, coming up to us with a serious face, "has delivered her ultimatum. Positively her ultimatum. I've had a mort o' trouble with her, and now she's settled. *Either*, she goes back from Bombay by the return steamer; *or else*—you and Miss Wade must name your own terms to accompany us on our tour in case of emergencies." He glanced wistfully at Hilda. "*Do* you think you can help us?"

Hilda made no hypocritical pretence of hanging back. Her nature was transparent. "If you wish it, yes," she answered, shaking hands upon the bargain. "I only want to go about and see India; I can see it quite as well with Lady Meadowcroft as without her—and even better. It is unpleasant for a woman to travel unattached. I require a chaperon, and am glad to find one. I will join your party, paying my own hotel and travelling expenses, and considering myself as engaged in case your wife should need my services. For that, you can pay me, if you like, some nominal retaining fee—five pounds or anything. The money is immaterial to me: I like to be useful, and I sympathize with nerves; but it may make your wife feel she is really keeping a hold over me if we put the arrangement on a business basis. As a matter of fact, whatever sum she chooses to pay, I shall hand it over at once to the Bombay Plague Hospital."

Sir Ivor looked relieved. "Thank you ever so much," he said, wringing her hand warmly. "I thowt you were a brick, and now I know it. My wife says your face inspires confidence, and your voice sympathy. She *must* have you with her. And you, Dr. Cumberledge?"

"I follow Miss Wade's lead," I answered, in my most solemn tone, with an impressive bow. "I too am travelling for instruction and amusement only: and if it would give Lady Meadowcroft a greater sense of security to have a duly qualified practitioner in her suite, I shall be glad on the same terms to swell your party. I will pay my own way: and I will allow you to name any nominal sum you please for your claim on my medical attendance, if necessary. I hope and believe, however, that our presence will so far reassure our prospective patient as to make our post in both cases a sinecure."

Three minutes later Lady Meadowcroft rushed on deck and flung her arms impulsively round Hilda. "You dear, good girl," she cried; "how sweet and kind of you! I really *couldn't* have landed if you hadn't promised to come with us. And Dr. Cumberledge, too! So nice and friendly of you both. But there, it *is* so much pleasanter to deal with ladies and gentlemen!"



"LADY MEADOWCROFT RUSHED ON DECK."

So Hilda won her point, and what was best, won it fairly.

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A Peep into "Punch."

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]

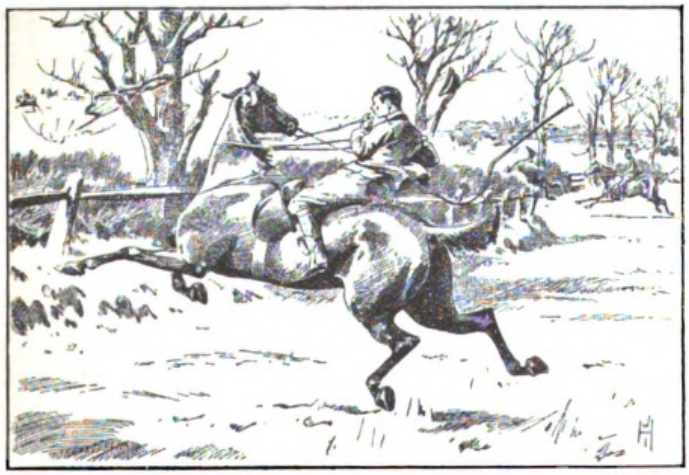
Part XI.—1895 to 1898.



A Ruling Passion.—*Mr. Meenister MacGlucky (of the Free Kirk, after having given way more than usual to an expression "a wee thing strong"—despairingly).* "Oh! Aye! Ah, w-e-el! I'll hae ta gie 't up!"
Mr. Elder MacNab. "Wha-at, Man, gie up Gowf?"
Mr. Meenister MacGlucky. "Nae, nae! Gie up the **Meenistry!**"
1.—by Reginald Cleaver, 1895.

"WHA-AT, Man, gie up Gowf?" exclaims Elder MacNab in Mr. Reginald Cleaver's very clever drawing, No. 1, when the despairing "Meenister" of the Scotch Free Kirk finds that golf tries his patience beyond the limit of verbal expression proper to his calling: "Nae, nae! Gie up the Meenistry!" says the exasperated Mr. Meenister MacGlucky, who, as we see from the many cuts in the turf, is evidently in the "agricultural" state of the game.

How thoroughly some of us can sympathize with Mr. Meenister MacGlucky in his dilemma. His Scotch dourness won't let him be beaten by that aggravating little white ball which he has missed with his driver about six times running, and his Scotch conscientiousness tells him that the expressions "a wee thing strong" which have just been forced out of his mouth go very badly indeed with his ministerial calling. Has anyone—even an English bishop—been able to suppress wholly the words "a wee thing strong" that seem to be the natural relief given to a golf-player when his most careful endeavours to drive the ball result so disastrously as in this picture? If so, I should like to see that person, or that English bishop—he must be something outside the usual course of Nature, something uncanny, fantastic, extra-human.

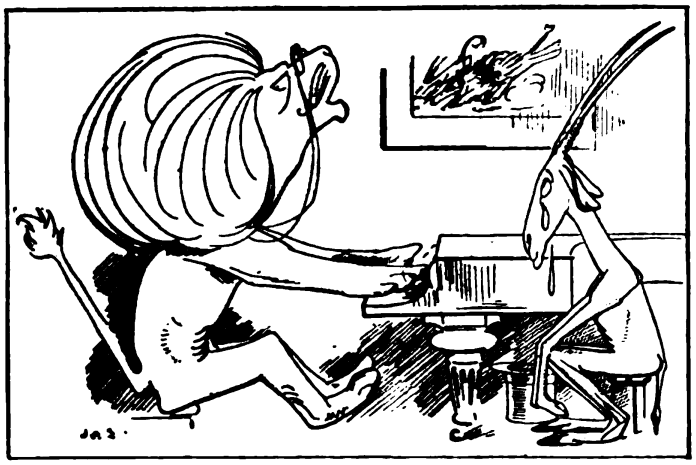


'Arry on 'Orseback.—*'Arry (in extremities).* "Well, gi' *me* a *'Bike'!*"
2.—by W. J. Hodgson, 1895.



In the Vestry.—*Minister (who has exchanged pulpits—to Minister's Man).* "Do you come back for Me after taking up the Books?"
Minister's Man. "Ou ay, Sir, I comes back for ye, and ye follows Me at a respectful distance!"
3.—by Du Maurier, 1895.

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"I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby!"
4.—by J. A. Shepherd, 1895.

The spirited drawing No. 2 is by Mr. W. J. Hodgson, and the amusing and quite natural joke in No. 3 is by George du Maurier, whose thirty-six years' work for *Punch* came to an end in the year 1896.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd's original and very clever work is well known to readers of this Magazine, and in No. 4 there is one of the many good



Botany; or, A Day in the Country.—"Say, Billee, shall we gaver Mushrooms?"
"Yus. I'm a Beggar to Climb!"
5.—by Phil May, 1895.

things contributed to *Punch* by this most amusing artist. His effects, got as they are by the deft use of a few lines which give so much character to his work, proclaim Mr. Shepherd an artist of no small talent. By the way, Mr. Shepherd was invited by Mr. Burnand to draw for *Punch* after the publication, some years ago, of his well-known "Zig-Zags at the Zoo" in this Magazine.



So That Doesn't Count.—"Are you sure they're quite Fresh?"
"Wot a Question to arst! Can't yer see they're Alive?"
"Yes; but *you're Alive*, you know!"
6.—by Phil May, 1895.

Pictures 5 and 6 are by Mr. Phil May; and the Tenniel cartoon in No. 7 illustrates the downfall, in the General Election of July, 1895, of Sir William Harcourt and the Liberal



THE SPILL!

Jack and Jill went up a Hill
To fetch a Pail of Water,

Jack fell down and Broke his Crown,
And Jill came Tumbling after.

7.—by Tenniel; July 27, 1895.

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A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—*Chorus (slow music).* "We're a rare old—fair old—rickety, rackety Crew!"
8.—BY PHIL MAY, 1895.

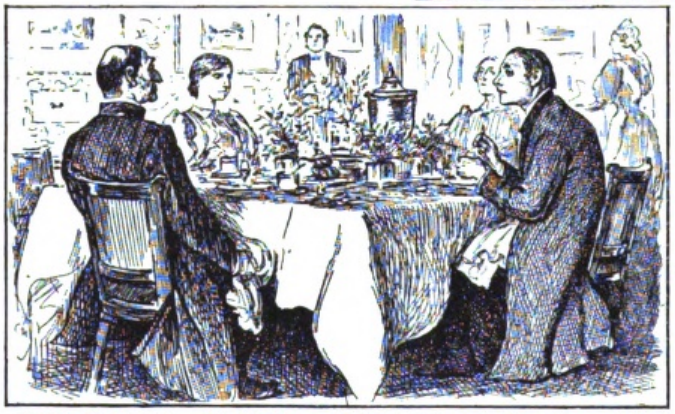
Party, when Sir William went to fetch a pail of water in his bucket so disastrously labelled "Local Veto," a measure that set the whole publican interest of the country dead against Sir William and the Liberal Party.

In No. 8 we are treated to another of Mr. Phil May's brilliant drawings of life and character as seen by the man in the street.

Nos. 9 and 10 are by George du Maurier. No. 9 is very funny, while No. 10 illustrates, aptly enough, the pressure of work brought to our bishops by the present conflict of opinions in affairs of the Church. No. 11 is a beautiful little bit of work by Mr. W. Alison Philips, somewhat away from Mr. Punch's usual lines, but well worth inclusion here.

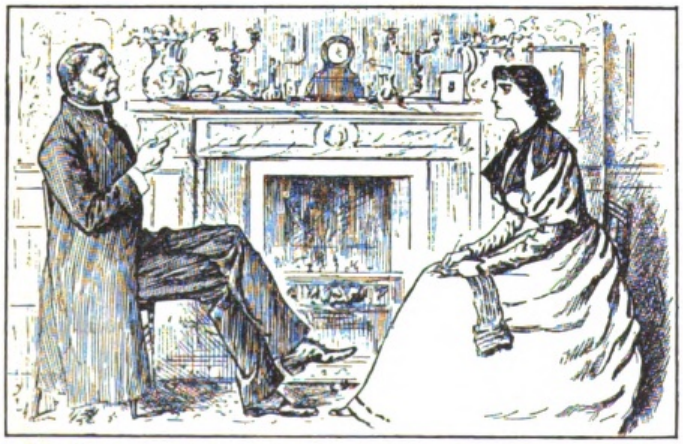


SCENE FROM A SUBMARINE PANTOMIME.—Tantalising Position of a Susceptible Diver.
11.—BY W. ALISON PHILIPS, 1895.



TRUE HUMILITY.—*Right Reverend Host.* "I'm afraid you've got a bad Egg, Mr. Jones!"
The Curate. "Oh no, my Lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!"
9.—BY DU MAURIER, 1895.

Two more of Mr. Phil May's



OUR OVERWORKED BISHOPS.—*The Rector's Wife.* "Have you heard from the Bishop, dear, about the Alterations you proposed to make in the Services?"
The Rector. "Yes; I have just got a Postcard from his little Boy. This is it:—'*The Palace, Barchester.*—Papa says you mustn't.'"
10.—BY DU MAURIER, 1896.



"DADDY'S WAISTCOAT!"—*(Sketched from Life in Drury Lane.)* 12.—BY PHIL MAY, 1895.

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drawings are shown in Nos. 12 and 13. "Daddy's Waistcoat" is quite a gem.

Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill is another comparatively "new" *Punch*-artist who has done fine work since his first contribution to *Punch* in 1896. No. 14 is one of Mr. Raven-Hill's early drawings.

The cartoon in No. 15, by Sir John Tenniel, dated February 29, 1896, refers to the Naval Works Bill of that time, which involved a cost of many millions. Here again the Government acted on the wise principle embodied in the adage, "To secure Peace, be prepared for War."



Street Serio (singing). "Er—yew will think hov me and Love me has in dies hov long ago-o-o!"

13.—BY PHIL MAY, 1896.



"MONEY NO OBJECT!"

VULCAN. "THIS'LL RUN INTO MONEY MA-AM!"
BRITANNIA. "NEVER MIND ABOUT *THAT* AS LONG AS I CONTINUE TO RULE THE WAVES!"

15.—BY TENNIEL; FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

There are two delightful Phil Mays in Nos. 16 and 17. The "Johnny" in No. 16 who wants to arrange an over-draught with the Manager at Messrs. R-thsch-ld's, calmly asks the Manager, "Ah!—how much have you



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

His Honour. "H'm! Will you kindly raise your Veil? I find it extremely difficult to—h'm—*hear* anyone distinctly with those thick Veils——"

"Er—er—thank you! SILENCE! I will not have this Court turned into a Place of Amusement!"

14.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1896.



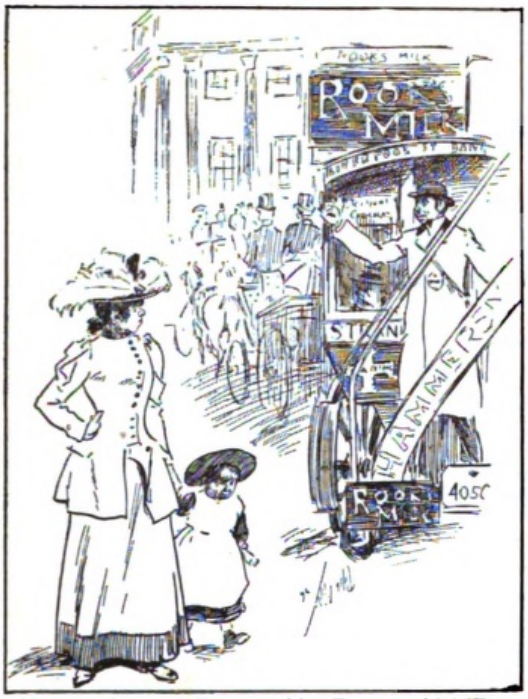
Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to Manager at Messrs. R-thsch-ld's). "Ah! I—want to—ah!—see you about an Over-draught."

Manager. "How much do you require?"

Johnny. "Ah!—how much have you got?"

16.—BY PHIL MAY, 1896.

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'Bus Conductor. "Emmersmith! Emmersmith! 'Ere ye are! Emmersmith!"
'Liza Ann. "Oo er yer callin' Emmer Smith! Sorcy 'ound!"
17.—BY PHIL MAY, 1896.

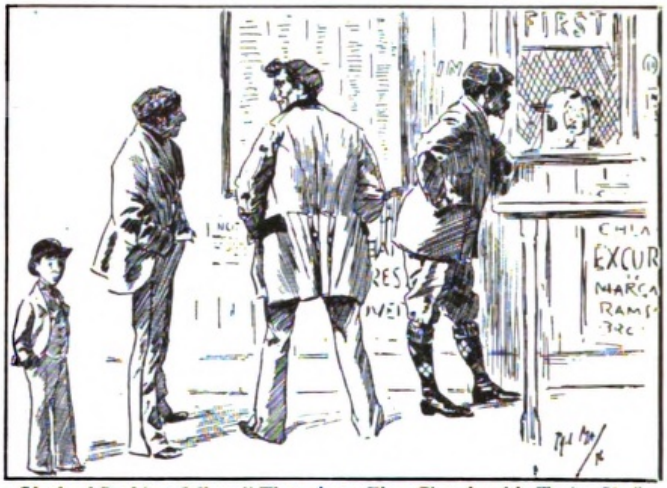
got?" And, in No. 17, the "Sorcy 'ound!" of the irate 'Liza Ann who has misunderstood the yell of the conductor of the Hammersmith 'bus is really delicious. How splendidly natural and vivid this drawing is!

No. 18 is the last picture by George du Maurier that was published in *Punch* before his sadly premature death on October 8, 1896, at the age of sixty-two. There was one other drawing by du Maurier published after his death, in *Punch's Almanack* for 1897, but the one now shown is the last that was published in the ordinary pages of *Punch*.



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.—"Oh, Flora, let us be Man and Wife. You at least understand me—the only Woman who ever did!"
"Oh, yes; I understand *you* well enough, Sir Algernon. But how about your ever being able to understand *me*?"
18.—BY DU MAURIER; SEPTEMBER 26, 1896. *The last drawing published before the artist's death on October 8, 1896.*

The work of this talented artist in Social Pictorial Satire extended from 1860 to 1896; it was of the greatest value to *Punch*, and



Clerk of Booking-Office. "There is *no* First Class by this Train, Sir."
'Arry. "Then wot are *we* going ter do, Bill?"
19.—BY PHIL MAY, 1896.

it received full and well-merited recognition from the public.

Phil May's drawing in No. 19 reminds one of a good story about Albert Chevalier a few years ago when he was singing his coster songs in London in, of course, full coster



He. "How would you like to own a—er—a little Puppy?"
She. "Oh, Mr. Softly, this is so sudden!"
20.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1896.

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dress. Chevalier had promised to sing a coster song at a benefit performance in a variety theatre in the suburbs. After he had done an early song at one of the London theatres, he drove off to Charing Cross Station, still made up as coster, and going to the booking-office asked for a "first-class return to Hammersmith." It happened that a real coster was standing just behind Chevalier at the booking-office,



Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a pyrotechnic carnival displayed proper; 2nd, three tropical cocoa-nuts statant sable (three shies a penny); 3rd, an ancient British barrow, supposed to be charged with body of Queen BOADICEA; 4th, an arry issuant from three bars blatant on a field dotty. *Crest:* An ass's head regardant reproachful, probably charged on the body with a juggins rampant. *Supporters:* Dexter, an arriet plumed and garnished somethink like, I tell yer; sinister, a coster arrayed pearly to the nines, charged with a concertina all proper. *Second motto* A regular beno.

["It has been decided that arms shall be devised for Hampstead."—*Daily Paper.*]

One of Mr. E. T. Reed's famous "Ready-Made Coats-(of-Arms); or, Giving 'em Fits!" 21.—DECEMBER, 12, 1896.



THE SUBSTITUTE.—*The Rector's Wife.* "Oh, Mrs. Noggins, I should really try to break your Parrot of his habit of swearing in that awful way!"

The Widow Noggins. "Well, 'm, I finds it such a comfort to 'ear 'im. Makes it seem more like as if there was a Man about the 'Ouse again."

22.—BY A. S. BOYD, 1896.

and when this real coster heard his supposed "pal's" request he was for a moment pretty considerably startled. However, the real coster, with the ready wit of his class, at once came up to the scratch and ejaculated to the booking-clerk, "Blimey—give me a Pullman to Whitechapel!"

No. 20 is by Mr. Bernard Partridge, and No. 21 is one of Mr. E. T. Reed's very witty series, now happily published in book-form, entitled "Ready-Made Coats-(of-Arms); or, Giving 'em Fits!"

Mr. A. S. Boyd, who joined *Punch* in 1894, and whose work is always thoroughly good, is represented in No. 22 by a very amusing joke most excellently rendered in black and white. Another funny joke is seen in No. 23, by Mr. Bernard Partridge; the baby is angry with Tommy because Tommy tried to make the baby smile by the insertion of his mother's Glove-stretcher into the baby's mouth!

Mr. Raven-Hill gives us a funny drawing in No. 24. The "nice refined-looking little Boy" who "has a mouth fit for a Cherub" when he is getting the sixpence from the old lady, is suddenly changed, five



UNGENTLE PERSUASION.—*Mother.* "Tommy, what on earth is Baby crying for?"

Tommy. "He's angry with me, Mamma, because I was trying to make him smile with your Glove-stretcher."

23.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1897.

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seconds later, when he has got the sixpence, into the little gutter-snipe who nearly splits his face as he yells to a friend with that piercing tooth-whistle which, as a boy, I never *could* manage, "S-s-s-s!! Billee! The old Gal's give me a Tanner!"



Old Lady. "Dear me, what a nice refined-looking little Boy. Why, Jane, he has a Mouth fit for a Cherub; I really must give him Sixpence." [*Does so.*

The Cherub (five seconds later). "S-s-s-s!! Billee! the old Gal's give me a Tanner!"

24.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1897.

No. 25 is by Mr. G. H Jalland, and in



A SAD FACT.—*Impudent Choir-boy (to our Vicar, who is "teaching himself").* "Here endeth the First Lesson!"

25.—BY G. H. JALLAND, 1897.

No. 26 Mr. Phil May has illustrated what is probably one of his own observations of the street-Arab when he makes the urchin say to a friend, as they pass the big board announcing a Patti-concert at the Albert Hall, "I 'ear this 'ere Patti ain't *'arf* bad!"



"I 'ear this 'ere Patti ain't *'arf* bad!"

26.—BY PHIL MAY, 1897.

The 'bus-driver in No. 27 has all the best of the argument with the cabbie, who is deterred by the "Something inside" his cab—so eloquently pointed to by the cabbie's right hand—from doing justice to his own command of the Queen's English. This is by Mr. Raven-Hill.

There is a good piece of work by Mr. A. S. Boyd in No. 28, and an amusing bit of "cackle" underneath it. No. 29 is by Mr. Bernard Partridge, and No. 30 is one of a series of very humorous drawings by Mr. Phil May entitled "Songs and their Singers," the *motif* of these clever drawings being the contrast between the title of the song and the personal appearance of the singer. Many of these contrasts



Irate Cabbie. "Oh, if I 'adn't got Something inside, *I'd* Talk to you!"

27.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1897.

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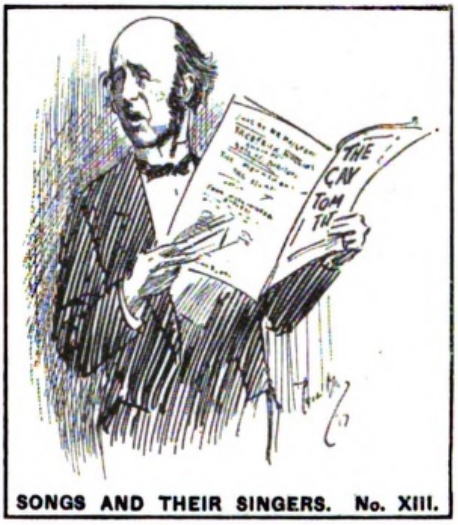
ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.—*Aunt Fanny.* "I do like these French Watering-places. The Bathing Costume is so sensible!"
Hilda. "Oh, yes, Auntie! And so becoming!"

28.—BY A. S. BOYD, 1897.

are very funny indeed, and one of the best of them is that now shown, where a lank and lugubrious gentleman with a great brain capacity is singing the light and dainty little ditty, "The Gay Tom Tit." This is rendered still more funny to those who recognise the original of Mr. Phil May's singer, for this is a first-rate portrait of a distinguished historian and member of Parliament, with whom one cannot connect, even in thought, the singing of "The Gay Tom Tit" without a smile at the humour of the bare idea.

Mr. E. T. Reed gives, in No. 31, a pictorial forecast of the Cyclist Scorcher. The small words on the Notice-board are: "Mountaineers are requested not to molest the creatures who frequent these heights. They are quite harmless."

Nothing seems to come amiss to Mr. Phil May. In No. 32 he



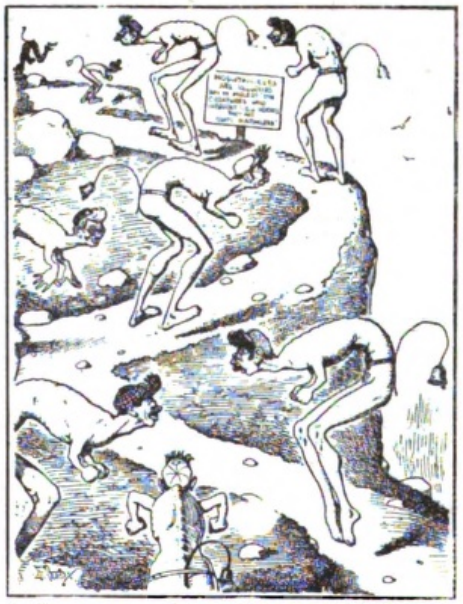
30.—BY PHIL MAY, 1897.

draws a pretty woman and a prize bulldog as well as he draws the bits of life he



HOW WE LIVE NOW.—*Prim Old Gentleman.* "My dear young Lady, it is hardly possible for me to explain to you the nature of this—Cause Célèbre, without entering into details."
Very Modern Young Lady. "My dear Man, what *do* you take me for? Why, *I read the Paper* every Morning!"

29.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1897.



AWFUL FATE OF THE CYCLIST SCORCHER! (*About* A.D. 1950).—Driven at last by a long-suffering Public from all the Haunts of Men, his Limbs adapted to one means of locomotion only, he is compelled to Hop about as best he can in Inaccessible Mountain Retreats!

31.—BY E. T. REED, 1897.

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picks out of the London streets and slums, and he gives to them the same quality of life and actuality.

Mr. Lewis Baumer's drawing in No. 33 is good. Look at the young woman's face as she hears her ingenuous little sister tell poor Mr. Green, "Why, *that's what the Party was for!!*" when Mr. Green has just told the dear little girl that her sister promised to marry him "last night." A most uncomfortable position for both Mr. Green and his *fiancée*.



Mrs. Mashem. "*Bull-bull* and I have been sitting for our Photographs as 'Beauty and the Beast'!"
Lord Loreus (a bit of a Fancier). "Yes; he certainly *is* a Beauty, isn't he?" 32.—BY PHIL MAY, 1897.



BLASÉE.—"Now I'm going to read you a pretty Story, Dear—all about the Garden of Eden!"
"Oh, Mummy, please, not that one. I'm so tired of that Story of the Adamses!"
34.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1897.

No. 34 is by Bernard Partridge, and in No. 35, by Phil May, the short, crisp cross-examination of the angler by the lunatic, and the lunatic's logical invitation to the angler to "Come inside" the Dottyville Lunatic Asylum, are really delicious—although the logic of



Mr. Green. "Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that Last Night, at your Party, your Sister promised to Marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away!"
Ethel. "Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, *that's what the Party was for!!*" 33.—BY LEWIS BAUMER, 1898.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "What are you doing there?"
Brown. "Fishing."
Lunatic. "Caught anything?"
Brown. "No."
Lunatic. "How long have you been there?"
Brown. "Six hours."
Lunatic. "*Come inside!*"
35.—BY PHIL MAY, 1897.

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the invitation seems to have taken the angler "aback."

Mr. Everard Hopkins is clever with his drawing in No. 36 of the deceitful cadging woman who is coaching her son "Allbert" as to his pose when he goes into "the Kind Lidy's Drorin' Room." But Albert is up in his business, and he quite knows how to put on that "beautiful lorst Look, and sy, 'Oh! Muvver, is this 'eaven?'"



TRAIN UP A CHILD, ETC.—*Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper).* "Now, Allbert, what'll yer sy, when I tike yer into the Kind Lidy's Drorin' Room?"
Albert (a proficient pupil). "Oh! all right, I know—put on beautiful lorst Look, and sy, 'Oh! Muvver, is this 'eaven?'"
36.—BY EVERARD HOPKINS, 1898.

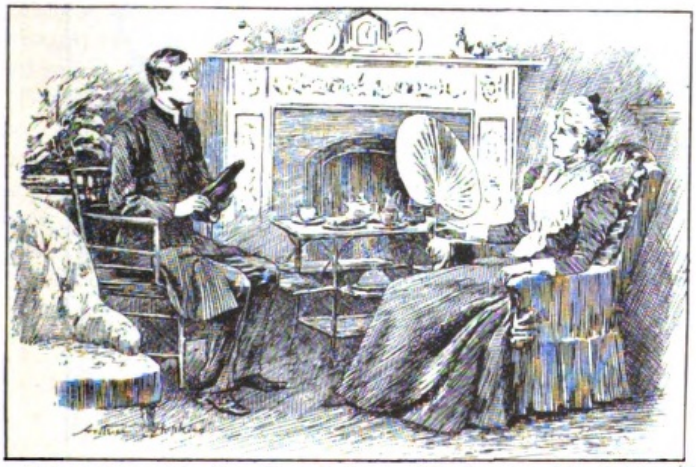


"Operator" (desperately, after half an hour's fruitless endeavour to make a successful "Picture" from unpromising Sitter). "Suppose, Madam, we try a Pose with just the *least* suggestion of—er—*Sauciness?*"
38.—BY BERNARD PARTRIDGE, 1898.

The Misunderstanding in No. 37 is by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, and the pictorial suggestion in No. 38 to "try a Pose with just the *least* suggestion of—er—*Sauciness*" is by Mr. Bernard Partridge. Just look at the lady-sitter to whom a saucy pose is suggested as a last resource by the hopeless photographer!

When Mr. Phil May saw the 'Arry and 'Arriet in No. 39 he probably agreed with 'Arriet's opinion, which, however, only came to her after "seeing theirselves" in this concave distorting mirror.

The naval joke in No. 40 is by Mr. Raven-Hill; and in No. 41 we have a



MISUNDERSTOOD!—*Mrs. Van de Leur.* "By the way, Mr. Fairfax, if any of my Son's old Boots would be of use to you——"
Mr. Fairfax (interrupting). "Really, Madam! The Clergy *are* underpaid, but we can——"
[*Rises to take his leave. But Mrs. Van de Leur was only thinking of the Ragged School.*]
37.—BY ARTHUR HOPKINS, 1898.



"I say, 'Arry, don't we look Frights?"
39.—BY PHIL MAY, 1898.

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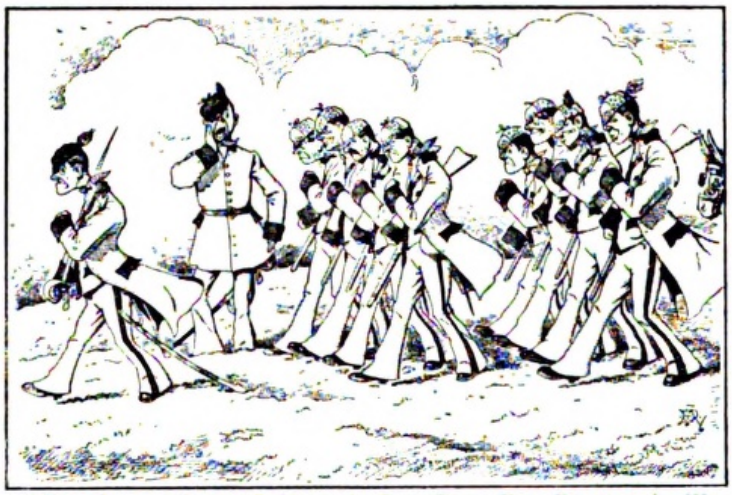


Irascible Lieutenant (down engine-room tube). "Is there a Blithering Idiot at the end of this Tube?"
Voice from Engine-room. "Not at this end, Sir!"
40.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1898.

very funny drawing by Mr. E. T. Reed of "The Coster Guards." This exceedingly clever drawing has been reduced from a full page of *Punch*, but even in its present small size you can see very well the faces of these cockney costers, who make such good fighting-men. The officer who marches in front of the men, the other who is bawling a command (*with* his hand to his mouth), the eight men, and the coster-donkey, are all up to Mr. E. T. Reed's own standard of real, spirited, and unforced humour—and that means a good deal.

Perhaps this present peep into *Punch*, covering the years 1895–1898, surpasses all the previous peeps as regards the humour and the variety of its joke-pictures and the excellence of their drawing. One of the jokes which seems to me irresistibly funny is that in No. 42 by Mr. Raven-Hill. No. 43 is by the same artist.

The "Jo Jo" Expanding Chair in No. 44 is one of a series by Mr. George R. Halkett, who has here very cleverly worked Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's face into the back of the chair.



"THE COSTER GUARDS" (QUEEN'S OWN EAST END REGIMENT). WHY NOT?—["Inquire of any recruiting sergeant, and he will tell you a young Cockney makes the best material for a soldier. . . . Take the *Coster class*, generally born in London, and it will be difficult to match such men elsewhere for work and lung power."—*Volunteer Surgeon*, "*Daily Mail*," *September 7.*] 41.—BY E. T. REED, 1898.

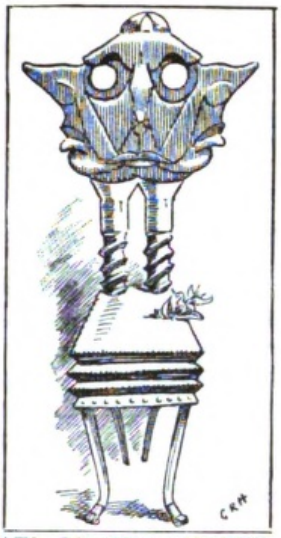


'Arriet (as a bee alights on her hand). "My word, 'Arry, wot a pretty Fly!" *(Sting.)* "Crikey! ain't 'is Feet 'ot!"
42.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1898.



Clergyman. "Augustus, wilt thou take this Woman——"
Bride (late of Remnant and Co.'s Ribbon Department). "*LADY!*"
43.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, 1898.

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SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—II.
THE "JO JO" EXPANDING CHAIR.
As worshipped in the savage dependencies of the Empire. A very elegant chair, constructed on screws (patent monopoly). Can also go higher. Now at the Colonial Office. [From the collection of the Marquis of SALISBURY.]

44.—BY GEORGE R. HALKETT, 1898.



QUIT!—PRO QUO?

J. B. "Go away! Go away!!"
French Organ Grinder. "Eh? What you give me if I go?"
J. B. "I'll give you something if you don't!!"

45.—SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S FAMOUS "FASHODA-CARTOON"; OCTOBER 22, 1898.

The Tenniel in No. 45 is the famous Fashoda-cartoon of October 22, 1898, which caused an immense sensation. It is perhaps a little "robust," but we must remember that when this cartoon was drawn the whole country was smarting with a sense of having been tricked and "pin-pricked" at a most inopportune moment. Not that I am concerned to make any apology for this cartoon—[nor am I indeed in any way entitled to do so]—which, at the date of its publication, was simply a true expression of the nation's feeling.

But Mr. Punch has voiced the nation's feeling for close on sixty years, and he did it again when Sir John Tenniel drew, *at the age of seventy-eight*, the splendid cartoon in No. 46, in which John Bull, with a wink in his left eye, sits down in his Egyptian dress to attend in his own resolute way to his own business in Egypt. Certainly "A Fixture": to be allowed for and reckoned in the account, by anyone who may want to take over the property.



A FIXTURE.

46.—BY TENNIEL; NOVEMBER 19, 1898.

[*To be concluded.*]

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Special Working Instructions.

A Station-Master's Story.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

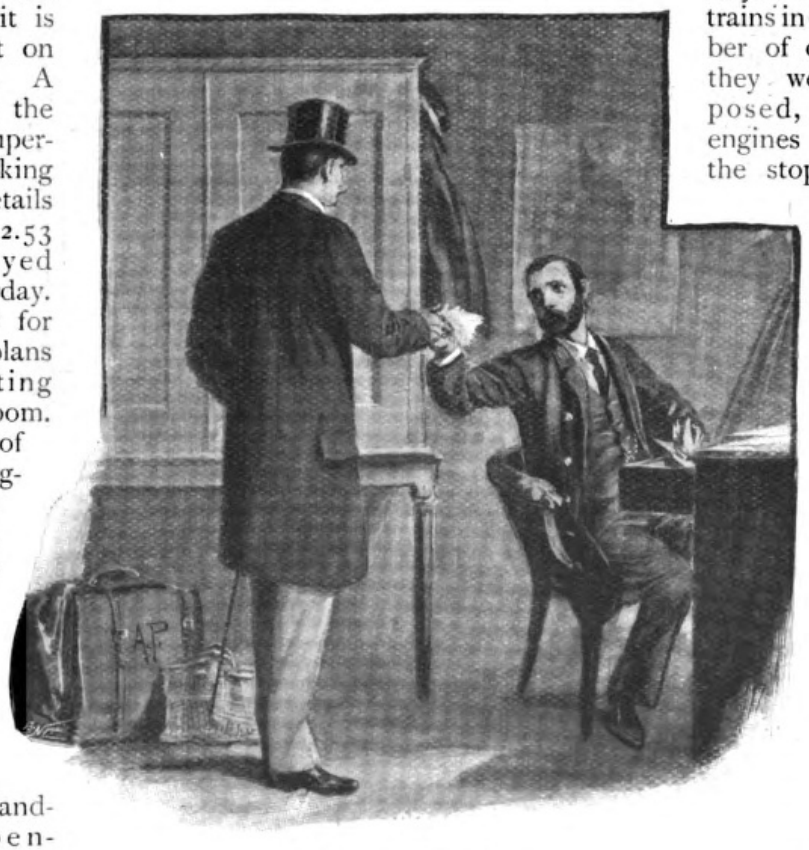
"I REALLY believe," said the station-master, "that the majority of the travelling public imagine that the sum total of my duties consists in wearing a cap with a gold band round it, and strutting about the platforms starting trains and answering questions, many of which would puzzle the general manager of the line himself.

"Now, look here," he went on, pointing to the heterogeneous mass of documents lying on the table of the office, and taking them up one by one as he enumerated them. "This is the sort of thing—from early morning till dewy eve, and often starry midnight—a complaint from some old lady saying she's left her umbrella either in the waiting-room, or on the book-stall, or in a train she travelled in yesterday (she doesn't say which), and will I tell her where it is and send it on at once. A notice from the district superintendent asking for full details why the 12.53 was delayed here yesterday. Instructions for submitting plans for ventilating the cloak-room. Pamphlet of new fog-signalling arrangements, requiring a complete alteration of posting the men. A claim from a local brewer demanding compensation for beer arriving short (it's marvellous how beer casks are always being staved in—accidentally—on our night goods trains). Instructions for working three 'specials'—excursions—to-morrow morning, and so on. It's never finished, and sometimes I'm sick of it."

"This is rather interesting," I remarked, taking the last paper he had mentioned from his hand and glancing at it. "How wonderfully every detail is arranged, down to the names of the guards and the time of passing every little signal cabin!"

"Those working instructions for the 'specials'? Yes, they have to be set down pretty accurately. You see, we have to work them as far as possible without interfering with the ordinary traffic, and that means a lot of detail."

It certainly did. On the printed form was portrayed the running of the trains in question, the number of coaches of which they were to be composed, the class of engines to draw them, the stops for taking in water, the shunting into "refuge sidings" *en route* to allow of the passage of certain express trains — everything was put down most carefully.



"IT'S PRIVATE INFORMATION.

"I'm not sure that I ought to allow you to handle that," went on the station-master, with a laugh. "You know, it's private information, 'For the Company's servants only,' as you see."

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"Well, I'll give it up at once—though I don't see what harm it could do for me to know a little more than the outside public about these excursion trains."

"No; as you say, there's no particular harm in anyone seeing these papers. But," he added, musingly, "sometimes we receive certain working instructions that might prove very dangerous if outsiders were to get hold of them."

"How so?" I asked.

The station-master took a key from his pocket, unlocked a drawer, and produced a crumpled and torn paper.

"This is a paper of working instructions for a special train," he said, "which nearly caused a most frightful catastrophe, and which got me that nasty scar you may have noticed over my left eye."

I took the paper. It was headed:—

"Specially urgent and private." "Instructions for working through down special train from London to Porthaven on March 7th, 189—."

I looked at my companion inquiringly.

"I see you want to know all about it," he said; "so as it's a slack half hour, and I can get through my correspondence afterwards, I don't mind telling you."

Then he related the following startling experience:—

"I suppose that some of our chief railway officials could, if they chose, throw many a light upon the political history of Europe. I mean that often visits of the utmost importance take place between the Ambassadors of different countries, aye, and between those who are higher than Ambassadors—visits that are kept jealously secret and guarded, but upon which hang sometimes the great fates of diplomacy—of war and peace. It is here that the railway companies are often requisitioned to provide swift and secure means of transit. Many a special train has traversed the length and breadth of England, for instance, the identity of whose passengers was only known to a few officials who made arrangements for the journey, and who could be absolutely trusted in the matter. Often it has been the work of a master railway mind to run such trains at the precise time needed, a work of great anxiety when perhaps the traffic superintendent knows an international problem is trembling in the balance, and the solution rests upon the speed with which a diplomatic journey is accomplished. Then, although it is true we do not, happily, have to take the immense precautions which are observed when the Czar travels in Russia, still it is often necessary to arrange as strictly for the safe transit of an important personage as for his speed. For, indeed, those who move in the highest circles have enemies always, including the times when they travel.

"When I received the circular of instructions which you now hold in your hand, I guessed, from the caution and secrecy to be observed, that some person of great importance was about to pass over the line. Who this exalted personage was it matters not; except, perhaps, you might probably call to mind that in the year 189— a certain great Sovereign of Eastern Europe was paying a private visit to the Queen—a visit which, so it is said, formed the basis of a subsequent diplomatic treaty.

"I was at the time the station-master of Millbridge, a small station on our main line some forty or fifty miles from the London terminus. It was a lonely spot at best, especially at night, for no passenger trains stopped there after eight o'clock, though there were plenty of through expresses. The station staff was a very small one, as you will readily imagine.

"The circular in question was delivered to me on the evening of March 6th, inclosed with a letter from the superintendent of the line enjoining me to observe the very strictest caution and secrecy in carrying out its instructions. The instructions were, briefly, these. A special train was to leave London at 10.30 p.m. and was to run to Porthaven. Not only were all pains to be taken to see that she ran to time, but certain precautions, very much like those observed when the Queen travels, were to be put in operation. Twenty minutes before the special's 'time' each block was to be clear, and patrols—chosen in each case from the platelayers of the district—were to be placed along the line at stated intervals two hours before the passing of the train, which, by the way, was timed to pass Millbridge at 11.23 p.m.

"I recognised that somebody of the greatest importance was travelling to Porthaven, which is, as you know, a seaport town from which many vessels sail to the Baltic. The next morning I proceeded to carry out instructions. I arranged with the ganger of the district for the placing of the platelayers. I caused the signals, etc., to be carefully inspected; in fact, I did all that was necessary and sent up a report to town by a late afternoon train.

"Of course I intended to be on the watch to see such an important special through,

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and I detailed my head porter to be on duty with me at 11 p.m. I must also tell you that I had given orders to my signal-man, in accordance with the instructions, that a down goods train which was due at 10.45 should be shunted into a siding till the special had passed.

"About half-past nine that evening I was seated in my office, making up my accounts. I have told you that the station was a lonely one. My own house was the nearest, and that was a couple of hundred yards away. My office, which opened on to the platform, was, of course, very quiet at that hour. In fact, I was the only person on the station, the signal-man on duty in the cabin just off the platform being the nearest man. There were no more stopping trains that night. The booking clerk and porters had gone home, and, as I have said, the head porter was not to come on duty till eleven.

"I was feeling a certain sense of satisfaction over my arrangements for the 'special,' knowing that the men were properly posted and that everything was clear, when, without a word of warning, my door was suddenly thrown open, and two men, with masks on their faces, entered.

"'Good evening,' said one of them, abruptly. 'You're the station-master?'

"'Yes,' said I, in astonishment.

"'Well, we've come on a little matter of business, and if you're quiet we won't hurt you, though we shall have to take strong measures.'

"'What on earth do you want?' I began.

"'First of all we want to see your instructions about a special train that's to run down from London to-night.'

"'You're not going to see anything of the kind,' I cried, attempting to rush through the door and give an alarm.

"But they were too quick for me. In a moment they had tripped me up and sent me sprawling on my back,

"'Give up that paper!'

"'I won't!' I shouted, springing to my feet—'Help! help!'

"'Quiet, you fool!' said the man who had not yet spoken, aiming a blow at me with a heavy stick. It caught me just over the left eye and fairly stunned me for a few minutes.

"When I came to I found myself gagged, my arms bound behind me, and one of the ruffians finishing binding my feet together. The other was eagerly rummaging my pocket-book.

"'Here it is,' he exclaimed.

"'Good!' said the other, as he tied the last knot. 'Now let us hear all about it.'

"'Here we are,' said his companion, as he consulted the paper. 'Head-lights on engine a white one over a green one—'umph, we must bear that in mind. Leaves London 10 30—passes through here at 11.23—passes "Ash signal-cabin" at 11.28, and Frambourne 11.36.'

"'Ah, well, the bridge is about midway between Ash cabin and Frambourne, eh?'



"QUIET, YOU FOOL!"

"'Yes—so she'll pass there about 11.33.'

"'Good. What's the time now?'

"I could see the other man first take out his watch and then look at the clock in my office.

"'Why, I'm over five minutes slow,' he said; 'it's three minutes past ten by this

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clock. I'll set my watch by it, and then we'll be off.'

"Really his watch was right. For many years I have been in the habit of keeping my office clock five minutes in advance.

"'As for you, Mr. Station-master,' he exclaimed a moment later, as they both turned to depart, 'I fancy you'll have to keep quiet for a while. Good-night, and pleasant dreams!'

"So saying he turned out my lamp, and I heard them locking the door on the outside after they had left me. I tell you I was pretty uncomfortable. Not only was I lying bound hand and foot, unable to speak, and suffering from the cut on my face, but I realized that something dreadful was going to happen to the special train—*what*, I could not guess. Then I remembered how particular the instructions had been, the secrecy, the unusual precautions, and the urgent way in which it had been laid down that the train should not be one minute delayed in any way.

"I began to suffer agonies. What had they meant by the bridge? Were they going to wreck the train? The latter seemed impossible in view of the patrols. There was only one bridge between Ash cabin and Frambourne, and that was over the line where a road crossed it. Close under this bridge a platelayer had been stationed, I knew. It was a mystery.

"And then as regarded myself. When should I get free? The head porter would come on the platform about eleven. He would try the door and find it locked. I should be unable to answer him. He would think I had gone up the line, home—*what* would he think? I struggled in my rage, but it was useless.

"So the time went by. It seemed hours—I heard the goods train come in. 'Tap, tap!' The head porter was knocking at the door.

"'Are you there, sir?'

"No answer. He shook the door.

"'That's a rum go,' I heard him exclaim, as his steps retreated. Then my clock struck eleven.

"I rolled over on the floor with a final effort, and managed to get my feet against the leg of the table. Why had I not thought of it before? I was wearing elastic-side boots. Hurrah! I wrenched one off by the heel, then the other—*then*, with a supreme effort, I wedged a coil of rope against the table leg and tugged—tugged till I pulled the skin off my heel, *but* the coil slipped slowly over my foot. That loosened the rope—kick, kick—in a few minutes I had kicked myself free. My hands were still bound, but I could use my feet, and I did. I banged against the door with them with all my might in the hopes of attracting attention from outside. And I did.

"'Are you inside, sir?' It was the head porter's voice.

"'Bang—thud'—was all I could answer.

"'All right, sir, I don't know what's up, but I'll smash the door in, so look out!'

"In half a minute he was at work with a platelayer's crowbar. The door came crashing in. A stream of light from his lantern fell upon me. He took in the situation at a glance, whipped out a knife and cut the cords that bound my arms, and the handkerchief which the blackguards had stuffed in my mouth.



"HE TOOK IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE."

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"'For Heaven's sake, *what's the time?*' was my first cry, heedless of his questions.

"He flashed the lantern on the clock. *A quarter past eleven!* Ten minutes past by the right time. In thirteen minutes the special was due! What followed was an inspiration. The head porter thought me mad for a few minutes, and I could not even now fully explain *why* I acted as I did. I only felt that at all costs I must send a counterfeit special on first.

"'Rush to the signal cabin and keep back the special till I come. Don't stand there staring like a fool, Gordon. Quick—don't let him take off the home signal!'

"Then, scrambling across the lines and points, I hurried towards the engine of the goods train that was waiting in the siding.

"'Driver—driver!' I cried.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Put on fresh head-lights; you've got one white one, get a green lamp lighted. Do you hear? And put the white one over it. Quick, now!'

"'What's the matter, sir?' said the astonished driver.

"'Never mind—only—are you prepared to carry out orders at once?'

"'What are they, sir?'

"'Uncouple your engine, then back into No. 2 siding, take on the three empty passenger coaches there, and run on to Frambourne with them without a moment's delay, at your highest speed.'

"'All right, sir,' said the driver, producing the head-light. 'Uncouple her, Jim,' he added to the fireman.

"I was off like a shot to the signal box to direct the slight shunting operation involved. It was wonderfully quick work. At exactly eighteen minutes past eleven the improvised train steamed out of the siding on to the down line. She was *five minutes before the special.* The signal-man saw something unusual was the matter, and forbore from asking questions, simply sending the 'make ready' signal to Ash cabin, and receiving the usual replies. There was a telephone to Ash, and I seized hold of it and gave some directions.

"'I suspect danger on the line between you and Frambourne,' I said, 'and have sent on a pilot train in front of special. Get ready to receive special directly she has passed, but hold up the special till you hear from Frambourne that all is clear. Tell Frambourne to shunt pilot train immediately on arrival.'

"'All right, sir!' came the reply.

"At the same moment there was an ominous whistling in the distance.

"'She wants the signal taken off,' said the signal-man, referring to the special.

"'She'll have to wait, then.'

"The head-lights appeared, slackening down beyond the home-signal. Then came the message from Ash cabin: 'Line clear.'

"Crash! the lever was pulled, the special came on, gathering speed as she passed. There was a locomotive inspector on the foot-plate of the engine, and I heard him shout: 'You'll have to answer for this!'

"Then came a period of suspense, minute after minute passed—then, at last, the 'line clear' signal from the block ahead. The special had passed Ash cabin. Several more minutes—then a ring up on the telephone. 'Pilot train has reached Frambourne, but there's something up. Line clear, and have sent on special.'

"Another pause, and then a telegraphic message from Frambourne: 'Your action highly commendable. You have saved special. Engine of pilot train returning on up line for goods train. Driver will give information.'

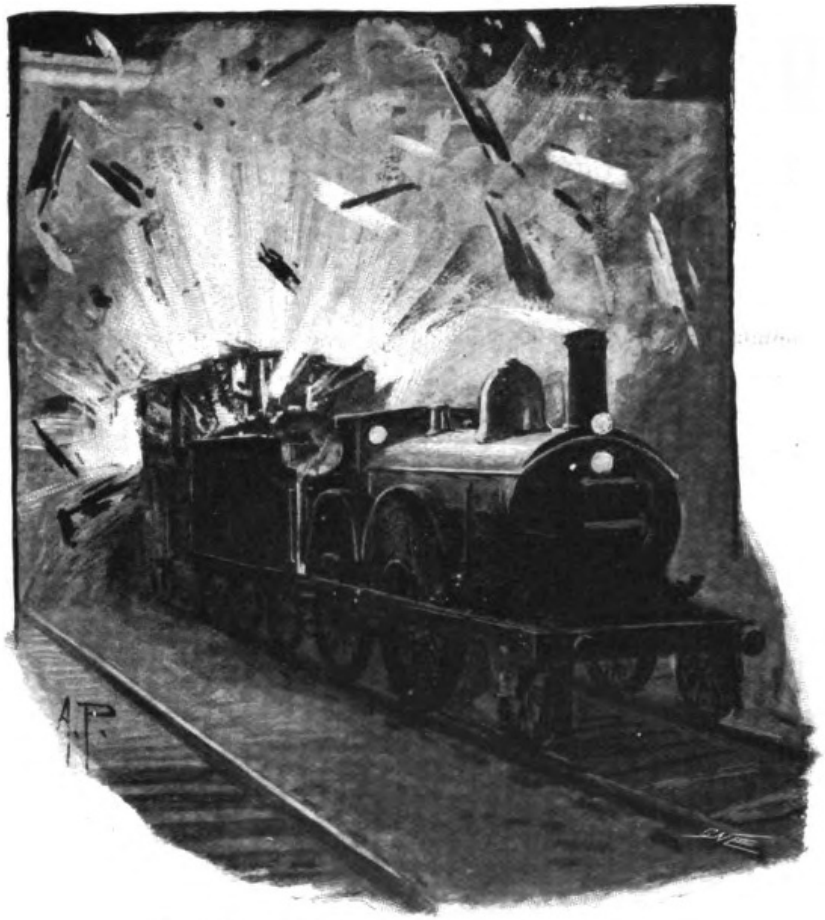
"You may be sure we waited in a tension of excitement until that engine arrived, travelling tender first. It was some time before it did so, and when it came it carried a detective and an extra driver, for it appears old Goodson had been too much overcome to take his engine in hand. He came into the little office, and told me the following extraordinary story:—

"'When you sent me on with them three empty passenger coaches,' he said, 'I was dazed like. I never even stopped to pick up the brakesman. Then I begun to think it out. I knew by the head-lights you wanted me to pretend I was the special, and, thinks I, there's danger ahead, that's it. So I kep' a sharp look-out, not knowin' what might be on the line, though I knew 'twas well guarded. It was fairish dark, too, and I couldn't see far ahead.

"'Well, we passed Ash all right, and was bowlin' along for all the world like a racin' train, when I see as I comes up to it the outline of a couple o' men standin' on the top of a bridge. It was all so sudden like that I can't tell exactly what happened, but Joe, my fireman, sings out, as we passes under the bridge, "Halloa," and I see summat fallin' on top o' the train as I turns round to look. Then there were a couple o' awful explosions, and a splinter o' wood copped

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me on the head. "Go on," ses Joe, as I put my hand on the regulator, "Go on," 'e ses, "the bloomin' train ain't quite smashed up—she'll run all right." So we ran on to Frambourne, and there we finds that two carriages were shivered about frightful. Lor' bless us,



"THERE WERE A COUPLE O' AWFUL EXPLOSIONS."

sir, if there'd been anyone in 'em they'd ha' been killed for certain. They was a mass o' splinters runnin' on frames, that's what they was. You see what they'd done?'

"'Dropped explosives on the train from the bridge?' I gasped.

"'Aye—they thought we was the special. Ah, that was a sharp bit o' work o' yours, sir.'

"'And the special?'

"'Oh, she come through all right, nearly five minutes late. They won't know what happened till she gets to Porthaven. But you saved her, sir.'

"Yes, it was true, I had saved the train and its Royal—well, er—its important occupant. I was ill with brain fever for weeks afterwards, but when I recovered I heard that the wretches had never been caught. They had evidently driven in a dog-cart from my station to the bridge, and, owing to setting their watch to my clock and the changed head-lights on the goods engine, had imagined the 'special' was running to time, and had dropped two dynamite bombs on to the tops of the empty coaches as they passed beneath the bridge. The torn paper of working instructions was found on the bridge, and, as you see, I have it now. The other results of that night were promotion to this junction, and a beautiful diamond scarf-pin that was sent me from—well, er—Russia. Yes, passengers sometimes tip even the station-master!"

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Illustrated Interviews.

LXVII.—THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

(With Photographs specially taken for this Article.)

PRELATES are born as well as made. The Right Rev. Dr. Mandell Creighton, the Bishop of London, might safely be put into the former category. He was born to go into the Church. Once in, it was as inevitable that he should obtain distinction as that, in the other walk of life in which he elected that his footsteps should go, he should achieve a foremost place—namely, as a historian.

I have in mind an afternoon a little time ago when together we walked up and down the lawn at the Palace, Fulham, whither I was graciously bidden for the purpose of this interview.

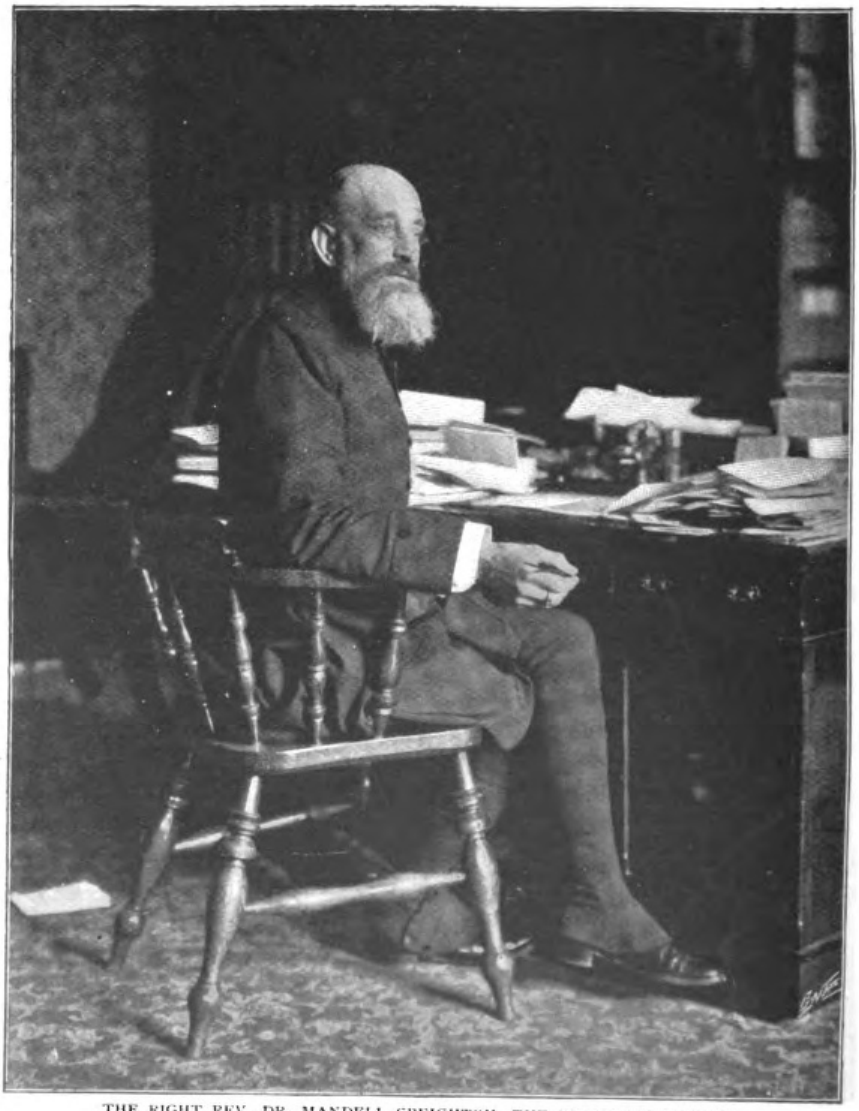
"What do you want to know?" said his Lordship, as we stepped on to the grass.

"Everything," I replied, comprehensively. His Lordship smiled. He is a bishop with a sense of humour, a great sense of humour, which is a saving clause in everybody, most of all in a bishop. This, however, is a personal impression, and has nothing to do with the interview. "Everything," I repeated, emphatically; "and, to begin at the beginning, tell me something of your boyhood."

"There is very little to tell," replied his Lordship. "As you probably know, I was born in Carlisle in 1843, and I was educated at the Durham Grammar School, after which I went to Merton College, Oxford, where in due time I became a Fellow and then a tutor, and I began to think that I was destined to spend my life as a tutor at Oxford."

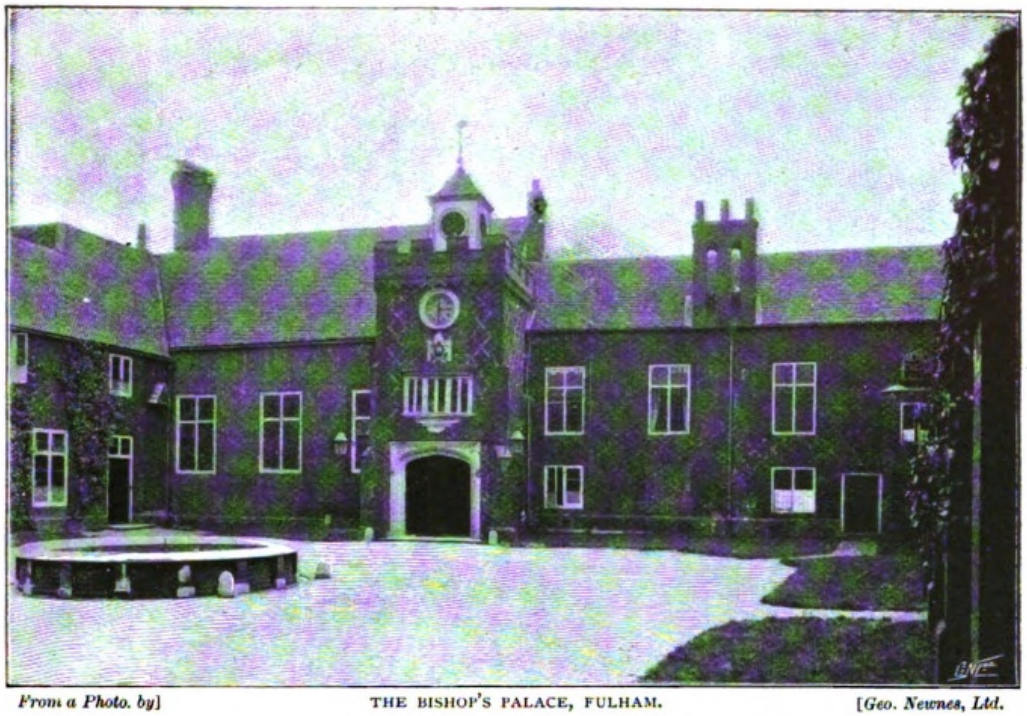
"Your school days," I interrupted: "was there nothing in them of interest?"

"No, nothing," answered the Bishop, "except that at school I learned a great deal from the impressions of the place. The school buildings lay high on the opposite bank of the river to the Cathedral, which was always before our eyes, with its beautiful suggestiveness. We went to service there on Sundays, and the music was a great source of artistic education. My head master, Dr. Holden, who is still alive, was a classical scholar to the finger-tips, and his conversation was as stimulating as his teaching. I botanized a great deal, and as a consequence, though by no means a solitary boy, I got into rambling



THE RIGHT REV. DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON, THE BISHOP OF LONDON.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

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From a Photo. by] THE BISHOP'S PALACE, FULHAM. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

about alone, and to this, in part, is due the habit I have always kept up of taking long walks. Indeed, as a boy I had a real delight in walking, and to-day I am perfectly happy if I can get two hours' tramping a day, a difficult thing with the busy life that one is forced to lead."

"But your school friends," I queried; "are there none of them with whom you have kept up an intercourse all your life?"

"School is hardly the place for making lasting friendships," replied his Lordship; "it is one's college friends whom one is more likely to keep during one's life, although, of course, school friends may become college friends, and in that way keep up the old relations. At college, among other men I met Andrew Lang, who was at Balliol: he was a great reader, and got a first class in classics; Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Edinburgh; Mr. Registrar Hood; the Bishop of Colombo; Dr. Wilson, the late Warden of Keble College; T. H. Ward and his wife, Mrs. Humphry Ward, whom I knew as a girl when she was living at Oxford; as well as Dr. Woods, who has just resigned the Presidency of Trinity College."

"Did you go in to any great extent for athletics at Oxford?"

"I rowed for four years in my college boat, but I never got my Blue; nor did I ever play cricket or football, though I did go in for the latter when I was at school. The reason, perhaps, that I never played cricket was the all-unconscious one that my eyes were of a very different focus—a fact I was destined to discover in a very dramatic fashion.

"I was lunching one Sunday with a friend, and a German oculist was one of the company. Suddenly, in the middle of lunch, I found him looking intently at my eyes. Presently he jumped up. 'Come to the window,' he said; 'come to the window.' I went to the window. He looked at my eyes closely, and said, 'The sooner you go to see an oculist the better,' and he explained what was the matter with me. The difference in my eyes must have been marked, for those were early days in the scientific study of the eyes, which has since developed to such an extent, yet he could distinguish it without the use of instruments. I took his advice and went to an oculist in Finsbury Square. He gave me the spectacles which I now use, and brought both my eyes to work together, a fact which incidentally explained to me how it was that I used always to read with one eye closed, and that I used often to see double.

"Of course it was impossible for me to play cricket with such eyes, and so I developed walking as my exercise. I used to take a train and go somewhere, and walk through the villages, see the churches, study the architecture, and speculate on the conditions of life which must have been the outcome of these surroundings. This is a way of looking at things which adds greatly

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to the pleasure of walking, and I would strongly advise everyone to cultivate this habit. At college I, of course, read classics. Merton was then a very small college indeed, with a total of about fifty when I was an undergraduate. It grew later on when I became a tutor. Even then, however, it was a very cosmopolitan place, made up of all sorts of men, with all sorts of tastes. There were rich men, poor men, reading men, idle men, all meeting on terms of mutual respect and with perfect frankness."

"What was the condition of life in Oxford at that time?"

"The Tractarian wave, which had previously been paramount in the University, had given way to a wave of liberal thought, and with a great taste in the selection of their pictures.

"It was while I was a college tutor that I took orders. Then came the crisis of my life, when quite unexpectedly a country living was offered to me. I was thirty-two at the time, and I had to decide whether I would stay at Oxford, where I was very happy indeed, or go away from the University.

"I felt, however, it was my duty to be a parish priest, and so I went as vicar to Embleton, in Northumberland. Another motive for my accepting the living was that I had then mapped out in my head the history of the Papacy which I wanted to write. I came to the conclusion that I should have more chance of writing it in the



From a Photo. by] THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT FULHAM—FROM THE GROUNDS. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

which was dominant although a trifle thin, and was in its turn to be widened out into the study of philosophy. There was still, however, a great deal of interest in matters ecclesiastical, but much more interest in philosophy. It was a time when Mill's influence was high, and our discussions chiefly related to his liberalism and his philosophy.

"Side by side with that movement was the æsthetic movement, which has produced so great an effect in these later days, and of which Pater may be taken as one of the foremost examples and leaders. Form and style in art under his leadership, and other men's, had already begun to influence the lives of the undergraduates, and they showed this in the way they decorated their rooms, not in crazy or *outré* fashion, as in the days of the dominance of the so-called æsthetic cult, but with a proper regard for refinement, quiet seclusion of a country vicarage than I could at Oxford.

"At Embleton I spent ten years, and I have no hesitation in saying that they were the ten happiest years of my life. There I got to know people, and to know English people: two things," said his Lordship, with a laugh, "which one does not learn at a University. At Embleton I took a good deal of interest in local business, and became chairman of the Board of Guardians and Sanitary Authority and School Attendance Committee; and I learnt a great deal about local government and things of that kind, which are useful preparation for administrative work. I assure you there is a great deal of that required by a bishop, for if he does not know the end of things to take up he will get on very slowly indeed. Most people, for instance, would be astonished to learn the amount of work that is

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From a Photo. by] THE PORTEUS LIBRARY. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

required to be got through in the Diocese of London. A man should know what can and cannot be done, and the more legal ability he has, the better."

"Then it would be an advantage for a bishop to be a lawyer?" I interrupted

"Certainly, he will want all the law he can possibly get. Every kind of knowledge is a valuable thing for a bishop. The fault of the clergy is that they are too thin-skinned. To have to rub shoulders with people and face facts as they are is an invaluable thing for them. I remember once meeting a clergyman who seemed to me ideal in the way in which he moved about among men, so one day I asked him how he managed it. 'I spent four years as a cowboy,' he replied, 'and that teaches you a good deal of human nature.' In Northumberland my neighbours were Lord Grey on one side and Sir George Grey on the other. They were both old at the time I went there, and had retired from public life. From the ripe political experience of the latter, who was in my parish, and from his knowledge of affairs I learnt a great deal which has been of inestimable service to me in later life. While I was in Northumberland the Diocese of Durham was divided, and the Bishopric of Northumberland was formed, in connection with which work I had a good deal to do."

"What caused you to leave Embleton?"

"A new professorship had just been formed at Cambridge—a chair of ecclesiastical history. That was my particular subject, and I had reached a period in my book when I was getting stuck in Northumberland for the want of access to libraries. I applied for the post and was accepted, and in that way I went to Cambridge."

"What first turned your attention to history?" I asked, for, as everybody knows, among modern historians the name of Dr. Creighton takes a very high place indeed, as it is now nearly a quarter of a century since his first book on the subject, a Roman history primer, was published.

"Simply that I was wanted for historical teaching when I became a tutor," replied the Bishop. "At first it was ancient history, then modern, which was just beginning to be studied."

"What induced you to take up the history of the Papacy?"

"My interest tended largely to ecclesiastical history, and finding there were no books in English which dealt with the feud preceding the Reformation, I was led to take it up."

"Then the Papacy was undertaken largely as a labour of love?"

"Entirely," said the Bishop. "It isn't interesting," and he laughed heartily as he added, "and I didn't try to write it so as to make it interesting. I cannot say," he went

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on, with the same bright smile playing over his face, "why anybody should read it unless he wants to know about the matters contained in it. I certainly did not try to write it for any particular public, but simply to steep myself in the events of the time and record them as plainly as possible."

"How did you go to work?" I queried, getting more and more interested.

"At first I projected a long preparation, but while I was engaged in that, I received from the widow of an old gentleman, whom I had come across, a box containing all his papers. I knew he had been projecting a historical work, and I looked through his papers with interest, but I could find in them only the materials for one article in a magazine. I was full of horror at the possibility of ending in the same way, so I began to write at once, putting together completely what I wished to say. Then, as I went on, I kept altering what I had previously written.

"From time to time I came to London to the British Museum Library, the Record Office, and other libraries in search of information, and I kept perpetually re-writing in the light of increased knowledge. I don't know that anybody else ever wrote in that particular way, but that was the way in which the history of the Papacy was done. Two volumes were written while I was at Northumberland, two while I was professor at Cambridge, and the fifth was finished at Peterborough. I had thoughts of getting on further, but these disappeared when I became Bishop of London.

"Do you mean that the book will never be finished?" I asked, with something akin to amazement in my voice.

"The book will never be finished," the Bishop replied, quietly, "so far as its getting further is concerned. I now have my nose to the grindstone, and as I had reached a place where I might stop, I laid down my pen for good—so far as it relates to the history of the Papacy."

"But your history of Queen Elizabeth?"

"That was quite a different thing," returned his Lordship. Even his voice showed it. It had in it a ring and a suggestion of lightness which possibly he did not recognise, although it was very marked indeed to me. "When I was at Cambridge I lectured on the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and when I was asked to write a life of Queen Elizabeth, by Messrs. Bassod and Valladon, for their illustrated life, I simply sat down and wrote it straight off, without any references at all. That has the advantage of being a little book on a big subject, which is not complicated, for I only desired to bring out the broad lines, and this I kept before me all the time."

"How long did it take?"

"It was the work of my leisure moments when I was at Peterborough, and I suppose it took something like three or four months."

"What are your working habits?" I said, endeavouring to raise the veil behind which the worker hides himself from the public gaze.

"I don't dictate; I write myself with my own hand, and with a pen, not a pencil. The morning and afternoon are my best times. I never have worked late, and I always try to go to bed early, as I want a good deal of sleep. I prefer eight hours, but I take what I can get. I never work before breakfast, but I find that I work best on very light food. A cup of tea, an egg, and a slice of toast is my meal when I am writing hard, for I think, when one has much to do, the less one eats the better. My big meal at these times is dinner, when my work for the day is over. Another point which is, perhaps, important is that work rarely worries me. I dismiss it from my mind when I have done with it, although of course there are some problems which one keeps in the pigeon-holes of one's brain to think about when one has time."

In the work of every worker there must assuredly be someone who has more or less influenced him, so my next question was, "Who has influenced you most in your life?"

"Caird, my tutor at Oxford," replied the Bishop, unhesitatingly, "with his views on philosophy. That was the most valuable thing I learnt during my University career. Later on in life Lord Acton, with whom I got into correspondence after the publication of the first volume of my Papacy, influenced me greatly. His large views of the principles to be followed in judging the past taught me a good deal. Among writers Rancke holds a foremost place in his influence over me, from the thoroughness of his method, and his view of what might be called historical causation. Browning, too, has influenced me as he has influenced everybody else. The thing which especially appeals to me in his work is his philosophical view of motives as embodied in character. Everybody who writes history must try to grasp character as much as possible."

"That is why history as taught at school is invariably so uninteresting to the schoolboy - that it is made up of matters rather than of men."

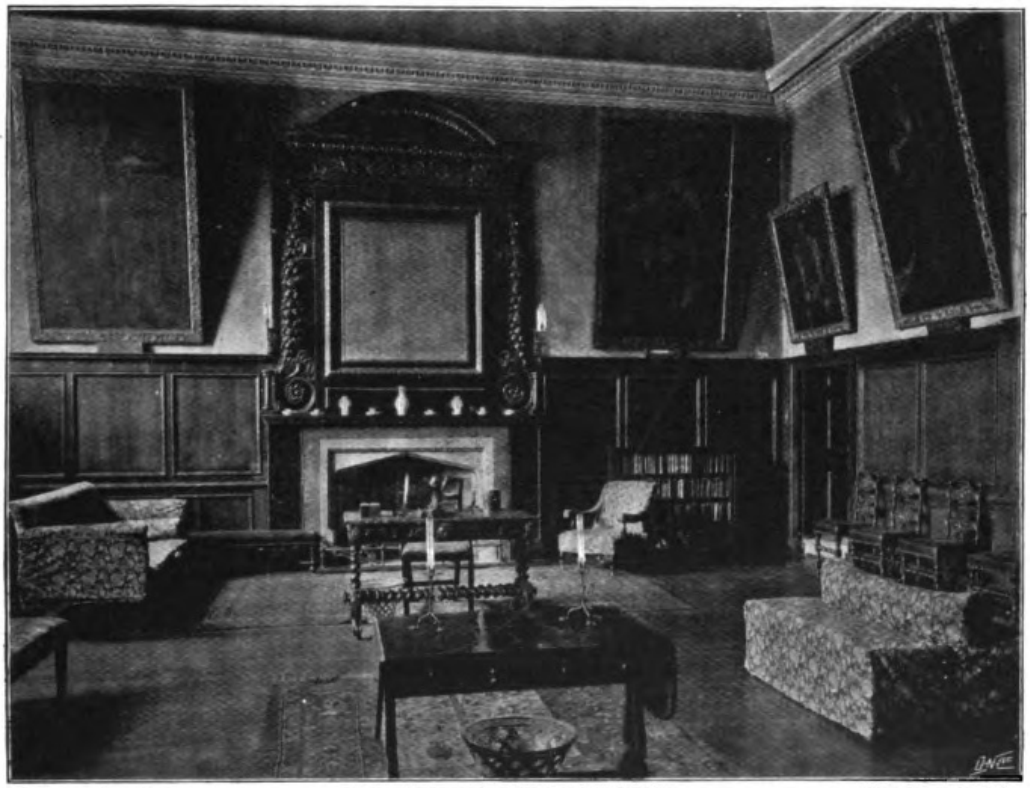
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"Precisely," and the Bishop smiled; "historical writing seems to me to require many of the qualities which are necessary for the making of a good novelist. How can one begin to write about a man until one knows his character, and that character must be consistent first of all? You want to know everything which can throw light on that character, and therefore arises the necessity of studying whatever has been written on the subject."

"Will you take up the story of your life from the time you went to Cambridge until now?"

"Certainly, though there is not very much to tell. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone offered me a canonry at Worcester. At that time I was Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge, which position I held for seven years. I accepted the canonry, where I spent half the year, the other half being at Cambridge, and as I had plenty to do at both places my life was pretty busy between them. In 1890 Lord Salisbury requested me to transfer myself from the canonry of Worcester to Windsor, but before I had gone there he offered me the Bishopric of Peterborough. This was seriously against my will. There was nothing I wanted to be less than a bishop. I was happy as I was, and I wanted to go on with my book. I have always thought, however, that if a man is in service he must go where he is told to go. Accordingly, to Peterborough I went, and I may say that I didn't find the work so uncongenial as I had supposed it would be.

"When Archbishop Benson died and the Bishop of London was made Archbishop of Canterbury I was sent here, and here I came. I do not think that there is another place so hard-worked as the Bishopric of London. It practically includes all Middlesex, with a population of four million souls. It is the largest of all the sees so far as population is concerned, but the smallest in area. This latter fact is one of the factors which make it so very hard, for other bishops go on tour and stay away, while most of my business engagements are in London, and I have to get back at night. Often for weeks together I do not have a single evening at home, and that I find a very trying thing."

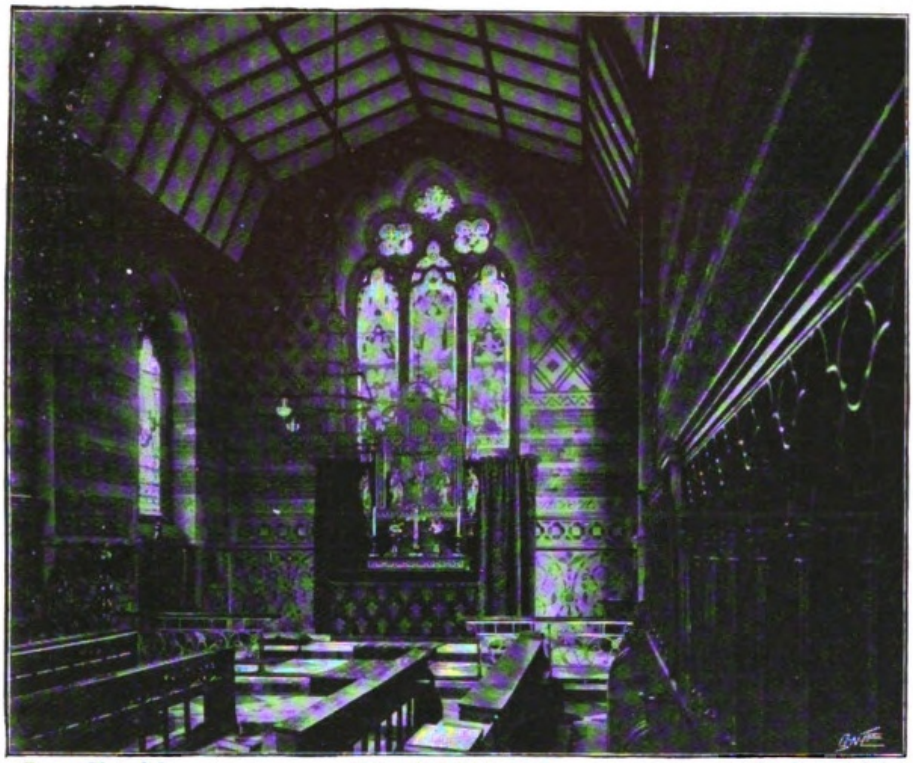


From a Photo. by] THE HALL.—FORMERLY THE CHAPEL. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

"There is a popular impression that a bishop's life is not a very hard-worked one."

"I know there is," said the Bishop, laughing. "Unfortunately my experience does not bear out the popular idea. Last year, for instance, I kept a record of certain of my duties, and I found that my speeches, sermons, and addresses amounted to two hundred and eighty-eight during the course

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From a Photo. by] THE PRESENT CHAPEL. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

of the twelvemonth. Taking out the time for a holiday, they average nearly one a day. Then, again, my letters average sixty a day, or nearly twenty thousand a year, and they have to be read and answered. As for committees, they are simply endless. I have no idea how many I sat on last year. I have one every week at the Ecclesiastical Commission, no session of which lasts less than three hours, and I am on such other committees as the Queen Anne's Bounty and the Committee of the British Museum; I am a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, which, however, is an amusement rather than a work, from its historical interest; a Governor of the Charterhouse by reason of my position as Bishop of London; I am on the Council of Marlborough College; a Governor of Selwyn College, Cambridge; I am on the council of King's College, and so on. In addition, I have to attend the meetings of the various diocesan societies, the Bishop of London's Fund, and others; and this year I have been sitting on the London University Commission.

"These, however, are only part of my public appearances, which are always going on, and recently I have had a great deal to do with the Peace Congress and the crusade against the Sunday papers. Then I have four ordinations in the year, and the number of candidates for these is very large. Yet each candidate must be seen by me and their examinations supervised, while they all come here and spend a few days with me before their ordination. As soon as one ordination is over I have to begin to see the candidates for the next, so that my work in this respect can never be said to be finished. The amount of diocesan business to be done in the year is very large, and the confidential relationship in which I stand with a large number of people who are constantly asking for advice demands a large amount of thought."

"How do you find time to prepare your speeches and addresses?"

"I don't; I rarely have time to prepare them as carefully as I could wish, and very frequently they are made up in the carriage when I am going to some place. On this point I will make a confession to you. There is nothing more bewildering to anybody who has to make many addresses than the way in which some attract attention and others do not. It seems to be quite an arbitrary proceeding. The other day, for instance, I was asked to give away the prizes at the Philological School in the Marylebone Road. I had been very busy, so I went there with an open mind.

"I said to the head master when I arrived: 'Is there anything you would particularly like me to speak about?'

"He replied: 'The value of literary interest in education seems to me to be worth emphasizing.'

"So on the spur of the moment I developed that idea. I thought there were no reporters there, but only a few boys and their parents. Yet I was surprised to find myself not only reported but commented on. It frequently happens like that, but frequently also the other way: when one is speaking of things that one would like reported, in order that one's ideas might be spread, no reporter is there. There is another point, too, in con-

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nection with one's speeches which is curious, and which continually happens. This is, a condensed report is given, which takes an isolated sentence out of its context, and so misrepresents one's meaning. Indeed, those are the things that are most commented upon.

"I remember a speech I delivered in the House of Lords a little while ago, when I said that I had forbidden a clergyman to give in his parish devotional books not written by members of his own Communion. I then said, parenthetically, that this was the only form in which I could give a general direction, yet it was open to the objection that it might exclude a work written by a pious Nonconformist, which might be entirely free from exception. The report in the *Times* newspaper ran, 'What would be said if books were distributed written by Nonconformists?' Another journal, following this report, actually had a leading article on my sarcasm! Whereas my meaning simply was to point out the difficulties of framing general rules which were applicable to all cases. Of course it continually happens that a separate sentence of one's utterances is being commented on. I should say that if you wish to avoid misrepresentation it is well to speak in very long sentences, with many parentheses, and never to say anything without qualifications."

"Popular impression credits bishops with being very rich men?"

"I know it does," the Bishop replied, "but I never was in debt till I became Bishop of London. As I got up in the world I found increasing difficulties in keeping out of debt, but now I am hopelessly involved"—this with a delightful laugh, and his Lordship went on: "A bishop is the merest distributing agent of the salary he receives."

"Wasn't it Archbishop Tait who said that he never was a poor man until he became Archbishop of Canterbury?"

"Yes," replied his Lordship; "and you remember the famous conundrum about Archbishop Langley? 'Why was he like Homer?' and the answer, 'Because he lost so much by translation.'

"There is one advantage which a bishop's life has, however, and that is that from time to time it enables one to do some simple kindly actions to many people"—[In a mental parenthesis I included this interview]—and his Lordship added: "The longer one lives the more one feels that the possibility of doing that is all you can get out of life."

Everybody remembers that the Bishop of London represented the English Church at the Coronation of the Czar, so I asked his Lordship what his impressions were on the subject.

"I learnt more from going to Russia than from anything else that has happened to me. I have two things to be thankful for for getting me out of ruts. There is a great temptation to us to be absorbed in the particular interests of our own life, so that we shrink from changing them. I, however, was sent to the United States when I was at Cambridge to represent my college at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard by John Harvard, who was a Fellow of Emmanuel College. That taught me a good deal about America which I am very glad to have learnt.

"Then I was sent to Russia by the late Archbishop of Canterbury in the same way. I went in entire ignorance of Russian affairs, and was immensely impressed by coming in contact with Slavonic civilization. I learnt what an important element it was in the future of the world. I had always supposed before, as most Englishmen do who are ignorant of the subject, that Russian civilization was Western civilization retarded. But I found it was something quite different, and would develop in future upon its own lines. The whole aspect of Russia and the temper of its people are unlike those of the West, and its capacity for assimilating Oriental nations and adapting itself more readily to their requirements impressed me very much. I certainly came to the conclusion that greater sympathy between the two peoples was most desirable. As far as the popular side of the show went, I think our Jubilee procession was a finer exhibition than that connected with the coronation, but the coronation was a thing quite by itself."

Everyone knows the interest which the Bishop of London takes in the temperance movement, so I asked him how long he had been a teetotaler and what induced him to become one.

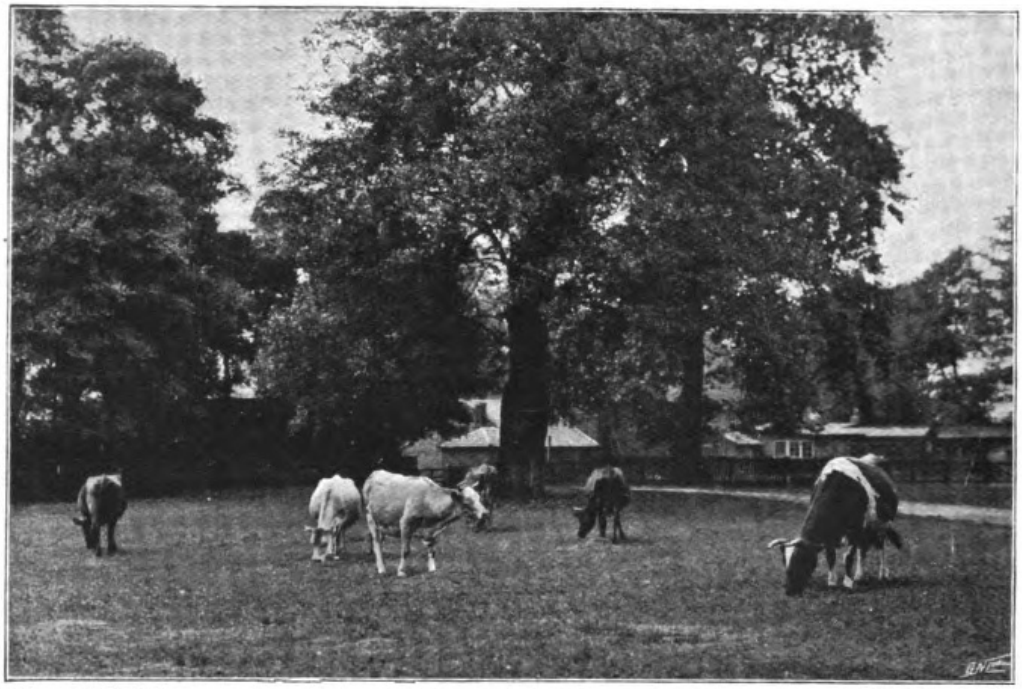
"I am not a teetotaler," replied his Lordship, "and I never have been except for short periods together. I maintain, however, very strongly that people should not take alcohol, as I believe that the less people drink the better it is, and the expenditure which could be saved on an article that people can do very well without would be considerable. I find it difficult,

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however, for people to change their habits when they are leading a busy life, and personally I have never been able to find it easy to change my habits. In the temperance movement, however, there are two important things to consider. One is the suppression of drunkenness, and the other is the suppression of drink. All people ought to combine for the former of these purposes, which is, after all, the great end in view in the matter. I think that the Church of England Temperance Society has done more than any other society in the way of educating public opinion on this point, because it is willing to pursue that end by all possible means in its power."

Then we passed to the subject of the theatre, for the Church and the Stage are coming closer and closer in their relation to each other.

"I think the drama is an admirable form of popular teaching as well as amusement," said the Bishop. "I do not often go to the theatre myself, however, for personally I prefer good plays, by which I mean plays which have a literary merit in them, and these are not numerous. Most modern plays do not lay themselves out for literature, but in this respect they are only like a good deal of modern literature which deserts the broad line of human interest and character, and goes in for small situations. More than the drama, however, music interests me."



From a Photo. by] THE BISHOP'S FARM. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

During the course of our talk the Bishop had lighted and smoked a cigarette, so I concluded he did not hold any adverse opinions on smoking. I broached the subject, and with a laugh, which showed his intense human sympathy and his exquisite sense of humour, he said, "I think that tobacco is a very bad habit, which I would advise nobody to cultivate. I find, however, that as I am of a nervous temperament, smoking soothes me, and in addition it helps one side of my work. It promotes more intimate conversation between men, and intimate conversation reveals character. I do not smoke, however, or very rarely, when I am actually writing, because then I am actively doing something, and the period of contemplation which it aids is past."

"What sort of music?" I inquired. "Ecclesiastical?"

"I draw no line between ecclesiastical and non-ecclesiastical music," said the Bishop, breaking in, "the only difference I make in music is between good and bad, though I confess I like the old better than the modern."

"How does music affect you?" I asked. "Does it stimulate you emotionally, or help you to work better and quicker?"

"Music does not affect me either intellectually or emotionally, only pleasurably. I think that every art ought to keep within its own realms, and music is concerned with pleasing combinations of sound. If it attempts to regulate this either emotionally

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or intellectually, I think it is leaving its proper province. I like all art to be large, clear, and simple, and I object to complications."

"That is the reason why you took up historical literature, which is probably the most complicated of all writing?"

"Precisely," said the Bishop, laughing; "but, you see, one is always trying to get rid of the complications, and make it all simple and clear."

A man's play is always as characteristic as a man's work, so I thought that for the benefit of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE I would pry into the other side of the Bishop's life, and I asked a question about relaxing pursuits.

"My holiday is taken travelling. That habit was acquired when I was a young man at college, and I found it a great stimulus to my knowledge of history, as by my travels I also got my knowledge of art. At first I travelled in Germany, and I think that nowhere can a man learn so much of the meaning of sculpture as at Munich. After Germany I went to Italy, where from the very first I got an interest in Italian literature and Italian history. Since then it has been my habit to travel in Italy, and I still go there.

"At first, of course, I went to all the big places, and to a certain extent I could regulate my travels in a way which is impossible now, for I cannot choose my time for holiday-making, and must go when everybody else is going—in August and September. This is a great inconvenience to me, because I must go in the hot months, and I cannot go to the South of Italy. Besides, the fact of my having to live in London among so many people makes me want to take my holiday where I can be as alone as possible, and especially where there are no English people. The consequence is, I hide myself in little Italian villages in the north of the country, and especially places where people, as a rule, do not go at all."

"What do you do during your holiday?"

"I simply prowl about the hills and lie out of doors as much as possible, and do absolutely nothing. I find that when the time for my holiday comes I need to lay up a store of health for the next year's work, and that I am totally unfit for doing any serious work beyond what is absolutely necessary."

"Then you do not do any of your own literary work during your holiday?"

"Working is almost entirely out of the question, and research is impossible, while during the year the work of the see is so enormous that I not only have no margin of time, but absolutely a minus quantity."

"But you have visited other countries besides Germany and Italy?"

"Oh, yes. I have been to Spain, Algeria, and Dalmatia, as well as to Russia and America. I have never, however, been able to go to Palestine or Egypt, and I fear that they are likely to be closed books to me, for I cannot get away in the winter, and it is impossible to go to them in the summer. From my travels I have always felt that I have learnt much from the different ways of looking at things, which is the most valuable possession one can have. The capacity for looking at things from the outside, and comparing English ways and fashions with those of other people, is a most valuable source of education which should be cultivated by everyone. By travelling I learnt my foreign languages, for I never liked to go abroad without knowing something of the language, so as to be able to talk to the people and discover from them their ways and methods of looking at things."

Some curious stories have been told of the Bishop of London's sense of humour. One of these is to the effect that on one occasion he was staying with some friends who possessed a haunted room. This they put him into, and next morning on his appearance at breakfast, his hostess asked him if he had seen the ghost. "Oh, yes," he replied, "he came, but I asked him for a subscription for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, and he vanished immediately."

I referred to this story. The Bishop laughed. "I am afraid there is no truth whatever in it," he said. "Stories are always floating about the world, and are always passed from one individual to another. That one is a regular Joe Miller. My predecessor in the See of Peterborough was a well-known wit, and so many stories gathered round him which were not true of him. When I became Bishop of Peterborough they were attached to me with as much truth, and I am afraid, so far as I am personally concerned, that the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE must go without any funny stories."

Whether this was a subtle hint or not, I took it and my hat, and departed from Fulham, with its quiet garden, to get back to the rush and turmoil of the Strand and its neighbourhood.

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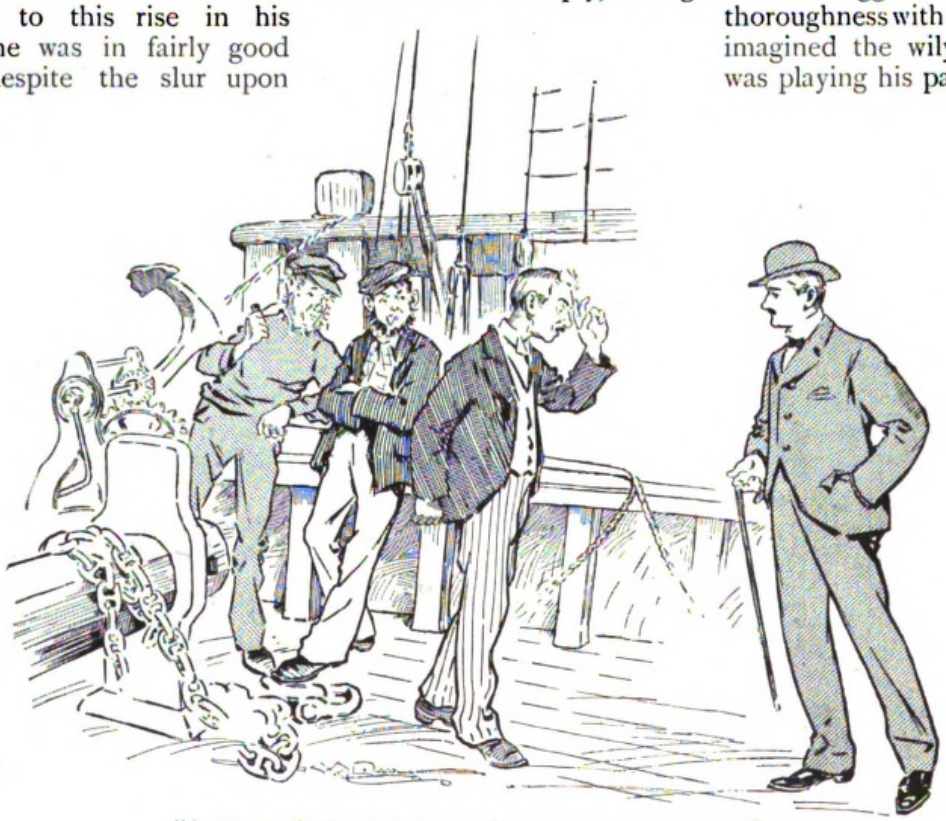
A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

XIII.

IN happy ignorance that the late master of the *Foam* had secured a suite of rooms at the Blue Posts Hotel, the late mate returned to London by train with a view of getting into communication with him as soon as possible. The delay occasioned by his visit to Bittlesea was not regretted; Mr. Fraser senior having at considerable trouble and expense arranged for him to take over the *Swallow* at the end of the week.

Owing to this rise in his fortune he was in fairly good spirits, despite the slur upon his character, as he made his way down to the wharf. The hands had knocked off work for the day, and the crew of the schooner having finished their tea were sprawling in the bows smoking in such attitudes of unstudied grace as best suited the contours of their figures. Joe looked up as he approached, and removing his pipe murmured something inaudible to his comrades.



"'THE MATE'S DOWN BELOW, SIR,' SAID MR. WILLIAM GREEN."

"The mate's down below, sir," said Mr. William Green in reply to Fraser. "I shall be pleased to fetch him."

He walked aft and returned shortly, followed by Ben, who, standing stiffly before his predecessor, listened calmly to his eager inquiry about his letter.

"No, there's been nothing for you," he said, slowly. He had dropped the letter overboard as the simplest way of avoiding unpleasantness. "Was you expecting one?"

Fraser, gazing blankly at him, made no reply, being indeed staggered by the thoroughness with which he imagined the wily Flower was playing his part.

"He's going to be lost his full six months, that's evident," he thought, in consternation. "He must have seen the way I should be affected; it would serve him right to tell the whole thing right away to Captain Barber."

"If anything does come I'll send it on to you," said Ben, who had been watching him closely.

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"Thanks," said Fraser, pondering, and walked away with his eyes on the ground. He called in at the office as he passed it; the staff had gone, but the letter-rack which stood on the dusty, littered mantelpiece was empty, and he went into the street again.

His programme for the evening thus suddenly arrested, he walked slowly up Tower Hill into the Minories, wondering what to do with himself. Something masquerading as a conscience told him severely that he ought to keep his promise to the errant Flower and go and visit Poppy; conscience without any masquerading at all told him he was a humbug, and disclaimed the responsibility. In the meantime he walked slowly in the direction of Poplar, and having at length made up a mind which had been indulging in civil war all the way, turned up Liston Street and knocked at the Wheelers' door.

A murmur of voices from the sitting-room stopped instantly. A double knock was a rare occurrence on that door, and was usually the prelude to the sudden disappearance of the fairer portion of the family, while a small boy was told off to answer it, under dire penalties if he officiated too soon.

This evening, however, the ladies had made their toilet, and the door was opened after a delay merely sufficient to enable them to try and guess the identity of the guest before the revelation. Poppy Tyrell opened it, and turned upon him eyes which showed the faintest trace of surprise.

"Good evening," said Fraser, holding out his hand.

"Good evening," said the girl.

"Fine weather we're having," said the embarrassed ex-mate, "for June," he added, in justification of the remark.

Miss Tyrell assented gravely, and stood there waiting.

It is probable that two members at least of the family would have been gratified by the disappearance of the caller then and there, but that Mr. Wheeler, a man of great density and no tact whatever, came bustling out into the passage, and having shaken hands in a hearty fashion, told him to put his hat on a nail and come in.

"No news of the cap'n, I suppose?" he asked, solemnly, after Fraser was comfortably seated.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The dock-foreman sighed and shook his head as he reflected on the instability of human affairs. "There's no certainty about anything," he said, slowly. "Only yesterday I was walking down the Commercial Road, and I slipped orf the curb into the road before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Nearly run over?" queried Fraser.

Mr. Wheeler shook his head. "No," he said, quietly.

"Well, what of it?" inquired his son.

"It might just as well have been the edge of the dock as the curb; that's what I mean," said Mr. Wheeler, with a gravity befitting his narrow escape.

"I'm alwis telling you not to walk on the edge, father," said his wife, uneasily.

The dock-foreman smiled faintly. "Dooty must be done," he said, in a firm voice. "I'm quite prepared, my life's insured, and I'm on the club, and some o' the children are getting big now, that's a comfort."

A feeling of depression settled on all present, and Augustus Wheeler, aged eight, having gleaned from the conversation that his sire had received instructions, which he intended promptly to obey, to fall into the dock forthwith, suddenly opened his mouth and gave vent to his affection and despair in a howl so terrible that the ornaments on the mantlepiece shook with it.

"Don't scold 'im," said the dock-foreman, tenderly, as Mrs. Wheeler's thin, shrill voice entered into angry competition with the howl; "never mind, Gussie, my boy, never mind."

This gentleness had no effect, Gussie continuing to roar with much ardour, but watching out of the corner of one tear-suffused eye the efforts of his eldest sister to find her pocket.

"Hold your noise and I'll give you a ha'penny," she said, tartly.

Gussie caught his breath with a sob, but kept steam up, having on some similar occasions been treated with more diplomacy than honesty. But to-day he got the halfpenny, together with a penny from the visitor, and, having sold his concern in his father for three halfpence, gloated triumphantly in a corner over his envious peers.

"Death," said Mr. Wheeler, slowly, after silence had been restored, "is always sudden. The most sudden death I knew 'appened to a man who'd been dying for seven years. Nobody seemed to be able to believe he'd gone at last."

"It's a good job he wasn't married," said Mrs. Wheeler, raising herself on her elbow; "sailors 'ave no right to marry at all. If I thought that one o' my gals was goin' to marry a sailor, I don't know what I shouldn't do. Something steady on shore is the thing."

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"I don't know," said the tactless Mr. Wheeler. "I think if I was a gal I should like to marry a sailor; there's something romantic about them. I often wish I'd been a sailor."

"Then you wouldn't 'ave 'ad me," said the lady from the sofa, grimly.

Mr. Wheeler sighed, but whether at the thought of what he might have lost or what he had gained, cannot be safely determined. Still in a morbid mood, he relapsed into silence, leaving Fraser to glance anxiously to where Poppy, pale and pretty, sat listening to the clumsy overtures of Mr. Bob Wheeler.

"I might 'ave 'ad two or three sailors if I'd liked," continued Mrs. Wheeler, musingly, "but I wouldn't."

Fraser murmured his admiration at her firmness.

"There was Tom Rogers, 'e was the first," said Mrs. Wheeler; "you remember 'im, father?"

"Chap with bow legs and a squint, wasn't he?" said the dock-foreman, anxious to please.

"I never saw 'im squint," said his wife, sharply. "Then there was Robert Moore—he was number two, I think."

"'Ad a wife a'ready," said Mr. Wheeler, turning to the visitor; "'e was a bright lot, 'e was."

"I don't know what they saw in me, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wheeler, with a little modest laugh; "it wasn't my good looks, I'm sure."

"You 'ad something better than good looks, my dear," said the dock-foreman, affectionately, "something what's wore better."

Mrs. Wheeler turned on the sofa, and detecting Gussie in the act of using his mouth as a money-box, upbraided him shrilly and sent him into a corner. She then brought sundry charges of omission and commission against the other children, until the air was thick with denials and explanations, in the midst of which Fraser turned towards Poppy.

"I want to have a few minutes' talk with you, Miss Tyrell," he said, nervously.

The girl looked up at him. "Yes," she said, gravely.

"I mean alone," continued the other, marvelling at his hardihood; "it's private."

He lowered his voice from a shout to its normal tone as Emma Wheeler in self-defence opened the door and drove the small fry out.

"I've not got my rooms now," said the girl, quietly.

"Well, my dear——," began the dock-foreman.

"Don't interfere, father," said Mrs. Wheeler, somewhat sharply. "I'm sure Mr. Fraser needn't mind saying anything before us. It's nothing he's ashamed of, I'm sure."

"Certainly not," said Fraser, sternly, "but it's quite private for all that. Will you put your hat on and come out a little way, Miss Tyrell?"

"That I'm sure she won't," said the energetic Mrs. Wheeler. "She's that particular she won't even go out with Bob, and they're like brother and sister almost. Will she, Bob?"

Mr. Bob Wheeler received the appeal



"I WANT TO HAVE A FEW MINUTES' TALK WITH YOU, MISS TYRELL."

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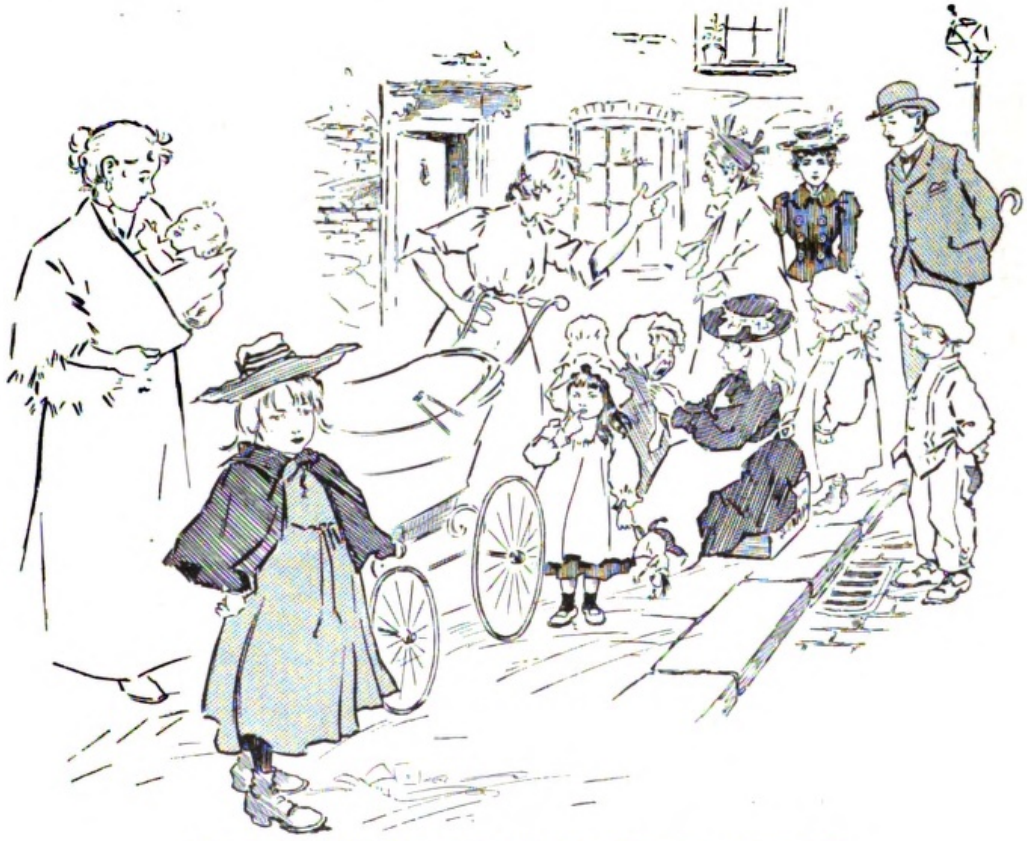
somewhat sullenly, and in a low voice requested his parent not to talk so much. Fraser watching Poppy closely saw with some satisfaction a tinge of colour in her cheek, and what in any other person he would have considered a very obstinate appearance about her shapely chin.

"I'll get my hat on if you'll wait a minute," she said, quietly.

She rose and went upstairs, and Fraser with a cheerful glance at Mrs. Wheeler entered into conversation with her husband about overside work in the docks, until the door was pushed open a little to reveal Miss Tyrell ready for walking.

They walked on for some little time in silence. The sun had set, and even in the close streets of Poplar the evening air was cool and refreshing. When this fact had thoroughly impressed itself on Mr. Fraser's mind he communicated it to Miss Tyrell.

"It's very pleasant," she answered, briefly.



"WHAT A TREMENDOUS LOT OF CHILDREN THERE ARE ABOUT HERE."

"What was it you wanted to talk to me about?"

"About a lot of things," said Fraser. "What a tremendous lot of children there are about here."

Miss Tyrell coldly admitted an obvious fact, and stepping out into the road to avoid spoiling a small maiden's next move at "hop-scotch," returned to the pavement to listen to a somewhat lengthy dissertation upon the game in question.

"What did you want to say to me?" she asked at length, turning and regarding him.

"In the first place," said Fraser, "I wanted to tell you that, though nothing has been heard of Captain Flower, I feel certain in my own mind that he has not been drowned."

Miss Tyrell shook her head slowly.

"Then I ought to tell you that I have left the *Foam*," continued the other. "I think that there is some idea that I knocked Flower overboard to get his place."

The girl turned quickly, and her face flushed. "How absurd," she said, indignantly, and her manner softened.

"Thank you," said Fraser. "If you don't believe it, I don't care what anybody else thinks."

Miss Tyrell, looking straight in front of her, stole a glance at this easily-satisfied young man from the corner of her eye. "I should never expect to hear of you doing anything wicked," she said. Fraser thanked her again, warmly. "Or venturesome,"

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added Miss Tyrell, thoughtfully. "You're not the kind."

They walked on in silence; indignant silence on the part of the ex-mate.

"Then you are out of a berth?" said Poppy, not unkindly.

Fraser shook his head and explained. "And I told my father about you," he added, nervously. "He knew Flower very well, and he told me to say that he would be very pleased and proud if you would come down and stay with him at Bittlesea for a time."

"No, thank you," said Miss Tyrell.

"The air would do you good," persisted Fraser; "you could come down by train or come down with me on the *Swallow* next week."

Miss Tyrell repeated her refusal. "I must stay in London, and get something else to do," she said, quietly.

"What do you think of doing?" inquired Fraser.

"Anything I can get," was the reply.

"And in the meantime——" he began, nervously.

"In the meantime I'm living on the Wheelers," said the girl, pressing her lips together; "that was what you were going to say, wasn't it?"

"I was not going to say anything of the kind," said Fraser, warmly. "I was not thinking of it."

"Well, it's true," said Poppy, defiantly.

"It isn't true," said Fraser, "because you will pay them back."

"Shall we turn back?" said the girl.

Fraser turned and walked beside her, and, glancing furtively at the pale, proud face, wondered how to proceed.

"I should be delighted if you would come to Bittlesea," he said, earnestly, "and I'm sure if Flower should ever turn up again he would say it was the best thing you could have done."

"Thank you, but I prefer to stay here," was the reply, "and I don't wish to be ungrateful, but I wish that people would not trouble me with their charity."

She walked on in silence, with her face averted, until they reached Liston Street, and, stopping at the door, turned to bid him good-bye. Her face softened as she shook hands, and in the depths of her dark eyes as they met his he fancied that he saw a little kindness. Then the door opened, and, before he could renew his invitation, closed behind her as rapidly as Mr. Bob Wheeler could perform the feat.



"HE FANCIED THAT HE SAW A LITTLE KINDNESS."

XIV.

WHEN the tide is up and the sun shining Seabridge has attractions which make the absence of visitors something of a marvel to the inhabitants. A wandering artist or two, locally known as "painter-chaps," certainly visit it, but as they usually select subjects for their canvases of which the progressive party of the town are heartily ashamed, they are regarded as spies rather than visitors, and are tolerated rather than welcomed. To a citizen who has for a score of years regretted the decay of his town, the spectacle of a stranger gloating over its ruins and perpetuating them on canvas is calculated to excite strong doubts as to his mental capacity and his fitness to be at large.

On a summer's evening, when the tide is out and the high ground the other side of the river is assuming undefinable shadows, the little town has other charms to the meditative man. Such life as there is is confined to the taverns and the two or three

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"THEY ARE REGARDED AS SPIES."

narrow little streets which comprise the town. The tree-planted walk by the river is almost deserted, and the last light of the dying day is reflected in the pools and mud left by the tide.

Captain Nibletts, slowly pacing along and smoking his pipe in the serenity of the evening, felt these things dimly. His gaze wandered from a shadowy barge crawling along in mid-channel to the cheery red blind of the Boatman's Arms, and then to the road in search of Captain Barber, for whom he had been inquiring since the morning. A stout lady stricken in years sat on a seat overlooking the river, and the mariner, with a courteous salutation, besought her assistance.

"I've been looking for him myself," said Mrs. Banks, breathlessly, "and now my Elizabeth's nowhere to be found. She's been out since two o'clock this afternoon."

Nibletts pointed up the road with his pipe. "I see her only ten minutes ago with young Gibson," he said, slowly.

"Which way was they going?" demanded the old lady, rising.

"I don't know," said Nibletts. "I don't think they knew either, an' what's more, I don't think they cared."

The old lady resumed her seat, and, folding her hands in her lap, gazed in a troubled fashion across the river, until the figure of another woman coming along the walk brought her back to everyday affairs.

"Why, it's Mrs. Church," said Nibletts. "He's nowhere to be found," he shouted, before she reached them.

"He?" said the widow, slowly. "Who?"

"Cap'n Barber," replied the mariner.

"Oh, indeed," she said, politely. "Good evening, Mrs. Banks."

Mrs. Banks returned the courtesy. "It looks as though Cap'n Barber has run away," she said, with attempted jocularity.

Mrs. Church smiled a superior smile. "He is not far off," she said, quietly.

"Resting, I suppose," said Mrs. Banks, with intent.

Mrs. Church took higher ground. "Of course this sad affair has upset him terribly," she said, gravely. "His is a faithful nature, and he can't forget. How is Miss Banks bearing up?"

Mrs. Banks, looking up suspiciously, said, "Wonderful, considering," and relapsed into silence until such time as her foe should give her an opening. Mrs. Church took a seat by her side, and Nibletts, with a feeling of something strained in the atmosphere for which he could not account, resumed his walk.

He was nearly up to Captain Barber's house when he saw a figure come out of the lane by the side, and after glancing furtively in all directions make silently for the door. The watching Nibletts quickening his pace reached it at almost the same moment.

"Mrs. Banks is looking for you," he said, as he followed him into the parlour.

Captain Barber turned on him a weary eye, but made no reply.

"And Mrs. Church, too; at least, I think so," continued the other.

"Cap'n Nibletts," said the old man, slowly, "I 'ope you'll never live long enough to be run arter in the way I'm run arter."

The astonished mariner murmured humbly that he didn't think it was at all likely, and

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also that Mrs. Nibletts would probably have a word or two to say in the matter.

"From the moment I get up to the moment I get to bed, I'm run arter," continued the hapless Barber. "Mrs. Church won't let me go out of 'er sight if she can help it, and Mrs. Banks is as bad as she is. While they was saying nice things to each other this morning in a nasty way, I managed to slip out."

"Well, why not get rid o' Mrs. Church?" said the simple Nibletts.

"Rid o' Mrs. Church!" repeated Captain Barber, aghast; "why don't you get rid o' your face, Nibletts?" he asked, by way of comparison merely.

"Because I don't want to," replied the other, flushing.

"Because you *can't*," said Captain Barber, emphatically. "And no more can't I get rid of 'er. You see, I 'appened to take a little notice of 'er."

"Oh, well," said the other, and sighed and shook his head discouragingly.

"I took a little notice of 'er," repeated Captain Barber, "and then to spare 'er feelings I 'ad to sort o' let 'er know that I could never marry for Fred's sake, d'ye see? Then on top of all that poor Fred goes and gets drownded."

"But have you promised to marry her?" asked Nibletts, with a cunning look.

"Of course I've not," rejoined Captain Barber, testily; "but when you know as much about wimmen as I do, you'll know that that's got nothing to do with it. It gets took for granted. Mrs. Church's whole manner to me now is that of a engaged young person. If she was sitting here now she'd put 'er hand on top o' mine."

"Not before me?" said Nibletts, in a shocked voice.

"Before the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family," replied Captain Barber, with conviction. "You've no idea how silly and awkward it makes me feel."

"Here she comes," said Nibletts, in a low voice, "and Mrs. Banks and her daughter, too."

Captain Barber coughed and, sitting upright, strove to look unconcerned as the three ladies came into the room and expressed their pleasure at seeing him.

"I couldn't think what 'ud happened to you," said Mrs. Banks, as she sank panting into a chair, and, unfastening her bonnet-strings, sat regarding him with her hands on her knees.

"I knew he was all right," said Mrs. Church, folding her hands and regarding him with her head on one side; "if anything happened to him I should know if he was a hundred miles away."

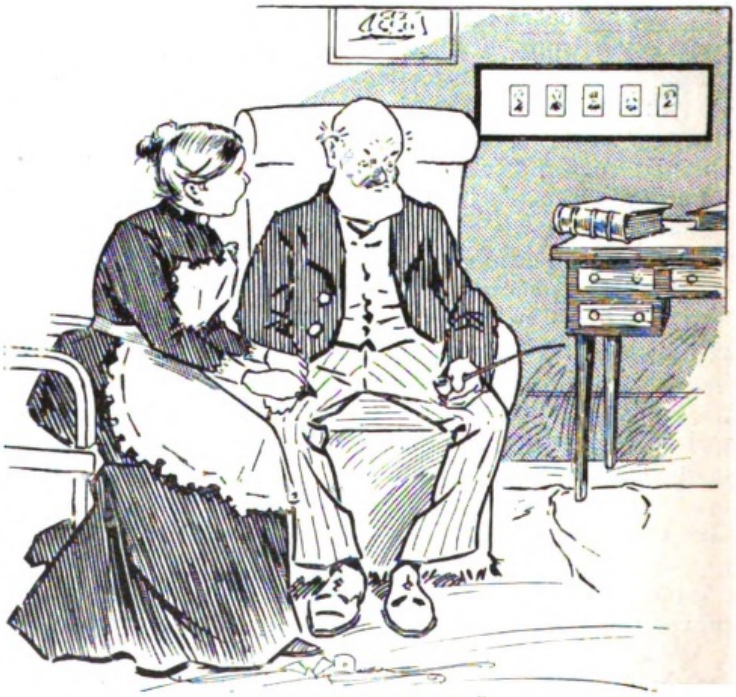
She sat down by Captain Barber, and laying her hand upon his, pressed it affectionately. The captain, a picture of misery, exchanged a significant glance with Nibletts, and emitted an involuntary groan.

"Don't take on so," said Mrs. Banks, compassionately. "Do you know, I've got a feeling that poor Fred has been saved!"

"That's my feeling, too," said Captain Barber, in a firm voice.

"It's very likely," said Captain Nibletts, slowly.

"What's easier than for him to have been



"A PICTURE OF MISERY."

picked up by a passing vessel, and carried off goodness knows where?" inquired Mrs. Banks, with a glance evenly distributed between her daughter and the housekeeper.

"I heard of a man once who fell overboard," said Captain Nibletts, softly, "and

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he turned up safe and sound twenty years arter."

"Married man?" inquired Miss Banks, softly.

"He was," said the captain, with the doggedness of a witness under cross-examination.

Mrs. Church turned her eyes upwards. "Fancy the joyful meeting of husband and wife," she said, sentimentally.

"She died just two days afore he turned up," said Captain Nibbetts, simply.

There was a frigid silence during which the three ladies, sinking for a time their differences, eyed him with every sign of strong disapprobation, Mrs. Banks giving vent to a sniff which disparaged the whole race of man.

"As for men who fall overboard and get picked up and turn up months afterwards," continued the faithful Nibletts, "why, every sailorman knows scores of 'em."

"I've knowed seven," said Captain Barber, with the exactness of untruth. "They didn't seem to think much of it; didn't seem to think it anything unusual, I mean."

"It ain't," said Nibletts, stoutly.

The room relapsed into silence, and Captain Nibletts, finding Mrs. Church's gaze somewhat trying, got up to admire a beautiful oil painting on glass in a black frame which hung over the mantelpiece, and, after a few encomiums on his host's taste, bade him good-bye.

"I'm coming with you," said Barber, rising; "I've got some business to talk about."

"What, out again," said Mrs. Church, tenderly, "after being on your poor feet all day?"

Captain Barber murmured something inaudible in reply, and taking his hat from the sideboard went out with Nibletts. For a time they trudged along in silence until the latter, who wanted to go to his own home, ventured to ask where they were going.

"All places are alike to me," replied the old man, dismally. "I only want to get away, that's all. She an' Mrs. Banks are sure to 'ave a turn and try and drag me into it."

He clasped his hands behind his back, and, pausing at a turn of the road, looked down upon the little quay below. Out in the river two or three small craft rode at anchor, while a babble of cheerful voices from a distant boat only served to emphasize the stillness of the evening.

"Looks quiet," said Captain Nibletts, after watching him for some time.

"I'm thinking of my nevy," said Captain Barber, slowly. "I remember me an' my sister bringing 'im up here when he was three year old, and I 'ad to carry him all the way back. He put his arms round my neck, and I can smell peppermint-ball now."

Captain Nibletts, who did not quite follow him, attributed the outrage to a young couple who had just passed.

"I'm all alone now," continued Captain Barber, unheeding, "but I don't want to marry. Why not? 'Cos I'm too old, and because it's like beginning where other people leave off."

"Well, make up your mind and tell her so," said the other.

"It wouldn't be any good," said Barber, dolefully.

"Tell her to-night," said Nibletts. "Come into the Thorn and have a glass, just so as to warm you up to it, and then get it over."

Captain Barber made no reply, but turning round led the way slowly back to the inn, and after acknowledging the respectful salutations of the crew of the schooner who were in the bar by ordering the landlady to fill their pots again, led the way into the parlour and began to charge himself for the interview.

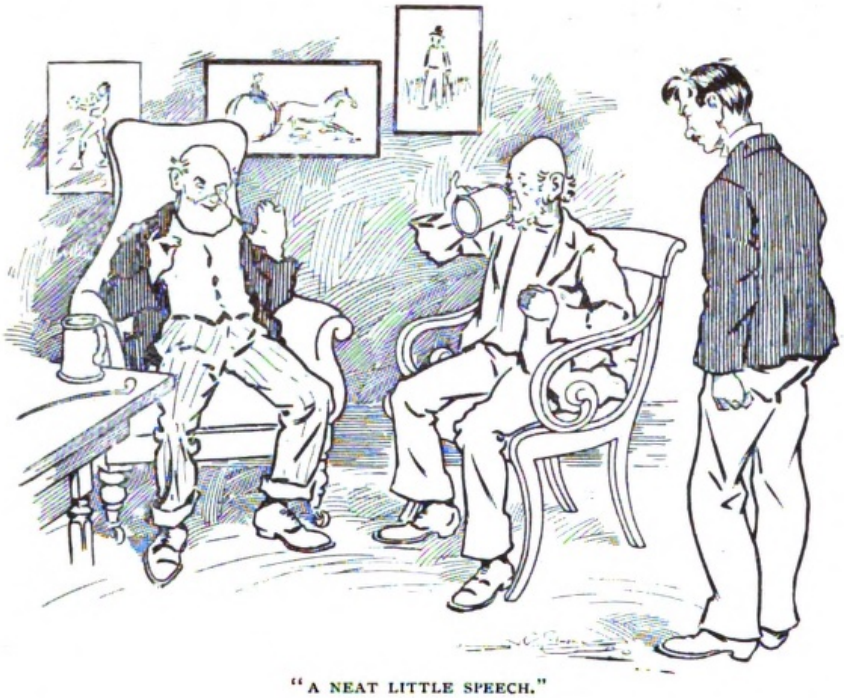
That he did not underestimate the difficulties of the ordeal was evident by the extent of his orders, and Captain Nibletts noted with satisfaction as the evening wore on that the old man's spirits were improving considerably. Twice he sent out instructions to the bar to have the men's mugs replenished, a proceeding which led to Mr. William Green being sent by the grateful crew to express their feelings in a neat little speech.

"A very nice-spoken young feller," said Captain Barber, approvingly.

He had some more whisky, and at the sounds of a step-dance on the brick floor of the adjoining tap-room, took up his glass and, followed by Nibletts, watched the proceedings from the doorway. Mr. William Green, who worshipped wealth and position, sidled up to him and with much deference discussed the dancing.

He made such a favourable impression that Captain Barber, who was in a semi-maudlin mood, took him by the arm to the now deserted parlour, and ensconcing him in a corner, told him all his troubles and warned him of the pitfalls which beset the feet of good-looking bachelors. Mr. Green was sympathy itself, and for some time sat silently evolving various schemes for the deliverance of his patron.

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"A NEAT LITTLE SPEECH."

Captain Nibletts returning to the parlour a little later found them in close consultation. A ray of hope illuminated the somewhat heavy features of the old man, and, catching sight of the captain, he beckoned him to his side.

"Me an' this young man have thought of something," he said, in a voice rendered husky with excitement.

Nibletts waited.

"He's goin' to call at my place," continued the other, "and tell Mrs. Church that I've been took unwell at the Cauliflower, at Mapleden, and want to see her, and he's to bring her there at once. Arter they've started I go in and get to bed, and earthquakes wouldn't wake me, let alone a knock at the door. D'ye see?"

"What good's that goin' to do?" inquired the astonished listener.

"Next day," said Barber, in thrilling tones, as he placed his forefinger on the other's arm, "I refuse to believe her story. Green, here, denies of it too, and ses 'e saw her at the gate and asked her to go for a walk with him."

Captain Nibletts fingered his beard. "It don't seem to be the sort of trick to play on a woman," he expostulated, weakly, "an' it's four miles to Mapleden. What's she goin' to do?"

"That's 'er look-out," observed Captain Barber, with much composure; "all I know is she won't wake me. I daresay she'll come on to your place. Wimmen wot sets their caps at men wot don't want 'em set at 'em must put up with the consequences."

"You give me half an hour, sir," said Mr. Green, impressively, "and then you can come on as soon as you like. You'll find the coast clear by then."

He bit off the end of the cigar presented by Captain Barber, and, thanking him effusively as he struck a match for him, quitted the inn. The two captains waited restlessly for the time specified, and then, finishing their drinks, went outside, and, standing in the light which streamed from the windows and doorway of the Thorn, gazed at the dark road beyond.

"It looks all right," said Barber, shaking hands. "Good-night."

"Good luck," said Nibletts.

The other, not without a little trepidation, walked towards his house, and opening the door, after a little difficulty, stood safely inside. The house was quiet and in darkness, except for the lamp which stood on the parlour-table, and after a moment's survey he proceeded to shut up for the night.

As a rule he was careless about such matters, but to-night no gaoler saw to his bolts and bars more carefully than he did. He returned to the parlour, having made all secure, and lighting his pipe for a few final whiffs before retiring, winked at himself solemnly in the glass. Then fearful that the housekeeper might return sooner than was expected, he blew out the lamp and smoked in the dark.

He knocked out his pipe at last, and walked slowly and ponderously upstairs. He grinned again as he passed the door of the housekeeper's room, and then, with a catch in his breath, clutched heavily at the banisters as a soft female voice bade him "Good-night."

Captain Barber, surprised beyond all measure, was unable to speak.

"I thought you'd got lost again," said the voice, playfully. "Good-night."

"Good-night," rejoined the other, in

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hollow tones. "Mrs. Banks stay long?" he inquired, pausing at his door.

"She went just about half an hour before you came in," replied the housekeeper. "Elizabeth went soon after you did, but her mother stopped on. She went very suddenly when she did go, and was very mysterious about it. Not that I want to know her business."

"Mysterious?" faltered the captain.

"Some young man came to the door," continued the innocent woman, "and they were talking in a low voice. I don't know who it was, because Mrs. Banks let me see quite plainly that she didn't want me to know. Then she just called out 'Good-night,' and went off as fast as you please."

Captain Barber supported himself for a moment by the handle of his door, and then in a dazed way blundered into his room. He was a good-hearted man in a way, and pushing open the little casement he thrust out his head and sighed with genuine feeling as he thought of his poor old friend plodding slowly to Mapleden. Incidentally he felt a little bit sorry for Mr. William Green.

He was awaked next morning after a somewhat restless night by the sounds of an unwonted noise downstairs, and lay in amazement listening to a hum of excited voices below. Knuckles rapped on his door and the voice of Mrs. Church, much agitated, requested him to rise and attire himself.

He was out of bed at that and looking from the window. A small group of children stood in the road outside the house, while Joe and the cook with their arms on the fence were staring hard at his parlour-window, occasionally varying the proceedings by a little conversation with the people next door, who were standing in their front garden. In a state of considerable agitation he hurriedly dressed himself and went downstairs.



"JOE AND THE COOK WERE STARING HARD AT HIS PARLOUR-WINDOW."

His sitting-room was full. Mrs. Banks, looking very tired, was sitting in the arm-chair taking smelling-salts at intervals, and staring fiercely at Mr. William Green, who was huddled in a corner smiling sheepishly behind Captain Nibletts and Ben.

"What's all this?" demanded Captain Barber, in a trembling voice, as his eye met Mr. Green's.

Several of Mrs. Banks's relatives began speaking at once, assisted by some of the neighbours. The substance of their remarks was that a man, whose polite tongue hid the

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falseness of his heart, had lured Mrs. Banks for a four-mile walk to Mapleden late the preceding night under the pretence that Captain Barber, who was evidently hale and hearty, was lying ill at the Cauliflower. They demanded his immediate dismissal from the ship and his exemplary punishment by the law.

"What 'ave you got to say to this?" demanded Captain Barber of the villain, in tones of righteous indignation tempered by fear.

"It isn't true, sir," said Mr. Green, respectfully. "I didn't say anything of the kind."

"Wot did you say, then?" inquired Captain Barber, in a voice which the company thought far too mild for the occasion.

"She was standing at the door as I passed," said Mr. Green, nervously, "and I asked her to go for a walk with me."

"Lawk-a-mussy me!" screamed the horrified Mrs. Banks.

"We went for a nice little stroll," continued the graceless Mr. Green, "and then I s'pose she found it was later than she thought, and she began to make a fuss."

"Me, at my time o' life?" demanded the indignant Mrs. Banks of the audience.

"You *did* make a fuss," said Mr. Green.

"O' course I made a fuss when I found out how I had been deceived. You were here when he came, Mrs. Church, weren't you?"

"I would rather not say anything about it," said the housekeeper, freezingly.

"I insist upon your speaking," said the old lady, getting very red in the face.

"Well, I don't know much about it," said the housekeeper, looking round appealingly. "I heard you speaking to somebody at the door in a low voice."

"It wasn't a low voice," interrupted Mrs. Banks, sharply.

"Well, I couldn't hear what you were saying, and then when you went outside and I asked you whether you were going home you said 'yes,' didn't you?"

"Are you sure she said she was going home?" said Mrs. Banks's brother-in-law, in an awful voice, as the old lady sank back in her chair.

"Yes," said Mrs. Church, with a fine show of reluctance.

There was a dead silence, during which they all heard the smelling-salts drop.

"If this man said Captain Barber was ill at Mapleden, why didn't you tell me?" continued Mrs. Church, in a mildly aggrieved voice. "I think if anybody ought to have known it should have been me."

"It's all a fuss about nothing," said Mr. Green, brazenly. "She stayed out a bit too late, and then wanted to put it all on to me."

A good Samaritan picked up the smelling-salts and held them to the victim's nose, while her scandalized relatives discussed the situation in hurried whispers. The brother-in-law eyed her with bewildered disapproval, and in the disjointed accents peculiar to surprise was heard to make use of the words "friskiness" and "gallivanting" and "old enough to know better."

Her relatives' remarks, however, caused Mrs. Banks comparatively little pain. Her attention was fully taken up by the housekeeper, in whose satisfied smile she saw a perfect recognition of the reasons for her action of the previous evening. She got up from her chair, and with a stateliness which her brother-in-law thought somewhat misplaced, took her daughter's arm, and slowly left the room, her departure being the signal for a general break-up. By twos and threes the company drifted slowly up the road in her wake, while Captain Barber, going in the other direction, accompanied Captain Nibletts and party as far as the schooner, in order that he might have the opportunity of saying a few well-chosen words to Mr. Green on the subject of precipitancy.

"If it 'adn't been for me tipping 'im the wink, so as to let him know what line 'e was to go on when I came down, where should I 'ave been?" he demanded of Captain Nibletts.

And that astonished mariner, with a helpless shake of his head, gave it up.

(To be continued.)

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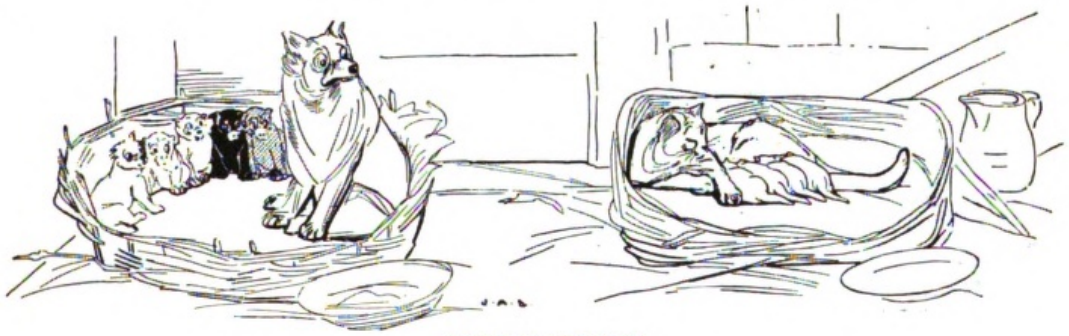
Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—*These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE. *While the stories themselves are matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist treats the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.*

XVI.

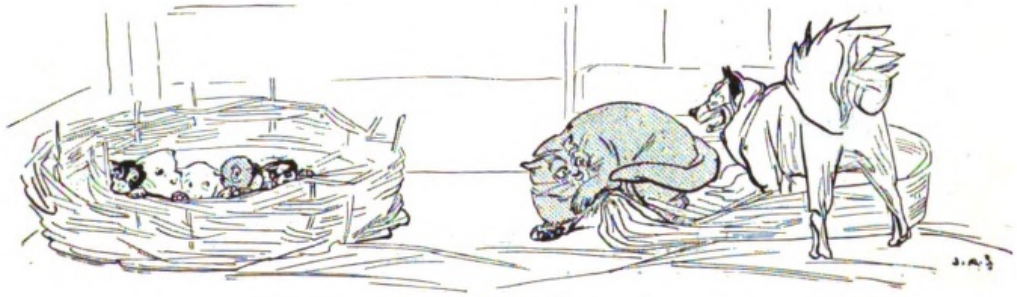


YEARS ago Mrs. Lipscomb had a dog—a bitch, to be exact—of Pomeranian breed, or something very near it, and of an original and eccentric sagacity. Its foremost personal characteristics, however, were an intense hatred of all cats—with an exception—and a constant industry in catching and exterminating the species. The exception was in favour of Mrs. Lipscomb's own cat, the housemate of Fan (the dog's name was Fan), and, although it was no doubt originally dictated by common prudence and fear of punishment, in time there grew up evidence of a real regard for the cat on Fan's part—a regard testified to by more than one quaint proof. But these facts—Fan's hatred of cats as a species and her one exception—make the more curious her behaviour when first she became a mother, and revelled in a large basketful of pups and maternal pride. This was at Nutfield Marsh, near Redhill, where Mrs. Lipscomb was then living.



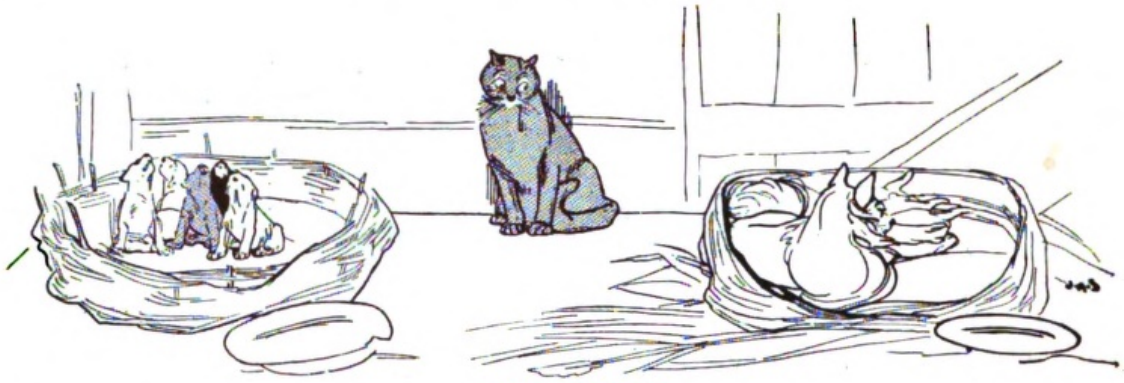
MATERNAL JEALOUSY.

For a fortnight Fan's pride and delight received no check, and she frankly admitted herself the most important and triumphant creature in the world. Then a cloud came. First it took the shape of a comfortably padded basket, not far from that devoted to Fan and her family; then it developed into



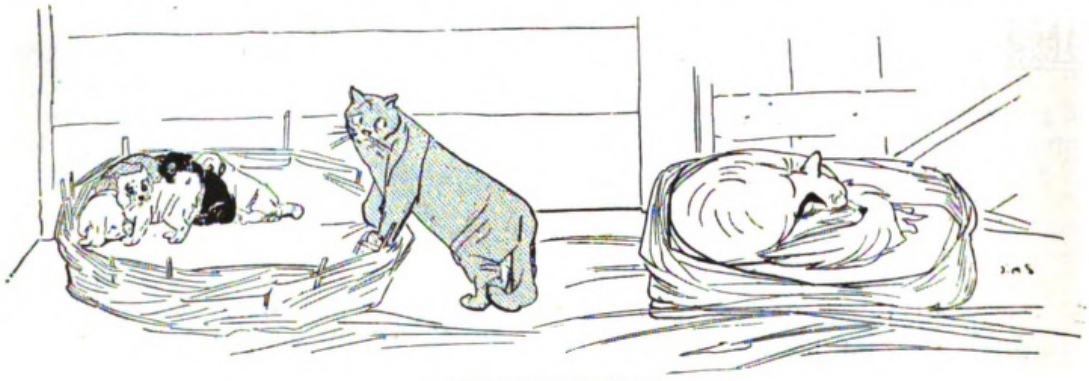
FORCIBLE EVICTION.

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USURPED POSSESSION.

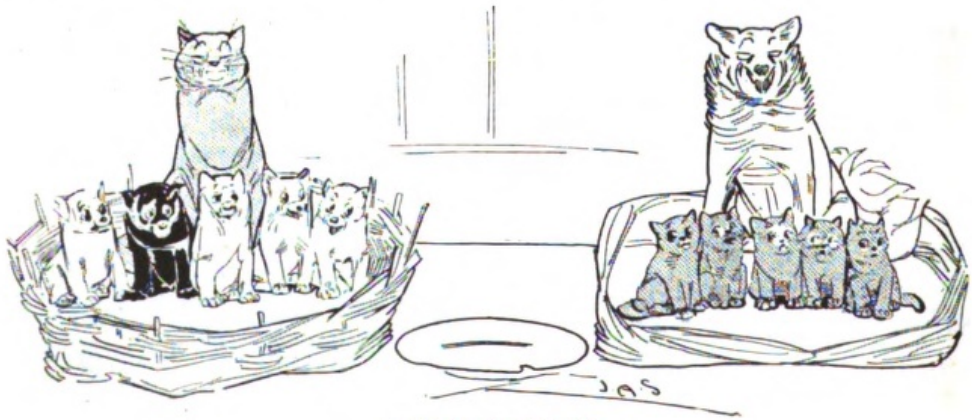
another family—the cat's! Yes, without a doubt, there was the cat with a litter of kittens, as fortunate as Fan herself, as proud and triumphant! Fan's feelings were hurt. This would never do. Should another creature—a mere cat, too—be allowed also to have a family? Never! Fan arose in virtuous indignation, and annexed the kittens for their part, were well content, and sucked away hungrily, while the pups lamented unheeded. Till at last the poor cat gave up hope and turned her attention to Fan's basket. Here was a litter, of a sort, and a hungry one. She would make the best of a bad job. So she followed the example that Fan had set, climbed in among the puppies,



UNAVOIDABLE SOLUTION.

herself. She stalked across to that other basket, bundled her presumptuous rival out, and curled herself up to feed the kittens.

The cat stood for a while, wistful but timid, hoping for an opportunity to return to her charge. But, no. Fan had got the new litter, and she meant to keep it. The kittens, and soon *their* clamour was quieted, and their noses buried in the cat's warm fur. And so it went till both pups and kittens could begin life for themselves. Fan turned out into the world a well-nurtured family of kittens, and the cat could point with proper pride to an excellently brought-up row of Pomeranian puppies.



MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

V.—"A HANDFUL OF ASHES."

KORT having been honourably acquitted of any share in the murder of poor Charles Ridley, the course of events at the Club resumed its normal routine. Kort himself was full of energy and devotion to the profession which he had adopted. In spite of my strong prejudice against him I could not but admit that he was more or less both Chetwynd's and my own right hand. Being a younger man he had been educated in a newer school of medical thought, and was more daring in his experiments for the cure of patients than either of us. Nevertheless, the late events had been the reverse of beneficial to the welfare of the Club. More than one member sent in his resignation—new members appeared at long intervals upon the scene, and there were occasions when I felt both grave and depressed with regard to our future.

"When once there is the slightest element of distrust started about a Club like ours its death-note is sounded," remarked Chetwynd to me one morning. "It is, however, a fine property, and if we cared to sell we could easily get a purchaser. By the way, has Kort said anything to you yet with regard to our new member?"

"Our new member?" I said. "It is good news in these gloomy times to hear of a new member. What of him?"

Chetwynd went to his table, pulled open a drawer, and handed me a letter.

"That came this morning," he said; "it happened to be addressed to me, so I opened it."

I took the letter from its envelope and read the following words:—

"Tower House, Inchampton, Surrey.

"Dear Sir,—I am anxious to avail myself of the advantages offered by your Club, and shall be glad if you will kindly send me particulars with prospectus. I make my application to you at the instance of Mr. Kort.

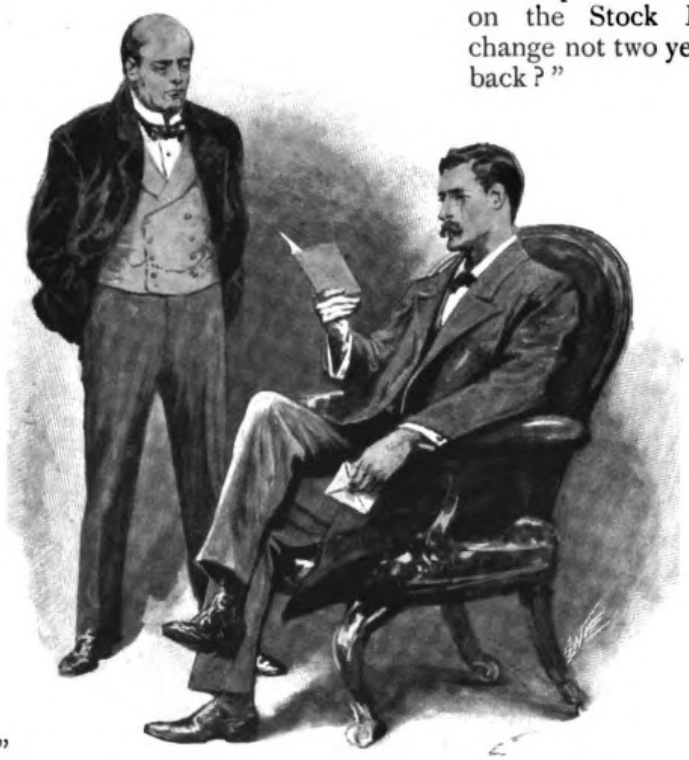
"Yours faithfully, Harold Beauchamp."

"Why didn't Kort mention the matter to me?" I asked.

"I cannot say. He spoke to me about it yesterday; he is anxious that Beauchamp should be admitted as soon as possible. The poor fellow seems to be very ill—a bad form of ataxic paraplegia. Ah! there is Kort just passing the window." Chetwynd hurried to the open window. "Come in, Kort, won't you?" he said, "and satisfy Cato with regard to the advisability of receiving Beauchamp as a member."

Kort dropped the cigarette which he was smoking, and entered through the open French window.

"Beauchamp would make a desirable member," he said at once, "and in admitting him we secure another member as well, no less a person than his uncle, the well-known Mr. Sutherland. You remember, do you not, what a pile he made on the Stock Exchange not two years back?"



"I took the letter from its envelope."

Chetwynd crossed towards the door.

"I am going out," he said. "I will leave you two to discuss the matter. Write by to-day's post, Cato, and send the necessary prospectus to Beauchamp." He closed the door behind him.

Kort went across to the mantelpiece, lit a

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fresh cigarette, and offered me one, which I declined.

"Has it not struck you lately, Cato, that things have gone somewhat badly?" was his next remark.

"Can you be surprised?" I answered; "the tragedies that have occurred here are not likely to improve the status of the place. You, however, seem to be moderately complaisant over the matter."

"I am and I am not," was his answer. His voice dropped, he stood silent, then he said, rousing himself:—

"I have noticed, Cato, in your manner for some time the patent fact that you dislike me. I think I know your reason. It is this. Ever since I came to the Club I seem to you to be the herald of disaster. I see it myself, and I cannot tell you how distressed I am, for I need not say how truly I have the real interests of the Sanctuary Club at heart. I am glad to have the opportunity of saying this to you now, and at the same time to deplore the occurrence of those two most unfortunate affairs—I allude to the tragic death of poor Banpfylde and the no less terrible suicide of my old friend Charles Ridley. It has really seemed as if fate were against us in these matters, but you must remember that from the very nature of things a place like the Sanctuary Club lays itself open to occurrences scarcely ordinary. The members are abnormal, both mentally and physically."

"I suppose that is so," I replied, "but I am glad you see the coincidence. Until you became our partner, Kort, we were in a flourishing condition. I don't want to blame you, although at times I frankly admit that I have suspected you. Now, what about Beauchamp?"

"He is a nice fellow, very ill, needs careful attendance, and there is nothing at all mysterious about him, was Kort's answer.

"Very well, I will write to him to-day."

I wrote to Beauchamp, inclosed the prospectus of the Club, and said we should be glad to admit him as a member.

He arrived in the course of a few days, and being unable to walk was wheeled into the Club in a chair. He was a young-looking man, but must have been over thirty years of age. His face was thin and very pale, his hair receded from his forehead, and was already slightly grey round the temples. Death was plainly written on his face. He was accompanied by a tall, stout, elderly man, who was introduced to us both as Beauchamp's uncle, the well-known Mr. Sutherland, of Stock Exchange fame. Sutherland had a somewhat hard cast of face, light, wide-open grey eyes, and a quick, keen, alert manner. The invalid, on the contrary, was very dreamy, and appeared not to take the slightest interest in his new surroundings. His chair was presently lifted up by his attendants, and he was conveyed to the rooms reserved for him.

On that very same day, and before we



"HE WAS WHEELED INTO THE CLUB IN A CHAIR."

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doctors had assembled for our consultation over Beauchamp, I was in my private sitting-room when I heard the handle of the door softly turn and a light footfall sound on the floor. I turned my head in some surprise, for patients were not in the habit of entering my room without first knocking. Then I started to my feet.

"Mrs. Kort!" I exclaimed, "what can I do for you?"

She was slightly out of breath, and her blue eyes looked brighter than usual. There was a vivid spot of colour on each cheek, and I noticed that she had grown painfully thin.

"I am glad you are better," I continued; "welcome down amongst us once more. Why, you are almost a stranger; it is quite six weeks since I have had the pleasure of seeing you about the house."

"If you keep such an accurate memory with regard to my movements," she answered, slowly, "why are you not more careful of my health?"

"I careful of your health?" I exclaimed. "But, my dear madam, I have not the charge of your health; your husband treats you himself."

"My husband! Then that accounts," she said, slowly. She laid her slim hand on the top of a chair which stood near. "I told Horace several times lately that I particularly wished to be placed under your medical treatment, Dr. Cato. He replied that he was quite willing that it should be so, and said that he would himself ask you to visit me. When you did not come I sent my maid Susan for you several times, but I invariably had an answer back to say you would be with me as soon as possible; but you never came, never. Last night I dreamt that you wished to come, but were kept back by force, by strong means, so at danger to myself I have now come to ask you for the real explanation of your non-appearance. Yes, that is why I have come." As she uttered the last few words she paused, and that queer vagueness came into her voice which I had always noticed about her when I met her anywhere except in the Davos suite.

"What was I saying?" she asked me, in a piteous tone.

"Many and strange things," was my reply. "You wanted me to visit you, and I never came. You spoke of danger to yourself; pray go on, I am much interested."

"But I cannot recall any of those words. Where am I? What is wrong?" She looked wildly round her.

"Sit down," I said. I forced her into a seat, took her hand, and felt her pulse. The pulse was fluttering and uneven; I noticed also that the pulses in her temples were throbbing perceptibly.

"It is only what always happens," she said, faintly, "when I—when I——" She stopped and drew herself up with a look of affright. "What can be wrong?" she exclaimed. "What have I come to see you about?"

"In order to consult me about your health," I said, soothingly.

"Yes, yes," she said—she was evidently making a frantic effort to retain her fast-fleeting memory.

"It is going, going," she said, feebly; "this is always the case when I have——oh, I cannot remember anything more."

"Never mind," I said, "you will be all right in your own rooms. I will promise faithfully to visit you there within an hour; you had better go back at once."

"To my own rooms—where are they?"

"In the Davos suite of rooms in the Sanctuary Club. Go, my dear madam, you surely must remember."

"The Davos suite of rooms in the Sanctuary Club?" she said. She looked round her with a vacant expression. "Where is the Sanctuary Club? Where are the Davos rooms? Are we not in Vienna?"

"No, no; we are in England, and you are in the Sanctuary Club."

"We are not in England, we are in Vienna. I tell you I won't stay here, I won't. I hate this dreadful, dreadful place; it was here—it was here——" she grasped me by the arm, terror filling her eyes. There was nothing for it but for me to take her back to her own rooms. I drew her hand through my arm, led her gently upstairs, down the corridor which led to the Davos suite, and then, opening the door of the outer apartment, which was also kept at a high altitude, took her through to her rooms. The moment she entered the vestibule she became quieter, her nervousness vanished, the perplexity left her face, memory was evidently returning; she withdrew her hand from my arm.

"You are better?" I said.

"I am well," she replied, "or at least almost well. Dr. Cato, I have something most important to say to you. I want to consult you. Let us say, for the sake of expediency, that it is on the subject of my health. In one sense, too, that is true, but there is something you must know, something you must know *at once*. Will you stay and hear it now, or will you come later on?"

I thought of the consultation which was

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pending with regard to Beauchamp, told her that I could not stay now, but would be back within an hour.

"Very well," she answered, sadly; "I am sorry you have to go, but I will faithfully expect you at the end of that time."

"You may assuredly do so," was my answer. I left the room.

She went as far as the door of her own apartment, and stood looking after me. The sadness and pathos of her attitude would be difficult to describe. I heard someone speak to her in a harsh tone from within—doubtless the disagreeable maid. She entered her rooms at once and shut the door.

A very few moments later we three doctors met in consultation over our new patient, Harold Beauchamp. His strange complaint had made great strides, and was evidently in the last stage. As we made our examination I noticed that Kort seemed unusually deferential, and had cast aside his ordinary somewhat overbearing and self-assertive airs. He yielded at once to Chetwynd's and my diagnosis, and asked what treatment we should recommend.

"Perfect rest, for one thing," said Chetwynd; "and as to drugs, there is only one in my opinion worth trying, and that is uranium nitrate. It has had a great reputation lately in similar cases, and I certainly advocate it from what I have seen of its effects. It ought to be given in good doses, say five grains three times a day, but we must carefully watch the results."

"I know the name in the Pharmacopœia, but have never yet prescribed it," I said.

"It is fairly new," replied Chetwynd. "Do you agree with this treatment, Kort?" he continued.

"Yes," said Kort.

We said a few more words, and a daily routine was marked out for the sick man, which would include as much amusement and fresh air as he had strength for. It was arranged that Mr. Sutherland, who seemed devoted to his nephew, should be his constant companion, and at present no special nurse was required. I then went away and, without saying a word to Chetwynd, went up at once to Mrs. Kort's rooms. I went through the ante-room and knocked at the door of her private sitting-room. The moment I did so it was opened by the maid.

"I have called to see Mrs. Kort," I said; "is she within?"

"My mistress cannot see you, sir—she is lying down."

"But she expects me," I said. "Have the goodness to say that I am waiting."

The woman withdrew, evidently with great unwillingness. She came back in a moment.

"My mistress is very sorry——" she began.

"No, I am not sorry," was the queer and almost reckless echo within the room. "I wish to see Dr. Cato—show him in, Susan, immediately."

The maid's dull, freckled complexion assumed a tinge of pink. She slowly withdrew from her position in front of the door and allowed me to enter.

"You can go, Susan," said her mistress.

I looked at Mrs. Kort in some astonishment. As a rule she walked with a slight stoop, as though her feebleness was so great that she could scarcely support the weight of her slim and willowy figure. She resembled at these times a lily with a broken stem. Now she was absolutely upright, her head well thrown back, her eyes intensely bright. She looked not only beautiful, but also in perfect health. Susan gave her an amazed glance. She then slowly, with manifest unwillingness, left the room. When she got as far as the door she turned and faced Mrs. Kort.

"You will suffer for this, madam," she said.

Mrs. Kort did not even glance in her direction.

"Go," she repeated. The woman went, shutting the door behind her.

"You are afraid of that woman?" I said.

"I am," she answered. "I am afraid of everyone in this house with the exception of yourself and Dr. Chetwynd."

"Believe me, Mrs. Kort," I said, "that if necessary we will protect you. You say you wish to consult me medically. I can scarcely take up your case without letting your husband know, but a patient is undoubtedly at liberty to choose her own physician."

"I told Horace," she answered, "that I particularly wished you to treat me, and he replied that he was quite willing that you should do so."

"Sit down, then, and tell me your symptoms at once."

She seated herself on the edge of a chair, clasping and unclasping her thin hands.

"Mine are not ordinary symptoms, and mine is not an ordinary story," she began. "To understand my symptoms you must know my story, and it is—oh, God! it is a *most terrible one!* I tell it you at the risk of my life, but I would rather do so than allow things to go on as they have been going on lately. You remember Mr. Ridley?"

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"'GO,' SHE REPEATED."

"Mr. Charles Ridley?" I said.

"Yes; the man who was supposed to have died by his own hands."

I nodded. I felt my heart beat faster.

"I can throw light on that matter," she began; "I can also tell you something about myself. You wonder—I am sure you wonder—why I am well in these rooms, and why I am ill, miserable, almost imbecile, out of them. You wonder, do you not?"

"I have wondered very much," I replied.

"Well, I am prepared to give you the reason. I can stand this misery no longer. I would rather my wretched life came to an end. I will tell you and Dr. Chetwynd all. Can you both come up here to-night, and can you——"

The words had scarcely passed her lips before the door of the room was thrown briskly open, and Kort entered. I shall never forget the curious effect of his presence on his wretched wife. She had been bending towards me talking earnestly, but now she seemed to stiffen, as though lead were poured through her veins, the words froze on her lips, she gave a nervous laugh, and said: "Do you want me, Horace?"

"I want Cato," was his reply. He spoke cheerfully, but I noticed that his dark eyes flashed a lightning glance from one of us to the other.

"I wish to consult with you immediately, Cato. I am sorry, Isobel, to interrupt your *tête-à-tête*, but it is impossible to help matters."

"Your wife wishes to place herself under my care for a time," I said, rising as I spoke. "She tells me that she has alluded to the subject to you, and that you have made no objection. In nervous cases like hers a change of treatment often has the most beneficial result."

"You have no objection, Horace; you said so," was Mrs. Kort's remark.

"I should like to see her in consulation with Chetwynd," were my next words, "and to go very carefully into her symptoms."

"I make no objection," said Kort, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but at the first consultation it will be necessary for me to be present; you can then prescribe exactly what treatment you like, Cato; but come now at once. There is a marked change for the worse in poor Seafield, and I do not think he will last out the day."

Kort alluded to one of our consumptive patients who had long been in a dying condition.

I rose slowly.

"With regard to Mrs. Kort, shall we arrange for a consultation this evening?" I said.

She was standing now at one of the windows. I saw her glance out into the lovely grounds, but I doubt if she saw anything; her face was the colour of death.

"Shall we consult over your wife this evening?" I repeated.

"As you please," he answered.

"Oh, thank you, Horace," she exclaimed, a ring of joy in her voice; "and you will come, Dr. Cato, you will be sure to come?"

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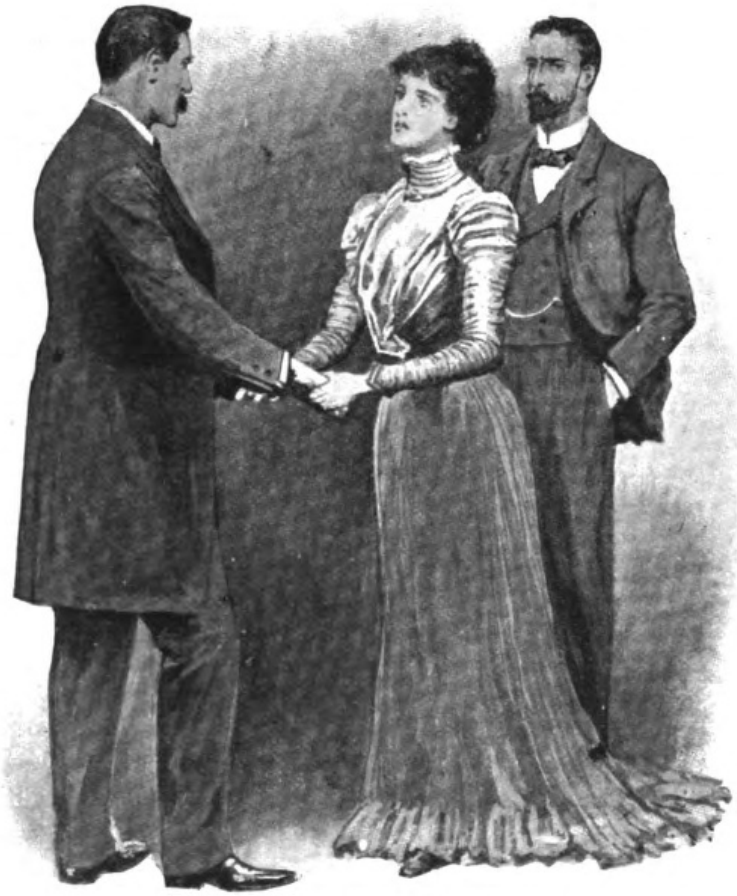
She darted past Kort and seized both my hands.

"You will not fail me?" she said.

"Assuredly no," I answered.

"Whatever you hear?" she continued.

"Whatever I hear," I said. I left the room, Kort following me immediately.



"'YOU WILL NOT FAIL ME?' SHE SAID."

That evening, therefore, Kort, Chetwynd, and I saw her together in her bedroom. But I was circumvented after all. She was sitting up in bed looking listless and uninterested in everything. When we came in she scarcely noticed us, replied vaguely to all my questions, and watched her husband's face as though she would read the answers he wished her to give in his countenance. In the end we came away, Chetwynd fully convinced that the wretched girl was a confirmed lunatic and full of pity for Kort, whom he considered a most indulgent and self-sacrificing husband.

"My hope is," said Kort, after our consultation had come to an end, "that a long residence in the Davos suite, joined to absolute quiet and freedom from excitement, may gradually combat the worst symptoms from which my poor wife suffers. But, Cato," he added, "you must be cruel to be kind, and should she break out of her restraint and come to visit you, you must treat her wild words as you would those of any other person who is not responsible for her actions."

I held my tongue. Appearances were all in favour of Kort's statement, but I could not forget Ridley's words, and I wondered what had taken place at Vienna five terrible years ago.

Meanwhile, our new patient, Beauchamp, was going on fairly well. He was uncomplaining, cheerful, never alluding to his sufferings, satisfied with any small attentions which were paid to him, and, in short, as amiable a patient as we had ever admitted to the shelter of the Sanctuary Club. He came downstairs most evenings, and soon made himself a favourite with the other members. He was an accomplished musician, and often sat for hours at the piano playing a dreamy sort of music, and which he somewhat shyly informed us he had composed himself.

The custom of the firm was that after a careful consultation each patient was put under the special care of one doctor alone. Beauchamp, by his own and his uncle's desire, was attended entirely by Kort. This seemed natural enough, as Kort had been the one to introduce him to the Club, and Sutherland told me on one occasion that he knew Kort personally for several years. Sutherland himself after the first day or two turned out an agreeable member of our little community. He could tell good stories, could raise the laugh even at his own expense, and had a certain dry humour which, although somewhat caustic, also made him a rather brilliant member of society. He was devoted to his nephew, and although at first I had not been favourably impressed by him, when I saw him with poor Beauchamp, attending to his smallest whim, solicitous, more than solicitous, for his comfort, I took myself to task for my undue suspicions.

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"What is the matter with me?" I thought. "Can all this be the effect that queer man Kort has over me? I wish, I do wish, I could induce Chetwynd to see the fellow through my glasses."

Some weeks after Beauchamp's admission I happened to go into the library one evening. I found the invalid there alone. He was listlessly turning the pages of an illustrated paper. As I entered he looked at me with tired eyes.

"How are you to-day?" I asked.

He forced himself to give a cheerful smile.

"I am afraid I am no better," he answered. "I do not seem to benefit from the treatment. Is there any chance for me, Dr. Cato?"

"I hope so," I answered, somewhat vaguely. Then I continued: "You must remember the old proverb, 'While there is life there is hope.'"

He shrugged his shoulders as if he disliked my stereotyped answer.

"That medicine, for instance, does me no good," he said again; "I don't seem actually to lose much ground, but then, on the other hand, I don't gain any." He sighed heavily and lay back in the deep chair in which he was seated. I went and stood by the fire. Now and then I glanced at him. He had all the marked symptoms of his distressing complaint—it was making rapid progress, although there was no reason to apprehend immediate danger. As I watched him the sick man once again raised his soft, brown eyes to my face.

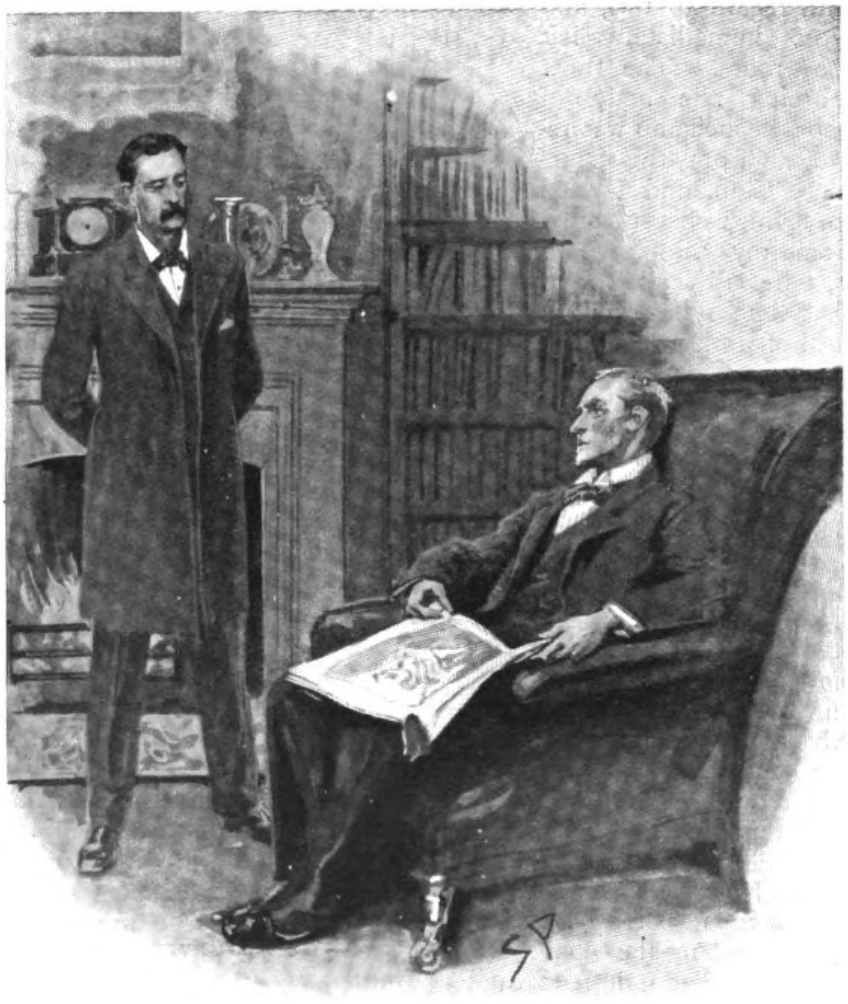
"I wish to ask you a frank question," he said. "I am quite aware that I am not your patient, but I believe you will tell me the truth. How long have I to live?"

"That I cannot possibly say," was my answer. "I will be as frank as you desire. Tiresome and worrying as you find your life, your malady is not in itself fatal. You may have many years yet before you. I have even known cases like yours go on to old age."

"That would be a very melancholy state of things," he said, slowly. He paused again. "Now I will tell you," he continued, "why I asked that question. Two mornings ago I happened to overhear a conversation between Mr. Kort and my uncle. I did not catch everything they said, but I knew that they were discussing me and my symptoms, and I caught the words—'laryngeal spasm.' What did they mean by that expression? What is laryngeal spasm?"

"Nothing to alarm you," I said. "Do not worry yourself about things of that sort. Try and get some hobby to amuse yourself with."

I hurried off to find Chetwynd. These things were getting on my nerves—I scarcely knew what to do or what to think. When I entered



"WHAT DID THEY MEAN BY THAT EXPRESSION?"

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my friend's consulting-room I found to my disappointment that he was out, and would not be in until the evening. About eight o'clock that same evening I met him. He told me immediately that Beauchamp was dead. As had been expected, a sudden spasm of the glottis had ended the scene.

While he was talking Kort entered.

"Yes," he said, "it is all over with our poor young friend. I am sorry for Sutherland, he is much distressed. By the way, he wishes to have the body removed to his own house in Surrey, preparatory to the funeral at Woking."

"Why at Woking?" I asked.

"Because Beauchamp left directions in his will that he was to be cremated. I will undertake the matter, and of course sign the death certificate, as I was with him at the last."

Neither Chetwynd nor I had anything to say with regard to this, and Kort immediately left the room. The next morning the body of poor Beauchamp was removed from the Sanctuary Club, and I tried to banish his memory from my mind. This was not difficult, for at that time I had a great deal of work which occupied me. Several members were at last coming to the Club, and I had every hope that we were on the eve of another period of prosperity.

Kort was absent for a few days after poor Beauchamp's death, and it occurred to me that now would be the time to visit Mrs. Kort and get her to tell me what that secret was which lay heavy on her heart.

I cannot understand now why I did not avail myself of this opportunity, but excess of work certainly called off my attention into other channels, and in spite of myself I now and then inclined to Chetwynd's belief that the poor girl was really insane.

Beauchamp died in November, and it was, I remember well, on the 13th of the following December, about eleven o'clock in the morning, that the next scene in this queer drama took place. Chetwynd and I were together in my room when a servant entered with a card, saying that a gentleman was waiting to see me at once. I took up the card and read the following name:—

"MR. WALTER O'BRIEN,
"Home and Colonial Assurance Company,
"Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C."

"Show Mr. O'Brien in," I said to the servant. Then I turned to Chetwynd. "We may as well see him," I said, "but I conclude he is merely one of the usual touting insurance agents."

The next instant a middle-aged man, well dressed, entered the room. He stood for a moment looking from one of us to the other.



MR. WALTER O'BRIEN.

"I am Dr. Cato," I said. "You expressed a wish to see me; will you take a chair?"

He bowed and dropped into the nearest seat.

"I have called, Dr. Cato," he began, "as you see by my card, on behalf of the Home and Colonial Assurance Company, of which I happen to be the manager. I am anxious to have a conversation with you on a matter of the greatest importance, and I must ask you to oblige me with a private interview."

"I have no secrets from my partner, Dr. Chetwynd," I replied; "you can speak quite freely in his presence."

Mr. O'Brien looked uneasy, but presently, with a slight bow to Chetwynd, he began:—

"My inquiries are in connection with the late Mr. Harold Beauchamp, who died here last month, and upon whose life our company have issued a policy of fifty thousand pounds. An application has been made by Mr. Beauchamp's uncle, Mr. Sutherland, of Ray Park, Surrey, through his solicitors, for the money. Mr. Beauchamp left, we understand, a will in which Mr. Sutherland is his sole heir. Now, certain rumours with relation to Mr. Sutherland's past, with which, gentlemen, I need hardly trouble you, have made us delay

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in paying the insurance, and we are bound to make every investigation. I understand that Mr. Beauchamp died in this house. Are you two doctors certain that he died of natural causes?"

"Mr. Harold Beauchamp died of laryngeal spasm following ataxic paraplegia," I answered, quickly. "But as our other partner, Mr. Kort, was attending him, I will ask him to come here at once."

I rose and rang the bell, and told the servant to ask Mr. Kort to come to see me without delay. In a very few moments he entered the room. I introduced him to Mr. O'Brien, and told him the object of O'Brien's visit. He looked quietly at the manager of the insurance company, and did not speak for a moment.

"You suspect Mr. Harold Beauchamp of not having died of natural causes?" he said then, slowly.

"Hardly that," answered Mr. O'Brien, "so much as we desire to be absolutely certain that his death was due to natural causes before paying such a large sum of money to his uncle."

"I presume you saw my certificate of death?" continued Kort; "and if you did you know the cause of death that I assigned."

"We saw the certificate, of course, Mr. Kort, and I need hardly say that we do not for a moment doubt the genuineness of the paper; but what we want to know is this: would it have been possible to administer any poison which would simulate such a cause of death?"

"Certainly not," answered Kort. "I was with Beauchamp when he died—it was a perfectly natural process. May I ask why you suspect foul play?"

"For two reasons—the first relates to Mr. Sutherland's private affairs; the second to the fact of the rapid cremation of the body."

"The cremation was in accordance with the dead man's will, which, of course, you are at liberty to read," was Kort's reply.

"I am aware of that," said Mr. O'Brien, now speaking a little testily; "nevertheless, the cremation makes any analysis impossible—therefore I have come here to-day to make these inquiries."

"You have your answer from Mr. Kort," I said.

"You are prepared to swear to the impossibility of foul play?" he continued, turning to Kort.

"I am."

"Very well. I thank you, gentlemen. That is all." He rose, and with an expression of evident dissatisfaction and perplexity, took up his hat and left the room.

"This is a queer business," said Kort, turning to me. "Did you, Cato, happen to know that Beauchamp's life was so heavily insured?"

"I had no idea of such a thing," was my reply; "but, of course, the suggestion of poisoning is absurd."

"Oh, quite," he replied, and after a few more words he left us.

"Another queer affair," I said to Chetwynd, in a desponding tone. "What is the doom which hangs over us? The Club cannot long go on with such tragedies and suspicions filling the very air."

Chetwynd made no reply for a moment.

"Too queer," he said at last; "these cannot be mere coincidences. Cato, I do not know what you will think of me, but I am at last inclined to share your fears."

"About Mrs. Kort? About poor Charles Ridley? About——"

"About everything."

I had never seen my friend look more grave than he did at this moment.

"I must think the matter out," he said. "I will come and see you again when I have formed a more definite conclusion. At present all is hazy, and yet, and yet—things are queer, too queer, too queer." He left the room. As he did so I noticed that strange look in his eyes which they always wore when he was absorbed in a deep problem.

It was not until the afternoon of that same day that I saw him again. He entered my consulting-room and turned the key in the lock.

"Why do you do that?" I asked.

"Because I have something to say, and we must not be disturbed. Listen. Whether right or wrong, I have discarded the idea of Mrs. Kort's insanity. There are several matters which much disturb me. Kort will ruin this Club, and us also, if we are not careful, but we must be wary and sure of our facts. Now, I have something else to tell you."

"What?" I inquired.

"It has to do with poor Beauchamp. It may be quite a wild idea, but here it is. I went to the dispensary just now in order to look at the bottle containing the uranium nitrate, the drug which, you remember, Beauchamp was taking. I cannot, of course, say

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how much of the medicine was used for him, because Kort made it up from the crystals in the bottle, but it struck me that as the bottle was nearly full when Beauchamp came, it looks uncommonly low now."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "do you mean that you suspect that the poor fellow may have been given too big a dose of it by Sutherland?"

"It is possible that Sutherland got hold of the bottle, for I think Kort trusted him absolutely. From O'Brien's remark there is something odd with regard to Sutherland's past life, and he alone, so far as we can tell, is benefited by the death of his nephew. One thing at least is certain—if such a dose were given to Beauchamp it would certainly kill him."

"Since you do not know the amount that was originally in the bottle, I do not see what use there is in saying anything about it," I replied, gloomily.

Chetwynd paced up and down the room quickly.

"You can prove nothing," I continued; "the body has been cremated, and, therefore, all trace of poisoning gone."

"Has it?" he muttered. His steps quickened. Suddenly he stopped and turned to me.

"Do you know that uranium nitrate is a non-volatizable metal?" he said, fixing his eyes on my face, and pronouncing each word slowly.

I stared back at him in astonishment, not seeing at first what his meaning was. Then I sprang to my feet.

"What!" I cried, "you mean that it would be still in the ashes?"

"Yes, I mean that. If my suspicion that Beauchamp's death was caused by an excessive dose of uranium nitrate is correct, a careful quantitative analysis of the ashes might reveal some interesting evidence."

"By Jove! Chetwynd, that is an idea. Yes, it would certainly be the case. What do you mean to do?"

"I shall sift this matter thoroughly. I have been slow in my suspicions, but now that they are aroused I promise you I will not let the grass grow under my feet. I mean to go immediately to town to see O'Brien. Come, let us go together."

Five minutes later we were rapidly driving towards the City.

"You know," said Chetwynd, as we drove along, "that recent experiments have abundantly proved that a metal can be isolated from ashes when not volatilized by cremation, and certainly uranium would not be. Silver, copper, and many other metals would act in the same way, but the great point in this case will be the fact that uranium is such a rare metal that no counsel for the defence could possibly uphold a plea of its accidentally having found access to the ashes."

"I see," I replied, with enthusiasm; "yes, if any very large quantity is found in the ashes our case will be proved."

"Our case?" he said, glancing at me.

"Yes," I replied, "for my private impression is that Kort has a hand in this matter. I cannot help suspecting the man. I believe there is an evil influence over our house, and the sooner the man who exercises this terrible power is exposed the better."

"But Kort does not benefit in the least," said Chetwynd, in a gloomy tone.

"Nevertheless, the two men were in league," was my answer.

We arrived at the office of the insurance company, and were at once shown into the manager's private room. His amazement when Chetwynd disclosed his idea was beyond description.

"Really," he cried, "it is scarcely credible. One would have thought that cremation, at any rate, would have destroyed for ever all evidence of poisoning if a suspicion of such were to exist."

"In the case of uranium nitrate such would not be the case," replied Chetwynd.

O'Brien turned suddenly to me.

"Do you, Dr. Cato, corroborate Dr. Chetwynd's statement?" he asked.

"Certainly I do," I answered. "My friend is one of the first analytical chemists in London."

"Very well," he replied, snatching up his hat, "I shall act on this immediately. Can I rely on you to make this analysis if I obtain possession of the ashes?" he added to Chetwynd.

"Certainly, but it will be a police affair, of course, and the Government analyst, Russell, would have to do it; but as he happens to be a great friend of mine, I daresay he will allow me to help him if you mention the special details."

He hurried off, and we returned to the Club, deciding that it would be wisest not to mention anything about the matter to Kort.

The insurance company and the Home Office evidently wasted no time, for at six o'clock on the following evening a letter was brought to Chetwynd by special messenger.

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"Here you are, you see," he said, handing it across to me. I read as follows :—

"Somerset House, W.C.

"DEAR CHETWYND, — The Home and Colonial Assurance Company have acted on your advice—an ingenious idea certainly, and worthy of you. They have just received the necessary authority from the Home Office, and Beauchamp's ashes will be here at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. If there is anything in this, a more formal analysis will doubtless be necessary, but in the first instance I should greatly value your assistance and advice. Can you be with me sharp at the hour I have mentioned?

"Yours very truly,

"MAURICE RUSSELL."

"You will go, of course?" I said, handing it back to him.

"Certainly," he replied, "and you had better come too, Cato. Russell knows your name, and will have no objection to your being present."

At ten o'clock the following morning Chetwynd and I left the Club together. The mission before us absorbed every thought. Surely there never was a more unique one—the analysis of the ashes of a cremated man, on the result of which the most astounding issues might hang.

We reached Somerset House punctually at eleven o'clock, where Russell received us. Chetwynd introduced me, and asked if I might be present at the analysis.

"Certainly, Dr. Cato," he replied. "I know of you by reputation, and am glad to make your acquaintance. Come over to the laboratory now, and we will discuss the matter thoroughly." As he spoke, Russell crossed the room, opened the door, and led us down a passage into a splendidly-fitted laboratory on the same floor. As he closed the door of this room he spoke.

"Before we begin," he said, "in an analysis of such great importance we should clearly decide on our line of action. The substance we have to deal with is limited in amount, so we cannot afford to make mistakes. My idea is this. Whatever salt of uranium was administered, we shall now from the ashes doubtless find it in the form of oxide U_3O_8. I propose to filter this out as a soluble nitrate, reduce it down to the dioxide, and then assume the oxygen required which would bring it up to the trioxide with permanganate of potassium."

"Exactly," replied Chetwynd, "that is the process I should myself suggest."

"Very well. Shall we each analyze a portion and then compare results? But I must first find out if the ashes have arrived. They were to be brought up by a man from Woking: the messenger ought to be here now."

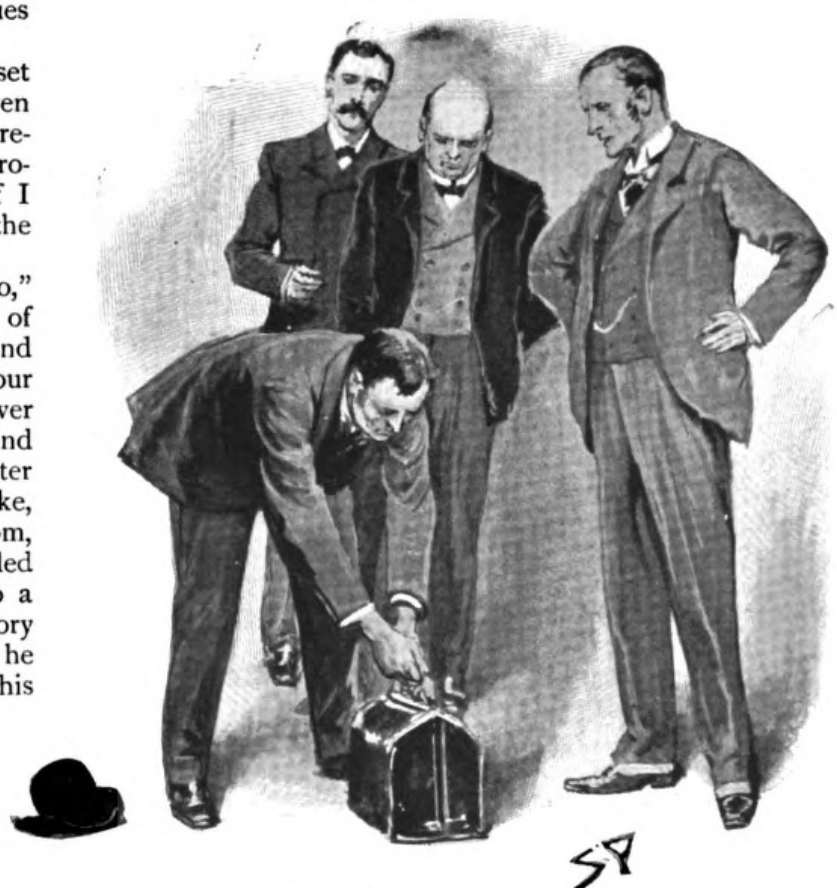
Russell had just pressed the bell to inquire about the ashes, when there was a knock at the door, and a man entered carrying a black bag.

"Are you the messenger from Woking?" asked Russell.

"Yes sir," answered the man.

"Have you got the ashes?"

"Yes, sir." The man opened the bag and



"THE MAN OPENED THE BAG."

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produced a metal cinerary urn. On the outside was engraved the name, "Harold Walter Beauchamp."

"This is the certificate, sir, from the manager," he said, handing a paper as he spoke to Russell.

"Very well; that will do."

The man retired, and Chetwynd and Russell began their investigations, while I watched them both with breathless interest.

Chetwynd was the first to remove the lid of the urn. He took a small quantity of the ashes on a spatula and made a solution of the nitrate.

"Now for the ferrocyanide of potassium," he said to me; "we should get in any case a brown precipitate." He added the reagent to the test-tube, and instantly a dense precipitate fell.

He uttered a cry.

"Absolutely loaded with it," he said, in a whisper.

I continued to watch him as with deft hands he drew the mystery that surrounded Beauchamp's death from the incinerated remains of his own body. It was a strange and wonderful piece of detection!

Meanwhile Russell in a distant part of the laboratory was making another careful analysis. At the end of an hour both men had completed their work. Russell rapidly ran over his calculations and in silence handed the paper across to Chetwynd, who compared it with his own figures.

"Six hundred and eighty-three grains!" cried Chetwynd; "a lethal dose with a vengeance."

As he spoke he handed the paper to me. I stared at it without speaking. Though I had been practically convinced that foul play had been used, now that the ugly and terrible demonstration of it stared me in the face, without the possibility of error, I seemed scarcely able to realize it.

"We must take these papers immediately to O'Brien," said Chetwynd. "He is the person to take the next step in this terrible affair."

Thanking Russell for his assistance, we both left the room. A few moments later we were in the office of the insurance company. We told O'Brien what had taken place. He listened with intense eagerness. We then showed him the figures. His amazement was almost beyond words.

"A warrant must be taken out immediately for the arrest of Sutherland," he said; "that is my affair. As to Kort, whether he is guilty or not, he must be subpœnaed to appear at the trial. I do not think we can do more at present."

The insurance manager was in a state of excitement impossible to describe.

"Will you wait in town for me, gentlemen?" he said; "it may be two or three hours before I can get the necessary formalities completed, but this very day that scoundrel shall be locked up."

We promised to return again to the office in a short time, and he left us.

To arrange the formalities and obtain the required assistance of the law was after all but the work of a few hours, and early that same afternoon we, a silent party, travelled down to Sutherland's place, Ray Park, in Surrey. I scarcely dared contemplate the wretched man's hideous fate should nothing transpire to clear him of the awful charge on which he was to be arrested. Hiring a fly at Inchampton we drove to Ray Park, some two miles from the station. It was a small but pretty red brick house, and scarcely fulfilled the impression its somewhat pretentious title gave it.

O'Brien rang and knocked loudly. Almost instantly the door was opened, and to our utter amazement and consternation the tall figure of Kort stood before us.

"In the name of all that is wonderful, what has brought you here?" he cried, looking from one of us to the other, and as far as we could tell not in the least suspecting the hideous truth.

"We want to see Sutherland," I answered. I had scarcely said the words before the officer of the law who accompanied us stepped forward.

"I must see Mr. Sutherland without a moment's delay," he said. "I hold here a warrant for his arrest on suspicion of causing the death of the late Harold Beauchamp by the administration of poison."

"What, has the news got out already?" said Kort, his face turning from red to white and from white to red again. The police officer forced his way into the house. Kort stood for a moment as if he would keep him out, then stepped back to let him pass.

"You can all come in," he said. "I did not know the terrible news had got abroad. I am stunned by this. The wretched Sutherland sent for me this morning. You are too late, officer. Come, I have something to show you."

As he spoke Kort walked down the hall, and threw open a door.

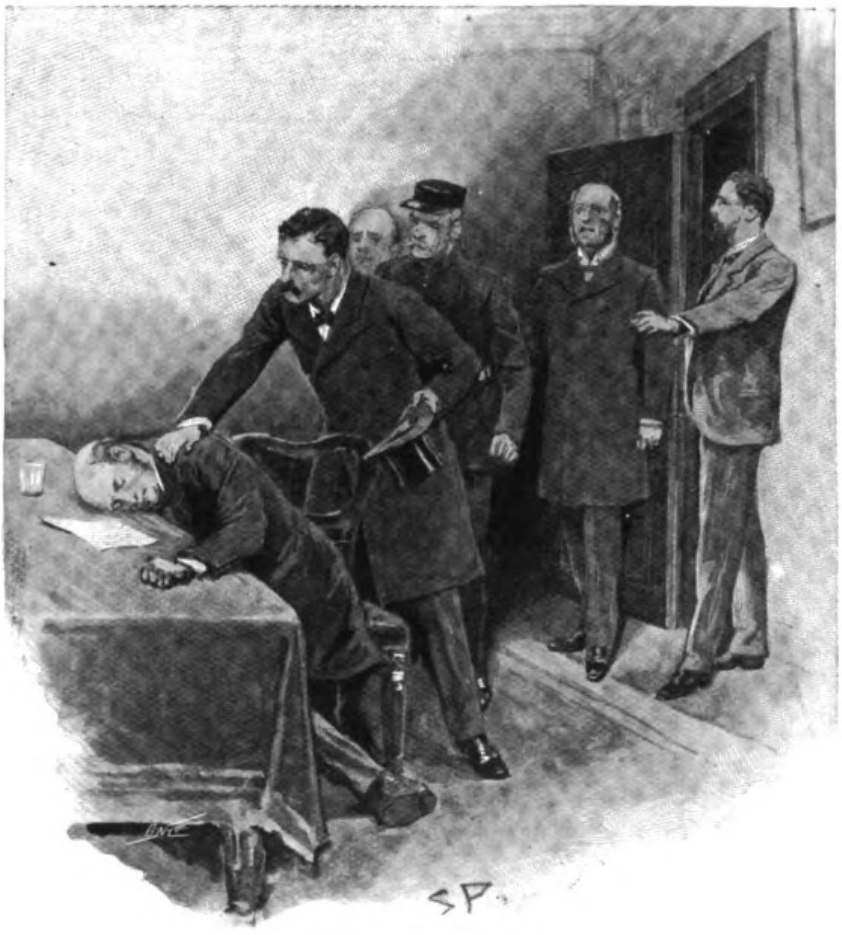
"He is beyond your power—look!"

We all found ourselves in one of the

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reception-rooms. Seated in a chair, with his head bowed upon the table and one arm hanging loosely, sat Sutherland. I uttered a cry as I raised him. The man was dead.

"Yes, he is dead," said Kort. "He sent for me early this morning in order to confess his crime, and knowing how I might possibly



"THE MAN WAS DEAD."

be implicated, wrote a long confession saying that when he had done so he should give himself up. He has, as you see, but to the judgment of no earthly tribunal. I had left him for a few moments, and found him thus a short time before you arrived. Smell this glass—it contained hydrocyanic acid, painless and swift."

While Kort was speaking the inspector glanced through a sheet of paper which lay beside the dead man on the table.

"Yes, it is a full confession," he said. He read aloud as follows:—

"I, Edgar Walter Sutherland, hereby of my own free will, without reservation or equivocation, confess the terrible crime I have committed — the murder of my nephew, Harold Beauchamp. Without collusion or complicity I designed and carried it out alone. I obtained the uranium nitrate from the dispensary of the Sanctuary Club and administered two large doses myself. I had got into severe monetary trouble, and the insurance money on my nephew's life was the only means by which I could put myself straight.

"I write this confession now in order to clear from blame or suspicion Mr. Kort, on whom, owing to the circumstances of the case, such might possibly fall. I cannot bear the load of guilt any longer. My mind is going. God help me.

"EDGAR WALTER SUTHERLAND."

A silence followed the words of the police-officer. He looked at O'Brien.

"Well, sir," he said, "we cannot arrest a dead man."

"And as your company will not have to pay the insurance money in any case now, I presume the law will have nothing further to do in the matter," said Chetwynd.

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Great Showers of Shooting Stars.

By Sir Robert Ball.

ASTRONOMY is generally concerned about objects of huge dimensions. For though many of the celestial bodies may appear to us to be small on account of the vast distance by which we are separated from them, yet they are in many cases mighty globes comparable with our earth in bulk; or, more usually, hundreds or even millions of times greater. There is, however, one class of objects, strictly belonging to the province of astronomy, which have no pretensions to consideration on the ground of their bulk. The objects of which I speak are, in fact, not as large as even the smallest of moons or the most telescopic of planets. They are not even so big as the mountains on the earth: the majority of them are indeed little pieces of matter not larger than the pebbles on a garden walk. I dare say that many of them are not greater than the grains of sand on the sea-shore. We denote them by the word "meteors."

These little objects must, however, be regarded as bodies which come within the province of the astronomer, for they have an existence quite independent of our earth, and move freely through space, in so far at least as that part of their career is concerned which precedes the supreme occasion on which, once and for all, they make their appearance to us.

The most remarkable feature of the meteor is the speed at which it travels. Though often not so large as a rifle bullet, a meteor urges its way at a pace far in excess of that with which any rifle bullet has ever been driven, or, we may indeed say, far in excess of that with which any rifle bullet ever could be driven. The most improved rifles which human skill has yet turned out can impart a muzzle velocity to a projectile corresponding to a pace of about half a mile in a second of time. But there is a check to the speed of a rifle bullet arising from the fact that the missile in the course of its flight has to force its way through the atmosphere. The resistance which the bullet experiences from the friction of the atmosphere increases at a far more rapid rate than the increase of the velocity.

The density of the air decreases with every increase in height above the earth's surface, until, at an altitude of a few hundred miles, the atmosphere may, for all practical purposes, be said to be non-existent. A bullet projected from a rifle which was at such an altitude would only experience a resistance much less than that which so speedily reduces the muzzle velocity of a missile fired at the earth's surface. On account of this atmospheric resistance it would be impossible for missiles down here to possess velocities exceeding a certain limit, but in the open space beyond the confines of our atmosphere velocities of any magnitude would be quite conceivable.



TRAIL OF A METEOR, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1893. (THE PHOTOGRAPH ALSO SHOWS BROOK'S COMET.)
From a Photo. by Mr. E. E. Bernard.

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Accordingly, we find that meteors are generally animated with speeds far in excess of those possessed by any rifle bullet. For our present purpose there is no occasion to inquire as to the manner in which such terrific velocities have been originally imparted. All that we have now to consider is the fact that these little objects when moving in free space are certainly hurrying along with velocities ten times, twenty times, fifty times, or sometimes even one hundred times as swift as the swiftest rifle bullet that ever was fired. The reader may well feel astonished at such demands on his powers of conception. It is, however, easy to show that though velocities of such magnitude may be vastly in excess of any velocities which we can produce by any of our appliances, yet they are not greater than velocities we are already familiar with in the case of other bodies moving through space. Take for instance the earth, which wends its way at a speed of eighteen miles per second. That is nearly forty times as fast as the highest speed which has ever yet been attained by a rifle bullet. But there are other celestial bodies belonging to our system which move more quickly than the earth. Certain comets wheeling round the sun attain speeds which must be estimated in hundreds of miles a second. Indeed, there is at least one of these celestial visitors which, during the brief period that it remained in the neighbourhood of our system, attained a pace not far short of one thousand times that of the swiftest bullet ever fired from a rifle.



EXPLODING METEOR—FELL ABOUT MIDNIGHT, NOV. 3RD, 1895, A FEW DEGREES SOUTH-WEST OF THE CONSTELLATION ARIES. RATHER BRIGHTER THAN JUPITER.
From a Photo. by Mr. C. P. Butler, A.R.C.S.

Let us think of a little meteor hurrying along through open space at a speed one hundred times greater than that of a rifle bullet. It need hardly be said that under such circumstances we could not see the object. It is too remote from our earth. The most powerful telescope would not display such an insignificant body to us even if it were at rest, still less could we expect to see it when hurrying along with this bewildering rapidity. For, try to realize what the speed really is with which the little object is animated. We think that a railway train is making very good progress when it runs fifty miles an hour. Try, then, to imagine the speed of a train which would make the same journey in a minute that the quickest express would require an hour to accomplish. How vast, indeed, would this pace be. But yet it falls far short of the speed of the meteor. We should have to suppose that the body moved as far, not in a minute, but in a second, as the express train does in an hour, before we should have an adequate idea of the terrific pace at which one of these little objects dashes along. If a meteor were to fly round the Equator while preserving all the time its characteristic speed, it would take no more than two or three minutes to cross each of the continents and each of the oceans which lay in its way; and, in fact, the whole journey round the globe would be accomplished within ten minutes. Animated by such a speed a body would pass from Liverpool to New York in a minute, or it would travel all the way from the earth to the moon in less than an hour and a half.

A meteor urging its course with this stupendous rapidity may pass near the earth, say at a distance of a thousand miles or so. It then pursues its way and entirely escapes our attention. No doubt the attraction of the great mass of the earth will, to a certain extent, pull the object, and compel it to swerve from the direction it has been following; but provided it gets quite clear of the atmosphere which so completely invests the

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earth, the meteor will be uninjured and will not lose its velocity. Doubtless every day—nay, every hour and every minute—unseen meteors are passing by the earth, narrowly escaping a fall which would for ever terminate their wanderings.

Suppose, however, the direction of the motion of a meteor be such that it enters our earth's atmosphere. Immediately its terrific motion is checked. It might almost be said to be checked with nearly the same emphasis as the speed of an ordinary rifle bullet would be checked if it were fired into a hay-stack. The speed which the meteor possesses before it has struck into our atmosphere cannot possibly be maintained afterwards. The resistance of the air will not permit it. But the efforts of the celestial wanderer to continue its astonishing movements after it has taken the plunge lead to consequences which, though fatal to the meteor, are of the highest interest.

Everyone knows that the friction of two bodies rubbing against each other is frequently accompanied by the production of heat. A neglected axle-box in a carriage in rapid motion has occasionally been known to set a railway train on fire. In this case the axle, from not being properly supplied with grease, has become hot from friction, and as the friction still continued the heat gradually rose until a temperature sufficient to produce ignition had been generated. As the flying meteor dashes through the air, the air rubs on the surface of the little missile. It can be shown by experiment that the friction of the air against a body hurrying rapidly through it produces heat. It is true that we are not actually able to try this experiment with a body moving so quickly as a meteor, but we can experiment up to a certain point, and then calculation will take up the reasoning, and conduct to a very striking result. We can show that when a meteor dashes into our atmosphere, the heat generated as it pierces its way through by friction will be sufficient, not alone to warm the object, but to make it red-hot, and even white-hot. Nay, further, the heat that can be produced by the friction of a cold body striking into our cold atmosphere may become higher than that which is generated in a blast furnace. It may be higher than the temperature in the flame of an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. Indeed, it may be doubted whether even the electric arc itself would be capable of producing a temperature so great as that which is not infrequently generated in the transit of a meteor through the atmosphere.

The effect upon the meteor is of a most astonishing description. Be the materials of this body what they may; whether they are such as will yield easily to fire, or whether they are the most intractable bodies which can be found, they will be unable to withstand the fervour produced by this atmospheric friction. The little object not only grows red and white hot, but it is fused into a liquid. Nay, further, the abundance of the heat is such that the liquid may be boiled off into vapour, so that within a very few seconds after the meteor has precipitated itself into the atmosphere its dissolution is complete. It has perished as an individual object, and its remains lie strewn in impalpable dust along a track perhaps ten, twenty, or fifty miles in length. Our only knowledge of the existence of the meteor is acquired during the very brief space while its annihilation is in progress. Before that time we could not see it, for it was too small and too far away, and moving too rapidly. After that time it could hardly be known to us, for how could we gather up the dust into which it had been converted along its track? But during the supreme moment of its dissolution it develops a streak of light so bright as to be apt to create an impression altogether out of proportion to the minuteness of the object to which the light owes its origin.



TRAIL OF A METEOR NEAR THE PLEIADES, AUGUST 10TH, 1897.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. E. Bernard.

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A NEARLY STATIONARY METEOR, AUGUST 9TH, 1897.
[From a Photo. by Mr. E. E. Bernard.

Such is, in fact, the usual history of one of these shooting stars which every clear night may be seen to flash across the sky. It will be noted that each such apparition marks the total transformation of the meteor. It has, indeed, been captured by the earth, and has thus ceased to have an independent existence. I use the word "transformation" advisedly, for, of course, it will be remembered that no such event as the absolute destruction of a particle of matter ever takes place in Nature. The meteor is no doubt comminuted into dust; that dust slowly subsides to the ground through our air, so that this globe of ours must be actually growing in bulk by the spoils of the untold meteors which it has captured.

It must not be thought that because a single observer under ordinary circumstances sees only a few shooting stars on any particular night that, therefore, the number of these objects appropriated by the earth every twenty-four hours is not very great. It should, in the first place, be remembered that the canopy of sky visible to any particular observer contains only a very insignificant portion of the earth's atmosphere, while of course the entire atmosphere is employed in the work of meteor-catching. It must also be remembered that the shooting stars which ordinarily attract attention are only the brighter members of a vast host of less conspicuous objects. For just as there are ordinary stars in the sky, too faint to be seen except with the telescope, so there are innumerable faint shooting stars which are not sufficiently bright to be noticed with the naked eye, though perceptible with optical aid. Every observer is familiar with the fact that, in the course of his night's work, bright streaks of light will occasionally flash across the field of view of the telescope. These are really telescopic shooting stars. Taking these objects into account, it has been estimated that the number of shooting stars which daily plunge into our atmosphere is to be reckoned by millions, if not indeed by scores of millions. No doubt the vast majority of these bodies are extremely minute. It can, however, hardly be doubted that the atmosphere thus captures tons of celestial material, which in due time are added to our earth. Indeed, considering that this addition of external matter to our globe has been in progress for illimitable ages, it seems quite possible that a considerable part of our earth may actually have been derived from the daily raining down of these little celestial wanderers upon its surface.

It is fortunate for us dwellers on the earth that we are screened by our atmosphere from these bullets of the sky. For even though these objects may be no larger than the pebbles on a gravel walk, yet, considering that they are animated with velocities a hundred times as great as that of a rifle bullet, it is obvious that they would render a residence on the earth highly dangerous. On the moon, for instance, where there is no protecting atmosphere to reduce the missiles to streaks of harmless vapour, and thus serve as a screen, the blows given to the plains and mountains must be terrific. For it should be noted, in this connection, that the efficiency of a missile in delivering a blow is to be measured not merely by its velocity, but by the square of its velocity. It follows that in comparing

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the destruction which could be wrought by a meteor with that effected by a rifle bullet of the same weight, we may say that the former must be ten thousand times as much as the latter, if we assume, as we have been doing in this article, that the velocity of the celestial missile is one hundred times that which we can produce by our rifles. This consideration ought to make us more heartily appreciate the benefits we derive from the kindly screen which the atmosphere provides. Indeed, in one way it may be regarded as fortunate for our safety that these meteors do move so rapidly. If they entered our atmosphere with a speed no greater than that of a rifle bullet the heat developed would not be sufficient to dissipate them, and consequently they would reach the earth in a solid condition and retaining the capacity for doing no little mischief. It is, in fact, the very frenzy of these little objects which is the source of our security. They are, so to speak, in such a terrible hurry to get at us that they become dissolved into streaks of harmless vapour.

The ancients had a very poetical conception as to the character of the shooting stars. They were supposed to be fiery arrows which the beneficent deities overhead discharged at the demons. If an evil spirit were seen stealing from its legitimate province below and intruding its baleful presence on the earth, it was made the mark for one of these arrows. And as the good deities never missed their aim, each shooting star announced that there was one evil spirit the less left to harass the universe.

On certain occasions the world has been astounded by a display of shooting stars in myriads, which have for some hours produced a spectacle of indescribable magnificence. Such great showers occur with some degree of regularity, and we are thus able to predict to a certain extent the time when they may be expected, though it should be observed that any prediction of this kind is always put forth with a certain degree of reserve. Astronomers can, no doubt, predict the occurrence of such a phenomenon as an eclipse or a transit of Venus, and in doing so they feel every certainty that in the event the predictions will be justified in every detail. For astronomical occurrences of this class, depending as they do on the movements of the great bodies of the solar system, are not liable to be influenced by any causes except those which calculation can take into account, and hence they appear with certainty at the predicted time. It is quite otherwise with the movements of these little bodies, which appear as meteors. They are, as we said, only seen at the very moment of their disappearance, and hence any prediction as to the recurrence of a shooting star shower is to be regarded as an anticipation that we shall on such an occasion see objects, though such individual objects have never up to the present come within our ken. We expect them to appear in just the same way as we expect that fish will be caught again in the same place where fish have always been caught when the right season comes round. This is, of course, a very different matter from the prediction of an eclipse of the sun, where the movements of the three bodies concerned are subject to continuous scrutiny and are perfectly well known.

By a shower of shooting stars we mean a display in which it is not so much the individual brightness of the objects which attracts attention as the excessive numbers in which they appear. It had long been noticed that there were certain nights in the year in which meteor displays were specially manifested. The most notable dates, in this connection, are the 10th August and the middle of November. On either of these occasions in most years the diligent watchers of the skies will be rewarded with the sight of an unusual number of these fiery darts. Even on those days, however, the display is not, generally speaking, sufficiently striking to excite universal astonishment. It does, however, sometimes happen that the November shower becomes a spectacle which can only be described as sublime. Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the superb display of shooting stars which took place on the 13th of November, 1866. I shall always treasure the recollection of that phenomenon as perhaps the most interesting astronomical sight that I have ever witnessed. I was at that time astronomer to the late Earl of Rosse, at Parsonstown, in the centre of Ireland. It was then my duty to observe nebulæ with the famous reflecting telescope of 6ft. aperture. I was engaged on the night in question, in conjunction with the present Earl of Rosse, in examining a nebula, when the exclamation of an attendant by my side made me look up in time to see a splendid shooting star, which, like a great rocket, streamed across the sky. Presently similar objects appeared in scores and hundreds, and for some hours we were witnesses of one of the most glorious celestial spectacles that the eye of man could ever behold. It was to be noticed that the

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shooting stars did not appear promiscuously from various parts of the sky. The directions in which they moved seemed to radiate from a point in the constellation of Leo. This appearance of divergence from a point is easily shown to be an effect of perspective; the meteors are, in fact, all darting towards the earth from one direction, namely, parallel to the line from the eye to the centre of the sickle-shaped part of Leo. Those particular meteors which happened to be directed straight towards the observer seemed so much foreshortened that they merely looked like stars which suddenly burst into brightness and as suddenly disappeared, with but little or no change in the apparent position which they occupied. Some three or four particularly bright meteors left long tracks behind them, which lasted for many minutes before they finally sank into invisibility.

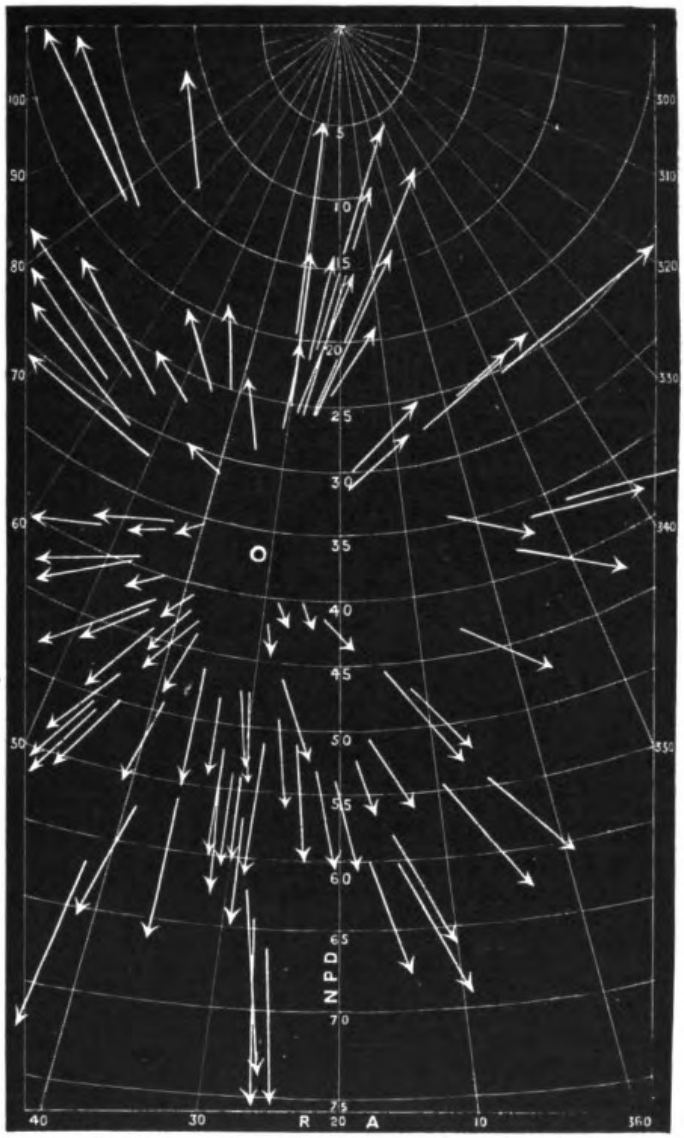


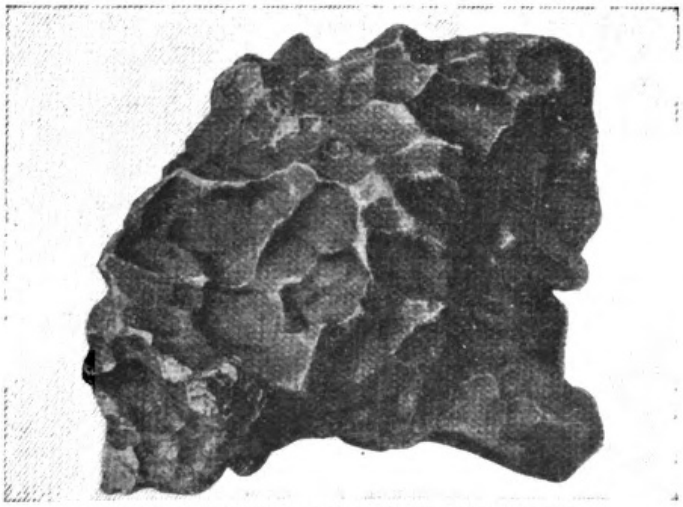
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RADIATION OF METEORS FROM A POINT.
By Mr. W. F. Denning.

I should say that the occurrence of this exceptionally magnificent display did not take astronomers altogether by surprise. They were, in a measure, expecting it. In the first place, the date, namely, the 13th of November, was the date on which it is usual to see shooting stars radiating from this very constellation Leo. It had further been noticed that there was a tendency for this shooting star shower to produce a display of exceptional magnificence at regular intervals of thirty-three years. I might mention many instances of such showers extending over the last nine centuries. We need, however, only now refer to one great display in 1800 and another in 1833. It was hence anticipated that a shower of these particular meteors of unusual richness would be repeated in 1866. This remarkable prediction was announced by Professor Newton, the distinguished astronomer of Yale University. The brilliant way in which his anticipations were confirmed justified the remarkable reasonings and calculations upon which the announcement was based. The appearance of the great shower in exact conformity with the prediction naturally led to much further attention being devoted to this most interesting subject. It is largely due to the labours of the late Professor Adams, of Cambridge, in following up the line suggested by Professor Newton, that we have learned the movements of the bodies which compose the November shower. It must be remembered that each of these little objects is attracted by the sun, and in consequence of that attraction it moves in an elliptic orbit just like a planet. In the case of the November meteors, each of these bodies has as its highway an ellipse so elongated that it requires thirty-three and a quarter years to complete a single revolution. There are, of course, myriads of these meteors, each independently pursuing its own track. These tracks all lie, comparatively speaking, close together, so that the objects form as it were a vast swarm which revolves around the sun and requires thirty-three and a quarter years for each complete revolution. It so happens that the track which the earth pursues in its annual course

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crosses the track of the meteors on the 13th of November. Every 13th of November we are therefore in the highway of the great shoal. It usually happens, however, that the shoal is at this time at some other part of its track. There are, however, many stragglers along the great line of march, and we collide with some of these stragglers at each annual passage. Thus we account for the ordinary November showers which are not of any particular prominence. During some years, however, it happens that a great shoal is crossing the junction of the two orbits just at the moment when the earth arrives there. A collision then takes place. The earth plunges headlong into the vast shoal of rapidly moving bodies; they are burned up in the way already described in the atmosphere, and we, on the surface, a couple of hundred miles below, enjoy the spectacle of a great shower of shooting stars. It was an event of this kind which astonished the world on November 13th, 1866.

As we write these lines we are reminded that the great shoal of November meteors is again hurrying towards the junction, and that we have good reason to expect, if the atmospheric conditions are favourable, a repetition about the middle of November, 1899, of that glorious display which so many of us treasure in our memories.



MAZAPIL METEORITE IRON SHOWING THUMB MARKS.
Reprinted by permission from "Nature."

[The fall of the celebrated Mazapil iron meteorite of 1885, near Mazapil, in Mexico (of which an illustration is given on this page), was thus described by an eye-witness, vouched for by Professor Bonilla:—

"It was about nine in the evening when I went to the corral to feed certain horses, when suddenly I heard a loud hissing noise, exactly as though something red-hot were being plunged into cold water, and almost instantly there followed a somewhat loud thud. At once the corral was covered with a phosphorescent light, and suspended in the air were small luminous sparks as though from a rocket. I had not recovered from my surprise when I saw this luminous air disappear, and there remained on the ground only such a light as is made when a match is rubbed. A number of people from the neighbouring houses came running towards me, and they assisted me to quiet the horses, which had become very much excited. We all asked each other what could be the matter, and we were afraid to walk in the corral for fear of getting burned. When, in a few moments, we had recovered from our surprise, we saw the phosphorescent light disappear little by little, and when we had brought lights to look for the cause, we found a hole in the ground and in it a ball of fire. We retired to a distance fearing it would explode and harm us. Looking up to the sky, we saw from time to time exhalations or stars,* which soon went out, but without noise. We returned after a little, and found in the hole a hot stone, which we could barely handle, which on the next day we saw looked like a piece of iron; all night it rained stars, but we saw none fall to the ground, as they seemed to be extinguished while still very high up."

A peculiarity of the surface of a meteorite is that it is generally covered with small depressions called "thumb marks," as they have been likened to the impressions that one makes when pressing some such substance as putty with one's fingers. The cause of these "thumb marks" is unknown, but they have been found to bear a close resemblance to marks which have been noticed on grains of gunpowder blown out on firing large guns.—ED.]

* The meteor fell during a star shower.

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HE was eight years old—in some things; and in some things—well, you will see. He had crisp, curly yellow hair, twinkling blue eyes, and a merry round face which sparkled like an early morning hedge rose. He was rather nicely dressed in blue knickerbockers, and a brown Italian silk shirt with a turn-down collar of the same material, and instead of a tie he wore a twisted silk cord with tassels. It was an eminently serviceable costume, and looked well at all hours of the day. When Mrs. Begbie, the stewardess, saw him she heaved a great sigh, for she had once had a little fellow of her own whom kindly memory painted as a counterpart of this one, and her sympathetic Scotch tongue took on a still softer inflection as she pressed him to take a second serving of pudding, and when he answered, politely: "No, thank you, ma'am. Mother does not like me to have twice," she murmured to herself, "Wee lamb!"

The sea, even in the Channel, was unkindly, but in the Bay its unkindliness amounted to positive rudeness. The grown-ups in the big saloon showed their resentment by coldly absenting themselves from the table. In the children's saloon, however, from lack of experience they took things more cheerfully, and did not allow their feelings to get the better of their appetites.

The Bishop of Jolapore's state-room happened to be on the same deck, and as he went down to it he glanced in at the youngsters sitting round their table, and first it reminded him of a flower garden, and then, as he caught sight of the bright-faced boy in the brown silk shirt, he thought of other things, and his thin lips pressed tightly together and his sad eyes glistened softly, and he went very quietly into his cabin and closed the door. I am not privileged to follow him there, but I can imagine what he did.

As the Bishop sat tucked up in his chair on deck next day, swathed in a voluminous plaid, his eyes followed the meteoric evolutions of the bright-faced boy with a longing caress in them. He was not a gregarious man, and his lack of *camaraderie* was a cause of constant self-reproach with him.

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He was by nature shy and reserved, and in all his voyages he had found it difficult to adopt the jovial, hail-fellow-well-met spirit of shipboard life which he admired so greatly in others and strove in vain to emulate. His efforts in this direction offered some slight amusement, even to himself, largely tinged, it must be owned, with self-contempt and much regret.

But on this occasion he could feel neither reproach nor contempt for his own solitariness. There was a great, gaping chasm in his heart and in his life, a void with which the ship and the unruliness of the Bay had nothing to do, and which the whole ship's company was inadequate to fill. For all that had hitherto filled it lay quietly sleeping under one green mound in a little graveyard on a Devonshire hillside. They had made him a Bishop, and he was going back to pick up broken threads, but his heart was very empty and very sad, and the submission he had taught so earnestly to others he found came very hardly to himself. The sunny coast of Spain had green graves dotted all over it for him as he lay tucked up in his deck chair, when suddenly a clear little ringing voice alongside him said, "Please, may I sit on this bit of your rug?"

It was the bright-faced boy in the brown silk shirt, and as the young Bishop turned and caught the full appeal of the frank blue eyes, something came up into his throat which he had to swallow with difficulty before he could answer, "Certainly, my dear, there is quite enough for two of us."

The bright-faced boy accordingly smoothed out an overflowing end of the plaid which had blown down on to the deck, and sat down on it close up to the Bishop's chair, and drew the fringy end of it over his short legs.

"Now, that's what I call comfortable," he said. "You see, I haven't a chair of my own, and the deck's hard, and besides, it dirties your trousers, and when they're your only pair, you know——"

"You've got to be careful of them," said the Bishop. "I used to live in a country where the little boys never wore any trousers —or any clothes at all."

"How very jolly!" said the small boy, with snapping eyes. "Was it India?"

"No, that was in the South Seas; but they don't wear very much in India, except the little white boys. They have to wear clothes, you know."

"It must be much jollier to go quite without," said the small boy.

They got quite confidential, and the Bishop found it very refreshing to have been singled out in this way by this exceptionally bright little piece of humanity. The small boy informed him that his name was Gordon Reid, but that wasn't his mother's name—from which the Bishop judged that she was his stepmother—and that she was that sick she couldn't raise her head from the pillow. He also informed the Bishop among many other things that his father was a soldier, a "Colonel-Sergeant," which was somewhat confusing, and that when he grew up he was going to be a soldier too and fight the black men.

"Do you fight the black men?" he asked the Bishop.

"Yes, dear, but not in that way. I have to fight their ignorance and superstitions."

"What are igorans and 'stitions, and how do you fight 'em? With a sword?"

"Yes, with a sword," said the Bishop, playing with his own fancy, "but not the same kind of sword as your father carries."

"Father's sword is a great big one—as big as me and terrible sharp. I can just remember it."

"Mine is very small, and I carry it in my pocket," said the Bishop, and drew out his small, much-used Bible.

"Oh!" said the boy, and relapsed into momentary silence. Then he began prattling away on other subjects. He informed the Bishop that the third engineer was named Sandy Macpherson—"the man with the yellow moustache, you know—and he prefers Scotch to Irish and it's a pity to drown it, and he has a photo. of the young lady he's going to marry in his cabin, and her name's Miss Maggie Macgregor, and she's as good as she's bonnie"—and much more to the like effect.

They got so friendly, and the Bishop enjoyed his naïve prattle so much, that he felt quite sorry when the bell rang for the children's tea, and the little fellow scrambled to his feet, and carefully handed back the fringe of the plaid to its owner, and said, "Thank you, so much; I have so enjoyed myself. May I come again and talk to you sometime?"

And the Bishop, with more heart than he had felt for many a day, said, "Yes, come as often as you like. We're going to be good friends, I can see," and watched the small boy scud nimbly along the sloping deck and disappear down the companion, and felt more interest in things generally than he would have believed possible an hour before.

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"MAY I COME AGAIN AND TALK TO YOU SOMETIME?"

As ne went down to his cabin a little later, he peeped into the children's saloon and stood for a few minutes watching unobserved, as he was fond of doing, and there Mrs. Begbie caught him. Little Gordon was sitting between two tiny, stolid, pale-faced infants dressed in white lace, feeding first one and then the other with biscuit and jam. The stewardess's shrewd eyes soon saw in whom the Bishop was interested.

"A gra-a-and wee laddie, yon, sir!" said Mrs. Begbie. She had heard the quiet young man was a Bishop, but she was Presbyterian herself, and did not take much stock in Bishops. "Those weans absolutely refused to take any tea unless he fed them, an' he's just as guid to them as if they were his own."

"He's a fine little fellow," said the Bishop.

"You know him, sir?"

"Oh, yes, we're good friends," said the Bishop, and with a nod to little Gordon, who happened to look up, he passed on to his cabin.

As the Bishop was solacing himself with an after-dinner cigar in the corner of the smoking-room, where he was always painfully conscious that his presence had somewhat of a repressive influence, he suddenly caught sight of a little round face which glimmered white in the electric light, and a pair of eyes which roved searchingly round the room. When the blue eyes met his own, Master Gordon Reid's stockings twinkled over the raised step, and he climbed up on to the seat alongside the Bishop.

"May I sit here?" he asked.

"Won't the smoke make you cough?"

"Oh, no," said the small boy, "I like it. Sandy Macpherson likes Lakitee best, but he can't afford it, so he smokes shag. Mr. Johnson, the cook, he smokes Navy Cut, and the Serang he takes snuff. Mr. Boyle, the bo's'un, he chews. He says he gets more taste out of it that way, and besides you can chew when you can't smoke, and he's got a predijice against lengthened ships."

He continued to impart much private and personal information to the Bishop, and when the latter had finished his cigar he took the small hand in his and suggested a turn on deck.

"And what time do you turn in, little man?" asked the Bishop.

"Oh, just any time I like," said the small boy. "Shall I tell you a secret?" he asked, with a roguish laugh.

"Yes, if you like."

"You won't tell? Promise!"

"No, I won't tell."

"I slept last night in an empty cabin all by myself. It was a little lonely, but it was better than—you see——"

And the Bishop had visions of an extremely sick and probably petulant stepmother, and felt very sorry for the little fellow.

"How would you like to sleep in my room? I have it all to myself," he said.

"Oh! That *would* be jolly!" cried the small boy, in ecstasy.

"Well, I'll tell my room-steward to make up the other bed. I don't suppose it makes any difference to the ship which room you sleep in. You're quite sure your mother won't mind?"

"Oh, no, she won't mind. *Won't* it be jolly?"

And so, from that time on, the small boy occupied the other bed in the Bishop's room, and when of a night after his last stroll on deck, at which time his memory was most alive and his aching sense of loss most

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acute, the Bishop came to turn in, the sight of that splendid little body flung out broadcast over the lower bunk, in a little cotton nightgown, which was always trying to convert itself into a necktie, set his sad heart feebly glowing again, and was like a healing hand applied to his wound. He would sit on the sofa and watch the fine little face, with the ripe, parted lips, and the damp curls on the wide, white forehead, and then with a sigh and a prayer he would turn out the light and climb up into the top bunk and fall asleep, grateful that it had fallen to him to minister, even in so small a way, to the happiness of this little one, and fully conscious that he was getting far more than he gave.

Their friendship continued without interruption, and was strong enough to withstand even Gordon's expressions of flat disbelief in the story of the Israelites having crossed the Red Sea dryshod. The Bishop explained that it was a narrower part than the one they were at the moment traversing, but the small boy showed plainly that while he believed that his friend believed what he was telling him, he himself was by no means convinced, and favoured the idea that the Bishop had been rather badly had in the matter by someone or other.

Each day the Bishop inquired after his mother, and every time the boy told him she was just about the same, and incidentally he heard that the lady in No. 24 was really having a very bad time of it, and had expressed an earnest desire to be put ashore at every port they had touched at.

They had cleared from Aden and had passed Bab-el-Mandeb, when, in the middle darkness of an unusually dark night, without an instant's warning there came a sudden shuddering shock, and then in the brief, stunned silence that followed, with a slow, tired movement, like a wounded leviathan giving up the ghost, the great ship turned over on its side and lay still. Then there came hoarse shouts and cries from the deck, terrified screams from the passengers; behind all these the deadly silence of the stoppage of the engines, and all the lights went out.

The Bishop and the small boy found themselves in a heap on the sofa, bruised but not dangerously hurt, and, seizing the small boy by the arm, the Bishop wrenched open the door and shoved him up what had been the floor of the passage, but which now stood up in front of them like a sloping wall. Then he scrambled up himself, and hand in hand they picked a precarious passage along the corridor which led to the forward companion, hoarse shouts and cries above them, and below terrified groans and the wailings of men and women and children in mortal fear.

They could feel the ship settling lower and lower, and altering the angle of their climb every moment. Then there came a terrific crash, and a sickening tearing and rending, as though all creation were riving asunder, and the Bishop clasped the boy to him and gasped, "God have mercy on our souls," and scrambled all the same for dear life, and leaped wildly up the side banisters of the companion, which formed a ladder of a kind, and slipped and fell with his burden, and recovered himself with a groan just as a ghostly wave with gnashing white teeth came rushing along the corridor, where no wave had ever been before or had any right to be, and leaped savagely at them, and frothed and spumed at them through the banisters, and then lay down swelling and writhing half-way up the companion to wait for them. Then the wails and groans behind were stilled, for the ship had broken in two, and the hinder part had sunk.

The Bishop, with his teeth grinding hard to counteract the grinding of a broken bone in his leg, forced open the door which stood above them, and they scrambled out on to the sloping side of the deck-house, and found there a huddled heap of men and a woman, and the woman had two limp white bundles clasped tight to her broad bosom—Mrs. Begbie, the stewardess, with the two tiny children who usually sat next to Gordon Reid at table.

"God help us, sir," said Mrs. Begbie; "what an awfu'-like thing."

"God help us, yes," said the Bishop. "Are we all that are left?"

"We cannot tell. There may be more forward. We daren't move till daylight."

"Are there any boats?" asked the Bishop.

And at that one of the men broke into a torrent of blasphemy, from which the Bishop gathered by degrees that the black men had fought for the boats, and that the speaker had got a knife through the arm in trying to prevent them, and so felt much hurt in every way. He cursed them high and he cursed them low, and their fathers and mothers and all their relations for many generations.

"That is no use, my man," said the Bishop. "Better save your breath. Maybe you'll want it."

"'Taint no good," growled the man, "but whenever I thinks of 'em I must cuss 'em or bust."

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"As a personal favour may I beg of you——" began the Bishop.

"Why, it's the Bishop," said the man, peering at him through the dimness of the dawn, and they saw that it was the bo's'un, Boyle.

"Yes, it's the Bishop," said that gentleman, "and we are here in the hands of God, and the devil can't help us."

"Beg pardon, your reverence, I didn't reconnise you. One o' them blas—aw! beg pardon, sir!—one o' them measly div—aw! um—um!" and he growled below his breath and then continued aloud—"well, anyhow, he put his knife through me arm when I were tryin' to stop 'em boltin' wi' the boats."

"Give me a strip off your apron, stewardess, and I will bind it up," said the Bishop. "I'll hold the children. How did you come to get hold of them?"

"I was sitting in their cabin because they wouldn't go to sleep, poor wee lambs," said Mrs. Begbie, "and when I felt the ship going I just grabbed them and scrambled up as well as I could."

The small boy took possession of one of the scared children and cuddled it up in his arms, and the bo's'un took off his rough jacket and buttoned it round the boy's neck, for he had nothing on but his little cotton nightgown.

And now, as though anxious to be in at the death and unwilling for the sea to have all the glory, the wind began to moan round the broken hull, and they could hear the waves churning hollowly among the ruins below.

And so the chill dawn broke on them, and as soon as it grew light enough the men began scrambling cautiously about to see what was left of the ship and who remained of all her company, and then the Bishop saw that of the other survivors all except the bo's'un were Lascars, and their faces were gray and their eyes were shifty and ugly. They came back presently with sunken faces and very little to say, and the bo's'un had not an oath to his tongue.

He shook his head in answer to the Bishop's inquiring look.

"We're all," he said, briefly, and the Bishop bowed his head and commended the souls of the rest to God.



"THE BO'S'UN TOOK OFF HIS ROUGH JACKET AND BUTTONED IT ROUND THE BOY'S NECK."

The sky hung low and the dark, rolling clouds boiled along like smoke. The wind blew through them in cold, damp gusts, the waves began to yap and snarl, and the salt whips stung them venomously, and the faces of the men grew grayer still and still more sunken and gloomy.

Every now and again, when fresh pains shot through his arm and the attempted rape of the boats came back on him, the bo's'un's feelings got the better even of his respect for the Bishop, and he would turn and growl savagely at the crouching blacks, and shake his sound fist at them, and express a vehement desire to bash them into pulp; and the black men's pale lips would twitch up venomously at the corners till the eye teeth showed,

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and they would snarl like hyenas and look dangerous.

"Are we safe here?" asked the Bishop, by way of diversion.

"So long's the wind keeps this way we're right. If it gets round to her head she'll slip off and we're done," said Boyle.

The small boy had never said a word beyond crooning to the child in his arms. It took all Mrs. Begbie's time to comfort the other one.

"Couldn't we get under shelter, and couldn't we get something to eat?" asked the Bishop, who was possessed of a body as well as a soul.

But the black men seemed inclined to take their fate sitting, and the bo's'un set off alone on another cautious, lop-sided scramble.

He pulled open the door of the forward companion through which the Bishop and the small boy had emerged, but a look at the ruin below with the water welter-ing up and down satisfied him that nothing was to be done there. He sat for a time on the forward edge of the deck-house and looked wist-fully across the gap that lay between him and the men's quarters, but did not see how to get across with only one arm, for the slope of the deck afforded no foothold, and the waves were swirling up the lower side of the slope in a way to make one's head swim. The bo's'un's head was steady enough, but that did not give him the use of his other arm.

He turned and looked at the other men, but they only snarled sulkily back at him and crouched the closer. He swore at them roundly, but they refused to budge.

The small boy had been watch-ing him. Now he dumped his nursling into Mrs. Begbie's arms and crept alongside the bo's'un, and crouched by his side and looked across at the dark opening of the fo'c's'le. Then he stripped off the jacket, and standing in his fluttering nightgown he piped, huskily, "If you'll push me up there, Mr. Boyle," pointing to the massive bulwarks which overhung them, "I'll crawl along and see what I can get."

"That's it," said the bo's'un, "you're a good plucked one. You're worth all those white-livered rascals put together. Think you can manage it?"

"I'll try," piped the boy.

The Bishop had closed his eyes and was leaning his head against the deck. His leg was very painful, and the slightest move-ment caused the broken bone to grate in a way that made him feel sick. When he happened to open his eyes they fell on the figure of the small boy just grimping on to the bulwarks, while the bo's'un held him up from below. The wind bellied out the cotton nightgown and showed the sturdy naked little legs. Then he got his hold and wormed himself slowly up on to the edge of the bulwarks, and then for a moment caught his breath and lay flat at sight of



"THE BO'S'UN HELD HIM UP FROM BELOW."

the close waves leaping up at him. Then slowly, inch by inch, with fixed face and white-eyed side glances, he crawled along till he came to the raised deck forward, let himself slowly down it by means of a dangling chain, and at last slid down an

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iron support and crawled through the narrow opening into the forecastle.

While he waited for the small boy to reappear, the bo's'un busied himself in hauling out of the raffle that lay about all the lengths of thin rope he could find, and knotted them together as tightly as the fingers of the wounded arm would allow him. Then, with the coil of rope in his hand, he sat down again on the edge of the deck-house and waited, and the Bishop dragged himself up alongside him.

Presently the little white figure came fluttering into the opening.

"Here, sonny!" cried the bo's'un, "catch this," and flung him the coiled end of the rope. At the third attempt the small boy succeeded in catching it. "Tie it round your waist," was the next order. "Now climb up that post again."

It was an easy climb, the post lay at such an angle, and when the little, roped, white figure lay on the slope of the deck, the bo's'un shouted his last order, "Tie the rope to that further chain. Then get down again into the fo'c's'le." And with his small fingers shaking with excitement the small boy succeeded in slipping the end of the rope through the last link of the chain and knotting it there, and then slipped down the post again and stood under the sheltering eaves of the fo'c's'le deck.

"Now, your reverence, help me haul on to this. It's only a chance. But if the chain will run this length we can get across, and we'll have shelter, and maybe something to eat."

The Bishop set his teeth, for every movement that shook his leg was an agony, but he gripped the rope and hauled as well as he could, and between them the chain came rattling slowly over the fo'c's'le deck, and dipped over the edge, and came halfway across to them, and stuck.

"Up again, sonny," cried the bo's'un, "and clear it if you can."

Up climbed the little fluttering figure and sprawled along the sloping deck and shook the kinked chain till it loosened, and then he climbed up the thin chain to the bulwark in case he should be wanted again.

"He's a plucky little div—fellow, yon," said the bo's'un. "If he'd slipped then he'd ha' gone slap into the water. I'd sooner have one plucky white boy than ten skunks of Lascars any day when it comes to a pinch. They can haul and pull, but they haven't got the pluck of a flea among 'em."

At last, to his great content, the chain came to his hands, and he secured it so that it lay in a great drooping curve against the slope of the deck, and many a time in the doing of it did he fervently curse the hand that knifed him and deprived him of half his powers.

He called to the boy to twist the thin chain round the thicker one to stop it running out any farther, and then he stepped gingerly on to the frail bridge, and foot by foot crossed over, carrying the end of his rope still in his hand.

He swarmed up the droop of the chain at the farther end and lay on the fo'c's'le deck. Then he slacked off more of the chain till it hung down nearly to the water, and then, slipping down the post under the fo'c's'le, he drew the chain up taut and lashed it to the foot of the post. Then, tying the rope to act as a life-line about 6ft. above the chain, his bridge was complete, and he passed back over it.

"Now, Mrs. Begbie, give me one o' them kids. I'll carry 'em across, and you come next. It's as safe as London Bridge. No, you don't!"—as one of the Lascars got up and looked as though he would attempt the passage. "See here!—if any one of you dam—dummed niggers sets foot on that chain, I'll brain him at the other end—understand? Very well—then you know what to expect."

He got the children across, and he got Mrs. Begbie across, and then, with a tight-set jaw, the Bishop managed to get across by laying himself flat against the deck and hanging on to the life-line with his hands and hopping on one foot. But when he reached the other side his face was so white and pinched with pain, that the bo's'un went into the fo'c's'le and rummaged around till he found a flask of gin, and forced him to drink till he choked.

So now, if not luxuriously lodged, they were, at all events, under shelter from wind and spray, and a little knowing rummaging on the part of the bo's'un discovered a small supply of eatables, and not a little tobacco, and many pipes and some matches. He rigged up both the Bishop and the small boy in jackets and trousers from the sailors' chests, and the small boy was a sight, indeed, but warm withal, and disposed towards cheerfulness.

The fo'c's'le was divided by a fore-and-aft bulkhead, so that the inner bunks were available in spite of the topsy-turvy state of things, and into one of these, after a scanty meal, the small boy presently crawled with

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one of the children in his arms and fell fast asleep in a moment. Mrs. Begbie followed his example, and the Bishop and the bo's'un, after the latter had strapped the broken leg into a set of splints made from some bits of wood from a seaman's chest and strips of a woollen shirt, lit up their pipes, for the bo's'un only chewed when he couldn't smoke, and they sat in the doorway and discussed the situation.



"THE SMALL BOY WAS A SIGHT, INDEED."

The bo's'un gave it as his emphatic opinion that they were bound to be sighted by some passing ship within a very short time, and that they were quite all right unless the wind shifted, in which case the waves would likely ease the bit of wreck off the reef, and they would all be in kingdom come in half of no time. But, anyhow, if the wind was going to change they couldn't stop it, and meanwhile tobacco tasted uncommonly good under the circumstances. The Bishop concurred as to the soothing effect of the weed, but fervently hoped that the wind would keep where it was, and that they might be sighted before it was too late.

The day wore slowly on. Every now and then the Bishop's head sank wearily against the planking, and his pipe went out while he had a quiet doze, and every now and again the bo's'un restlessly hauled himself up the sloping post till his head topped the deck, and he looked round anxiously for any signs of approaching help or of a change in the wind, and each time as he slid down he stood and looked across at the Lascars, huddled all together in a silent and despondent heap. Then, with a shake of the head, in reply to the Bishop's inquiring look, if the Bishop happened to be awake, he sat down again and picked up his pipe and resumed his smoke.

The stewardess and the children slept late into the afternoon, and it was just as well, for all their nerves had been badly jangled by the events of the previous night, and the stillness was a relief and a restorative. When at last the feebler folk did awake they were all in a more contented and hopeful frame of mind, the Bishop with his broken leg being in much the worst case, but making no complaint, and even essaying to smile with the rest at the figure cut by the small boy in the seaman's voluminous garments, which ended in huge rolls and folds at legs and arms and made him quite as broad as he was long.

"Hech, sirs," said Mrs. Begbie, and the sound of her wholesome Scotch tongue was heartening to them all, "it's long since I slept as sound as that, and it seems like a sin to be sleeping quietly in one's bunk and all them puir folk that was with us last night gone in the twinkling of an eye."

"Ye can't help 'em by keeping awake, Mrs. Begbie," said the bo's'un.

"And puir Captain Deuchars, too," continued the stewardess; "ye're quite sure he

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didn't get off in one of the boats, Mr. Boyle?"

"Aye, I'm quite sure. In the first place, he'd never leave his ship as long as anyone else was aboard of her; and in the second place, I heard him on the bridge when I came forrard to see after the boats, and got into the *mêlée* with them black div—fellows. Then I felt her turning, and then she cracked in two. I always doubted there'd be weak spots in her since she was lengthened."

"Do you think any escaped in the boats?" asked the Bishop.

"Not a soul. There wasn't time. Them black div—fellows and ourselves are all that's left," and the immensity of the calamity crushed them all into silence.

They made another frugal meal off the scraps they had found, and began to suffer from thirst, but had no means of alleviating it.

Then, boy-like, the small boy set himself the task of lightening the general gloom with his antics. He climbed squarely and toilsomely into and out of every bunk, and balanced himself on precarious ledges, and flapped his wings and pulled faces for the amusement of the other orphans, in a light-hearted, thoughtless way which evoked feeble smiles of response from the children, and, in the mind of the Bishop, a feeling of wonder at his seeming indifference to his own loss. But—"He is very young, and, after all, she was only his stepmother," he argued with himself by way of extenuation.

The Bishop asked the bo's'un if they could do nothing for the miserable Lascars outside. But the bo's'un did not see what they could do. "We can't give 'em any food, and it wouldn't do to give 'em any drink, and we can't have 'em in here. Once the grip of the strong hand is off them I don't trust 'em."

"We might give them some tobacco," suggested the Bishop.

"It's more'n they've any call to look for," said the bo's'un, whose arm twinged badly at times.

"They must be feeling pretty bad out there," said the Bishop.

"Serves 'em right," said the bo's'un.

With the assistance of the small boy, who delighted in the rummage, the Bishop made up a packet of various kinds of tobacco and some pipes and a box of matches.

Then came the question how to get the packet to them. The Bishop looked at the bo's'un, who shook his head and flatly refused.

"It's ag'in human nature, your reverence," he said; "they won't take no harm. It's fair coddlin' of 'em to give 'em good tobacco."

"We have more than we can use," said the Bishop.

"Fair coddlin' of 'em," repeated the bo's'un, feeling his wounded arm tenderly.

"I'll call one of them across."

"No, by gum!" said the bo's'un. "I told 'em I'd brain the first man that came over. It'd be just inviting 'em to mutiny."

"I'll take it," said the small boy, who had been listening with sparkling eyes. And picking up the packet he started for the chain.

"Wait, sonny," said the bo's'un, "if you must go you may as well go safe," and he slacked off the life-line till it came low enough for the boy to use it.

He got across all right, and was alongside the clump of crouching figures before they knew he was coming. Their shifty beads of black eyes gleamed whitely at the strange, square little figure, and when he opened the packet and thrust the pipes and tobacco among them they grunted gratefully and showed signs of life.

They made no attempt to detain him, as it occurred to the Bishop that they might do after he had started, and the small boy rejoined his friends in safety. The tobacco evidently roused a desire for further comforts in the minds of the black men, for one of them presently advanced to the brink of the chasm and shouted, huskily, "Ghee!"

"No ghee," replied the bo's'un from the doorway, "ain't got none, and wouldn't give it ye if we had," and the man retired sulkily and sat down among his fellows.

That night the small boy did not sleep well, because he had slept nearly all through the day. And while he lay awake he became aware of several things. In the first place, the sound of the wind and the thumping and dashing of the waves on the wreck was gone, and outside all was very still. In the next place, everybody but himself seemed to be asleep. Mrs. Begbie and the bo's'un were snoring in chorus. The stewardess was accustomed to long spells on duty, and to taking all the rest she could get when the chance offered. The bo's'un was tired out with the exertions of the previous night, and weakened, no doubt, by the loss of blood from his wound. The Bishop was worn with the pain of his broken leg, but had fallen asleep in spite of it.

And then the small boy became aware of something else, and he knew in a moment

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what it was, because he had had more experience of that chain than anyone else, except the bo's'un, and the bo's'un was asleep. When you crossed it, the links ground together under your feet and complained to one another, and they were complaining that way just now. He slipped out of his bunk and made for the door.

It was pitch dark, and he crouched and listened, and then he heard a whisper along the chain, and he crawled back to where the bo's'un's trumpet was sounding, and gripped him by the arm and shook him, and began dragging him, still heavy with sleep, towards the doorway. He was wide awake, however, by the time he got there, and in a moment his knife was out and he cut the lashings that held the chain to the post. It went rattling away down into the darkness, and whatever was on it went tumbling down with it. There were half-a-dozen heavy splashes in the water and many startled ejaculations which were probably profane. Then the chain began to rattle violently as one of the swimmers tried to climb it. But the bo's'un's fist met his head as it bobbed up level with the door, and he fell back into the water.

"Anybody else comin'?" asked the bo's'un. But there was no response. Those below were too busy to speak, and the ones up above had nothing to say.

The bo's'un shook the small boy's hand, and said, "Yer a little man, sonny!" The Bishop sleepily inquired what was the matter. Mrs. Begbie was fast asleep.

The splashings of the swimmers died away as one by one they crawled like rats on to the wreck again. But the bo's'un stood listening intently at the doorway. Another sound had caught his ear—a far-away, dull thud, thud, like the regular quick beat of a drum with a hole in it.

Then he went inside quickly and woke Mrs. Begbie and explained matters to her in half-a-dozen rapid words, and then he began rummaging in chests and bunks, and kicked a lid to pieces, and with a chest full of things that would burn buttoned inside his jacket he climbed up the post to the fo'c's'le deck, and up the slope to the bulwarks of the ship, and hastily arranged his firings and set a match to them, and then slid down for another armful which Mrs. Begbie had ready for him, and another, and another. The small boy, in his eagerness, swarmed up the post too, and shouted with delight at the bonfire up above. Then, far away in the darkness, a rocket soared up, silent and graceful, like some wonderful flower of the night, and burst, and dropped golden seeds of hope into their hearts, and the bo's'un heaved a mighty sigh of relief.



"HE HASTILY ARRANGED HIS FIRINGS."

There was no more sleep for them that night, and an hour after daylight found them all safe and sound, Lascars and all, on board the old paddle tramp steamer *Mary Ann*, from Cardiff to Bombay with coals. The accommodation was limited, but not so limited as they had had on the wreck, and the bunks were right side up, and the floors

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and sides of the cabins had not changed places, and so in due time they arrived safely at Bombay. There Mr. Boyle and Mrs. Begbie and the orphans took leave of the Bishop and the small boy, and reported themselves at the offices of their company. But the Bishop carried off the small boy to an hotel, for he could not make up his mind to part with him a moment sooner than was necessary.

When the Bishop came to post himself up in the events of the last ten days he found the papers full of the fighting on the frontier, and all, whatever their views on other matters might be, uniting in a chorus of praise anent the doings of one Gordon Reid, sergeant-major of the 11th Hussars, who in the wild dash for the passes had proved himself a mighty man of valour, head and shoulders above even the bravest of his fellows, had been sorely wounded, had been recommended for the Victoria Cross, and had died in hospital, full of wounds and honours, just one week before.

"That must be my little lad's father," said the Bishop to himself. "Now, I wonder if there is anyone else who wants him more than I do," and proceeded to find out.

The loss of the *Rangoon* and the rescue of the Bishop of Jolapore and the small boy Gordon Reid, and the rest, were fully reported, and the Bishop's friends came round in troops to see him, and expressed the liveliest interest in his *protégé*. Popular opinion at once connected the small boy with the dead hero of the frontier passes, and a letter for Sergeant-Major Gordon Reid, which had come in by the previous mail but had not been delivered for obvious reasons, was at last handed to the Bishop, as guardian for the time being of the addressee's next of kin, and, under the circumstances, as it was necessary on the boy's behalf to find out what he could concerning him, he decided to open it in the small boy's presence.

It astonished him very much, but it conclusively proved the small boy's identity. It ran thus:—

"My Dear Brother,—I am going to America with Mr. Edward George's 'Black Mask' Company. I cannot take Gordie with me, and I have decided the best thing to do is to send him back to you. He is a dear little fellow, and will make a good actor if nothing better turns up for him. Better make him a soldier—it's steadier work than the other, which is heartbreaking at times. I have fitted him out as well as I can, but have no money left for his passage. But I know just how it can be managed from coming home with the Bulter children that time. I shall take him to the ship and tell him what to do, and maybe they won't find out till they can't put him off. I do hope he'll arrive safe, and if there is any blame in the matter put it all on me. He doesn't understand, and he'll do just what I tell him. Good luck to you, old boy.

"Your loving sister,

"Doris Reid."

The Bishop read it through three times and then said: "What does it all mean, my boy?"

"What does what mean, sir?" asked the small boy, and the Bishop read the letter to him.

"Yes," said the small boy, "that's from Aunt Dorrie to father about me."

"But was your mother not on the steamer?"

"No, sir."

"And you were quite alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where is your mother?"

"She died in India."

"And——" said the Bishop, thinking back to the early days on the *Rangoon*, "when you used to tell me how your mother was each day, it was all——"

"It was just what Aunt Dorrie told me to say," he said, sturdily, but with downcast face.

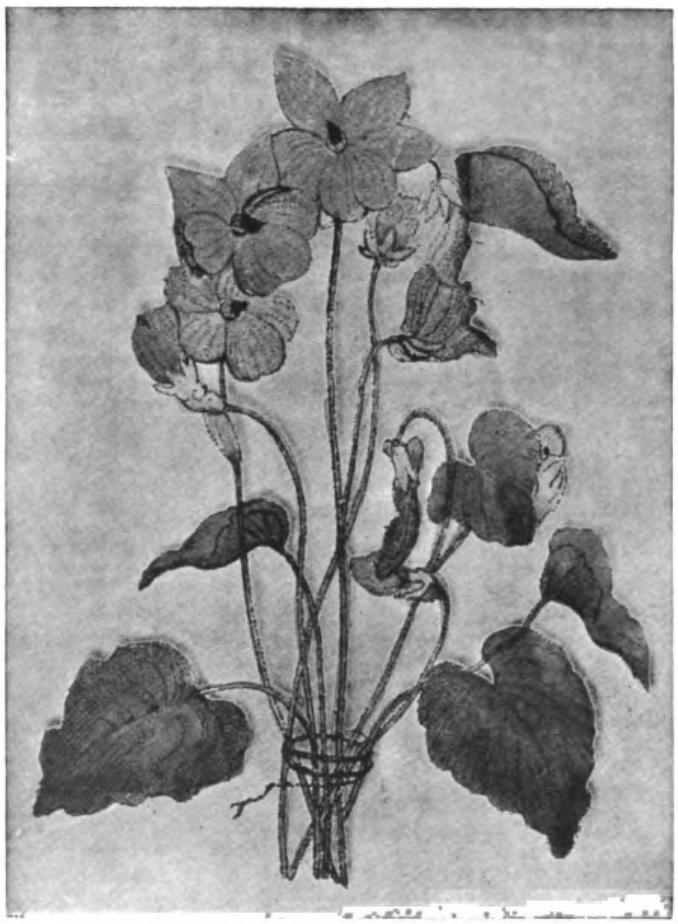
And the Bishop lay and looked at him and pondered the situation, and pondered it so long in silence that the small boy grew very unhappy. When at last the Bishop raised his eyes thoughtfully he found the large blue eyes fixed on him in a great appeal. And the Bishop said no word, but he stretched out his hand to the small boy, and the small boy ran to him, like a dog to the welcoming hand of his friend and master.

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Old Puzzle Cards.

PUZZLES, in some form or other, have always been popular, and have provided amusement for all sorts of people from time immemorial, though perhaps they have never been so popular as at the present time, when almost every periodical and paper of any note whatever has its puzzle page.

The puzzles here brought together were intended for the delectation of our great-grandfathers, being chiefly of the latter end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when this particular form of puzzle was at the height of its popularity. The majority of them served a double purpose, for, while chiefly designed to amuse, they frequently conveyed some political or personal satire, which in this form gave little or no offence, and was readily understood by the people in general.



1.—"CORPORAL VIOLET"—CONTAINING THREE PORTRAITS.

The designs consisted chiefly of portraits of prominent individuals, members of the Royal Family, great statesmen, naval and military heroes, etc., whose portraits were discoverable among branches of trees, the details of a landscape, or the intricacies of a bunch of flowers; the outlines of an urn or a vase was a favourite resource, too, of these hide-and-seek artists.

Napoleon, being at that time the centre of attraction and the most prominent person in the eyes of all the world, naturally came in for a full share of patronage, and many were the puzzles issued in which his well-known features were discoverable amidst appropriate surroundings or otherwise. One of the most popular forms of these Napoleonic puzzles is No. 1, in which he appears among the leaves of his favourite flower, the violet, a leaf which the draughtsman has ingeniously made use of to form the familiar and historic *petit chapeau*. His wife, Maria Louisa of Austria, may be seen on the left; and their son, the King of Rome, is safely nestling among the tender stems in the midst, while Buonaparte and Maria are watching over him.

When Napoleon was on the eve of leaving France, to take up his abode on the Island of Elba, he said to some of his adherents that he would return with the violet season, and as everyone knows who is conversant with the life of this extraordinary man, he did so. Those partisans who were in the secret of his return to France from his seclusion carried one of the above representations of Napoleon's favourite flower, and always drank at their meetings to the health of Corporal Violet. The simplicity and natural beauty of such a flower never excited the attention or raised the jealousy of the Bourbons, and as the custom of wearing flowers in the dress had always been so popular in France, the wearing of the violet called forth no suspicion of any plot for his restoration.

No. 2, of the same kind, is, perhaps, best explained by the following verses, which dis-

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2.—THE ROYAL ALLIED OAK, 1815—FIND ELEVEN PORTRAITS.

plays no fewer than eleven portraits of famous people :—

Behold this oak, whose firm fix'd stay
Doth check oppression's course ;
Whose slightest branch can ne'er decay,
While strong with virtue's force.

Our much-loved Sovereign (George III.) decks the branch,
The highest of the tree ;
And peaceful Louis (Louis XVIII.), tho' driven from France,
Among its boughs you'll see.

The Regent's portrait next behold (George IV., below on left),
Whose councils wisdom guides ;
And Russia's noble monarch bold (Alexander I., on right),
Who checked the tyrant's (Napoleon) strides.

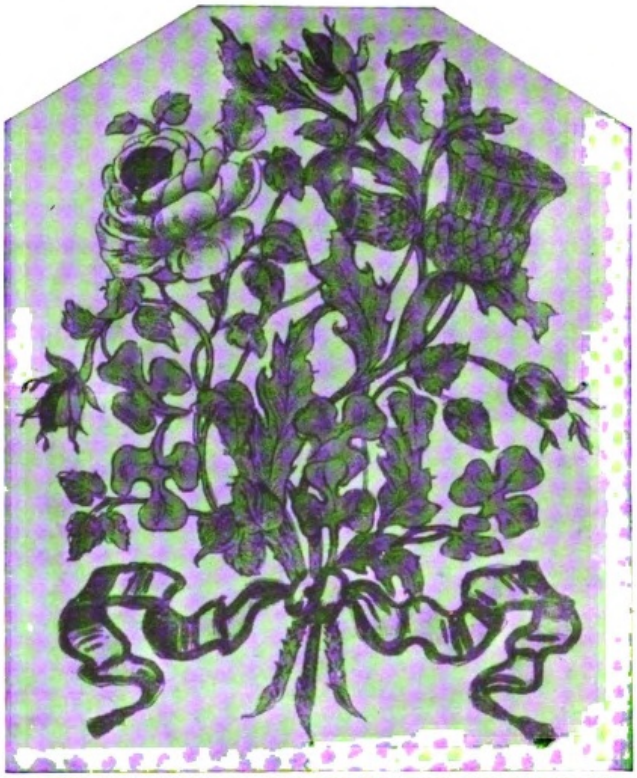
Immortal Wellington next is seen (on left of trunk, at foot of tree),
Whose fame can ne'er expire ;
And vet'ran Blücher's warlike mien,
That kindled Napoleon's ire.

The Mushroom race you have to seek
In weeds about the root,
Who scarce dare at the oak to peep,
Or at its Princely fruit.

Napoleon—largest mushroom at foot of tree ; Joseph Buonaparte, his brother, King of Spain, on extreme left ; Joachim Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, King of Naples, on the right ; Louis, Napoleon's brother, King of Holland, smaller mushroom, next to Napoleon ; Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia, across water on left.

In No. 3, a small print of the emblems of the three countries, may be found portraits of eight historical personages. On the left at top is George IV., his face formed by the leaves of the rose and thistle ; on the same side, just below the full-blown rose, is the King of Prussia ; while the portrait of Marshal Blücher may be discovered on the same side of the print among the stems of the rose. On the right side at the top is George III., his face also formed like that of his successor by the leaves of the rose ; below, the thistle blossom and leaf form the portrait of the Emperor of Austria ; and among the branches and leaves at the bottom on the right the portrait of the Duke of Wellington may be seen. The two faces in the centre of the puzzle formed by the leaves of the thistle are, at the top, Louis XVIII. of France, and below Alexander I., Emperor of Russia.

Another form of puzzle, which was also very popular, was the double head, two examples of which are given here. These were chiefly of French origin, and had a hidden significance, which at this remote period is hardly appreciated. These double



3.—THE ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE—FIND EIGHT PORTRAITS.

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4.—A REVERSIBLE HEAD.

heads have been popular at all times, but they were probably never more so than during the stormy period of the French Revolution and Restoration; at this time they formed one of the principal means of conveying ridicule or satire, transforming, as they often did, a celebrated politician into a coal-heaver, a fashionable lady into a fish-woman, a great person of the day into an insignificant being; and coupling together great men and individuals of entirely opposite opinions, as Rousseau and Voltaire, Buffon and La Fontaine, a Jesuit and a Liberal, a pair of lovers into a married couple (as in No. 4), or even (as in No. 5) a portrait of a learned doctor into one, not too flattering, of the reader.

Then, too, there were the curious heads, formed of rocks, ruins, landscapes, rustic scenes, etc., which assisted in popularizing some great hero of the hour. These innocent-



5.—DR. QUILIRA AND ——

looking affairs, in which the casual observer saw nothing more than appeared upon the surface, but which to the initiated revealed the portrait of some particular individual of



6. LANDSCAPE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE III., 1743.

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7.—FIND SEVEN CHILDREN.

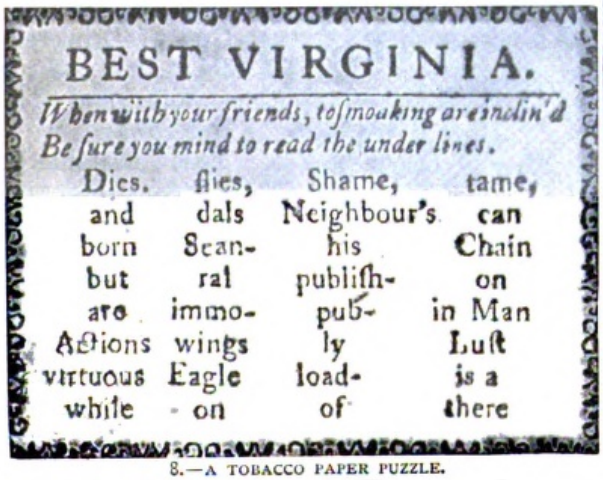
special importance at the moment—how ingeniously they were worked out: trees of pretty growth being transformed into hair and beard, rocks and other prominences into brows and noses, and, as if the transfiguration of so simple a growth were not enough, there were others which had quite a number of faces hidden away in their deep undergrowth and under tufts of verdure, which were discoverable only by the diligent and interested seeker who understood the significance of these curious and ingenious puzzle pictures. No. 6, for example, is an engraving of a landscape of mountains, with a lake in the foreground. Below the design are these words: "This is not given as ye most regular, ye most varied, or ye most noble prospect in the world; it is not doubted but it will pass for the most pleasant, and if it be true as Butler sings—

The real value of a thing
Is as much money as 'twill bring—

everybody must allow it to be most valuable, because the most costly."

This is a satirical print, issued in the year 1743. It is really if viewed from the right side a portrait of George II., wearing a large Kevenhüller hat. The features of the country represent the face and dress.

No. 7 is a different kind of puzzle altogether. By turning this picture round, and viewing it from different points, it will be found that though at first sight there appear to be but three children in this group, there are really seven distinct bodies.



8.—A TOBACCO PAPER PUZZLE.



9.—ANOTHER TOBACCO PAPER PUZZLE.

No. 8 is what is called a Tobacco Paper

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10.—AN EPITAPH PUZZLE, 1756.

puzzle, and dates from 1788. This not very difficult puzzle may be solved by beginning (as the Chinese do) at the end. The fashion of giving something of this kind on tobacco papers was very customary at the end of last century, and many curious puzzles were dealt out in this form, some with obvious solutions, while others were evidently designed by ingenious individuals who racked their brains to provide material for our puzzle-loving grandfathers, who were ever on the alert for something new and entertaining, even as their descendants of the present day.

There is a lust in man no chain can tame
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immoral scandals flies,
While virtuous actions are but born and dies.

No. 9 is also a Tobacco Paper puzzle. The solution is as follows: The first four lines describe playing-cards; the next two lines, dice; and the last four, a crowing cock.

No. 10 is another form of puzzle popular at this period, and is upon the same principle as that of Bill Stumps' epitaph, of Pickwickian fame. It reads as follows:—

Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe seller, of Impington, as doth his Consort Jane.

This puzzle is appropriately dedicated to the learned Society of Antiquaries, and the penetrating geniuses of Oxford, Cambridge, Eaton (*sic*), and Westminster. Our last example, No. 11, though not of the same period as some of its predecessors, is very remarkable for the ingenuity of its design. The whole represents the head of the mythological God of Drink and Revelry, whose features and flowing beard upon close examination gradually resolve themselves into the figures of a handsome youth and his lady love in the act of embracing each other.



11.—HEAD OF BACCHUS—CONTAINING TWO LOVERS.

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By E. Nesbit.

IT is very hard, when you have been accustomed to go to the seaside every summer ever since you were quite little, to be made to stay in London just because an aunt and an uncle choose to want to come and stay at your house to see the Royal Academy and go to the summer sales.

Selim and Thomasina felt that it was very hard indeed. And aunt and uncle were not the nice kind, either. If it had been Aunt Emma, who dressed dolls and told fairy-tales —or Uncle Reggie, who took you to the Crystal Palace, and gave you five bob at a time, and never even asked what you spent it on, it would have been different. But it was Uncle Thomas and Aunt Selina.

Aunt Selina was all beady, and sat bolt upright, and told you to mind what you were told, and Selim had been named after her—as near as they could get. And Uncle Thomas was the one Thomasina had been named after: he was deaf, and he always told you what the moral of everything was, and the housemaid said he was "near."

"I know he is, worse luck," said Thomasina.

"I mean, miss," explained the housemaid, "he's none too free with his chink."

Selim groaned. "He never gave me but a shilling in his life," said he, "and that turned out to be bad when I tried to change it at the ginger-beer shop."

The children could not understand why this aunt and uncle were allowed to interfere with everything as they did: and they quite made up their minds that when they were grown up they would never allow an aunt or an uncle to cross their doorsteps. They never thought—poor, dear little things—that some day they would grow up to be aunts and uncles in their turn, or, at least, one of each.

It was very hot in London that year: the pavement was like hot pie, and the asphalt was like hot pudding, and there was a curious wind that collected dust and straw and dirty paper, and then got tired of its collection, and threw it away in respectable people's areas and front gardens. The blind in the nursery had never been fixed up since the day when the children took it down to make a drop-scene for a play they were going to write and never did. So the hot afternoon sun came burning in through the window, and the children got hotter and hotter, and crosser and crosser, till at last Selim slapped Thomasina's arms till she cried, and Thomasina kicked Selim's legs till he screamed.

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Then they sat down in different corners of the nursery and cried, and called each other names, and said they wished they were dead. This is very naughty indeed, as, of course, you know; but you must remember how hot it was.

When they had called each other all the names they could think of, Thomasina said, suddenly: "All right, Silly" (that was Selim's pet name)—"cheer up."

"It's too hot to cheer up," said Selim, gloomily.

"We've been very naughty," said Thomasina, rubbing her eyes with the paint rag, "but it's all the heat. I heard Aunt Selina telling mother the weather wore her nerves to fiddle-strings. That just meant she was cross."

"Then it's not *our* fault," said Selim. "People say be good and you'll be happy. Uncle Reggy says, 'Be happy, and perhaps you'll be good.' *I* could be good if I was happy."

"So could I," said Thomasina.

"What *would* make you happy?" said a thick, wheezy voice from the toy cupboard, and out rolled the big green and red india-rubber ball that Aunt Emma had sent them last week. They had not played with it much, because the garden was so hot and sunny—and when they wanted to play with it in the street, on the shady side, Aunt Selina had said it was not like respectable children, so they weren't allowed.

Now the Ball rolled out very slowly—and the bright light on its new paint seemed to make it wink at them. You will think that they were surprised to hear a Ball speak. Not at all. As you grow up, and more and more strange things happen to you, you will find that the more astonishing a thing is the less it surprises you. (I wonder why this is. Think it over, and write and tell me what you think.)

Selim stood up, and said, "Halloa"; but that was only out of politeness. Thomasina answered the Ball's question.

"We want to be at the seaside—and no aunts—and none of the things we don't like—and no uncles, of course," she said.

"Well," said the Ball, "if you think you can be good, why not set me bouncing?"

"We're not allowed in here," said Thomasina, "because of the crinkly ornaments people give me on my birthdays."

"Well, the street then," said the Ball; "the nice shady side."

"It's not like respectable children," said Selim, sadly.

The Ball laughed. If you have never heard an india-rubber ball laugh you won't understand. It's the sort of quicker, quicker, quicker, softer, softer, softer chuckle of a bounce that it gives when it's settling down when you're tired of bouncing it.

"The garden, then," it said.

"I don't mind, if you'll go on talking," said Selim, kindly.

So they took the Ball down into the garden and began to bounce it in the sun, on the dry, yellowy grass of the lawn.

"Come on," said the Ball. "You do like me!"

"What?" said the children.

"Why, do like I do—bounce!" said the Ball. "That's right—higher, higher, higher!"

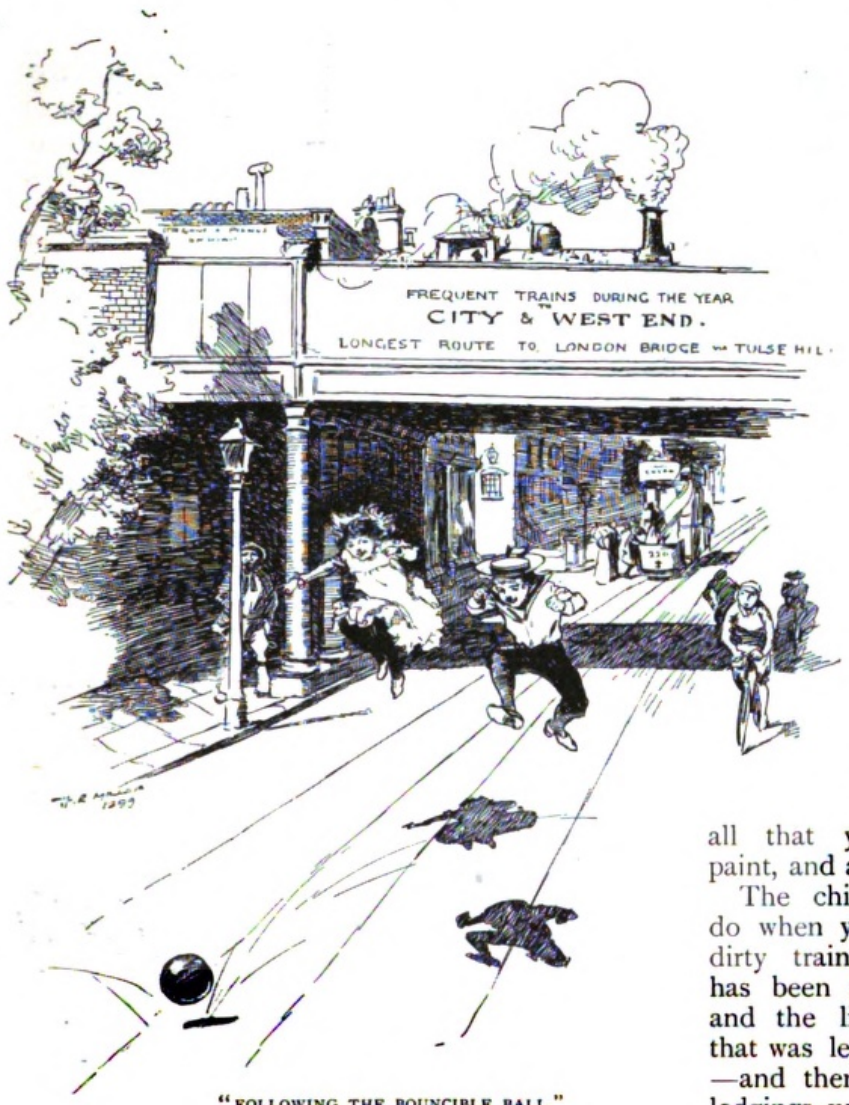
For then and there the two children had begun bouncing as if their feet were india-rubber balls, and you have no idea what a delicious sensation that gives you.

"Higher, higher," cried the green and red ball, bouncing excitedly. "Now, follow me, higher, higher." And off it bounced down the blackened gravel of the path, and the children bounced after it, shrieking with delight at the new feeling. They bounced over the wall—all three of them—and the children looked back just in time to see Uncle Thomas tapping at the window, and saying, "Don't."

You have not the least idea how glorious it is to feel full of bouncibleness; so that, instead of dragging one foot after the other, as you do when you feel tired or naughty, you bounce along, and every time your feet touch the ground you bounce higher, and all without taking any trouble or tiring yourself. You have perhaps heard of the Greek gentleman who got new strength every time he fell down. His name was Antæos, and I believe he was an india-rubber ball, green on one side where he touched the earth, and red on the other where he felt the sun. But enough of classical research.

Thomasina and Selim bounced away, following the Bouncible Ball. They went over fences and walls, and through parched, dry gardens and burning-hot streets; they passed the region where fields of cabbages and rows of yellow brick cottages mark the division between London and the suburbs. They bounced through the suburbs, dusty and neat, with geraniums in the front gardens, and all the blinds pulled half-way down; and then the lamp-posts in the road got fewer and fewer, and the fields got greener and the hedges thicker—it was real, true country—with lanes instead of roads; and

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"FOLLOWING THE BOUNCIBLE BALL."

down the lanes the green and red Ball went bouncing, bouncing, bouncing and the children after it. Thomasina, in her white, starched frock, very prickly round the neck, and Selim, in his everyday sailor-suit, a little tight under the arms. His Sunday one was a size larger. No one seemed to notice them, but they noticed and pitied the children who were being "taken for a walk" in the gritty suburban roads.

"Where are we going?" they asked the Ball, and it answered, with a sparkling green and red smile:—

"To the most delightful place in the world."

"What's it called?" asked Selim.

"It's called Whereyouwantogoto," the Ball answered, and on they went. It was a wonderful journey—up and down, looking through the hedges and over them, looking in at the doors of cottages, and then in at the top windows, up and down—bounce—bounce—bounce.

And at last they came to the sea. And the Bouncible Ball said, "Here you are! Now be good, for there's nothing here but the things that make people happy." And with that he curled himself up like a ball in the shadow of a wet sea-weedy rock, and went to sleep, for he was tired out with his long journey. The children stopped bouncing, and looked about them.

"Oh, Tommy!" said Selim.

"Oh, Silly!" said Thomasina. And well they might! In the place to which the Ball had brought them was all that your fancy can possibly paint, and a great deal more beside.

The children feel exactly as you do when you've had the long, hot, dirty train journey—and everyone has been so cross about the boxes and the little brown portmanteau that was left behind at the junction—and then when you get to your lodgings you are told that you may run down and have a look at the sea if you're back by tea-time, and mother and nurse will unpack.

Only Thomasina and her brother had not had a tiresome journey—and there were no nasty, stuffy lodgings for them, and no tea, with oily butter and a new pot of marmalade.

"There's silver-sand," said she—"miles of it."

"And rocks," said he.

"And cliffs."

"And caves in the cliffs."

"And how cool it is," said Thomasina.

"And yet it's nice and warm too," said Selim.

"And what shells!"

"And seaweed."

"And the downs behind!"

"And trees in the distance!"

"And here's a dog, to go after sticks. Here, Rover, Rover."

A big black dog answered at once to the

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name, because he was a retriever, and they are all called Rover.

"And spades!" said the girl.

"And pails!" said the boy.

"And what pretty sea-poppies," said the girl.

"And a basket—and grub in it!" said the boy. So they sat down and had lunch.

It was a lovely lunch. Lobsters and ice-creams (strawberry and pine-apple), and toffee and hot buttered toast and ginger-beer. They ate and ate, and thought of the aunt and uncle at home, and the minced veal and sago pudding, and they were very happy indeed.

Just as they were finishing their lunch they saw a swirling, swishing, splashing commotion in the green sea a little way off, and they tore off their clothes and rushed into the water to see what it was. It was a seal. He was very kind and convenient. He showed them how to swim and dive.



"'THANK YOU VERY MUCH,' THEY SAID. 'YOU ARE KIND.'"

"But won't it make us ill to bathe so soon after meals? Isn't it wrong?" asked Thomasina.

"Not at all," said the seal. "Nothing is wrong here—as long as you're good. Let me teach you water-leapfrog—a most glorious game, so cool, yet so exciting. You try it."

At last the seal said: "I suppose you wear man-clothes. They're very inconvenient. My two eldest have just outgrown their coats. If you'll accept them——"

And it dived, and came up with two golden sealskin coats over its arm, and the children put them on.

"Thank you very much," they said. "You *are* kind."

I am almost sure that it has never been your luck to wear a fur coat that fitted you like a skin, and that could not be spoiled with sand or water, or jam, or bread and milk, or any of the things with which you mess up the nice new clothes your kind relations buy for you. But if you like, you may try to imagine how jolly the little coats were.

Thomasina and Selim played all day on the beach, and when they were tired they went into a cave, and found supper—salmon and cucumber, and welsh-rabbit and lemonade—and then they went to bed in a great heap of straw and grass and fern and dead leaves, and all the delightful things you have often wished to sleep in. Only you have never been allowed to.

In the morning there were plum-pudding for breakfast, and roast duck and lemon jelly, and the day passed like a happy dream, only broken by surprising and delightful meals. The Ball woke up and showed them how to play water-polo; and they bounced him on the sand, with shrieks of joy and pleasure. You know, a Ball likes to be bounced by people he is fond of—it is like slapping a friend on the shoulder.

There were no houses in "Whereyouwantogoto," and no bathing machines or bands, no nursemaids or policemen or aunts or uncles. You could do exactly what you liked as long as you were good.

"What will happen if we're naughty?" Selim asked. The Ball looked very grave, and answered:—

"I must not tell you; and I very strongly advise you not to try to find out."

"We won't—indeed, we won't," said they, and went off to play rounders with the rabbits on the downs—who were friendly fellows, and very keen on the game.

On the third evening Thomasina was

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rather silent, and the Ball said: "What's the matter, girl-bouncer? Out with it."

So she said: "I was wondering how mother is, and whether she has one of her bad headaches."

The Ball said, "Good little girl! Come with me and I'll show you something."

He bounced away, and they followed him, and he flopped into a rocky pool, frightening the limpets and sea-anemones dreadfully, though he did not mean to.

"Now look," he called, from under the water—and the children looked, and the pool was like a looking-glass, only it was not their own faces they saw in it.

They saw the drawing-room at home, and father and mother, who were both quite well, only they looked tired—and the aunt and uncle were there—and Uncle Thomas was saying: "What a blessing those children are away."

"Then they know where we are?" said Selim to the Ball.

"They think they know," said the Ball—"or you think they think they know. Anyway, they're happy enough. Good-night."

And he curled himself up like a ball in his favourite sleeping-place. The two children crept into their pleasant, soft, sweet nest of straw and leaves and fern and grass, and went to sleep. But Selim was vexed with Thomasina because she had thought of mother before he had, and he said she had taken all the fern—and they went to sleep rather cross. They woke crosser. So far they had both helped to make the bed every morning, but to-day neither wanted to.

"I don't see why I should make the beds," said he; "it's a girl's work, not a boy's."

"I don't see why I should do it," said Thomasina; "it's a servant's work, not a young lady's."

And then a very strange and terrible thing happened. Quite suddenly, out of nothing and out of nowhere, appeared a housemaid—large and stern and very neat indeed, and she said:—

"You are quite right, miss: it is my place to make the beds. And I am instructed to see that you are both in bed by seven."

Think how dreadful this must have been to children who had been going to bed just when they felt inclined. They went out on to the beach.



"OUT OF NOWHERE APPEARED A HOUSEMAID."

"You see what comes of being naughty," said Thomasina; and Selim said, "Oh, shut up, do!"

They cheered up towards dinner-time—it was roast pigeons that day and bread sauce, and whitebait and syllabubs—and for the rest of the day they were as good as gold, and very polite to the Ball. Selim told it all about the dreadful apparition of the housemaid, and it shook its head (I know *you've* never seen a ball do that, and very likely you never will) and said:—

"My Bouncible Boy, you may be happy here for ever and ever if you're contented and good. Otherwise—well, it's a quarter to seven—you've got to go."

And, sure enough, they had to. And the housemaid put them to bed, and washed them with yellow soap, and some of it got in their eyes. And she lit a night-light, and sat with them till they went to sleep, so that they couldn't talk, and were ever so much longer getting to sleep than they would have

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been if she had not been there. And the beds were iron, with mattresses and hot, stuffy, fluffy sheets and many more new blankets than they wanted.

The next day they got out as early as they could and played water football with the seal and the Bouncible Ball, and when dinner-time came it was lobster and ices. But Thomasina was in a bad temper. She said, "I wish it was duck." And before the words had left her lips it was cold mutton and rice-pudding, and they had to sit up to table and eat it properly too, and the housemaid came round to see that they didn't leave any bits on the edges of their plates, or talk with their mouths full.

There were no more really nice meals after that: only the sort of things you get at home. But it is possible to be happy even without really nice meals. But you have to be very careful. The days went by pleasantly enough. All the sea and land creatures were most kind and attentive. The seal taught them all it knew, and was always ready to play with them. The star-fish taught them astronomy, and the jelly-fish taught them fancy cooking. The limpets taught them dancing, as well as they could for their lameness. The sea-birds taught them to make nests—a knowledge they have never needed to apply—and if the oysters did not teach them anything it was only because oysters are so very stupid, and not from any lack of friendly feeling.

The children bathed every day in the sea—and if they had only been content with this all would have been well. But they weren't.

"Let's dig a bath," said Selim, "and the sea will come in and fill it, and then we can bathe in it."

So they fetched their spades, and dug—and there was no harm in that, as you very properly remark.

But when the hole was finished, and the sea came creep, creep, creeping up—and at last a big wave thundered up the sand and swirled into the hole, Thomasina and Selim were struggling on the edge, fighting which should go in first, and the wave drew sandily back into the sea, and neither of them had bathed in the new bath. And now it was all wet and sandy, and its nice sharp edges rounded off, and much shallower. And as they looked at it angrily, the sandy bottom of the bath stirred and shifted and rose up—as if some great sea-beast were heaving underneath with his broad back. The wet sand slipped back in slabs at each side, and a long pointed thing like a thin cow's back came slowly up. It showed broader and broader, and presently the flakes of wet sand were dropping heavily off the top of a brand-new bathing machine that stood on the sand over where their bath had been.



"WE'VE DONE IT THIS TIME."

"Well," said Selim, "we've done it this time."

They certainly had—for on the door of the bathing machine was painted: "You must not bathe any more except through me."

So there was no more running into the sea just when and how they liked. They had to use the bathing machine, and it smelt of stale salt water and other people's wet towels.

After this the children did not seem to care so much about the seaside, and they played more on the downs, where the rabbits

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were very kind and hospitable, and in the woods, where all sorts of beautiful flowers grew wild—and there was nobody to say "Don't," when you picked them. The children thought of what Uncle Thomas would have said if he had been there, and they were very, very happy.

But one day Thomasina had pulled a lot of white convolvulus and some pink geraniums and calceolarias—the kind you are never allowed to pick at home—and she had made a wreath of them and put it on her head.

Then Selim said: "You *are* silly! You look like a Bank Holiday."

And his sister said: "I can't help it. They'd look lovely on a hat, if they were only artificial. I wish I had a hat."

And she had. A large stiff hat that hurt her head just where the elastic was sewn on, and she had her stiff white frock that scratched, her tiresome underclothing, all of it, and stockings and heavy boots; and Selim had his sailor suit—the every-day one that was too tight in the arms; and they had to wear them always, and their fur coats were taken away.

They went sadly, all stiff and uncomfortable, and told the Bouncible Ball. It looked very grave, and great tears of salt water rolled down its red and green cheeks as it sat by the wet, seaweed-covered rock.

"Oh, you silly children," it said, "haven't you been warned enough? You've everything a reasonable child could wish for. Can't you be contented?"

"Of course we can," they said—and so they were—for a day and a half. And then it wasn't exactly discontent but real naughtiness that brought them to grief.

They were playing on the downs by the edge of the wood under the heliotrope tree. A hedge of camellia bushes cast a pleasant shadow, and out in the open sunlight on the downs the orchids grew like daisies, and the carnations like buttercups. All about was that kind of turf on which the gardener does not like you to play, and they had pulled armfuls of lemon verbena and made a bed of it. But Selim's blouse was tight under the arms. So when Thomasina said:—

"Oh, Silly dear, how beautiful it is, just like fairyland," he said:—

"Silly yourself. There's no such thing as fairyland."

Just then a fairy, with little bright wings the colour of a peacock's tail, fluttered across the path, and settled on a magnolia flower.

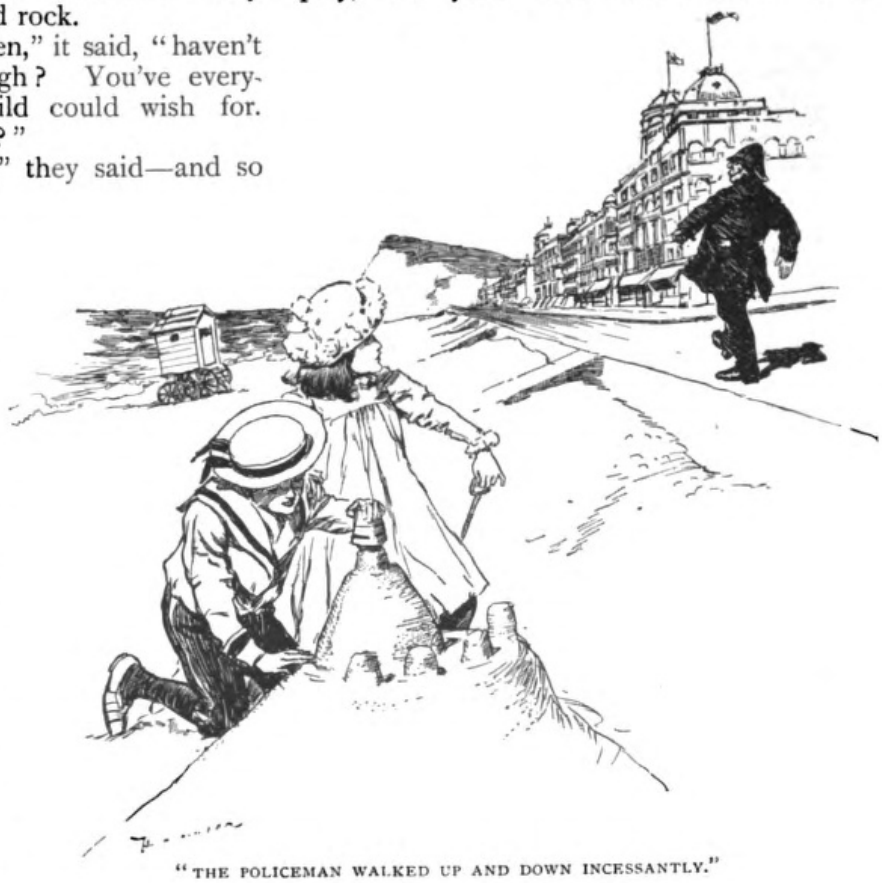
"Oh! Silly darling," cried Thomasina, "it *is* fairyland, and there's a fairy, such a beautiful dear. . Look—there she goes."

But Selim would not look—he turned over and hid his eyes.

"There's no such thing as fairyland, I tell you," he grunted, "and I don't believe in fairies."

And then, quite suddenly and very horribly the fairy turned into a policeman—because everyone knows there are such things as policemen, and anyone can believe in *them*.

And all the rare and beautiful flowers withered up and disappeared, and only thorns and thistles were left, and the misty, twiny, trim little grass path that led along the top of the cliffs turned into a parade, and the policeman walked up and down it incessantly, and watched the children at their play, and you know how difficult it is



"THE POLICEMAN WALKED UP AND DOWN INCESSANTLY."

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to play when anyone is watching you, especially a policeman. Selim was extremely vexed: that was why, he said, there couldn't possibly be glow-worms as big as bicycle lamps, which, of course, there were in "Whereyouwantogoto." It was after that that the gas-lamps were put all along the parade, and a pier sprang up, on purpose to be lighted with electricity, and a band played, because it is nonsense to have a pier without a band.

"Oh, you naughty, silly children," said the Bouncible Ball, turning red with anger, except in the part where he was green with disgust; "it makes me bounce with rage to see how you've thrown away your chances, and what a seaside resort you're making of 'Whereyouwantogoto.'"

And he did bounce, angrily, up and down the beach, till the housemaid looked out of the cave and told the children not to be so noisy, and the policeman called out:—

"Now then, move along there, move along. You're obstructing of the traffic."

And now I have something to tell you which you will find it hard to make any excuses for. I can't make any myself. I can only ask you to remember how hard it is to be even moderately good, and how easy it is to be extremely naughty.

When the Bouncible Ball stopped bouncing, Selim said:—

"I wonder what makes him bounce."

"Oh, no, *don't!*" cried Thomasina, for she had heard her brother wonder that about balls before, and she knew all too well what it ended in.

"Oh, *don't*," she said, "oh, Silly, he brought us here, he's been so kind." But Selim said, "Nonsense; balls can't feel, and it will be almost as good to play with after I've looked inside it."

And then, before Thomasina could prevent him, he pulled out the knife Uncle Reggy gave him last holiday but one, and catching the Ball up, he plunged the knife into its side. The Bouncible Ball uttered one whiffing squeak of pain and grief, then with a low, hissing sigh its kindly spirit fled, and it lay, a lifeless mass of paint and india-rubber in the hands of its assassin. Thomasina burst into tears—but the heartless Selim tore open the Ball, and looked inside. You know well enough what he found there. Emptiness; the little square patch of india-rubber that makes the hard lump on the outside of the ball which you feel with your fingers when the ball is alive and his own happy, bouncing, cheerful self.

The children stood looking at each other.

"I—I almost wish I hadn't," said Selim at last; but before Thomasina could answer he had caught her hand.

"Oh, look," he cried, "look at the sea."

It was, indeed, a dreadful sight. The beautiful dancing, sparkling blue sea was drying up before their eyes—in less than a moment it was quite flat and dusty. It hurriedly laid down a couple of railway lines, ran up a signal-box and telegraph-poles, and became the railway at the back of their house at home.

The children, gasping with horror, turned to the downs. From them tall, yellow brick houses were rising, as if drawn up by an invisible hand. Just as treacle does in cold weather if you put your five fingers in and pull them up. But, of course, you are never allowed to do this. The beach got hard—it was a pavement. The green downs turned grey—they were slate roofs—and Thomasina and Selim found themselves at the iron gate of their own number in the terrace—and there was Uncle Thomas at the window knocking for them to come in, and Aunt Selina calling out to them how far from respectable it was to play in the streets.

They were sent to bed at once—that was Aunt Selina's suggestion—and Uncle Thomas arranged that they should have only dry bread for tea.

Selim and Thomasina have never seen "Whereyouwantogoto" again, nor the Bouncible Ball—not even his poor body—and they don't deserve to either. Of course, Thomasina was not so much to blame as Selim, but she was punished just the same. I can't help that. This is really the worst of being naughty. You not only have to suffer for it yourself, but someone else always has to suffer too, generally the person who loves you best.

You are intelligent children, and I will not insult you with a moral. I am not Uncle Thomas. Nor will I ask you to remember what I have told you. I am not Aunt Selina.

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The Devil's Corkscrews.

A PUZZLE FOR GEOLOGISTS.

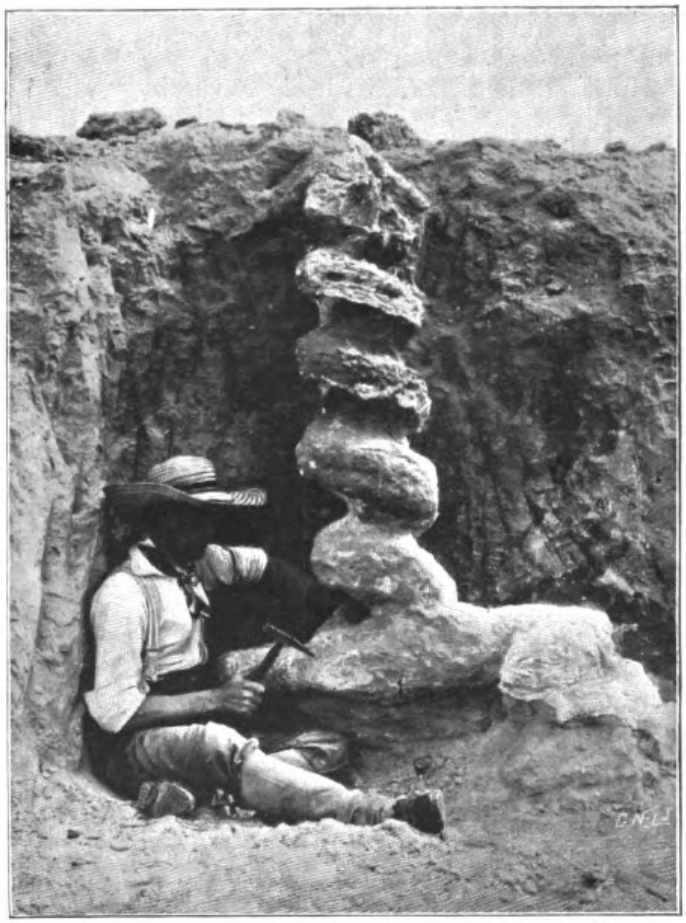
By René Bache.

IN that wonderful playground of Nature called the Bad Lands—which might well have been designed for occupancy by communities of ogres and giants, so weird and fantastic are its landscape effects, counterfeiting with rocky spire, minaret, and buttressed fort a vast city of the supernatural—are found the so-called Devil's Corkscrews, long regarded by scientific men as a well-nigh hopeless puzzle.

As the adventurous traveller wanders through the strange avenues of this mysterious region, where everything is on a gigantic scale and man seems a mere pigmy, his eye is caught now and then by a huge spiral column of white stone standing out in relief from the side of a hill, and rising in an exact perpendicular, as if to uphold the rocky masses above. In places, scores of them are seen exposed on the face of a single cliff, always perfectly vertical, and having the appearance of pillars designed in a vanished and extinct school of architecture. Within an area of about 500 square miles in Nebraska there are literally millions of these curious objects, revealed to view by being "weathered out" of the sandstone formation. They are composed of quartz, and every one of them is carved out with a precision that might be expressed by a mathematical formula.

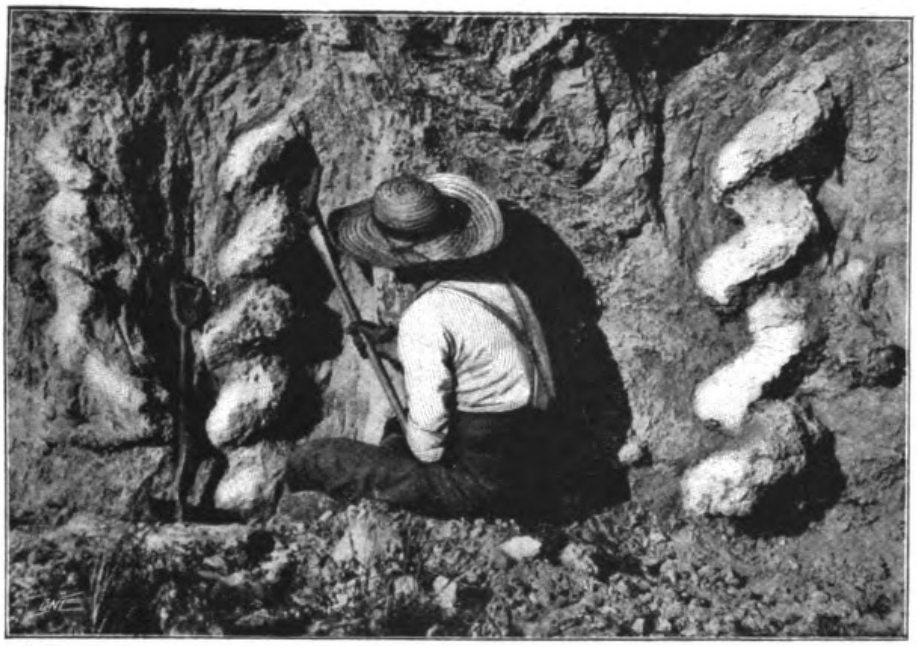
To call these remarkable spirals "Devil's Corkscrews" seemed fairly appropriate, in view of the total lack of explanation for them. Always it has been customary to attribute whatever was inexplicable to Satanic origin; and, besides, how is one to account for the making of a twisted pillar 15ft. or more in height, as mathematically formed as any ordinary corkscrew, out of quartz rock, without intervention by some sort of artifice? Plainly, from the popular view-point, some supernatural agency must be responsible for the phenomenon in question, which is known to the better-informed as a "fossil twister." The spirals are fossils—of that there can be no doubt—but, rejecting the theory of diabolical agency in their manufacture, scientists are eagerly inquiring what they were, animal or vegetable, when they were alive.

They must be of animal origin or plant origin—the question is, which? Some theorists have been of the opinion that they were petrified vines, but who ever heard of a vine that climbed in a mathematical spiral? Others suggested that they were fossil worms of huge size—a most ingenious and even plausible idea. In a region known to have been inhabited formerly by many gigantic species of reptiles—some of them 90ft. in length—whose remains are dug out of the rocks in the Bad Lands to-day, why should



UNEARTHING A "DEVIL'S CORKSCREW" FROM A HILLSIDE.
From a Photograph.

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From a] EXCAVATING A SERIES OF "CORKSCREWS" FROM A CLIFF. *[Photograph.*

there not have been exceptionally large worms? Nay, why should these worms not have been of mathematical habit, erecting themselves spirally, while waiting for food, in the exact perpendicular, and becoming fossilized eventually in that somewhat strained and uncomfortable attitude?

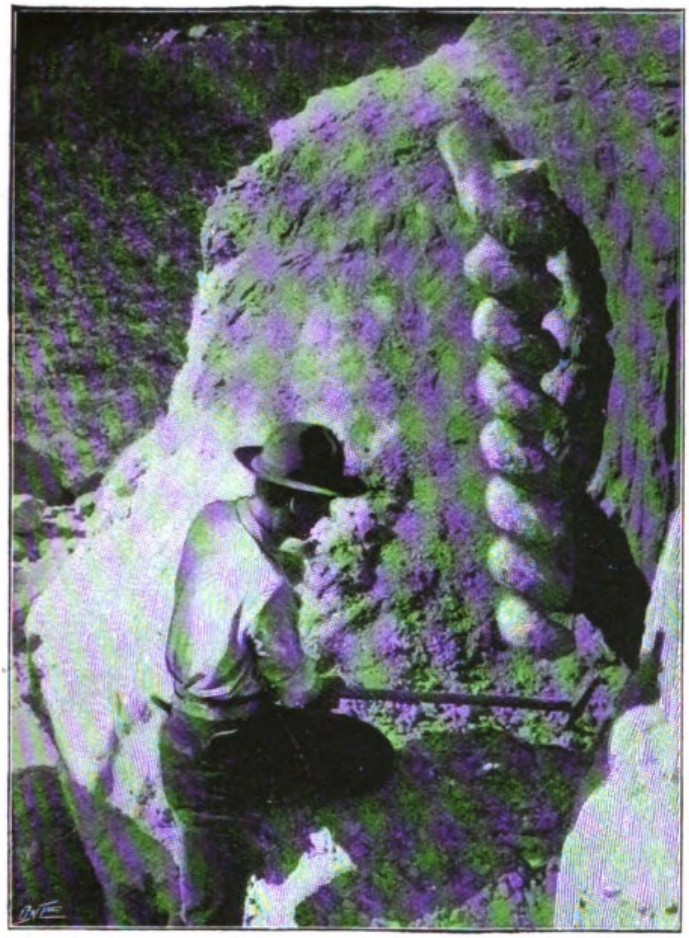
However, the belief that really stuck, finding many confident and even enthusiastic advocates, has come to be known as the "gopher-hole theory." In parts of the West a small rodent animal, of subterranean habits, known as the "gopher," does immense damage to crops by eating the roots of grain and other cultivated plants. Ages ago, declare the indorsers of this idea, gophers of a prehistoric breed made their home in the region now known as the Bad Lands, and, after the manner of their kind, dug burrows. Obeying a mathematical "instinct," they excavated their holes in perfect spirals, and, in the course of a thousand centuries or so, these burrows, long vacated by their original owners, were filled in with silica from water which overflowed them, thus reproducing the form of the "corkscrews" in solid quartz, to be exposed to view in modern days through the wearing away of the hillsides by wind and rain.

The essential point of evidence required to back up this theory was seemingly furnished not long ago by the discovery of the bones of a real gopher buried actually in the substance of one of the quartz corkscrews. This, everybody said, proved the case, and the advocates of the gopher idea simply sat back and smiled a superior smile; there was nothing further to be demonstrated. But, alas! not long afterward, fossil parts of a deer were found in another quartz spiral, and it had to be admitted that no member of the deer family ever was a burrowing animal. So the question was again admitted to be open to argument, and Professor E. H. Barbour, of the University of Nebraska, long a conservative opponent of the suggestions previously entertained, stepped forward with what has at the present time every appearance of being the true story of the origin of the mysterious screws.



From a] A FRAGMENT OF A "CORKSCREW" WITH ITS ROOT. *[Photograph.*

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From a] A FINE SPECIMEN NEARLY EXCAVATED. [Photograph.

It seems, according to his account, that—as is understood by all geologists—the great basin to the east of the Rocky Mountains, including the area now called Nebraska, was a vast lake a million years or so ago. That was the epoch known as Miocene, when as yet the North American continent was in process of formation. On the bottom of this fresh-water sea, at a depth of hundreds of feet, grew immense numbers of water-weeds of a species unknown to-day. They were of gigantic size, some of them 20ft. or more in height, and they assumed the form of huge spirals, mathematically exact in their curvature. It is imagined—though of this there is no positive proof—that each one was made up of a group of plants, together forming a sort of community.

Rivers brought into the inland sea immense quantities of detritus, and this was deposited on the bottom of the lake so rapidly that whole fields of the giant water-weeds were buried beneath it. In the course of ages the lake-bottom became dry land, and incidentally the plants, decaying, were replaced, particle by particle, by silica deposited from water which contained it. Silica, of course, is the material of quartz, and thus it is that the so-called Devil's Corkscrews were formed, reproducing in rocky substance the vegetables from which they originated. Weathered out from the cliff-sides in these later days, they stand in rows like sculptured pillars twisted into spirals. Unlike ordinary corkscrews, they turn not all one way, but are right-handed as often as left-handed. Anybody might well suppose them to be works of art, so graceful and elegant are they. Some of them wind about a vertical axis, like a vine around a stick, but others are free.

The typical Devil's Corkscrew consists of two parts — the screw, already described, and a massive "root," sometimes as big round as a hogshead, which branches off from the lower end of the spiral. In a large specimen the screw may be 15ft. long, while the "root" attains a length of 20ft. Advocates of the gopher theory contend that the rodent's nest is represented by the "root," while the spiral stands for the passage of communication with the surface of the ground. This delusion, however, may now be regarded as thoroughly exploded. Professor Barbour himself admits that his water-weed theory may not be correct, but challenges anybody to offer a more plausible suggestion to account for this most curious of geological freaks.

During several years past the University of Nebraska has sent an annual expedition to the corkscrew-bearing region, all expenses being borne by the Hon. Charles S. Morrill, of Lincoln, in that State. While the most notable investigative work has been done by Professor Barbour, the Dæmonelix beds have been explored by other scientists of high reputation—among them Mr. Darton of the U.S. Geological Survey, Dr. Scott, of Princeton, and Drs. Riggs and Farrington, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago. Neither time nor money has been spared in pursuing the investigation, which has resulted in tracing the peculiar fossiliferous formation over the western half of the Nebraska into Wyoming.

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*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



MADE OF FISH SCALES.

We have heard of wax flowers, china flowers, paper, and every other imaginable kind of artificial flowers, but Miss F. A. Meagh, of Ash Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, enlightens us yet farther. She sends us an extraordinary spray of artificial flowers made of the scales of fishes! She says: "The fish scales spray was brought over from Brazil a good many years ago, and was made by the South American Indians; the leaves (as well as the flowers) are made entirely of fish scales and coloured green, while the flowers are pink."

A BICYCLE WITH A STORY.

Mr. C. Field, of Woodlands House, Milngavie, N.B., has been travelling in Belgium. During the course of his wanderings through that interesting country he has come upon an extraordinary curiosity. The spokes of the wheels of the cycle shown in the annexed drawing are intended to form letters, and the combined letters to form the following sentence: "*Vive le nouveau genre de sport et le plaisir que procure la bicyclette*," a literal translation of which reads as follows: "Long live this new kind of sport and the pleasure which the bicycle provides." The work is that of a clever pedlar, who induced Mr. Field to purchase the drawing which we reproduce. In order to read the words properly the drawing should be held horizontally on a level with the line of vision.



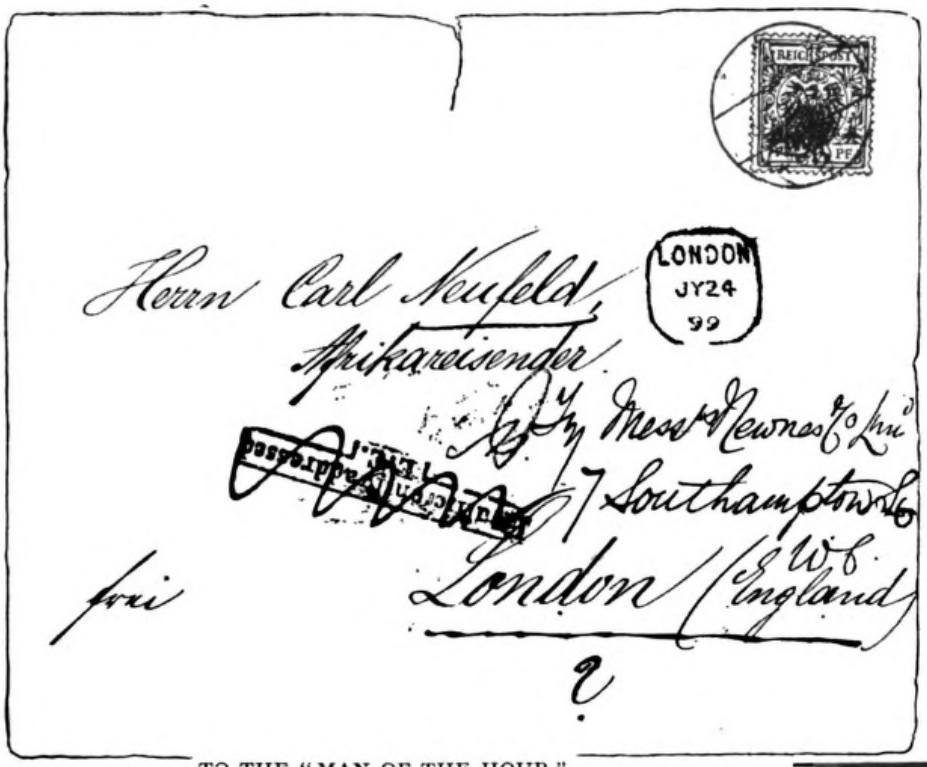
ZADOC PRATT'S ECCENTRICITY.

Zadoc Pratt was one of the wealthiest and most eccentric residents of the Catskill Mountains in New York State. The town of Prattsville was named after him, and he lived there all his life. He owned an immense estate, and one of his fads was that no one who applied to him for work should be turned away. As a consequence, all the big rocks on his place were carved into rustic benches, odd figures were cut in the solid rock of the hillside, and a large room, which he destined to be his tomb, was cut out of the rock. He devised all sorts of fantastic tasks for those who applied to him for work. He was a great lover of dogs and horses, and owned a large number. As they died he had them buried near each other, and heaped up a large mound over them. On top of this he erected a tombstone, which is shown in the illustration. He was a great philanthropist, and his death, which occurred a few years ago, was greatly lamented. He was not buried in the tomb he had carved for himself, but, contrary to his wishes, in the village cemetery, where a tall shaft marks his grave.



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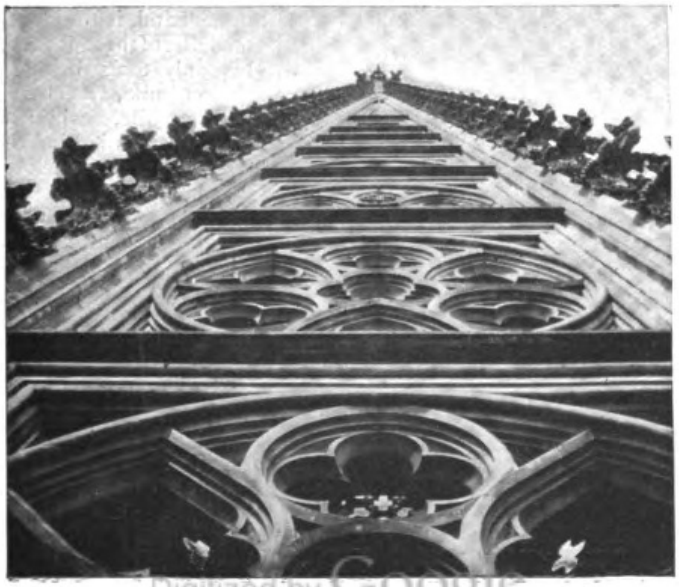


TO THE "MAN OF THE HOUR."

Who said the London General Post Office was behind the times? Here is a letter marked in the first place (and, naturally enough) "Insufficiently Addressed." But on looking at it again the G.P.O. saw the name "Neufeld," and remembered in a moment the thrilling narrative of suffering and weird adventure now appearing month by month in *The Wide World Magazine*, under the title, "In the Khalifa's Clutches; or, My Twelve Years' Captivity in Chains in Omdurman." "Neufeld! Why, of course," murmured the G.P.O. (and it does murmur sometimes), "Charles Neufeld is the famous prisoner of the Khalifa who was released only when the victorious Lord Kitchener struck off his chains in the Saier Prison at Omdurman. Neufeld—Yes, at present he spells *Wide World Magazine*, and that spells 'Newnes' and Southampton Street." And so the letter was duly delivered.

COLOGNE STEEPLE.

"Whilst touring in Germany," writes Mr. Jas. W. Smith, jun., of 8, St. Botolph Street, Boston, Mass., "I had the pleasure of stopping at Cologne, on the Rhine. Amongst the various things we saw was the cathedral. After ascending as high as we were able, I thought a photograph of the steeple above us would be interesting, so I held my kodac almost perpendicularly in the air and obtained the accompanying curious result. The tower resembles a bridge more than anything else, so true is the perspective." In order to see the photo. in its true light the picture should be held above the head.



A GROTESQUE ADORNMENT.

This curious picture shows a figure which stands at the foot of an ornamental fountain in the Corporation Park, Darwen, Lancs. The fine stream of water falling on the head of the fountain has frozen upon it with this peculiar effect. Note the enlargement of the mouth and the huge beard. There are also one or two curious suggestions of faces in the ice. Mr. H. Irving, of Darwen, Lancs has kindly forwarded us this photograph.



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NOT AN ACCIDENT.

We have from time to time reproduced interesting photographs sent to us by our correspondents, taken from above, from below, and from other curious points of view, but the snap-shot here shown is, we think, one of the best of the kind that has yet come to hand. Looked at casually one would think that the young man had fallen from the top of the chimney, his cap being still on the descent. But it is not so. The camera was tilted upwards from below, the man sat on the edge of the wall and threw up his cap, while the picture was snapped, with the above curious result. We are indebted to Mr. G. H. Janneman, jun., of 3, Anderson Avenue, Port Richmond, New York, for this interesting snap-shot.

A MINE SQUEEZE.

The accompanying photograph represents a mine squeeze in an anthracite coal mine in the Wyoming Valley, Pa. The picture was taken 650ft. below the surface of the ground, and shows the roof of a gangway giving way and breaking the props placed under it for support. The props shown are from 14in. to 20in. in diameter, and had only been placed there a few days. Many lives have been lost in this mine owing to these squeezes, the props sometimes snapping like pipe-stems, without any warning, burying the men working under them. Mr. Harry H. Davenport, of Plymouth, Pa., who sends the photo., says: "Pieces of coal were actually falling whilst the picture was being taken."

A MODELLER IN COAL.

Of all the peculiar substances from which models have been made, surely coal must take the premier position. A more brittle modelling composition could hardly have been chosen, yet in our picture we have crosses, ink-stands, boots, brackets, candlesticks, and waiters all made of coal. Mr. Turton, of Hucknall Torkard, who is seen in the photograph with a lady's boot in his hand, is the clever modeller of these objects, his only tools being a pocket-knife, a chisel, and a file, while a specially hard kind of coal is used which is capable of being polished with the flat hand. The cup in the centre of the photo. was made by Mr. Turton for a local football league comprising thirteen teams, and was to be played for each season: interest, however, abated, and the first winners still hold it. Mr. Harold Rowe, of Hucknall Torkard, has kindly sent us this picture.





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"DEAD AND ALIVE."

Mr. Alfred Priest, of 14, Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, sends the next photo. He says: "Inclosed I send a photo. which I am sure is quite unique, even amongst the interesting collection that has been appearing for some long time in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It was suggested to me in this way: I was inspecting a few of my canvases (painted as a student), and I asked my brother to hold them up for me so that they should not reflect any light, as pictures often do when not at a proper angle with the light (of windows, etc.). When he was holding this particular picture up, the quaint blending of the picture and my brother's legs at once reminded me of your well-known photo. curiosities. It is further interesting as being a copy of the famous portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velasquez; now, I believe, in the Dulwich Gallery. To take this photo. I posed specially, while my brother worked the camera."



CAN A CAT FLY?

This sounds very much like a conundrum, and a very absurd one, too. If we look at the picture of pussy which is reproduced here, our question is at least partially answered. This extraordinary cat, it will be perceived, is the proud possessor of a pair of wings. It belongs to a lady of Wiveliscombe, Somerset, to whom it was given when a kitten. There was nothing extraordinary in its appearance at first, but after a time it developed a pair of wings. They are not, of course, covered with feathers, but fur—the same as the rest of the body. Several persons have seen this wonderful cat. The photograph was taken by Mr. G. W. French, of Wiveliscombe, Somerset.





A THIRSTY CABLE-DRUM.

An exciting scene occurred one morning in Nelson Street, Bristol, where an electric cable is being laid. The workmen had left one of the drums of cable standing on the top of a slight incline, and by some means or other it was started rolling down the slope. At the bottom of the hill there is an arch about 10ft. wide (St. John's Arch), and it went clear through this and turned slightly to the left and crashed through a public-house window, completely demolishing the front of the premises. The drum weighs 53cwt., and if it had gone 2ft. more to the right it would have knocked down the pillar shown in the photograph, and brought the whole house down. Several persons had narrow escapes, but fortunately no one was injured. The photograph was forwarded by Mr. C. M. Fairclough, of Ockham, Keynsham, near Bristol.

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"TOPMOUNTERS" PLEASE NOTE.

Miss M. Bulley, of Breck-Hey, Liscard, Cheshire, favours us with the remarkable advertising card of a small hotel in Norway. The document was printed for the benefit of English travellers, and is absolutely genuine.

The hotel for turists . . . .

. . . . . on **Turtegrö**

— Owner Mr. IVAR ØIENE —

is laying by the foot of the eminent "Skagastølstinder", the largest field in Jotunheimen for topmounters. The best leaders are to be had. It is the best place for country-layers. Different interesting places for summer-trips. Nearest stopping-place for steamers — Skjolden. Recommands as station for passage to Lom — Gudbsandsdalen.

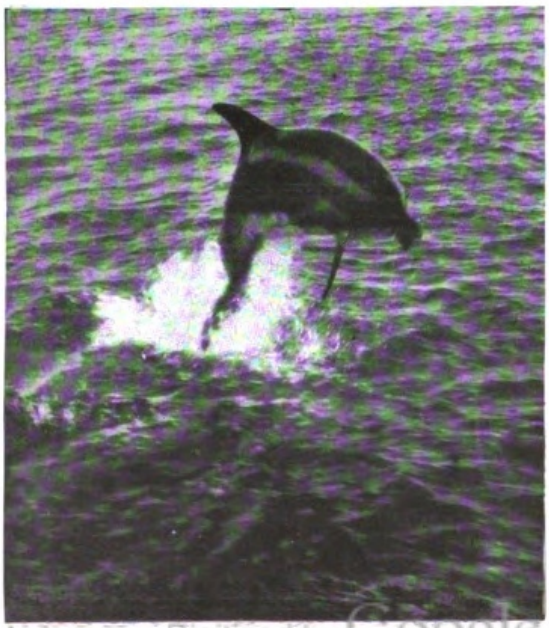
A CUP WITH A MYSTERY.

The drinking cup of which we here reproduce a photo. is a very ancient one. The sender, Miss K. Walker, of 14, Priory Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W., says: "It is of clear glass, with a small engraving on one side. In the mouth of the cup is a hollow globe of glass, so placed that the water will run slowly into the cup, but it seems impossible to drink from it. I remember as children we called it a 'puzzle cup,' and were told that the puzzle was to drink out of it, but I have never heard how it was done, and have never been able to discover." Unfortunately, the original handle has been broken off and replaced by one of iron, covered with wickerwork. The ends of the old glass handle, however, are still attached to the body of the cup, but no tube or opening into it can be found in them.



A JUMPING DOLPHIN.

It is Mr. G. T. Wrench, of 3, Parklands, Surbiton Hill Park, Surrey, who sends us this interesting photograph. He says: "This is a snap-shot, taken off the coast of New South Wales, of a dolphin leaping out of the water." A dolphin is distinguished from a porpoise by its long, flat snout, which can be distinctly discerned in the photo. We should imagine that Mr. Wrench has been particularly fortunate in thus catching the dolphin "on the hop."



AN ARCHWAY OF HORSE-SHOES.

This extraordinary archway stands at the entrance to a forge near Amesbury, Wilts, and is indeed an interesting curiosity. The two pillars together weigh over four tons, the shoes of which they are composed having been carefully collected by the smith who at present owns the forge. He then reared this monument to his own patience and ingenuity. Our correspondent who has kindly forwarded us the photograph says: "The name along the top of the archway is also composed of shoes; unfortunately, however, I took the photograph from the wrong side."



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Painted by] "AN EARTHLY PARADISE." [*Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

"All the heaven of heavens in one little child."

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xviii. DECEMBER, 1899. No. 108.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXVIII.—SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

By Frederick Dolman.

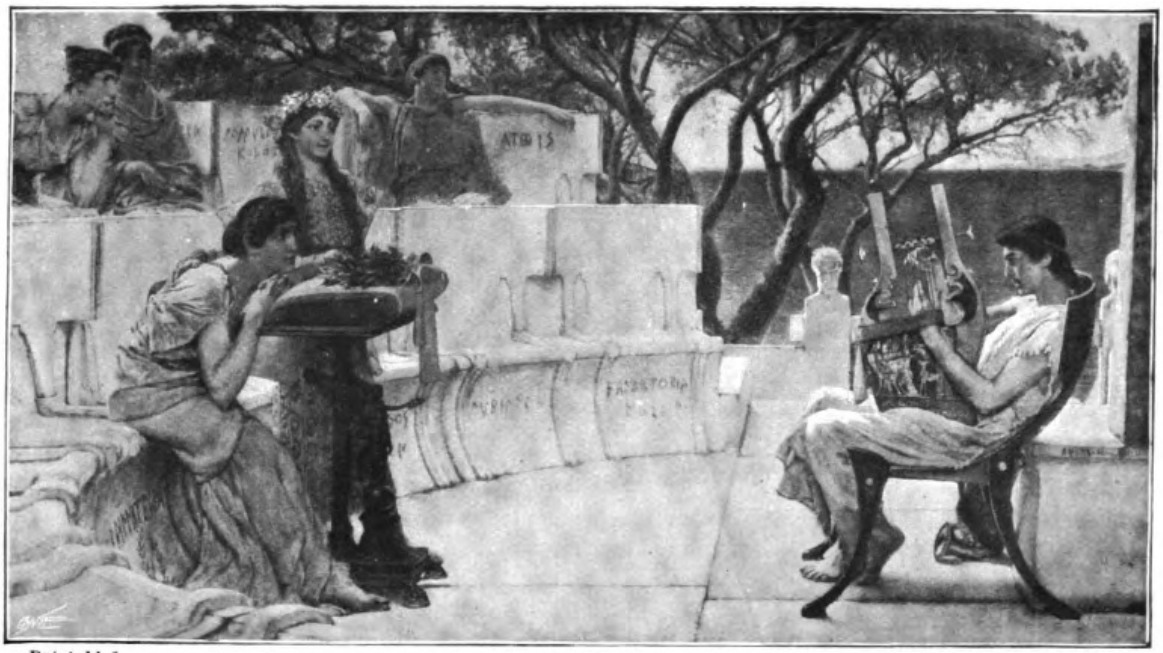
OF "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" there is no greater living exponent in pictorial art than Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. Many a visitor to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, looking upon his vivid realization of daily life in the ancient classical period, with its graceful women and stately men, its brilliant sky, gleaming marbles, and gorgeous flowers, must have greatly wondered where and how in murky, commonplace London such pictures could be conceived and created, it being well known that the distinguished painter, a Dutchman by birth, has long been an Englishman by adoption, and a Londoner by choice. No. 17, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, where Sir Lawrence has resided for many years, is not an address which in itself signifies much in answer to such a question, and you might pass along the thoroughfare a dozen times without having your attention attracted to the dwelling-place which bears that number, surrounded as it is by a high garden-wall in accordance with the general plan of the neighbourhood.

When you pull the old-fashioned iron bell-handle, however, and the garden-gate in response gently slips open, tacitly inviting you to walk along the tessellated pavement, protected by a glass awning, to the portal of the house, revelations are assuredly at hand full of enlightenment as to the value which a great artist with enthusiasm for his work puts upon sympathetic environment. The door-knocker, a massive antique mask of brass, with the word *Salve*—the favourite greeting of the Romans—carved above in bold lettering, fitly heralds your entrance to



From a Photo. by] SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

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Painted by] "SAPPHO." [*Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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a home which more than any other in London illustrates the artistic beauty of domiciles such as Horace and Cicero knew, and such as are suggested to us to-day in the finest remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The atrium, triclinium, peristyle, impluvium, and other features which Lord Lytton describes with so much detail in "The Last Days of Pompeii" have been reproduced with as much fidelity as was consistent with present-day convenience and the English climate.

It is in the essentially modern billiard-room, however, that Sir Lawrence receives me as the representative of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

We seat ourselves in a little recess at the end of the room, just raised a little to afford a better view of the table when a game is in progress, and light cigars. The electric globe fills this recess with a soft glow, but there is only a dim light over the rest of the room, and the figure and features of the artist, as he reclines in his chair, are consequently placed in clear relief. Of about the middle height, Sir Lawrence looks lithe and strong, and although his rather shaggy hair is partially grey, and the *pince-nez* looks like a fixture, you would never take him to be a man who had seen sixty-three years and has painted more than three hundred important pictures. He is dressed in the *négligé* style of the studio, the brown hue of his clothes seeming to set off the slight colour on his frank, energetic face. Although so pleasing, the face is not of an English type, and, if it were, it would be denied by the accent with which, in excellent literary form, and sometimes very quickly, Sir Lawrence speaks in the tongue of the country which he honours by making his own.

"Then it is your custom to work every day and all day?" I remark, resuming the talk when our cigars were well alight.

"Yes, but I cannot claim to work with the regularity of some artists. I never know how much or how little I am going to do. For days I make no progress with a picture—there is so much painting-out. Leighton, on the other hand, as you may know, was able to apportion every part of his day to its allotted task—two hours to a model, two hours to a sitter, so much more to a study, and so on."

"And yet your work, Sir Lawrence, is mostly of the same kind—the public won't let you paint much without blue sky and white marble in it."

"That is true, but it only increases, I think, the strain upon the artist. I have attained—at least, people think I have attained—to excellence in a certain groove of art. I must continue to work in that groove, but at the same time I must not merely repeat myself. In this groove I have to find fresh features of interest, new points of achievement. This makes the artistic effort, although, in a sense, I may be able to paint very blue skies and very light marbles better and more easily than anything else."

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"Then you are not in the same position as the actor who is condemned by success to play the same part night after night?"

"Not quite. But actors are prone to tire of the sphere in which they have made their reputations. Many a comedian has longed to distinguish himself as a tragedian, when it is pretty certain that if he were to make the attempt, comedy would lose an excellent interpreter, and tragedy would gain little. In the same way painters are apt to despise success as soon as it seems to be too easily gained—they often strive ambitiously in some new field for which they are less fitted, but then it is so difficult to know one's own powers."

It is in association with such pictures as "The Shrine of Venus," "A Reading from Homer," and "An Audience at Agrippa's" that the name of Alma-Tadema will long be memorable in the annals of art. But the work of his earlier years was of somewhat different character, and I am moved to inquire how he discovered his true *métier*.

"I was always very fond of Roman history, although at school, which I left rather early, I am afraid I never made very much headway with Latin and Greek. I was first attracted to the artistic possibilities of marble when visiting Ghent in 1858. A friend happened to take me into a certain club-house—I forget for the moment the name of the club—which had a marble smoking-room. I don't suppose the room was of any exceptional magnificence, but it was the finest marble room I had then seen, and its wonderful whiteness and atmosphere made an extraordinary impression upon me."

"And with this association of ideas—historical interest and the beauty of marble—you proceeded to Italy and Greece?"

"No, I did not visit Rome for some years



Painted by] "THE PROPOSAL." *[Sir L. Alma Tadema, R.A.*

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later, and Greece I have never seen. A friend of my mother's did, indeed, offer me a sum of money quite early in my career to enable me to have a long course of travel. But, after due consideration, I declined the kind offer. It seemed to me—and my opinion remains the same to-day—that a young artist whose style and individuality had yet to be formed was more likely to be harmed than benefited by going to Venice, say, and studying Titian, to Rome and studying Michael Angelo, to Spain and immersing himself in Velasquez."

"Yet the Royal Academy maintains several travelling studentships?"

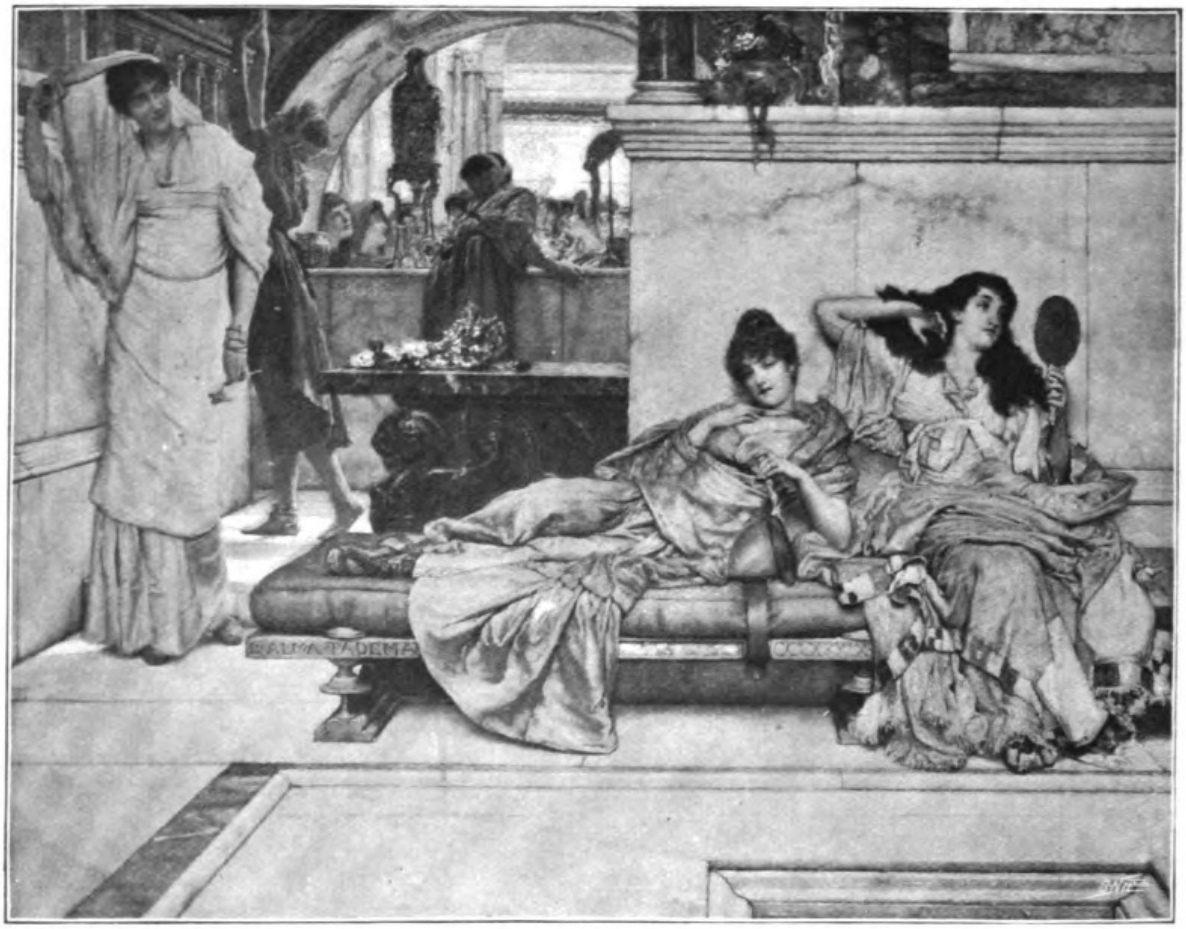
"Yes, I know, but the policy, in my opinion, is a mistaken one. Scarcely any of the greatest painters travelled in their youth."

And Sir Lawrence promptly ran through many names of the Masters, both old and modern, in verification of his statement.

"When I first visited Italy in 1863 I had developed as an artist into what I am now—I could say to myself without egotism, 'I am Alma-Tadema'—and could enjoy and profit by all that I saw without danger of mere imitation. You remember the story of Correggio, the desire of whose heart was to see the Raphaels in the Vatican. When it was realized, and he stood before the famous works, he exclaimed, 'And I too am a painter!'"

"But how, then, did you obtain the knowledge of every detail of old Greek and Roman life shown in your pictures?"

"As to the costume, mainly from sculpture and antique paintings; as to general details of architecture, furnishing, etc., mainly from museums and collections. Baring Gould's 'Tragedy of the Cæsars,' for instance, is an excellent work, inspired by the portraits of the time. Of course, I know Pompeii by heart—I spent a long time in exploring it, especially in 1884 and in 1863, when the pavements were uncovered, and not as now covered up with mud, owing to the misguided methods of preservation adopted by the Italian officials. I have never visited Greece and the Orient,



Painted by] "AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS." *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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Painted by] "UNCONSCIOUS RIVALS." *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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from the fear that I should not be able to see the ancient life there for the crowds of living people and things of to-day. Even Rome is becoming hopelessly modern in that sense—on my last visit in 1886 I was much less able to discover for myself the life of the ancient city."

"And you do not have to go abroad in search of models?"

"No, in London a painter can obtain everything he wants in that way. As to Italians, for instance, there are available models of as many types as in Rome itself. It has been said, I know, that some of my Greeks and Romans are too English in their appearance. But, after all, there is not such a great difference between the ancients and the moderns as we are apt to suppose. This is the truth that I have always endeavoured to express in my pictures, that the old Romans were human flesh and blood, like ourselves, moved by much the same passions and emotions."

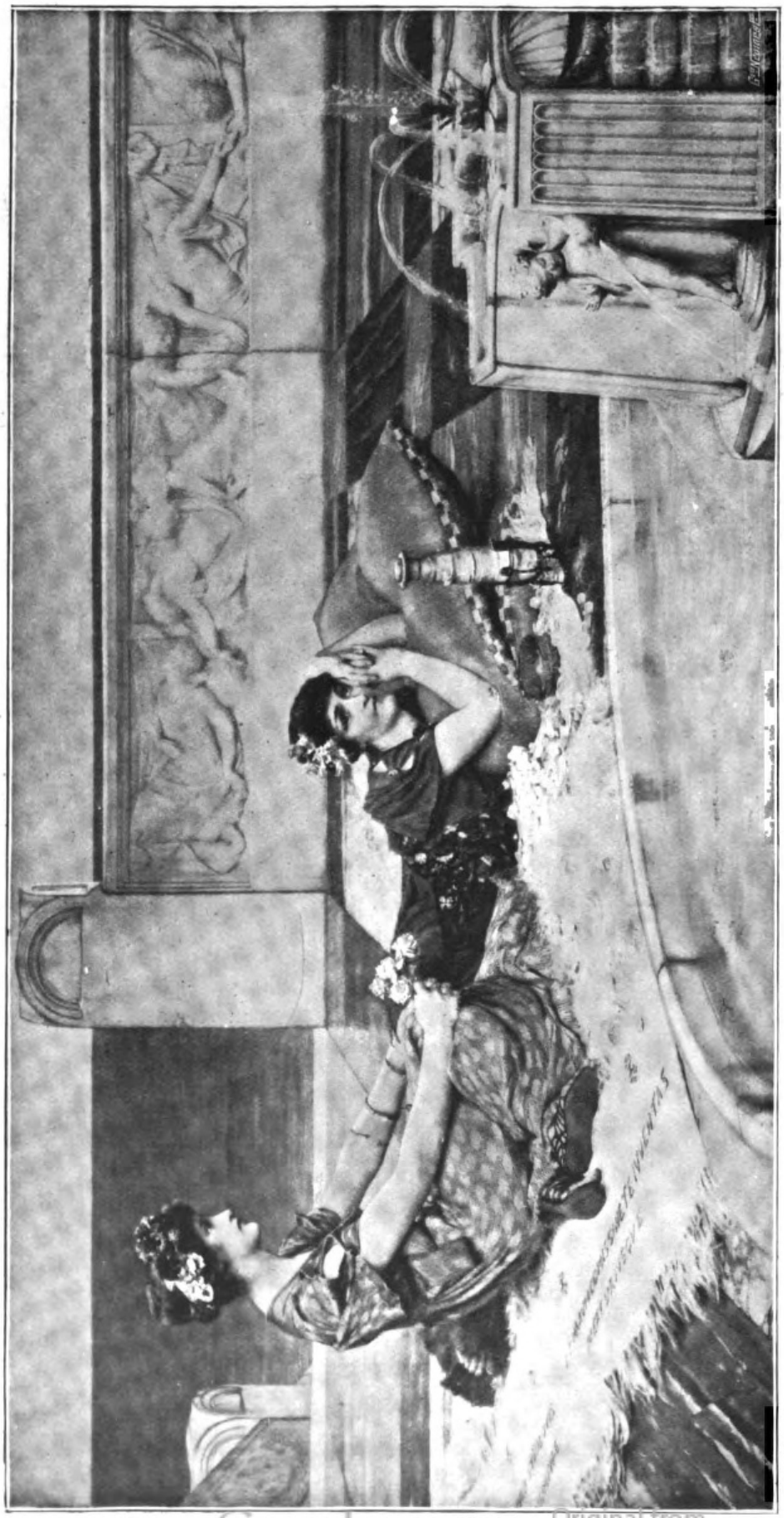
"Your knowledge of Greek and Roman life has been more than once enlisted in the service of the stage, Sir Lawrence?"

"Yes, I was first asked by Irving to assist him with 'Coriolanus.' But as you know, 'Coriolanus' was never produced, and my work did not get beyond careful sketches for the scenery. Then I was consulted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree about the mounting of 'Hypatia,' for which I made myself responsible. In 1897 I assisted Sir Henry in the production of 'Cymbeline,' and last year I had a good deal to do with Tree's production of 'Julius Cæsar.'"

"You have found in these matters, I suppose, pleasant relaxation after the work of the studio?"

"Relaxation!" and the artist gave a sardonic little laugh. "It was confoundedly harder work than painting. When I was not attending rehearsals I had members of the company here on all sorts of questions, and I had no end of difficulty in persuading them to be truly Roman in appearance. Portia would wear jewels, and so on. Then, the long interviews with scene-painters, and the rehearsals! I remember on one occasion I was at Her Majesty's—it was the dress-rehearsal of 'Julius Cæsar'—from seven in the evening till three the next morning. I suppose it was my own fault—I couldn't help entering fully into the interest and excitement of the thing. But that is always my way—I concentrate all my energy and attention on whatever I take in hand. For the time being

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"LOVE'S VOTARIES." [*Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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Painted by]

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I found it practically impossible to do any other work, and I think I shall have to refuse anything of the kind again. At the same time I got a considerable amount of enjoyment out of the experience, as our actors and artists are such nice people to deal with."

With all the enthusiasm for art which this conversation has revealed, it was only by an interposition of Providence—as some people would call it—that Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema became an artist. The son of a notary in the village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden, he lost his father when only four years old. His mother, of whom he always speaks with affection as a woman of rare strength of purpose and character, had a large family to bring up on comparatively small means. Although even in childhood Laurens showed cleverness with the pencil, she not unnaturally distrusted art as too precarious a profession for her boy. It was decided that he should be a lawyer, like his father, and to that end was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden.

But the passion for art was not to be stifled. He would get up at daybreak and work for hours with pencil and brush before the irksome school routine began. His first distinct success in art was a portrait of his sister, painted at the age of thirteen, and exhibited in a Leeuwarden gallery.

All this undermined his health, and the doctors doubted whether his vitality would last him many months, so he was allowed to go in for art as a profession. Then a seeming miracle happened. Instead of sinking into the grave, the lad henceforth grew in strength and vigour. Emancipation for his art in which he rejoiced had saved his life. In 1852 Alma-Tadema was entered as a student at the Academy of Art in Antwerp, and for several years worked there under Wappers and de Keyzer. According to the testimony of contemporaries his industry was prodigious, and he produced in the school a number of pictures having semi-mystical, semi-historical subjects, but all of these were destroyed by the hands of their extremely self-critical creator.

Alma-Tadema left the Antwerp Academy in 1858 to become the pupil of Hendrik Leys, the distinguished Belgian historical painter, whom he often assisted in the execution of his pictures, the principal subjects relating to the sixteenth century. Under the inspiration of Leys he produced a picture, "The Education of the Children of Clovis" (1861), which first laid the foundations of his fame. This picture, originally sold for about £65, which is now in the possession of the King of the Belgians, was one of several painted between 1860–63 that were suggested by that strange old work, Gregory of Tours's "History of the Franks." Settling in Antwerp, the young artist had been joined there by his mother and sister in 1859. The beloved mother, however, did not live to see the name of Alma-Tadema obtain more than a local reputation. She died in 1863, and a few months later the artist sought consolation for his bereavement in marriage. He lost his first wife, a French lady, in 1869, and in the same year came to London, which has ever since been his home.

Before Alma-Tadema came to England his name had been noised abroad in the art circles of France and Germany by a number of pictures having ancient Egyptian and Roman life for their theme. The first of these, painted in 1863, was entitled "Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago." An old friend, Dr. George Ebers, the great Egyptian scholar, once asked the painter why, in depicting ancient life, he should have begun with the land of Isis.

"Where else," replied Alma-Tadema, "when I made myself acquainted with the life of the ancients, should I have begun? The first thing the child learns of ancient times is about the Court of Pharaoh, and if we go back to the source of art and science, how often do we not go back to Egypt?"

"Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago," "The Mummy," "The Chess-Players," etc., were followed by "A Roman Family," "Tarquinus Superbus," "Entrance to a Roman Theatre," and other pictures of the great city of the Cæsars. One of the pictures, "The Pyrrhic Dance," brought to England from Brussels, where Alma-Tadema resided between 1865 and 1869, became his first contribution to the Royal Academy of the latter year.

"In the thirty years that passed since," the artist remarked, "I don't think I have missed a single exhibition at Burlington House. I have exhibited at other galleries, of course, but all my most important work has been first shown at the Royal Academy."

The first picture painted by Alma-Tadema in England was "A Roman Emperor," and in the succeeding years this was followed by "The Death of the First-Born"—which the artist himself considers one of his best works—"The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery," "An Audience at Agrippa's," and other canvases that quickly placed him in the front rank of our London exhibitors. At

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Painted by "FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE." [*Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

"Gems and gemlike eyes and gold and golden heads."—Tennyson ("The Princess").

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the same time he was forming the ties which now bind him to England and English life. In 1871 he married Laura Theresa Epps, then a London art student, giving promise of the talent she has since shown. In 1873 he took the earliest opportunity of becoming a British citizen, and three years later he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

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Full membership followed in 1879, and by the conferment of knighthood the Queen has now given a fitting recognition to a career which will adorn the annals of British art.

I do not pretend that Sir Lawrence gave me his autobiography thus as we sat smoking after dinner in his billiard-room. Wild horses would not drag it from him, I think, in this way. But such is his life-story, as some of his friends have heard it from his lips in bits and fragments on various occasions.



Painted by] "THE FRIGIDARIUM." *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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Having finished our cigars, we rise from our easy chairs to visit the studio. Passing out of the billiard-room, I have a glance at Sir Lawrence's library, containing a choice collection of books on art, archæology, Greek and Roman life, etc. The library itself is unlike any other apartment so designated that I have yet seen. This room, which Sir Lawrence calls his atrium, is upstairs, adjoining the studio. The staircase to the gallery is in this room. In one corner is a small fountain, the water falling gently into a marble basin below, and a business-like escritoire, at which the artist writes whilst standing, is partially lit by the soft glow of a window of Mexican onyx. The beauty of onyx windows in domestic architecture Alma-Tadema was the first to realize in this house, Lord Bute next introducing them into one of his residences, and Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., in designing the National Liberal Club, placing two at the top of its celebrated marble staircase. A quantity of withered rose-leaves are strewn about by the side of the marble basin.

"It was here that I painted the flowers," Sir Lawrence explains, "in my 'Roses of Heliogabalus,' and although it was—how many years ago?—these leaves have been kept ever since. In painting this picture I had to have roses sent from the Riviera, three boxes full a week during four winter months."

We approach the studio by a staircase of burnished brass. "This staircase was said to be of gold," remarks Sir Lawrence, "by an imaginative writer some time ago in one of the German papers, and the result was that for weeks almost every post brought me begging letters from Germany, where I was evidently regarded as a veritable Crœsus."

As we enter the studio it is in darkness,

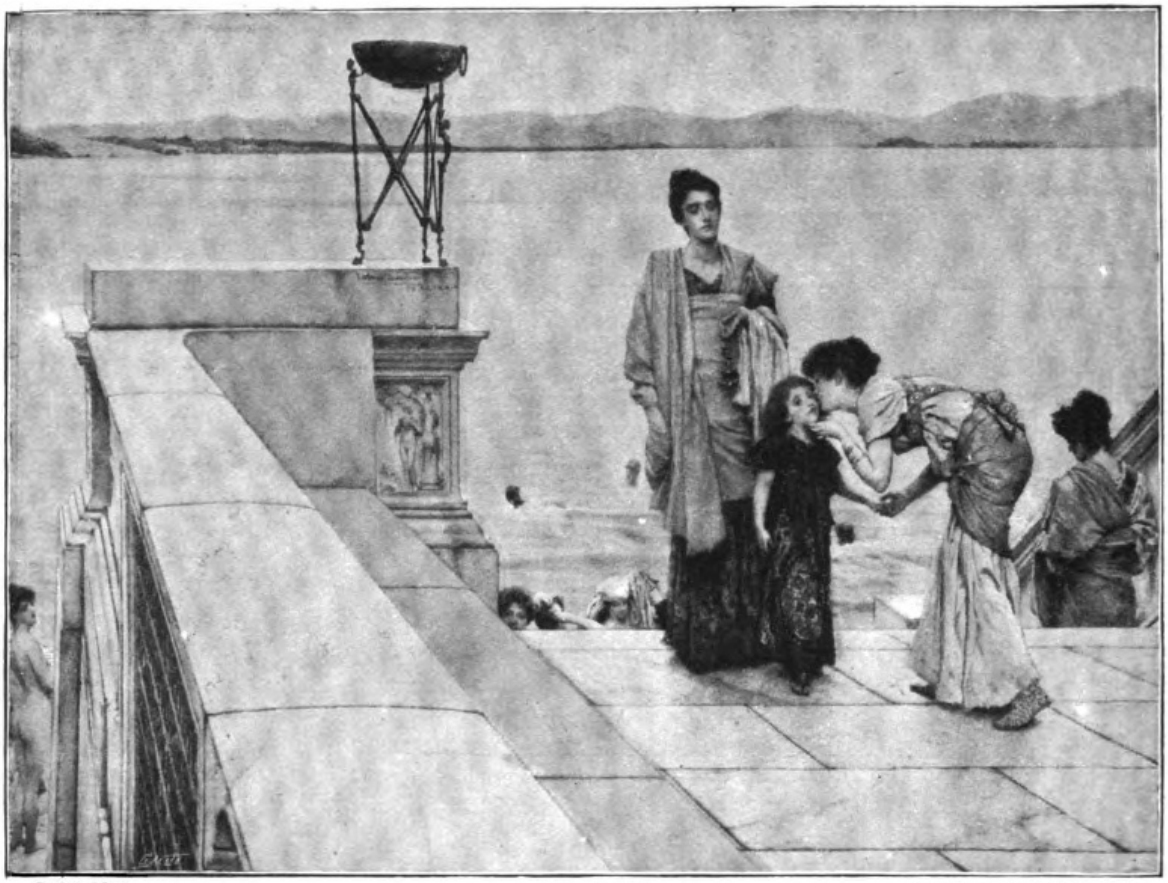
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and Sir Lawrence goes round switching on the electric lights. There is thus gradually revealed to me a large and lofty chamber, with a gallery at one end and an apse at the side, marble panellings and cedar doors, and an antique marble fireplace. The ceiling is vaulted, that of the apse being in the shape of half-dome. The studio, like the rest of the house, was designed by Sir Lawrence, when in 1885–86 No. 17, Grove End Road, which had been in the occupation of M. Tissot, the French artist, was practically re-built from its foundations.

The walls are of marble, but the beautiful ceiling has the soft, silvery tint of aluminium.

"I have always found that the light and colour in a studio had a great influence upon me in my work. I first painted in a studio with panels of black decoration. Then in my studio in Brussels I was surrounded by bright red, and in London—at Townshend House, Regent's Park—I worked under the influence of a light green tint. During the winter I spent in Rome in 1875–76—when I was obliged to leave my London house by the destructive effect of the Regent's Canal explosion—I tried the effect of a white studio. Now, as you see, the prevailing hue is a silvery white, and that, I think, best agrees with my present temperament, artistically speaking."

On a daïs at one side of the studio is a wonderful piano, the winner of the gold medal at the London Musical Exhibition a few years ago. It is inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; whilst, inside the lid, on a vellum lining, are to be found the autographs of the famous musicians, Paderewski among the number, who have played upon the instrument as the artist's guests. In the apse may be read the inscription, *Ars longa vita brevis*, whilst over the door Alma-Tadema's favourite motto has been carved in letters of gold: "As the sun colours flowers, so art colours life."



Painted by] "A KISS." *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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Three or four easels stand about on the parquet floor, each bearing an unfinished picture.

"I always have two or three pictures in hand at the same time," Sir Lawrence explained. "I am obliged to—otherwise I should become too much absorbed in one subject.

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Painted by] PORTRAIT OF M. PADEREWSKI. *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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I must turn from one picture to another for quickness and freshness of interest. You see this picture upside down on the easel? That is as I left it this afternoon after a hard day's work upon it, and if you don't mind I would rather not look at the canvas again to-day.

"I have had this picture in hand," and the artist pointed to a rather small canvas, only half painted, "for nearly two years, and I am afraid I have now forgotten what I had originally intended to put in the upper part. The paint and pencilled lines show it to be a bathing scene—but I can tell you nothing as to the details."

This was an exceptional case, but despite the amount of his work, Alma-Tadema has spent a fairly long time—one, two, or even three years—on all his more important pictures, such as "At the Shrine of Venus," "The Vintage Festival," "A Dedication to Bacchus," and "The Coliseum." There is so much "painting-out," he confesses. He has the Dutch care for detail, and some detail in a picture may be painted and repainted before it satisfies him. A pile of large photographs and original drawings of Rome which I discovered on a seat in the studio had been thus accumulated, it seems, during the painting of "The Baths of Caracalla," Sir Lawrence's principal contribution to this year's Academy. "Photography," he remarked, "is a great boon undoubtedly to the artist of to-day who has any concern for accuracy in details."

A large canvas filled with pencilled outlines attracts my attention. But looking at it with a curious eye, my lips are sealed by Sir Lawrence's warning words: "Yes, I hope to make a picture of it for next year's Academy, but beyond that I can say nothing. The idea may come to nothing."

A narrow staircase takes us to the gallery, looking down from which the full beauty of the studio, with its harmonies of light and colour, is impressed upon one. On the other side of this gallery is a conservatory, full of exotics, such as the artist has often introduced into his pictures. The gallery leads to a corridor, where I notice a fine portrait of Lady Alma-Tadema, painted by her husband, to whom she has sat for more than one of his subject pictures, notably in "The Departure," some years ago. He has exhibited portraits, it may be added, of his daughter, the artist, as well as of Miss Onslow Ford and Miss MacWhirter. But more characteristic examples, perhaps, of Alma-Tadema's style as a portrait-painter are his Paderewski at the piano and his Dr. Epps, the brother of Lady Alma-Tadema, at the bedside of a patient.

"People generally," Sir Lawrence plaintively remarks, "always seem to forget that I paint portraits."

"Portraits always appear to be considered the least interesting part of an exhibition," I remark.

"I hardly believe so; and painted in the old style portraits always please. As a rule, a portrait consists of a head and some clothes, perhaps one or two hands, and the rest of black or brown background, representing a person as he is never seen in real life. When you or I meet a friend, we see not only him but his surroundings, whether it is

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Painted by] "SPRING." *[Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.*

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in a room, a garden, or the street. I consider, therefore, that you should paint not only men and women, but some part also of their accessories or environments, and it is upon this principle that most of my portraits have been executed. But people are very conservative in such matters, and a good many, I am afraid, when they engage to pay a certain price for a portrait, want the painter to devote the whole of his attention to their head only."

"Who have been the principal purchasers of your pictures, Sir Lawrence?"

"The greater portion have gone to America, I believe, although many remain in England, of course. Germany has bought a number, and the rest are scattered about the world. That picture of which I was showing you just now the engraving, 'Roses, Love's Delight,' was purchased by the Czar of Russia.

"Art has long since ceased to be dependent on the old aristocracy. It no longer lays up art treasures, and the best picture-buyers of to-day are the *nouveaux riches*. Then, with cheaper and improved methods of reproduction, the taste of the people generally is coming into account. With one or two exceptions all my pictures have been published, 'The Vintage Festival' leading the way."

In Sir Lawrence's genial company the night quickly grows late. I pass out through the dimly-lighted corridors and halls that seem so many backgrounds to the R.A.'s pictures, and at the big outer door experience a farewell handshake which is the speeding counterpart to its welcoming *Salve*.

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The Croxley Master.

IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

III.

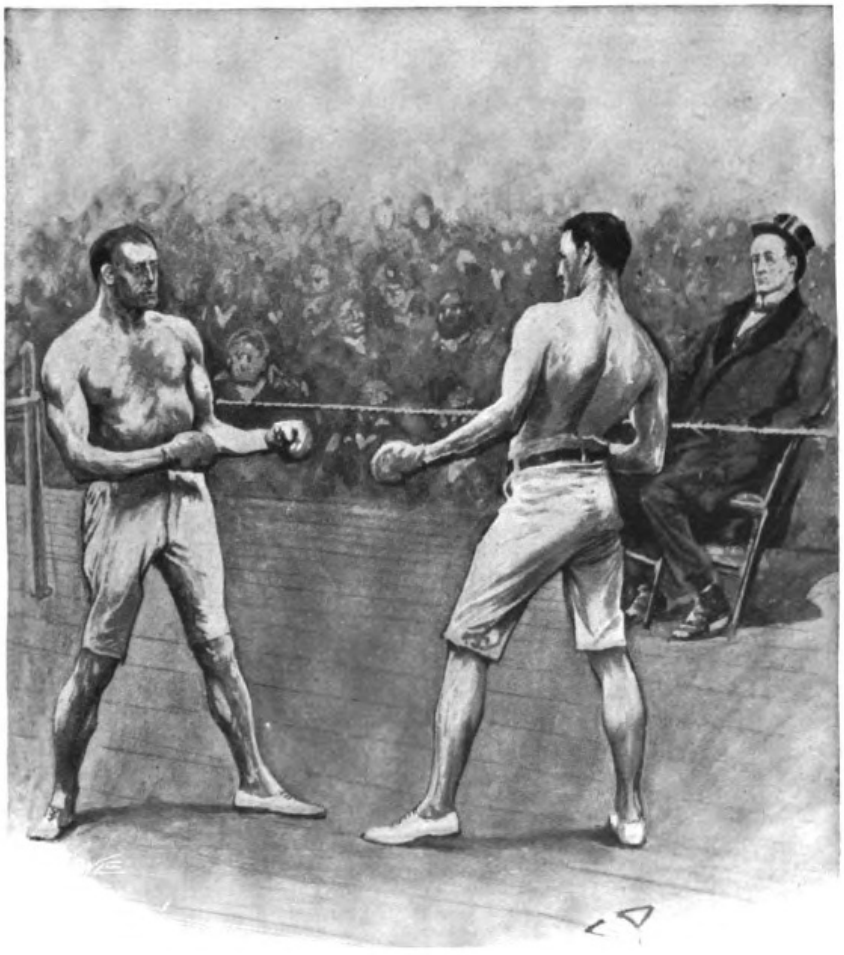
"MONTGOMERY — Craggs," said he.

A great hush fell over the huge assembly. Even the dogs stopped yapping; one might have thought that the monstrous room was empty. The two men had stood up, the small white gloves over their hands. They advanced from their corners and shook hands: Montgomery gravely, Craggs with a smile. Then they fell into position. The crowd gave a long sigh —the intake of a thousand excited breaths. The referee tilted his chair on to its back legs, and looked moodily critical from the one to the other.

It was strength against activity—that was evident from the first. The Master stood stolidly upon his K-leg. It gave him a tremendous pedestal. One could hardly imagine his being knocked down. And he could pivot round upon it with extraordinary quickness. But his advance or retreat was ungainly. His frame, however, was so much larger and broader than that of the student, and his brown, massive face looked so resolute and menacing, that the hearts of the Wilson party sank within them. There was one heart, however, which had not done so. It was that of Robert Montgomery.

Any nervousness which he may have had completely passed away now that he had his work before him. Here was something definite—this hard-faced, deformed Hercules to beat, with a career as the price of beating him. He glowed with the joy of action. It thrilled through his nerves. He faced his man with little in-and-out steps, breaking to the left, breaking to the right, feeling his way, while Craggs, with a dull, malignant eye, pivoted slowly upon his weak leg, his left arm half extended, his right sunk low across the mark. Montgomery led with his left, and then led again, getting lightly home each time. He tried again, but the Master had his counter ready, and Montgomery reeled back from a harder blow than he had given. Anastasia, the woman, gave a shrill cry of encouragement, and her man let fly his right. Montgomery ducked under it, and in an instant the two were in each other's arms.

"Break away! Break away!" said the referee.



"THEY FELL INTO POSITION."

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The Master struck upwards on the break, and shook Montgomery with the blow. Then it was "time." It had been a spirited opening round. The people buzzed into comment and applause. Montgomery was quite fresh, but the hairy chest of the Master was rising and falling. The man passed a sponge over his head, while Anastasia flapped the towel before him. "Good lass! Good lass!" cried the crowd, and cheered her.

The men were up again, the Master grimly watchful, Montgomery as alert as a kitten. The Master tried a sudden rush, squattering along with his awkward gait, but coming faster than one would think. The student slipped aside and avoided him. The Master stopped, grinned, and shook his head. Then he motioned with his hand as an invitation to Montgomery to come to him. The student did so and led with his left, but got a swinging right counter in the ribs in exchange. The heavy blow staggered him, and the Master came scrambling in to complete his advantage; but Montgomery, with his greater activity, kept out of danger until the call of "time." A tame round, and the advantage with the Master.

"T'Maister's too strong for him," said a smelter to his neighbour.

"Aye, but t'other's a likely lad. Happen we'll see some sport yet. He can joomp rarely."

"But t'Maister can stop and hit rarely. Happen he'll mak'him joomp when he gets his nief upon him."

They were up again, the water glistening upon their faces. Montgomery led instantly and got his right home with a sounding smack upon the Master's forehead. There was a shout from the colliers, and "Silence! Order!" from the referee. Montgomery avoided the counter and scored with his left. Fresh applause, and the referee upon his feet in indignation. "No comments, gentlemen, if *you* please, during the rounds."

"Just bide a bit!" growled the Master.

"Don't talk—fight!" said the referee, angrily.

Montgomery rubbed in the point by a flush hit upon the mouth, and the Master shambled back to his corner like an angry bear, having had all the worst of the round.

"Where's thot seven to one?" shouted Purvis, the publican. "I'll take six to one!"

There were no answers.

"Five to one!" There were givers at that. Purvis booked them in a tattered note-book.



"WHAT A DELICIOUS MINUTE IT WAS."

Montgomery began to feel happy. He lay back with his legs outstretched, his back against the corner post, and one gloved hand upon each rope. What a delicious minute it was between each round. If he could only keep out of harm's way, he must surely

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wear this man out before the end of twenty rounds. He was so slow that all his strength went for nothing. "You're fightin' a winnin' fight—a winnin' fight," Ted Barton whispered in his ear. "Go canny; tak' no chances; you have him proper."

But the Master was crafty. He had fought so many battles with his maimed limb that he knew how to make the best of it. Warily and slowly he manœuvred round Montgomery, stepping forward and yet again forward until he had imperceptibly backed him into his corner. The student suddenly saw a flash of triumph upon the grim face, and a gleam in the dull, malignant eyes. The Master was upon him. He sprang aside and was on the ropes. The Master smashed in one of his terrible upper-cuts, and Montgomery half broke it with his guard. The student sprang the other way and was against the other converging rope. He was trapped in the angle. The Master sent in another, with a hoggish grunt which spoke of the energy behind it. Montgomery ducked, but got a jab from the left upon the mark. He closed with his man. "Break away! Break away!" cried the referee. Montgomery disengaged, and got a swinging blow on the ear as he did so. It had been a damaging round for him, and the Croxley people were shouting their delight.

"Gentlemen, I will *not* have this noise," Stapleton roared. "I have been accustomed to preside at a well-conducted club, and not at a bear-garden." This little man, with the tilted hat and the bulging forehead, dominated the whole assembly. He was like a head master among his boys. He glared round him, and nobody cared to meet his eye.

Anastasia had kissed the Master when he resumed his seat. "Good lass. Do't again!" cried the laughing crowd, and the angry Master shook his glove at her, as she flapped her towel in front of him. Montgomery was weary and a little sore, but not depressed. He had learned something. He would not again be tempted into danger.

For three rounds the honours were fairly equal. The student's hitting was the quicker, the Master's the harder. Profiting by his lesson, Montgomery kept himself in the open and refused to be herded into a corner. Sometimes the Master succeeded in rushing him to the side ropes, but the younger man slipped away, or closed and then disengaged. The monotonous "Break away! Break away!" of the referee broke in upon the quick, low patter of rubber-soled shoes, the dull thud of the blows, and the sharp, hissing breath of two tired men.

The ninth round found both of them in fairly good condition. Montgomery's head was still singing from the blow that he had in the corner, and one of his thumbs pained him acutely and seemed to be dislocated. The Master showed no sign of a touch, but his breathing was the more laboured, and a long line of ticks upon the referee's paper showed that the student had a good show of points. But one of this iron man's blows was worth three of his, and he knew that without the gloves he could not have stood for three rounds against him. All the amateur work that he had done was the merest tapping and flapping when compared to those frightful blows, from arms toughened by the shovel and the crowbar.

It was the tenth round, and the fight was half over. The betting now was only three to one, for the Wilson champion had held his own much better than had been expected. But those who knew the ringcraft as well as the staying power of the old prize-fighter knew that the odds were still a long way in his favour.

"Have a care of him!" whispered Barton, as he sent his man up to the scratch. "Have a care! He'll play thee a trick, if he can."

But Montgomery saw, or imagined he saw, that his antagonist was tiring. He looked jaded and listless, and his hands drooped a little from their position. His own youth and condition were beginning to tell. He sprang in and brought off a fine left-handed lead. The Master's return lacked his usual fire. Again Montgomery led, and again he got home. Then he tried his right upon the mark, and the Master guarded it downwards.

"Too low! Too low! A foul! A foul!" yelled a thousand voices.

The referee rolled his sardonic eyes slowly round. "Seems to me this buildin' is chockfull of referees," said he.

The people laughed and applauded, but their favour was as immaterial to him as their anger.

"No applause, please. This is not a theatre," he yelled.

Montgomery was very pleased with himself. His adversary was evidently in a bad way. He was piling on his points and establishing a lead. He might as well make hay while the sun shone. The Master was looking all abroad. Montgomery popped one upon his blue jowl and got away without a return. And then the Master suddenly dropped both his hands and began rubbing

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his thigh. Ah! that was it, was it? He had muscular cramp.

"Go in! Go in!" cried Teddy Barton.

Montgomery sprang wildly forward, and the next instant was lying half senseless, with his neck nearly broken, in the middle of the ring.

The whole round had been a long conspiracy to tempt him within reach of one of those terrible right-hand upper-cuts for which the Master was famous. For this the listless, weary bearing, for this the cramp in the thigh. When Montgomery had sprang in so hotly he had exposed himself to such a blow as neither flesh nor blood could stand. Whizzing up from below with a rigid arm, which put the Master's eleven stone into its force, it struck him under the jaw: he whirled half round, and fell a helpless and half paralyzed mass. A vague groan and murmur, inarticulate, too excited for words, rose from the great audience. With open mouths and staring eyes they gazed at the twitching and quivering figure.

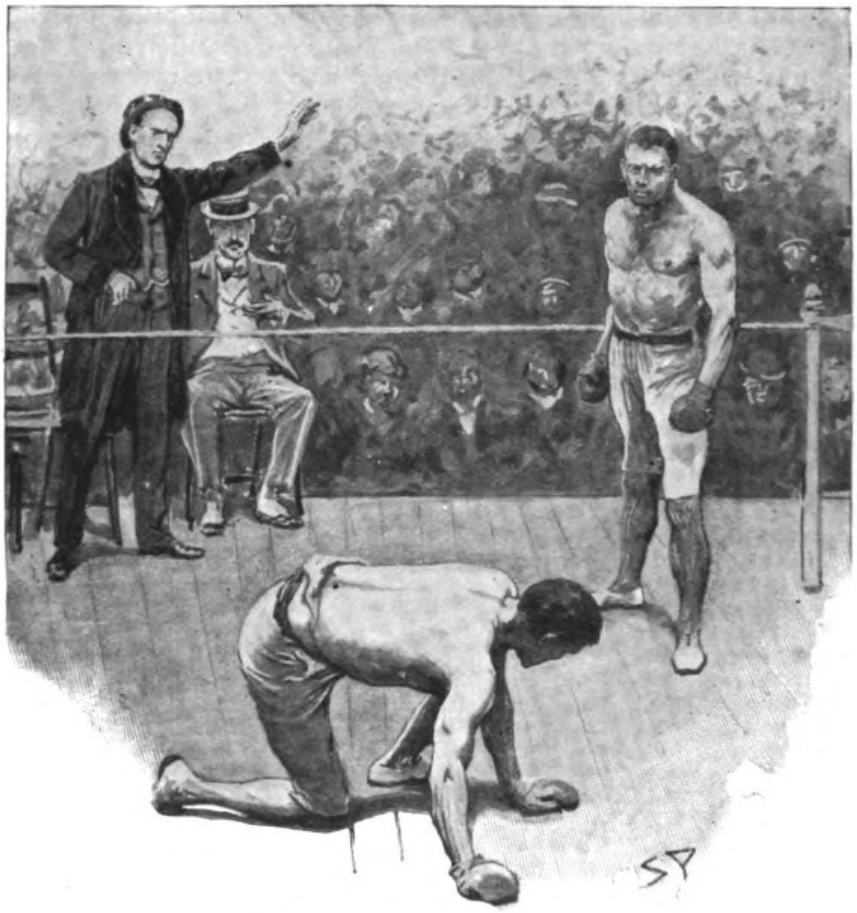
"Stand back! Stand right back!" shrieked the referee, for the Master was standing over his man ready to give him the *coup-de-grâce* as he rose.

"Stand back, Craggs, this instant," Stapleton repeated.

The Master sank his hands sulkily and walked backwards to the rope with his ferocious eyes fixed upon his fallen antagonist. The timekeeper called the seconds. If ten of them passed before Montgomery rose to his feet the fight was ended. Ted Barton wrung his hands and danced about in an agony in his corner.

As if in a dream—a terrible nightmare—the student could hear the voice of the timekeeper—three—four—five—he got up on his hand—six—seven—he was on his knee, sick, swimming, faint, but resolute to rise. Eight—he was up, and the Master was on him like a tiger, lashing savagely at him with both hands. Folk held their breath as they watched those terrible blows, and anticipated the pitiful end—so much more pitiful where a game but helpless man refuses to accept defeat.

Strangely automatic is the human brain.



"SIX—SEVEN—HE WAS ON HIS KNEE."

Without volition, without effort, there shot into the memory of this bewildered, staggering, half-stupefied man the one thing which could have saved him — that blind eye of which the Master's son had spoken. It was the same as the other to look at, but Montgomery remembered that he had said that it was the left. He reeled to the left side, half felled by a drive which lit upon his shoulder. The Master pivoted round upon his leg and was at him in an instant.

"Yark him, lad; yark him!" screamed the woman.

"Hold your tongue," said the referee.

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Montgomery slipped to the left again and yet again, but the Master was too quick and clever for him. He struck round and got him full on the face as he tried once more to break away. Montgomery's knees weakened under him, and he fell with a groan on the floor. This time he knew that he was done. With bitter agony he realized, as he groped blindly with his hands, that he could not possibly raise himself. Far away and muffled he heard, amid the murmurs of the multitude, the fateful voice of the timekeeper counting off the seconds.

"One—two—three—four—five—six——"

"Time!" said the referee.

Then the pent-up passion of the great assembly broke loose. Croxley gave a deep groan of disappointment. The Wilsons were on their feet, yelling with delight. There was still a chance for them. In four more seconds their man would have been solemnly counted out. But now he had a minute in which to recover. The referee looked round with relaxed features and laughing eyes. He loved this rough game, this school for humble heroes, and it was pleasant to him to intervene as a Deus ex Machinâ at so dramatic a moment. His chair and his hat were both tilted at an extreme angle; he and the timekeeper smiled at each other. Ted Barton and the other second had rushed out and thrust an arm each under Montgomery's knee, the other behind his loins, and so carried him back to his stool. His head lolled upon his shoulder, but a douche of cold water sent a shiver through him, and he started and looked round him.

"He's a' right!" cried the people round. "He's a rare brave lad. Good lad! Good lad!" Barton poured some brandy into his mouth. The mists cleared a little, and he realized where he was and what he had to do. But he was still very weak, and he hardly dared to hope that he could survive another round.

"Seconds out of the ring!" cried the referee. "Time!"

The Croxley Master sprang eagerly off his stool.

"Keep clear of him! Go easy for a bit," said Barton, and Montgomery walked out to meet his man once more.

He had had two lessons—the one when the Master got him into his corner, the other when he had been lured into mixing it up with so powerful an antagonist. Now he would be wary. Another blow would finish him. He could afford to run no risks. The Master was determined to follow up his advantage, and rushed at him, slogging furiously right and left. But Montgomery was too young and active to be caught. He was strong upon his legs once more, and his wits had all come back to him. It was a gallant sight—the line-of-battleship trying to pour its overwhelming broadside into the frigate, and the frigate manœuvring always so as to avoid it. The Master tried all his ring-craft. He coaxed the student up by pretended inactivity. He rushed at him with furious rushes towards the ropes. For three rounds he exhausted every wile in trying to get at him. Montgomery during all this time was conscious that his strength was minute by minute coming back to him. The spinal jar from an upper-cut is overwhelming, but evanescent. He was losing all sense of it beyond a great stiffness of the neck. For the first round after his downfall he had been content to be entirely on the defensive, only too happy if he could stall off the furious attacks of the Master. In the second he occasionally ventured upon a light counter. In the third he was smacking back merrily where he saw an opening. His people yelled their approval of him at the end of every round. Even the ironworkers cheered him with that fine unselfishness which true sport engenders. To most of them, unspiritual and unimaginative, the sight of this clean-limbed young Apollo, rising above disaster and holding on while consciousness was in him to his appointed task, was the greatest thing their experience had ever known.

But the Master's naturally morose temper became more and more murderous at this postponement of his hopes. Three rounds ago the battle had been in his hands. Now it was all to do over again. Round by round his man was recovering his strength. By the fifteenth he was strong again in wind and limb. But the vigilant Anastasia saw something which encouraged her.

"That bash in t'ribs is telling on him, Jock," she whispered. "Why else should he be gulping t'brandy? Go in, lad, and thou hast him yet."

Montgomery had suddenly taken the flask from Barton's hand, and had a deep pull at the contents. Then, with his face a little flushed, and with a curious look of purpose, which made the referee stare hard at him, in his eyes, he rose for the sixteenth round.

"Game as a pairtridge," cried the publican, as he looked at the hard-set face.

"Mix it oop, lad, mix it oop!" cried the iron men to their Master.

And then a hum of exultation ran through

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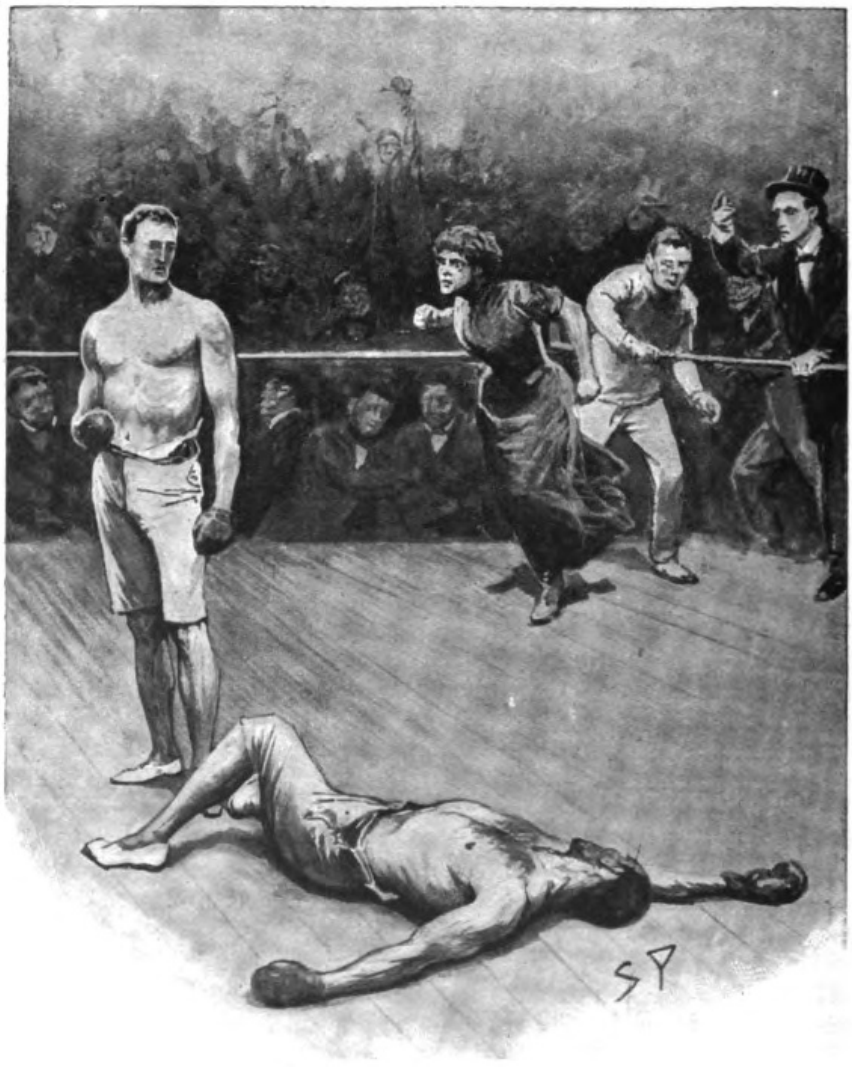
their ranks as they realized that their tougher, harder, stronger man held the vantage after all.

Neither of the men showed much sign of punishment. Small gloves crush and numb, but they do not cut. One of the Master's eyes was even more flush with his cheek than Nature had made it. Montgomery had two or three livid marks upon his body, and his face was haggard, save for that pink spot which the brandy had brought into either cheek. He rocked a little as he stood opposite his man, and his hands drooped as if he felt the gloves to be an unutterable weight. It was evident that he was spent and desperately weary. If he received one other blow it must surely be fatal to him. If he brought one home, what power could there be behind it, and what chance was there of its harming the colossus in front of him? It was the crisis of the fight. This round must decide it. "Mix it oop, lad. Mix it oop," the iron men whooped. Even the savage eyes of the referee were unable to restrain the excited crowd.

Now, at last, the chance had come for Montgomery. He had learned a lesson from his more experienced rival. Why should he not play his own game upon him? He was spent, but not nearly so spent as he pretended. That brandy was to call up his reserves, to let him have strength to take full advantage of the opening when it came. It was thrilling and tingling through his veins, at the very moment when he was lurching and rocking like a beaten man. He acted his part admirably. The Master felt that there was an easy task before him, and rushed in with ungainly activity to finish it once for all. He slap-banged away left and right, boring Montgomery up against the ropes, swinging in his ferocious blows with those animal grunts which told of the vicious energy behind them.

But Montgomery was too cool to fall a victim to any of those murderous upper-cuts. He kept out of harm's way with a rigid guard, an active foot, and a head which was swift to duck. And yet he contrived to present the same appearance of a man who is hopelessly done. The Master, weary from his own shower of blows, and fearing nothing from so weak a man, dropped his hand for an instant, and at that instant Montgomery's right came home.

It was a magnificent blow, straight, clean, crisp, with the force of the loins and the back behind it. And it landed where he had



"MONTGOMERY STOOD HALF DAZED."

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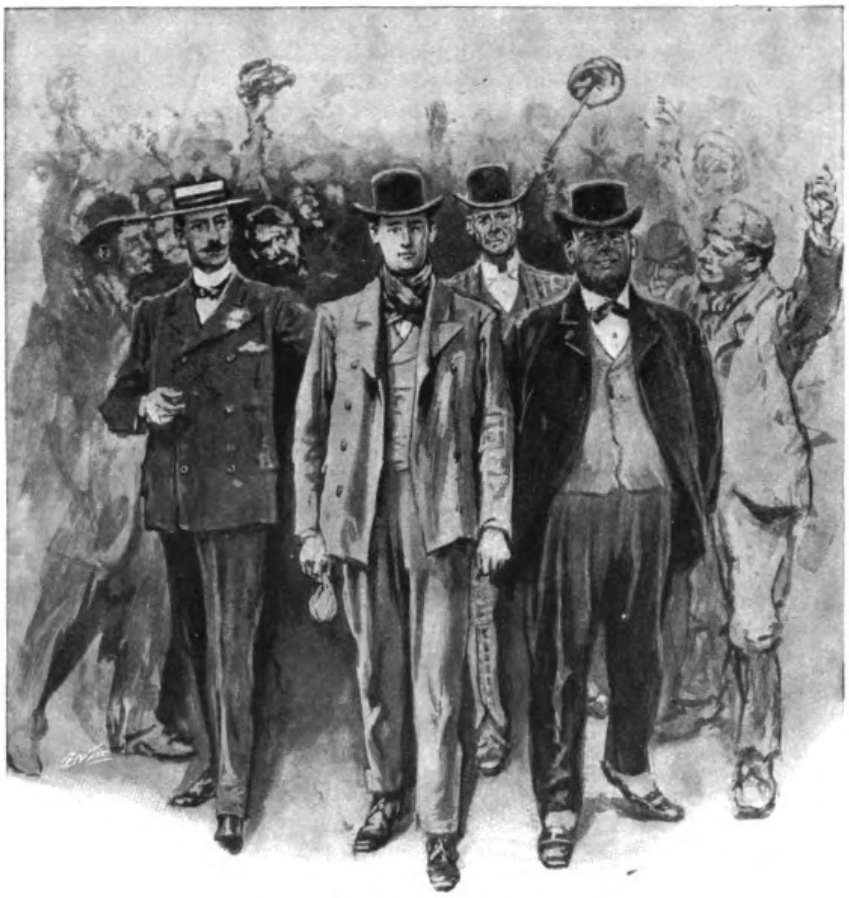
meant it to—upon the exact point of that blue-grained chin. Flesh and blood could not stand such a blow in such a place. Neither valour nor hardihood can save the man to whom it comes. The Master fell backwards, flat, prostrate, striking the ground with so simultaneous a clap that it was like a shutter falling from a wall. A yell which no referee could control broke from the crowded benches as the giant went down. He lay upon his back, his knees a little drawn up, his huge chest panting. He twitched and shook, but could not move. His feet pawed convulsively once or twice. It was no use. He was done. "Eight—nine—ten!" said the timekeeper, and the roar of a thousand voices with a deafening clap like the broadside of a ship told that the Master of Croxley was the Master no more.

Montgomery stood half dazed, looking down at the huge prostrate figure. He could hardly realize that it was indeed all over. He saw the referee motion towards him with his hand. He heard his name bellowed in triumph from every side. And then he was aware of someone rushing towards him; he caught a glimpse of a flushed face and an aureole of flying red hair, a gloveless fist struck him between the eyes, and he was on his back in the ring beside his antagonist, while a dozen of his supporters were endeavouring to secure the frantic Anastasia. He heard the angry shouting of the referee, the screaming of the furious woman, and the cries of the mob. Then something seemed to break like an over-stretched banjo string, and he sank into the deep, deep mist-girt abyss of unconsciousness.

The dressing was like a thing in a dream, and so was a vision of the Master with the grin of a bulldog upon his face, and his three teeth amiably protruded. He shook Montgomery heartily by the hand.

"I would have been rare pleased to shake thee by the throttle, lad, a short while since," said he. "But I bear no ill-feelin' against thee. It was a rare poonch that brought me down—I have not had a better since my second fight wi' Billy Edwards in '89. Happen thou might think o' goin' further wi' this business. If thou dost and want a trainer, there's not much inside t'ropes as I don't know. Or happen thou might like to try it with me old style and bare knuckles. Thou hast but to write to t' ironworks to find me."

But Montgomery disclaimed any such ambition. A canvas bag with his share—one hundred and ninety sovereigns—was handed to him, of which he gave ten to the Master,



"HE WENT IN TRIUMPH TO HIS CARRIAGE."

who also received some share of the gate-money. Then, with young Wilson escorting him on one side, Purvis on the other, and Fawcett carrying his bag behind, he went in triumph to his carriage, and drove amid a long roar, which lined the highway like a

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hedge for the seven miles, back to his starting-point.

"It's the greatest thing I ever saw in my life. By George, it's ripping!" cried Wilson, who had been left in a kind of ecstasy by the events of the day. "There's a chap over Barnsley way who fancies himself a bit. Let us spring you on him, and let him see what he can make of you. We'll put up a purse, won't we, Purvis? You shall never want a backer."

"At his weight," said the publican, "I'm behind him, I am, for twenty rounds, and no age, country, or colour barred."

"So am I," cried Fawcett; "middleweight champion of the world, that's what he is here, in the same carriage with us."

But Montgomery was not to be beguiled.

"No; I have my own work to do now."

"And what may that be?"

"I'll use this money to get my medical degree."

"Well, we've plenty of doctors, but you're the only man in the Riding that could smack the Croxley Master off his legs. However, I suppose you know your own business best. When you're a doctor, you'd best come down into these parts, and you'll always find a job waiting for you at the Wilson coal-pits."

Montgomery had returned by devious ways to the surgery. The horses were smoking at the door, and the doctor was just back from his long journey. Several patients had called in his absence, and he was in the worst of tempers.

"I suppose I should be glad that you have come back at all, Mr. Montgomery," he snarled. "When next you elect to take a holiday, I trust it will not be at so busy a time."

"I am sorry, sir, that you should have been inconvenienced."

"Yes, sir, I have been exceedingly inconvenienced." Here, for the first time, he looked hard at the assistant. "Good heavens, Mr. Montgomery, what have you been doing with your left eye?"

It was where Anastasia had lodged her protest. Montgomery laughed. "It is nothing, sir," said he.

"And you have a livid mark under your jaw. It is, indeed, terrible that my representative should be going about in so disreputable a condition. How did you receive these injuries?"

"Well, sir, as you know, there was a little glove fight to-day over at Croxley."

"And you got mixed up with that brutal crowd?"

"I *was* rather mixed up with them."

"And who assaulted you?"

"One of the fighters."

"Which of them?"

"The Master of Croxley."

"Good heavens! Perhaps you interfered with him?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I did a little."

"Mr. Montgomery, in such a practice as mine, intimately associated as it is with the highest and most progressive elements of our small community, it is impossible——"

But just then the tentative bray of a cornet-player searching for his key-note jarred upon their ears, and an instant later the Wilson Colliery brass band was in full cry with: "See the Conquering Hero Comes," outside the surgery window. There was a banner waving, and a shouting crowd of miners.

"What is it? What does it mean?" cried the angry doctor.

"It means, sir, that I have, in the only way which was open to me, earned the money which is necessary for my education. It is my duty, Dr. Oldacre, to warn you that I am about to return to the University, and that you should lose no time in appointing my successor."

THE END.

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A Peep into "Punch."

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*The Proprietors of "Punch" have given special permission to reproduce the accompanying illustrations. This is the first occasion when a periodical has been enabled to present a selection from Mr. Punch's famous pages.*]

Part XII.—Punch's Almanacks, etc.; 1842 to 1899.



1.—THE FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST "PUNCH'S ALMANACK."

IN addition to the ordinary weekly numbers of *Punch* from 1841 to 1898 [the first of which was issued on the 17th July, 1841], whose pages have lately given so much pleasure to us, we have the Almanacks or Christmas Numbers of *Punch*, and a few odd issues, such, for example, as the "Tercentenary Number" of April 23, 1864, the "Jubilee" issue of July 18, 1891, etc. These extra numbers extending through nearly sixty years,



"Tickled with a Straw."—*Advertising Medium.* "Come, now, you leave orf! or I'll call the Perlice!"

3.—BY JOHN LEECH, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1859.

supply some very interesting material that may be used appropriately for our final peep into Mr. Punch's wonderful collection.

The uncertainty that attaches to the paternity of *Punch* itself, which has been mentioned in the first part of this article, is also connected, in some degree, with the origin of *Punch's* first almanack, the first page of which is shown in No. 1.



2.—FROM PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1849. THE GREAT SEA SERPENT, BY RICHARD DOYLE.

This small facsimile of the original page—relating to January, 1842—is now shown

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SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.—Now, what do you Think is the Matter here? Why, Alphonse, in a Boat on the River, has just caught a Goujon about the size of his Little Finger!

4.—BY JOHN LEECH, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1863.

mainly as a curiosity and on account of the interest it has as the first page of the first *Punch* Almanack; it has not been practicable to reproduce here the small print of the original page in a size that would admit of these jokes for January, 1842, being easily read.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS. AN OTHELLO "BREAK-DOWN."—Othello, who as Iago says, "is always up to some Foolery or Other," under the Combined Influence of Sherry and the Blackness of the Circumstances, finds the "Nigger Business" utterly Irresistible. Scene rises Suddenly. TABLEAU! Dismay of Desdemona, Iago, etc., and Delight of the Audience.

5.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1868.

According to Mr. Athol Mayhew, "son of Henry Mayhew, projector, part proprietor, and first editor of *Punch*," this first Almanack was written entirely by Henry Mayhew and H. P. Grattan in the Fleet Prison. In his book, "A Jorum of *Punch*," Mr. Athol Mayhew states that the late H. P. Grattan, who in 1841–2 was in the Fleet Prison for debt, was called off the racket-ground one day by his visitor, Henry Mayhew, who then communicated an idea to Grattan for plucking "*Punch* out of the Slough of Despond in which that hard-struggling publication was fast sinking" in 1841–2. Mayhew's idea was to issue a "*Punch's* Comic Almanack," with humorous cuts, and a joke for every day in the year, and Grattan was asked to join Mayhew in the work.

But Grattan could not get out of the Fleet and Mayhew could not sleep there — the latter not being detained in the prison. The work necessitated the close and continuous association of the two writers, so Mayhew became a voluntary prisoner in the Fleet for seven days, and during the week—so Mr. Athol Mayhew states—the whole of the famous first *Punch's* Almanack was written by these two men: an average of about fifty jokes per day, and the whole of them made in a prison!

Another authority questions the full authenticity of this account of the first *Punch's* Almanack, but whatever be the true version, it seems to be a fact that this first Almanack, whose first page is shown



"FINE ART," 1869.—*Rural Connoisseur.* "He's a P'intin' Two Pictur's at Once, d'yer See? 'Blest if I don't Like that there Little 'Un as he's got his Thumb through, the Best!"

6.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.

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in No. 1, was mainly instrumental in making *Punch* permanently and financially successful. Mr. Athol Mayhew states that the sale of *Punch* before the appearance of the first Almanack was barely seven thousand a week, and that the sales of this one Almanack reached the enormous total of one hundred and fifty-two thousand. *Punch's* circulation went up in the week of issue from six thousand to ninety thousand; "an increase"—says Mr. M. H. Spielmann—"I believe, unprecedented in the annals of publishing." The illustrations in No. 1 were done, I believe, by H. G. Hine and Kenny Meadows—two of Mr. Punch's early artists.



THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."—*Sergeant-Major.* "When I d saye Draa-a——, mind thee BE—ANT to Draa-a——; but when I d' saye Souards,—whip 'em out smeart and 'Dress up' t' Gutter."

7.—BY SIR JOHN TENNIEL, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1871.

Richard Doyle is represented by No. 2, part of a picture for the Almanack for 1849—fifty years ago. And Doyle's design for the front cover of *Punch* still shows its familiar face on the bookstalls, week by week, although this cover-design was made in January, 1849. Richard Doyle died in December, 1883, and his nephew, Arthur Conan Doyle, brilliantly perpetuates the success of a talented family.



AN ALARMING INTRUDER.—*Little Boldwig (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latchkey—to Gigantic Stranger he finds in his hall).* "Come on. I'll fight you!" *(Furiously).* "Put your Shtick down!!" [*But his imaginary foe was only the new Umbrella-Stand—a present from Mrs. B.!*]

8.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1875.



NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.—*Boy (with Game).* "Is this Squire Brown's?"
Squire Brown. "It is!"
Boy. "Are you Squire Brown's Butler?"
Squire Brown. "I am not!"
Boy. "Whose Butler are you?"

9.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.

Nos. 3 and 4 are by John Leech, and in No. 5 we get an interesting surprise when we see the familiar sign-manual of Sir John Tenniel in the left-hand corner of this comic Othello-drawing. One has for so long a while been accustomed to regard the great cartoonist as on an unapproachable pedestal of classic art, that the great artist's early

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THE COMMISSARIAT.—*Squire (to new Butler).* "I have three or four Clergymen coming to Dine with me to-morrow, Prodgers, and ——"

Mr. Prodgers. "'Igh or Low, Sir?"

Squire. "Well—I hardly——. But why do you ask, Prodgers?"

Mr. Prodgers. "Well, you see, Sir, the 'Igh' drinks most Wine, and the 'Low' eats most Vittles, and I must perwide accordin'!!"

TO.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1879.



THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

II.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1880.

"fooling" comes as a surprise.

In this connection it is interesting to quote Sir John Tenniel's own words spoken by him in April, 1889, to Mr. M. H. Spielmann, and recorded by the latter in his "History of *Punch*":—

> As for political opinions, I have none; at least, if I have my own little politics, I keep them to myself, and profess only those of the paper. If I have infused any dignity into cartoon-designing, that comes from no particular effort on my part, but solely from the high feeling I have for art. In any case, if I am a "cartoonist"—the accepted term—I am not a caricaturist in any sense of the word. My drawings are sometimes grotesque, but that is from a sense of fun and humour. Some people declare that I am no humorist, that I have no sense of fun at all; they deny me everything but severity, "classicality," and dignity. Now, *I* believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny!

Inspection of No. 5, and of No. 7, also by Sir John Tenniel, will indorse Sir John's opinion as to his sense of humour, while, apart from these unaccustomed and little-known "social" drawings, of which Nos. 5 and 7 are examples, many of the Tenniel-cartoons which we have seen in earlier parts of this article show a very keen sense of humour. Of course, Sir John Tenniel, as "senior" cartoonist, has often struck a much higher note than humour—notes in which a trace of humour would have been a jarring discord—the fine pathos of his "Dropping the Pilot" [see THE STRAND MAGAZINE for October] wants no humour to spoil it, to quote only one of the many Tenniel-cartoons that would have been impossible had Sir John permitted his own sense of humour to interfere with



PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—*English Angler (on this side of the Tweed).* "Hi, Donald! come over and help me to land him—a 20-pounder I'll swear——"

Highlander (on the other). "It wull tak' ye a lang Time to lan' that Fush too, d'ye ken, Sir, whatever!—Ye hae heuket the Kingdom o' Auld Scotland!"

12.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1881.

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DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS—THE POET.—*Poetic Husband.* "Hear this Sonnet of Mine, Emily. It has cost me much Labour; and though I say it who shouldn't, it's not unworthy of Shakspeare or Milton."

Prosaic Wife. "Certainly, my Love. But I *wish* you wouldn't write Sonnets on our best cream-laid Note-paper! I must get you some Foolscap!"

13.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1882.

the dignified and most powerful expression he has so often given to the public mind during his splendid fifty years' work for *Punch* and for the nation. A strong Tenniel-cartoon is far-reaching in its effects, and the lesson taught by it sometimes needs for its propulsion a weightier arrow than the light shaft of humour.

No. 6 is by Charles Keene, and No. 8 is also by Mr. Punch's greatest artist; Charles Keene was the finest master of black and white art that this country has yet produced.

No. 9 is by du Maurier, No. 10 by Charles Keene, and in No. 11 there is a quite unexpected Linley Sambourne. This consummate master of design has not often given us such a broadly humorous drawing as this in No. 11, but even here the draughtsmanship is as perfect as in the more classic drawings which we associate with Mr. Sambourne.

There is a wonderful Keene in No. 12. I



"ARCADES AMBO."—*New M.P. (grandly).* "The House!"

Cabby (lately from the Provinces also). "'Ouse!—what 'Ouse?"

[*Explanations in the rain! Cabby said, when he returned to the Shelter,* "*The language that Ge'tleman give 'im was that ch'ice, he thought he must 'a' been one o' the Irish lot!*"]

15.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

don't mean the joke, which is good enough, but the drawing itself. Look at it.

In Nos. 13 and 14 are two good examples of du Maurier's social pictorial satire, and



A LITTLE MISTAKE.—*New Beauty (just out, and fresh from Clapham).* "And are you a Member of the Blue Ribbon Army?"

Chatty Old Gentleman. "No, I haven't that honour!"

N. B. "Then, what's that big Blue Ribbon you've got on?"

C. O. G. "Well, it's called the Ribbon of the Order of the Garter!"

14.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1883.



THE ENEMY.—*Horrid Boy (to newly-appointed Volunteer Major, who finds the military seat very awkward).* "Sit further back, General! You'll make his 'Ead ache!"

16.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

No. 15, by Charles Keene, almost makes one feel wet to look at it, so vivid is Keene's representation of the drenching rain, in which the cabby (lately from the Provinces) asks

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DEVELOPMENT OF MESMERIC SCIENCE.—The fatal Mesmeric Duel in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Chevalier Lenoir, of Paris, and Professor Schwartz, of Berlin. (*Vide Annals of Psychical Society for* 1884.)

17.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1884.

George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, who was born in 1834, and who worked for *Punch* during 1860–1896, was originally intended to be a man of science, and, as a youth, he studied under Dr. Williamson, the eminent professor of chemistry at the Laboratory of Chemistry at University College, London. But even in those early days the tendency towards art came out, and du Maurier states in his book that Dr. Williamson told him "not long ago" that "he remembers caricatures that I drew, now forty years back. . . . . and that he and other grave and reverend professors were hugely tickled by them at the time. Indeed, the pompous new M.P. who wants to go to "The House":—"'Ouse! —what 'Ouse?" And No. 16, by Keene, is very fine indeed.

In No. 17 du Maurier pokes fun at the revival of mesmerism of fifteen years ago, and No. 18 is also by Mr. Punch's genial satirist.

No. 19 is by Charles Keene, and No. 20 by du Maurier. This drawing, "Cultchah!" is the last of those by du Maurier which have been chosen from *Punch's* Almanacks, etc., for inclusion here, and before we leave this most popular of Mr. Punch's artists, it will be interesting to turn to du Maurier's little book "Social Pictorial Satire" published in 1898 [the author died in October, 1896].



VOLUNTEER TACTICS AT OUR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—*Captain Wilkinson (excitedly, to Major Walker, of the Firm of Wilkinson, Walker & Co., Auctioneers and Estate Agents).* "Don't you think we'd better bring our Right Wing round to attack the Enemy's Flank, so as to prevent their occupying those empty Houses we have to let in Barker's Lane?!"

19.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1885.



CATCHING A TARTAR.—*Flippant Cockney.* "Are there many Fools in this part of the World, my Lad?"

Nondescript. "Not as I knows on, Zur! Why, d'yer feel a bit *Lonesome*, loike?"

18.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1885.



CULTCHAH!—*Ingenious Youth.* "May I—a—offer you *Happy Thoughts*, from *Punch*?"

Fair Girtonite. "A—thanks; but I have provided myself with the 'Pensées of Pascal.'"

20.—BY DU MAURIER, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1888.

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"THE MESHES OF THE LAW!"—*Rural Magistrate.* "Prisoner, you are charged with—ah—loitering about in a suspicious manner, without any ostensible Employment. How do you obtain a Living?"

Prisoner. "Your Wusship, I'm engaged in the manufacture of Smoked Glasses for observing Eclipses—an 'Industry'"—*(solemnly)*—"an 'Industry,' your Wusship, which involves protracted periods of enforced Leisu-are!!"

[*Discharged with a Caution!*]

21.—BY CHARLES KEENE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1887.

Charles Keene that has been taken from these almanacks. Look at the bland composure of the vagabond as he so deliberately explains his occupation to the puzzled rustic magistrate: "Your Wusship, I'm engaged in the manufacture of Smoked Glasses for observing Eclipses — an 'Industry'" — *(solemnly)*—"an 'Industry,' your Wusship, which involves protracted periods of enforced Leisu-are!!" Admirable! is it not? You almost hear the man say: ". . . . protracted periods of enforced Leisu-are!!" as you look at Keene's wonderful drawing of the speaker.

he [Dr. Williamson] remembers nothing else about me, except that I promised to be a very bad chemist."

Du Maurier threw away test-tubes and crucibles and went back to Paris, where he was born and brought up, and studied to become an artist in M. Gléyre's studio. In those days came the intimate knowledge of student-life in Paris which du Maurier shortly before his death in 1896 crystallized into "Trilby"—and by so doing charmed the world.

After Paris came more art-study in Antwerp,



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—PRIMEVAL BILLIARDS.

23.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.



A LITTLE QUIET WHIST IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.—THE END OF THE GAME.

22.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.

And the magistrate listens so earnestly to the rigmarole! The artful vagabond shows plainly that he knows he has the best of the game.

And now we reach some of Mr. E. T. Reed's work, Nos. 22 and 23. These two "Prehistoric Peeps" are very funny, and although their full effect is not seen so well in these small facsimiles as in the much larger *Punch*-originals, the small copies now shown are excellent examples of Mr. E. T. Reed's thoroughly genuine and unforced humour. An art-critic has aptly remarked, Mr. Reed and Mr. Punch were made for

where du Maurier had Mr. Alma-Tadema as a fellow-student, and where du Maurier lost the sight of one eye: "Perhaps it was the eye with which I used to do the funny caricatures," remarks the artist. All du Maurier's work for *Punch* was done by a man with only one eye!

The next drawing, No. 21, is the last by



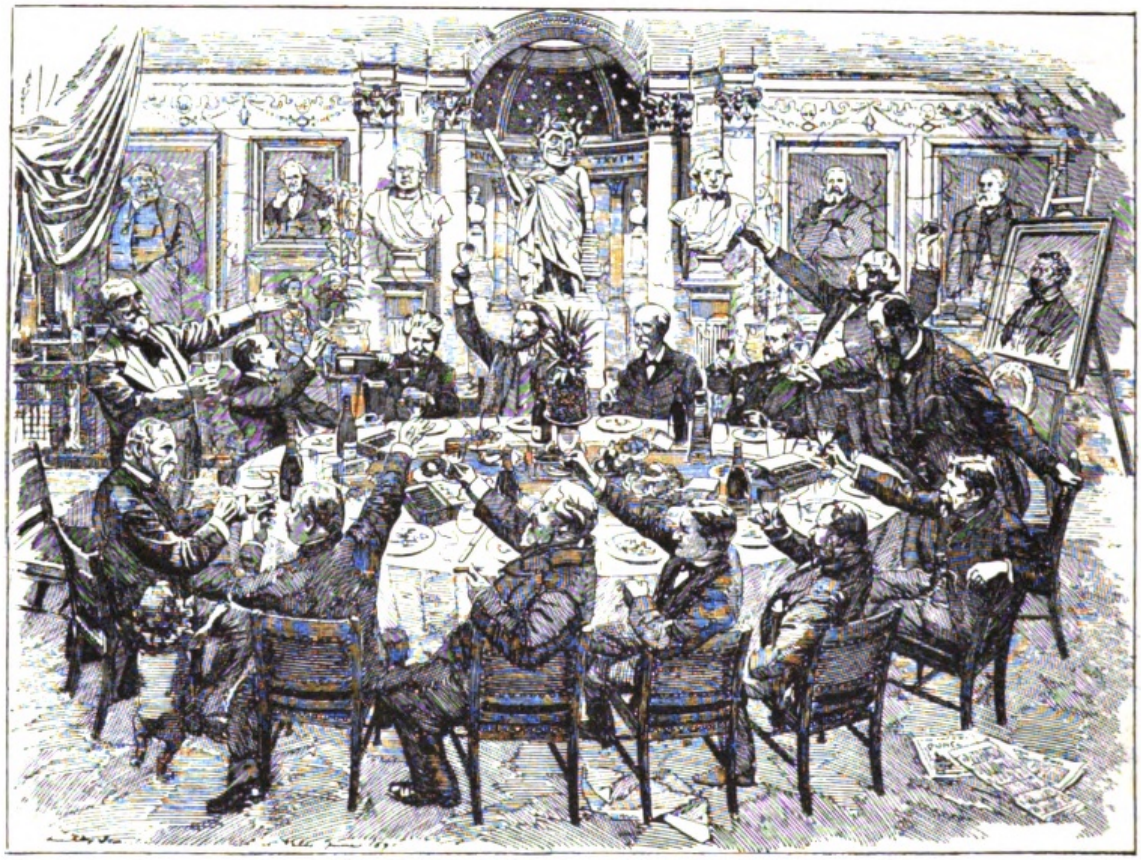
THE FESTIVE SEASON IN ANCIENT EGYPT.—A little Marketing in the Nineveh New Road.

24.—BY C. HARRISON, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1897.

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each other. May the partnership long continue will be the hope expressed by those whom Mr. Reed has made his friends by virtue of his work for *Punch*—and that means nearly all the world.

Sambourne's very fine drawing, "The Mahogany Tree," which was published as a double-page picture in the Jubilee Number of *Punch*, July 18, 1891. The proprietors and the staff are toasting Mr. Punch on the



"The Mahogany Tree."—The "Punch" Dinner.
25.—by Linley Sambourne, Punch's "Jubilee" number, July 18, 1891.

To the Almanack for 1897 Mr. C. Harrison contributed some very original and humorous sketches, applying our Christmas customs to Ancient Egypt, and one of these is shown in No. 24—a little Marketing in the Nineveh New Road. A clever imitation of the style of drawing practised by the ancient Egyptians.

In No. 25 we have a small copy of Mr. Linley Sambourne's very fine drawing, "The Mahogany Tree," which was published as a double-page picture in the Jubilee Number of *Punch*, July 18, 1891. The proprietors and the staff are toasting Mr. Punch on the attainment of his fiftieth year. Mr. Burnand (the editor of *Punch* since 1880) stands at the left pointing to *Punch* as he gives the toast of the evening, on Mr. Burnand's right sits Sir John Tenniel with dog Toby pawing him, then come Mr. Linley Sambourne, Mr. Arthur à Beckett, Mr. R.C. Lehmann, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. du Maurier. Mr. W. H. Bradbury is just rising



Prehistoric Pantomime.—It certainly was somewhat disconcerting when the *real* Animal suddenly turned up in the Stage Box!"
26.—by E. T. Reed, Punch's Almanack for 1895.

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from his chair at the right of du Maurier, and his partner, Sir William Agnew, stands with arms outstretched, drinking to the benign Punch. Then, on Sir W. Agnew's right, come Mr. Milliken, Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, Mr. E. T. Reed, with a glass upheld in his right hand, Mr. H. W. Lucy ["Toby, M.P."], and Mr. Anstey.



Youth (to Miserable Policeman). "W'y don't yer go 'Ome?"

27.—PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1899.



"THE TWELVE LABOURS OF 'ARRY."—FOURTH LABOUR.—'Arry plays Cricket, and "wishes he 'adn't."

29.—BY PHIL MAY, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1896.

The portraits and busts also included by this most interesting picture are of Mark Lemon, editor from 1841–1870, at the left, of Gilbert Abbot à Beckett, with one of Douglas Jerrold under it, a bust of Thackeray, small busts of Richard Doyle and of Thomas Hood in Punch's alcove, a large bust of John Leech, a portrait of Shirley Brooks, editor from 1870 to 1874, and one of Tom Taylor, editor from 1874 to 1880. A portrait of Charles Keene [lately dead at the date of this picture]



BRITANNIA À LA BEARDSLEY.—(*By Our "Yellow" Decadent.*)

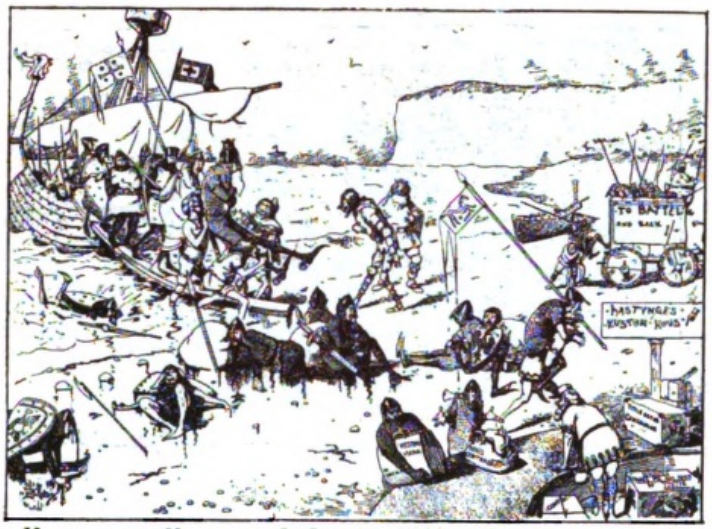
28.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1895.



"Oh, I say, they're gone for a Rope or something. Awfully sorry, you know, I can't come any nearer, but I'll stay here and talk to you."

30.—BY L. RAVEN-HILL, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1898.

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UNRECORDED HISTORY.—I. Landing William the Conqueror. *(Cross Channel, Passage moderate.)*
31.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1896.

is on the easel behind the chairs of the two proprietors of *Punch*.

In No. 26 Mr. E. T. Reed treats us to a glimpse of Prehistoric Pantomime, and, glancing at No. 27, we see in No. 28 a wonderfully true imitation by Mr. Reed of the peculiar style of drawing invented by the late Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

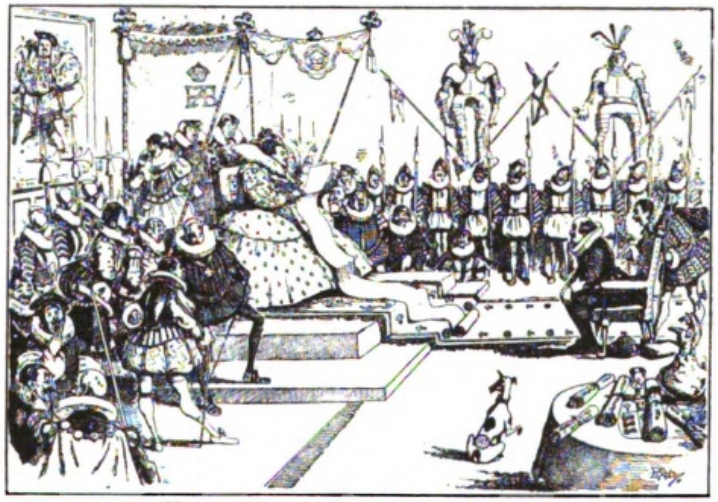
Mr. Phil May drew No. 29, and No. 30 is by Mr. Raven-Hill.

The two pieces of Unrecorded History in Nos. 31 and 32 are full of amusing incident—Mr. E. T. Reed's bright humour sparkles at the tip of every pen-stroke that he has put into these drawings. I wish these copies were a little bigger.

Look, too, at Mr. Reed's most witty drawing, "The Millennium-sky Review," in No. 33.

In No. 34, by Phil May, Mr. Gladstone looks less scandalized than some of the other distinguished guests, when the little boy asks his father—"Isn't there a *Conjurer* amongst them?"

The Prehistoric *Punch*-Dinner in No. 35, by Mr. E. T. Reed, has interest for us apart from that of its intrinsic fun, for the reason that we may compare it with Mr. Sambourne's Punch-Dinner in No. 25. Both these drawings contain portraits of the privileged few who are entitled to sit at Mr. Punch's famous table, and while No. 25 relates to the year 1891 (July 18), this later drawing, No. 35, is from the Almanack for 1899, and it includes all the members of the staff—the inside staff—of *Punch* at the present date (September 27th, 1899). A comparison of these two drawings will show some important alterations in the staff of *Punch* since his Jubilee year in 1891.

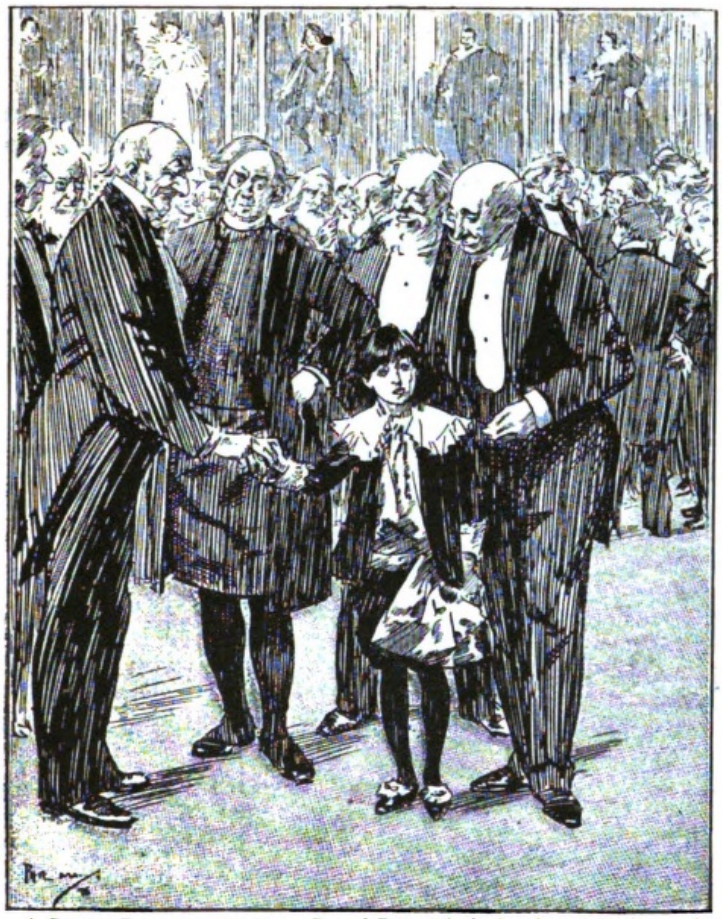


UNRECORDED HISTORY.—V. Queen Elizabeth just runs through a little thing of her own composition to William Shakspeare.
32.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1896.



THE MILLENNIUMSKY REVIEW. (TSARSKOE SELO, A.D. 1900 AND SOMETHING.) Their Imperial Majesties the Kaiser and the Tsar proceeded, followed by a brilliant Staff, to inspect the virtuous and harmless remnant of the Russian Troops. It is no use disguising the fact that the first results of Ceneral Disarmament and Universal Peace were just a trifle lugubrious and depressing!
33.—BY E. T. REED, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1899.

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A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—*Proud Parent (who has been introducing his son to some of England's gentlemen).* "There, my Boy, this will be something for you to remember when you are a Man!"
Young Hopeful (rather disappointed). "Isn't there a *Conjurer* amongst them?" 34.—BY PHIL MAY, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1897.

For a description of the staff at dinner in No. 35 I will use Mr. E. T. Reed's own words given to me:—

Beginning at the left, Sir William Agnew, the Chief Proprietor, sits at the head of the table. On his left is Mr. Laurence Bradbury, another of the proprietors; next to him Mr. Owen Seaman tunes up his harp and voice as the bard of *Punch*, next to him and hurling an immense rock is Mr. R. C. Lehmann the famous oarsman (a literary member of the staff). On his left is Mr. Arthur à Beckett; then Linley Sambourne, the life and soul of the table, on this as on many another occasion. Sir John Tenniel comes next. Smoking the primeval churchwarden, Mr. F. C. Burnand is genially controlling the discussion [the Cartoon]. Next on h[is] and's left, is Mr. [illegible] [Mr. F. Anste[y] cipient of M[y] Then "T[he] H. W. [Lucy] Vol[unteer]



weekly discussion of the Cartoon was still

ALMANACK FOR 1899.

the foreground is the artist [Mr. E. T. Reed], a suppliant before one of his own productions! Then Mr. Bernard Partridge with his pipe, and next to him Mr. Phil May makes the most of his closing moments and dashes down a lightning study of the expression of the monster who is about to assimilate him. Last, Mr. Philip L. Agnew, one of the Proprietors of *Punch*, who is trying energetically to preserve the valued life of his unfortunate friend!

It is interesting to compare the two lists of the members of the inside staff of *Punch* in the Jubilee pictures of July 18, 1891 (No. 25), and in this drawing from the Almanack for 1899. Here is the comparison:—

In drawing No. 25, July 18, 1891.	In drawing No. 35, from the Almanack for 1899.
INSIDE STAFF.	
Mr. F. C. Burnand	Mr. F. C. Burnand.
Sir John Tenniel	Sir John Tenniel.
Mr. Linley Sambourne	Mr. Linley Sambourne.
Mr. Arthur à Beckett	Mr. Arthur à Beckett.
Mr. R. C. Lehmann	Mr. R. C. Lehmann.
Mr. Harry Furniss	Resigned.
Mr. George du Maurier	Dead.
Mr. E. J. Milliken	Dead.
Mr. Gilbert à Beckett	Dead.
Mr. E. T. Reed	Mr. E. T. Reed.
Mr. H. W. Lucy	Mr. H. W. Lucy.
Mr. Anstey Guthrie	Mr. Anstey Guthrie.
	Mr. Bernard Partridge.
	Mr. Phil May.
	Mr. Owen Seaman.
PROPRIETORS.	
Mr. W. H. Bradbury	Dead.
Sir William Agnew	Sir William Agnew.
	Mr. Laurence Bradbury.
	Mr. Philip L. Agnew.

The present very strong inside staff of *Punch*—literary and artistic—is, moreover, reinforced by many other good workers who have not a place at the *Punch*-table. Some of the best

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known of these clever artists are Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. A. C. Corbould, Mr. Reginald Cleaver, "E. H." (Mr. Everard Hopkins), Mr. Arthur Hopkins, Mr. W. J. Hodgson, Mr. G. H. Jalland, Mr. J. A. Shepherd; and, amongst the still "newer" men, are Mr. L. Raven-Hill, Mr. C. Harrison, Mr. Lewis Baumer, Mr. G. R. Halkett, Mr. Tom Browne, Mr. G. D. Armour, Mr. Ralph Cleaver, Mr. Sydney Harvey, Mr. Gordon Browne, Mr. C. L. Stampa, Mr. James Greig, Mr. J. Leighton, and others.



MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO EVERYBODY—WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
36.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.

It is certain that no periodical but *Punch* has ever included in its inside and outside staffs so much brilliant and varied talent, starred here and there with genius of the first order, as has been displayed by these peeps into the pages of *Punch*. Mr. Punch—Long may you live and prosper! We reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year so finely expressed by your great artist Mr. Linley Sambourne, and we hope, some of us, to be present at your "At Home" on July 17th, 1941, to which you finally invite us for the celebration of your hundredth birthday.



37.—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, PUNCH'S "JUBILEE" NUMBER, JULY 18, 1891.

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By Gertrude Bacon

"THEY that go down to the sea in ships" see strange things, but what they tell is ofttimes stranger still. A faculty for romancing is imparted by a seafaring life as readily and surely as a rolling gait and a weather-beaten countenance. A fine imagination is one of the gifts of the ocean—witness the surprising and unlimited power of expression and epithet possessed by the sailor. And a fine imagination will frequently manifest itself in other ways besides swear words.

Captain Brander is one of the most gifted men in this way in the whole merchant service. His officers say of him with pride that he possesses the largest vocabulary in the great steamship company of which he is one of the oldest and most respected skippers, and his yarns are only equalled in their utter impossibility by the genius he displays in furnishing them with minute detail and all the outward circumstance of truth.

I first learned this fact from the second engineer the evening of the sixth day of our voyage, as we leant across the bulwarks and watched the sunset. The second engineer was a bit of a liar—or I should say romancer—himself. The day he took me down into the engine-room he told me, as personal experiences, tales of mutinous Lascar firemen, unpopular officers who disappeared suddenly into the fiery maw of blazing furnaces, and so forth, which, whatever foundation of fact they may have possessed, certainly did not lose in the telling. As a humble aspirant in the same branch of art he naturally was quick to recognise the genius of that past master, the captain, and his admiration for his chief was as boundless as it was sincere.

"I say, Miss Baker," he said, *àpropos* of nothing, "have you had the skipper 'on' yet?"

"Not that I am aware of," I said. "What do you mean?"

"Why, has he been spinning you any yarns yet? There isn't a man in the service can touch him for stories. I don't deny that he has seen some service, and been in some tight places, but for a real out-and-out lie, commend me to old Monkey Brand!" (It was by this sobriquet, I regret to say, suggested partly by his name, and mostly by his undoubted resemblance to a well-known advertisement, that the worthy captain was known in the unregenerate engine-room.)

"Oh, I should just love to hear him," I cried. "There is nothing I should like better. Do tell me how I can manage to draw him."

"Well, he doesn't want much drawing as a rule," said the engineer. "He likes to give vent to his imagination. Let me see," he continued; "to-morrow afternoon we shall be about passing the Grecian Islands. Ask him about them, and try and get him on the subject of Gorgons."

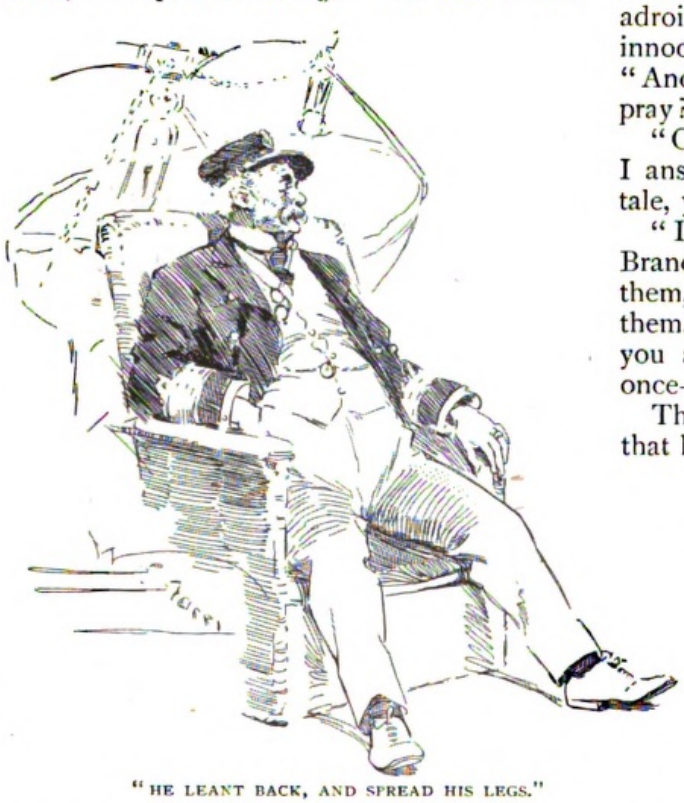
"Gorgons!" I said. "What a strange topic! Why, since I've left school I have almost forgotten what they were. Weren't they mythological creatures who turned people into stone when they looked at them?"

"That's about it, I believe," said the engineer, "and a fellow called Perseus cut off their heads, or something of that kind. It's a lie anyhow, but you ask the skipper."

It was the custom of Captain Brander every afternoon to make a kind of royal progress among his passengers. Going the entire circuit of the ship; passing slowly from group to group, with a joke here and a chat there, and bestowing his favours in lordly and impartial fashion—especially among the ladies. I have watched him often coming the whole length of the promenade deck, making some outrageous compliment to one girl, patting another on the shoulder, even chucking a third under the chin; a sense of supreme self-satisfaction animating his red cheeks, curling his grey hair, and suffusing his whole short, portly person. Eccentric he was; indifferent to

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his personal appearance—his battered old cap had seen almost as much service as he had—but a more popular man or an abler officer never walked the bridge. On this particular occasion I was at the end of the deck, and had so arranged that an inviting deck chair stood vacant beside me. Wearied by his progress by the time he reached me, he fell at once into my little trap, and sat down on the empty chair, leant back, and spread his legs. He and I were



"HE LEANT BACK, AND SPREAD HIS LEGS."

fast friends, and had been since the day when I tried to photograph him, and he had frustrated my design by unscrewing the front lens of my camera and keeping it in his pocket for the rest of the morning.

"Captain," I said, pointing to a cloudy grey outline faintly visible against the eastern horizon, "what land is that?"

"My dear young lady," said he, "I am quite sick of answering that question! If I have been asked it once I have been asked it twenty times in the last half-hour. That old Mrs. Matherson in the red shawl button-holed me on the subject to such an extent that I thought I should never get away again. Wonderful thirst for information that old party has! And she appears to think that because I'm captain I must have a complete knowledge of geography, geology, history, etymology, mythology, *and* navigation. Well, for the twenty-first time, then, we are passing the isles off the coast of Greece, and that one straight ahead is Zante."

"So that is Greece, is it?" I mused aloud. "Well, from here at least it looks old enough and romantic enough to be the home of all those ancient heroes we read about—Alexander and Hercules and—and—Gorgons and those sort of things." I felt I had introduced the subject somewhat lamely, after all, and the captain looked me full in the face as if suspecting a plot. But if I am not very adroit in conversation, I can at least look innocent upon occasions, and he merely said, "And what do you know about Gorgons, pray?"

"Oh, as much as most people, I expect!" I answered. "They are only a sort of fairy tale, you know."

"I am not so sure of that," said Captain Brander. "Those fairy tales, as you call them, have often truth at the bottom of them. And as to Gorgons, why, I could tell you a little incident that happened to me once—but it's rather a long story."

Then I urged my best persuasions—not that he needed much pressing—and pushing his old cap off his bald forehead, and speaking slowly and with that almost American accent peculiar to him, he unfolded his tale of wonder as follows:—

"It's nearly thirty years ago, Miss Baker—that's long before *you* were ever born or thought of—that I was fourth officer of the *Haslar*, 2,000-ton vessel of this same company I serve to this day. How times have altered, to be sure! The *Haslar* was reckoned a fine ship in those days, and if you had told me that I should presently command an 8,000-tonner, such as I do this day, with 11,000 horse-power engines, and more men for the crew alone than the *Haslar* could hold when she was packed her tightest, I very probably wouldn't have believed you. However, that is neither here nor there. But thirty years ago in the spring time—now I come to think of it, it was in the month of April—we were cruising in this very neighbourhood, and one thick foggy night our skipper lost his bearings a bit, got too near the coast, and ran us ashore off the south point of Zante.

"Of course there was a great fuss, and everybody came up on deck with life-belts, and all the girls screamed, and all the young fellows swore to save them or die in the attempt; and the skipper turned as white as paper—not that he was afraid, for he was no

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coward—none of our officers are that—but because he knew his prospects were ruined, and he would be turned out of the company and perhaps lose his certificate, and he'd got a wife and a big family, poor chap! Of course that consideration didn't affect *me*, for I was in my bunk and asleep at the time, but it was certainly unfortunate for him.

"Well, it was very soon discovered that the ship wasn't going down in a hurry, and nobody got into the boats, though they were lowered ready. And when daylight came we saw we were fast on the rocks, with half the stern under water, and the saloon and a lot of the cabins flooded. But more than that the *Haslar* couldn't sink, and at low water you might almost walk dryshod on to the shore. There was no getting her off, however, and so all the passengers were landed and sent home as best they could across country, and a rough time they had of it, for Zante is not an over-hospitable sort of a place; while we officers had to stick to the ship till we could get help, and then till she was repaired sufficiently to work her into dock somewhere.

"It was a tedious job, for help was slow in coming; and then all her boilers had to be taken out before she would float, and we fellows got jolly sick of it, I can tell you, for we were hard worked, and Zante is a wretched hole to spend more than half an hour in. Our one amusement, when we were off duty, was to go ashore on foot or row round the island in a boat, shooting wild fowl and exploring the country. There was precious little to see and not much to shoot, and it was slow fun altogether till, one day, the second officer came back from a tramp ashore and told us he had found his way to some very remote village on the eastern coast, where there was a cave among the hills which the villagers warned him not to enter. He could not gather for what reason, because he didn't understand enough of their outlandish tongue, but as it was then growing late he was obliged to return to the ship without further investigation.

"I was always one for adventure when I was a lad, and directly the second officer told his tale I made up my mind to go and explore that cave before any of the rest had a chance. It so happened that next day was my turn for going ashore, and I went and looked up one of the assistant engineers and persuaded him to come with me. I wanted him because he was a chum of mine, and also he was the only one of us who could talk the language a bit. He had been in those parts before, and generally acted as interpreter in our dealings with the natives. His name was Travers, a queer little dark chap, with black eyes and a hot temper, but a pleasant fellow enough if you did not rub him up the wrong way, and game for anything under the sun. He readily agreed to come with me, and we started as soon as we could get away, telling no one of our destination, for we had no wish to be forestalled.

"It was a long tramp, right across the island, to the village which Jenkins, the second officer, had indicated. But at last, after climbing a weary hill, we looked down on some clustering huts standing amid vineyards in the valley beneath, while another and much sheerer cliff rose on the opposite side, whose rugged scarp was all rent and riven as by an earthquake, and intersected by a deep ravine. Here and there among the rocks were dark shadows and black patches which might be the entrances to caverns in the crag. 'This must be the place,' I said, 'and one of those is the forbidden cave. How are we to find out which?'

"As if in answer to my question, at this moment there came along the hill-top towards us a burly countryman with a sunburned face and tattered garments. He regarded us with astonishment, as well he might, for they get few strangers in those parts, and he made some remark to us in his queer language, which, of course, I didn't understand, but Travers did and replied to it. Finding he was understood, the countryman stopped and talked.

"'Ah!' he said, or so Travers interpreted. 'So you have reached the valley of the Haunted Cavern! It is far to seek and hard to find, but it lies spread beneath you.'

"'But which is the Haunted Cavern, and why is it so called?' asked Travers.

"'It lies in yonder cleft of the hills,' answered the man, pointing to the opposite ravine, 'and it is called the Haunted Cavern because none who venture there return alive. Nay, they return not either alive or dead. They are seen no more!'

"'Tell that to the Marines!' said Travers, only he translated it into Greek, of course, or what the Zante people think is Greek. 'You don't expect me to believe such a yarn as that! Why, what is there up in that place?'

"'That is what none can tell,' replied the peasant; 'for none come back to say. And, indeed, it is the truth I speak. Many men have attempted to find the secret. In bygone days, I have heard, a whole party of soldiers were sent there to search for brigands supposed to be in hiding, but not one was

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seen again. The cavern has an evil name, and now is shunned by one and all, but every now and again there arises a youth venturesome beyond the rest; and he heeds not the warnings of the old, but hopes to break the spell and find the treasure that some say is hidden there, and he starts in high hope and courage, but never again do we behold his face!'

"'But what is the reason?' persisted Travers, the incredulous.

"'Nay, that we cannot say,' reiterated the man. 'A short distance can one go up the ravine that leads to the cavern. I have been there myself, and truly there is nothing that can be seen except a barren valley, scattered all over with big black stones. Nothing more, and farther than the entrance none must venture.'



"THE OLD MAN HELD OUT HIS SKINNY HANDS TO DETAIN HIM."

"'Oh, I say!' exclaimed Travers, in delight, 'did you ever hear such an old liar? This beats anything I could have believed possible in the nineteenth century. Come on, Brander! We are in luck this time!' and the impetuous fellow dashed off down the hill, I at his heels, leaving the countryman dumb with amazement behind us.

"At the foot of the hill we entered the little village. An old, white-haired man of rather superior appearance was crossing the road before us. Travers accosted him and asked him the way to the Haunted Cavern. The old man turned quite pale with astonishment and apprehension.

"'The Haunted Cavern, my son!' he said, in quavering tones; 'surely you are not going thither?'

"'Yes, we are, though,' said Travers, his eyes dancing with excitement. It is wonderful what enterprise that boy—he was little more—had in him. 'And if you won't tell us, we'll find the way out for ourselves!' and he pushed past the old man, who held out his skinny hands as if to detain him.

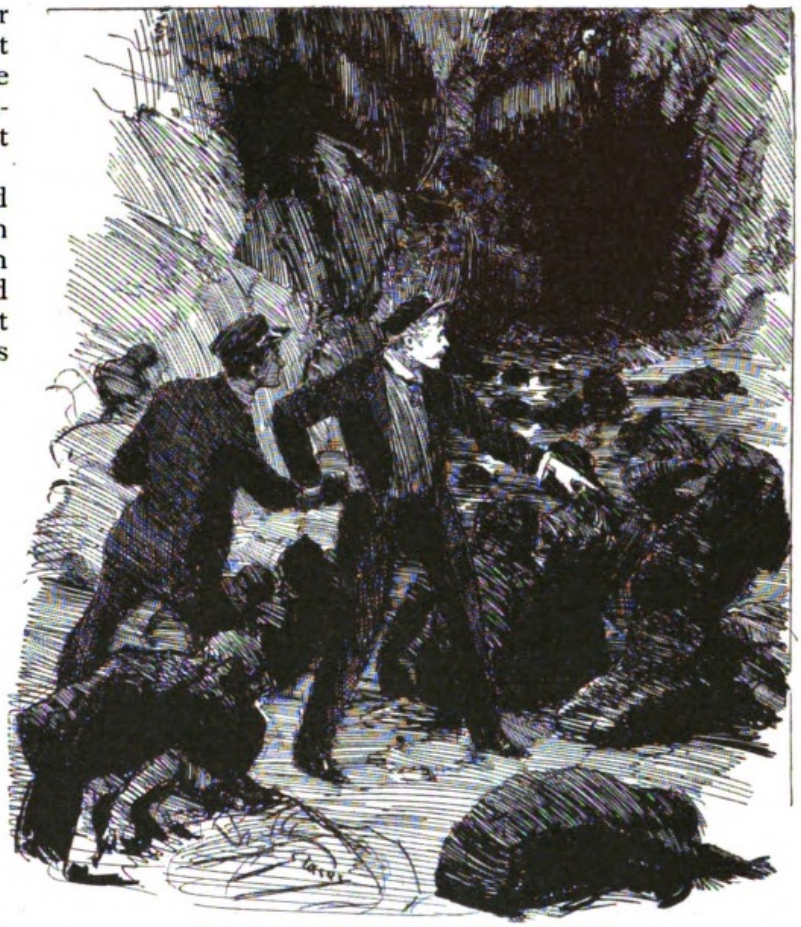
"Before we had got clear of the hamlet the news had somehow got circulated that we were about to explore the ravine, and the whole of the inhabitants turned out in the wildest excitement. Some were for staying us forcibly, till Travers began to get quite nasty, drew his revolver, and talked of firing. Many reiterated and emphasized alarming warnings and assurances that we should never return. All watched us with the most intense interest, and followed close on our footsteps until we began to near the fatal spot, when they fell off singly or in parties, till finally at the very entrance of the ravine we had left even the boldest spirits behind us.

"In truth, it was a strange spot to which we had penetrated. The narrow path had led us suddenly round the spur of the mountain, and now, look which way we might, the giant rocks towered up sheer above us, hundreds of feet high, in inaccessible grey walls. The sinking sun was now too low to shine within this well-like space, which his rays could only reach at midday, and the very air struck damp and chill. We were in an open valley, thus shut in by the cliffs, of considerable extent, but not to be reached by any path except that we had traversed. The ground was firm and smooth, but littered all over with the strangest black stones of all sorts of shapes, and in all positions, though of a fairly uniform size, and alike in material. There was something uncanny and weird about these queer black boulders, which

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strewed the valley the thicker the farther we advanced, till at the far end of the space, where a huge back hole yawned ominous in the cliff, they almost entirely blocked the way.

"The dark cavern looked terribly grim and forbidding in the fading light. A little stream issued from its mouth and trickled among the stones. It did not gurgle and glisten as most mountain streams, but flowed noiselessly, sluggish, and dull, and gathered in stagnant pools on its rocky bed. No birds sang in that dismal nook; no sound from without penetrated to its recesses. All was silent, dim, and chill as the tomb itself.



"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH QUEER STONES?"

"Despite my utmost efforts, I felt the spell of the weird, wild spot stealing over me, and a cold shudder crept down my backbone. There was but room for one at a time in the ever-narrowing track, and I was at first leading. My steps became slower and slower, and finally I paused altogether and turned to look back on Travers to see if he too was feeling the oppressive sense of evil that seemed to hang heavy in the very air. But in his face was only visible an ecstasy almost of eagerness and delight. His dark eyes sparkled again, his cheeks were flushed, his breath came quick, and his whole body was quivering with excitement.

"'Go on, Brander!' he cried. 'What are you stopping for, man? This is grand! This is luck, indeed! Did you ever see such a place? Come on, I want to get to that cave!'

"I felt utterly ashamed to confess my weakness, but it was that cave that I had begun to dread more and more. Whatever else I may be, Miss Baker, it is not boasting to say I am no coward. I have seen danger, aye, and courted it all my life, and until that moment I doubt if I had known what fear was. But I knew then: the blind, unreasoning fear that saps the strength of mind and limb and melts the heart and paralyzes all thought save that one overpowering instinct to fly—somewhere. Yet, in face of Travers's eagerness, I could not bear to show the white feather. I turned my back therefore on the dark cavern, now just ahead of us, and endeavoured to temporize.

"'Travers,' I said, 'did you ever see such queer stones? How do you suppose they have got here? They are quite a different nature from these cliffs, so they could not have fallen from the sides.'

"'Oh, bother the stones!' said Travers. 'I can't look at them now, I want to get into the cave. Quick, before it gets dark!' and as I still hesitated, he pushed past me into a more open space beyond, almost at the cavern's mouth. I did not dare to leave him, and was scrambling after him as best I might, when I suddenly heard him cry out in a voice such as I had never heard before, and hope never to again. A shrill, high-pitched cry in which there were surprise, wonder, disgust, alarm, and awful horror all combined in one: a cry of astonishment, a shriek of agony, a shout of dismay. 'Look, Brander! look! look!'

"I could have sworn that when he spoke my companion was in full view, close beside me, touching me almost, though at the exact moment my eyes were looking from him; but

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when I turned my head in answer to his cry he was gone.

"For one second only had my gaze been averted, but in that time he had utterly vanished from sight, disappeared in a flash, gone—whither? A large black stone stood close beside me, similar to the rest in that ghostly valley; yet it struck me somehow that I had not noticed it there before. I placed my hand upon it as I peered round behind to see if Travers were there, and a shudder I could not explain ran up my arm, for the stone felt warm to the touch. I had not time then to analyze my unreasonable horror at this trivial circumstance; I was too eager to find my friend. I rushed madly among the stones, I yelled his name again and again, but the weird echoes of my cry, returned in countless reflections from cliff and cavern, alone answered me.

"In a frenzy of despair I continued my search, for certain was I that by no natural means could Travers have disappeared so utterly in so brief a space. Blind panic seized me, and I knew not what I did, till my eye suddenly fell on a shallow pool of water collected in a rocky hollow at my very feet. It was not more than a couple of inches deep, and scarce a yard across, but on its placid face were reflected the overhanging rock and opening of the cavern just behind it, and also something else that glued my eyes to it in horror and rooted my flying feet to the ground.

"Just above the cavern's mouth was a narrow ledge of rock, running horizontally, and of a few inches in width. On this natural shelf, reflected in the water, I saw, hanging downwards, a decayed fragment of goat-skin, rotten with age, but which might have been bound round something, long years before. Upon this, as if escaped from its folds, rested a Head.

"It was a human head, severed at the neck, but fresh and unfaded as if but newly dead. It bore the features of a woman—of a woman of more perfect loveliness than was ever told of in tale, or sculptured in marble, or painted on canvas. Every feature, every line, was of the truest beauty, cast in the noblest mould—the face of a goddess. But upon that perfect countenance was the mark of eternal pain, of deathless agony and suffering past words. The forehead was lined and knit, the death-white lips were tightly pressed in speechless torment; in the wide eyes seemed yet to lurk the flame of an unquenchable fire; while around the fair brows, in place of hair, curled and coiled the stark bodies of venomous serpents, stiff in death, but their loathsome forms still erect, their evil heads yet thrust forward as if to strike.



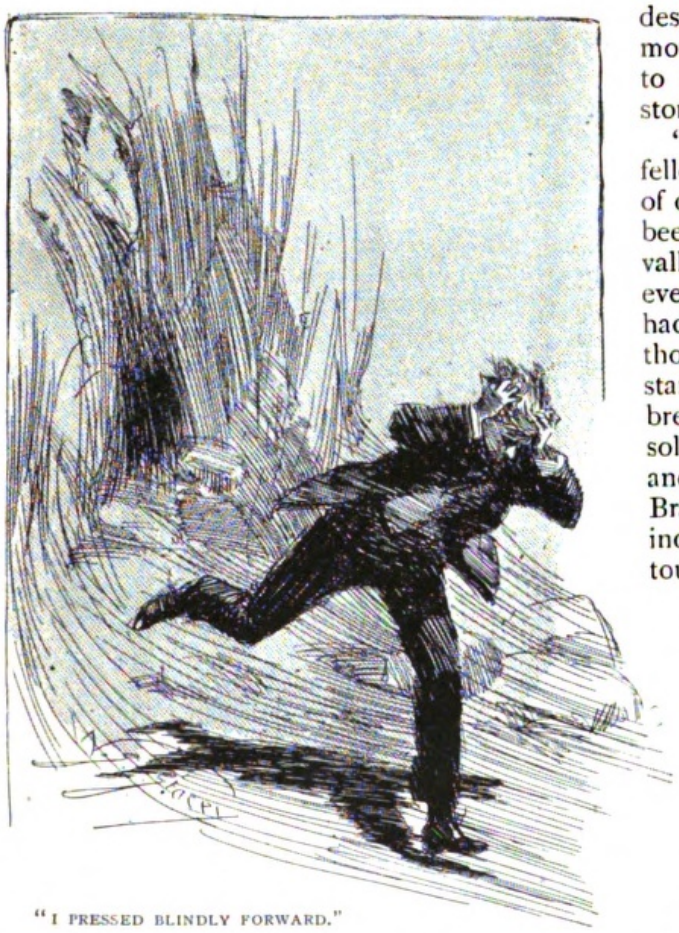
"MY EYE SUDDENLY FELL ON A SHALLOW POOL OF WATER."

"My heart ceased beating, and the chill of death crept over my limbs, as with eyes starting from their sockets I stared at that awful head, reflected in the pool. For hours it seemed to me I gazed fascinated, as the bird by the eye of the snake that has charmed it. I was as incapable of thought as movement, till suddenly forgotten school-room learning began to cross my brain, and I knew that I

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looked at the reflection of Medusa, the Gorgon, fairest and foulest of living things, the unclean creature, half woman, half eagle, slain by the hero Perseus, and one glimpse of whose tortured face turned the luckless beholder into stone with the horror of it.

"If I once raised my eyes from the reflection to the actual head above I knew that I too should freeze in a moment into another black block, even as poor Travers, and every other who had entered the accursed valley had done before. And as this thought occurred to me, the longing to lift my eyes and look upon the real object became so overpowering that, in sheer self-preservation, I inclined my face closer and closer to the water till I seemed almost to touch it, when my senses fled and I knew no more.



"I PRESSED BLINDLY FORWARD."

"When I woke at last it was far on in the night, and a bright moon, riding high, shone full down upon the valley, revealing the ragged rocks and scattered stones with a cold brilliance that almost equalled the day. I was lying chilled and stiff beside the pool, and I started up in amazement, unable to recall to my mind, for a moment, where I was or what I was doing there. I had my back to the cavern, fortunately, and as I gazed over the ghostly and deserted scene the events of the day suddenly returned to my mind in a single flash of terror.

"To escape from this ghastly place was now my only thought, and in order to do this I resolved to look no more at the pool at my feet in case the terrible fascination should again take possession of me. What it cost me to adhere to this resolution I cannot tell you, but with the courage of despair I pressed blindly forward to the mouth of the ravine, only pausing a second to lay my hand upon the now ice-cold stone that once was Travers.

"Poor Travers! gay, light-hearted fellow! Ever in the forefront of mischief, of danger, of adventure. How eager he had been to solve the secret of the haunted valley, which now must be his tomb for ever. How full of health and spirits he had scrambled a few hours before among those very boulders, one of which now, standing stiffly erect among its forest of brethren, was at once the monument and sole relic of a fearless lad, a cheery friend, and a gallant seaman. Dear old Travers! Brave, foolish boy! My heart was heavy, indeed, for his awful fate, as I reverently touched the stone and murmured to the night breeze, stealing around the rocks, 'Good-bye, old fellow; sleep sound!'

"It seemed to me, in my loneliness and terror, that my fearsome journey would never be ended: that, lost in a labyrinth, I should tread that valley for ever. But at last, after endless ages, I reached the mouth of the ravine, and once on open ground I stretched my cramped limbs and ran, without ceasing, till I once more reached the ship."

Here the captain paused, more from want of breath than anything else, I think.

"Go on, Captain Brander," I cried. "You haven't half finished yet. What did they say when you returned, and how did you explain about poor Travers?"

"Young lady," said Captain Brander, "don't ask any more questions. I think I have told you enough for one afternoon," and here, an officer coming up and summoning him, he left me.

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The Champion Orange-Peeler.

Photos. specially taken by George Newnes, Ltd.

By A. B. Henn.

MR. BIRCH is a ship's cook by profession, but, let it be said, he is rather more than that: he is to all intents and purposes an accomplished *chef*, as his numerous medals and diplomas will show. More than that, again, he is an inventor. Mr. Birch is one of those extraordinary all-round men it is one's ill-luck to meet with but seldom. He is the one man we would wish to have as a companion on a desert island of the Pacific. He has the wonderful gift of making something out of what might well be called nothing at all, or the very next door to it.

He has manufactured with his own hands a set of kitchen utensils out of an ordinary hundredweight of cocoa-nuts. From an egg-separator to the most useful of soup-ladles, the shells were speedily transformed into useful and business-like utensils. Now, for a man who can make an up-to-date egg-separator out of the most common of cocoa-nut shells in less than ten minutes, it is not too much to expect something still more wonderful and startling.

It so happens that at times the most careful and industrious of ships' cooks will find time lie heavy on his hands; whenever such has been the case Mr. Birch contrived to fill in his odd moments in his endeavour to perfect himself in one of the various hobbies which he has made his own.

When a man happens to travel in the company of some thousands of cases of oranges his mind will naturally dwell for a considerable part of the journey upon the luscious fruit and its possibilities. Our champion happened to travel once in such companionship, and he then and there decided to form a closer acquaintance with his fellow-travellers, and the photographs which illustrate this article will serve to show the fruits (no pun intended) of his endeavour.



MR. BIRCH, THE CHAMPION ORANGE-PEELER.
From a Photo.

No Christmas dinner is considered complete without its *addenda* of oranges. It may therefore not prove uninteresting to show how the peel of this popular dainty may be used as a means of ornament and, let us add, amusement.

Though much time and patience are required to attain the perfection of our champion, it is nevertheless possible to acquire the art of ornamental orange-peeling in a few self-taught lessons. The photos. here reproduced of oranges peeled by Mr. Birch in our presence will give sufficient aid to a beginner should he care to devote his attention to the art for a few hours only. The well-sharpened blade of a penknife is all that is required. The oranges, of course, are a *sine quâ non*.

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FIG. 1.



FIG. 4.

Look at Fig. 1, which illustrates the first cut. We see that the initial stage consists in making four slits at right angles from the top, but not quite to the bottom, of the peel. The nail of the thumb is then inserted beneath the peel in order to separate it from the body of the fruit.



FIG. 2.

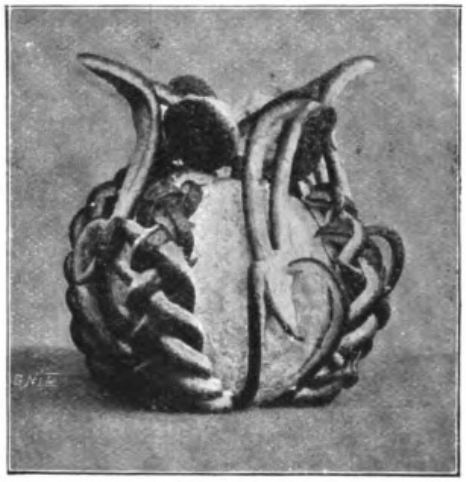


FIG. 5.

Fig. 2 shows how thin slices or strips are cut from the sides of the four main sections, or leaves. These four leaves must then be cut again from top to bottom, and from bottom to top alternately, but never quite to the end, so as to form one continuous strip of smaller leaves, that with gentle pulling will lengthen into a goodly strip of peel such as is shown in Fig. 3 —in the second stage on the right, and in the third stage on the left of the fruit. Figs. 4 and 5 show different ways of cutting or carving; but Fig. 6 will show how to use the original cutting of Fig. 3 in the ornamental building up of Figs. 7 and 8.

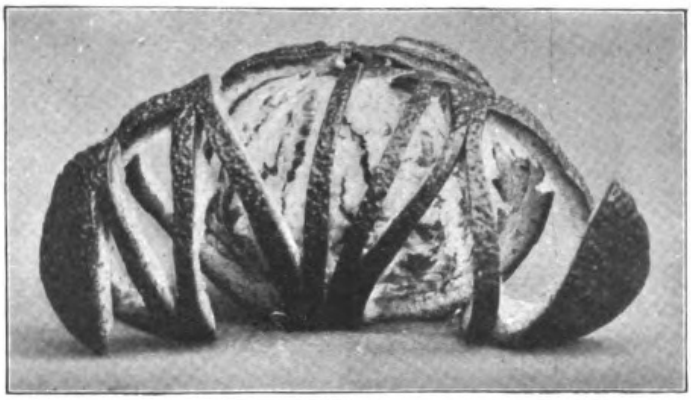


FIG. 3.

Here we shall have to give away "a trick of the trade," if we may call it so.

In order to mount the orange-peel artistically, small bits of wood the size of large Swedish matches, pointed at each end, will be found useful. Also longer bits of wood, such as are shown in the centre of Fig. 6, with tiny bits of wire upon

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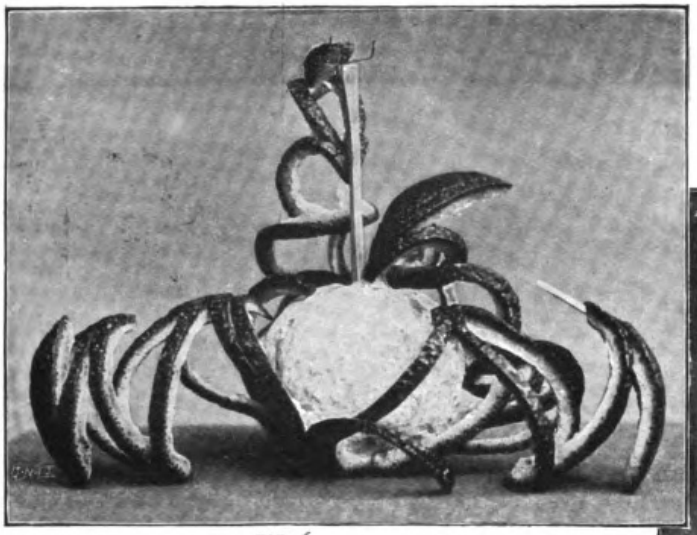


FIG. 6.

which the ends of the peel strips may be firmly fixed, will come in with advantage. Fig. 7 shows how an orange suitably peeled, carved, and trussed can be placed on an ordinary wine-glass, which glass has been



FIG. 7.

previously ornamented with a small square of white or coloured paper cut in any suitable design. In Fig. 8 we find an orange also carved and trussed, but ornamented in a more elaborate shape.

It is difficult to show in a photograph the charming effect of such table decoration, owing, of course, to the loss of colour; but our picture will show sufficiently well what can be made of carved oranges with a little skill and a handful of greens and flowers,



FIG. 8.

such as are easily found in every well-appointed household.

Fig. 9 is what must be called a piece of fancy carving. We call it carving, for it can hardly be called peeling, though, perhaps, the difference is insignificant. It is intended to represent a Japanese house-boat, with folding doors, and very pretty do these

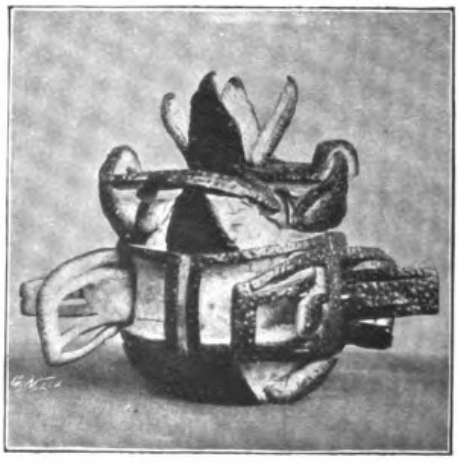


FIG. 9.

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doors look, for they can be opened and closed at will, and give room for considerable amusement.

Fig. 10 is one that represents a great deal of skill, coupled with no little amount of patriotism. Mr. Birch's enthusiasm for the Crown is exemplified here in a striking manner. He has endeavoured to represent in orange-peel the symbol of our power and greatness.



FIG. 10.

fashioned. There is no limit to these designs. A favourite form of amusement suggests itself. There are, for instance, endless possibilities in trying to carve your partner's features in the peel of an orange. Try it.

In the course of conversation Mr. Birch suggested the erection of an elaborate table-centre decoration by means of one hundred carved oranges.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

Considering the frailty of the material, we venture to suggest that he has met with no small amount of success.

There is a comic side to orange-peeling, and, though Mr. Birch mostly inclines to the artistic, there is nothing to prevent our digressing a little from his methods, and to suggest a somewhat novel kind of entertainment for after-dinner amusement.

Fig. 11 is an illustration in point. In less than two minutes this clever representation of Mr. What-you-may-call-him has been

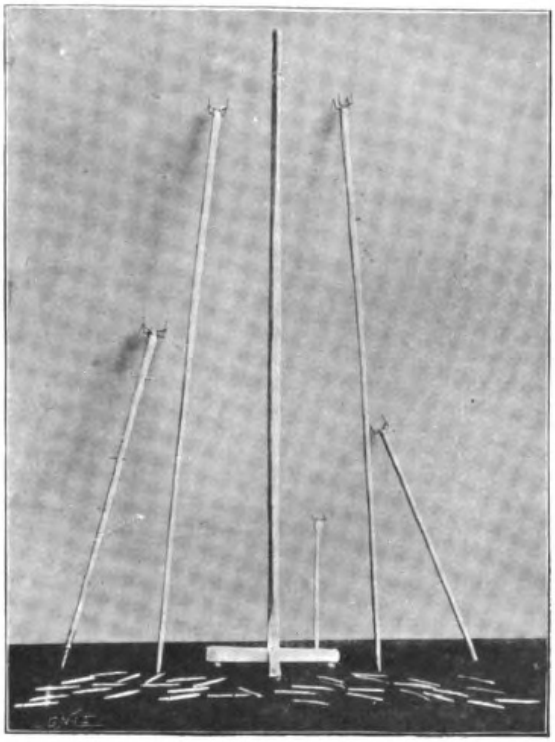


FIG. 13.

We challenged him to perform the feat, and forthwith ordered one hundred of the finest fruit extant.

Upon the receipt of these Mr. Birch set to work on the extraordinary structure which is illustrated in its various stages by the pictures that follow. In the construction of such an elaborate "set piece," as we may be permitted to call it, several accessories are of course necessary.

Those shown in Fig. 13 are of the simplest. They are the accessories that were used in the construction of the centre-piece

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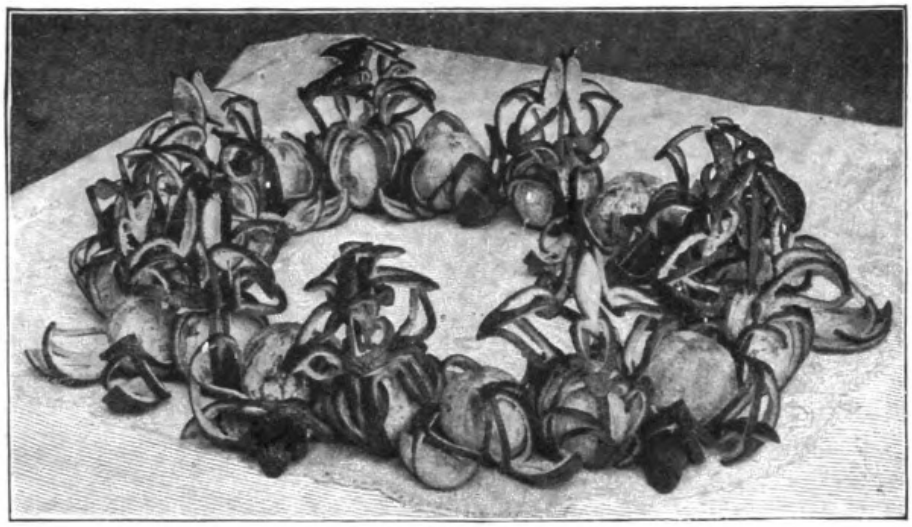


FIG. 14.

under notice. They consist in the first place of a base made of wood in the shape of a cross, with one long piece of wood fixed in the centre thereof and projecting vertically upwards.

Four pieces of wood, similarly shaped, are fixed into the ends of the arms of the cross in such a manner as to remain rigid in an upright position. The shorter pieces are fixed at suitable intervals, according to the form of design that is intended.

It must be understood, of course, that this staging is but an elementary one. If wire were used there is no end to the designs that might be produced. These may be left to the ingenuity of our readers.

In Fig. 14 we find what we will call the table-centre orange pyramid in its first stage. The oranges have all been carved in one and the same design. In the first row they are placed side by side in an oval, and form the base of the pyramid. It is not necessary to place the "foundation" or "staging" in the middle of the structure until at a later stage.

In some places you will see that bits of refractory peel have fallen back as though neglected, but on close inspection of subsequent stages you will find that they have been put right, and this is part of the careful finishing touches that must be given as reasonable advance is made.

Look at Fig. 15. Here we have a number of rows added to the first, and our pyramid is already assuming respectable proportions. The centre support has been firmly fixed into its base, and forms, as it were, the main-mast of the whole concern.

It must not be forgotten that, as the process of piling up goes on, the various supports must be tied together by means of tape, wire, or even strong thread, whichever, in fact, is most handy, in order to give the whole struc-

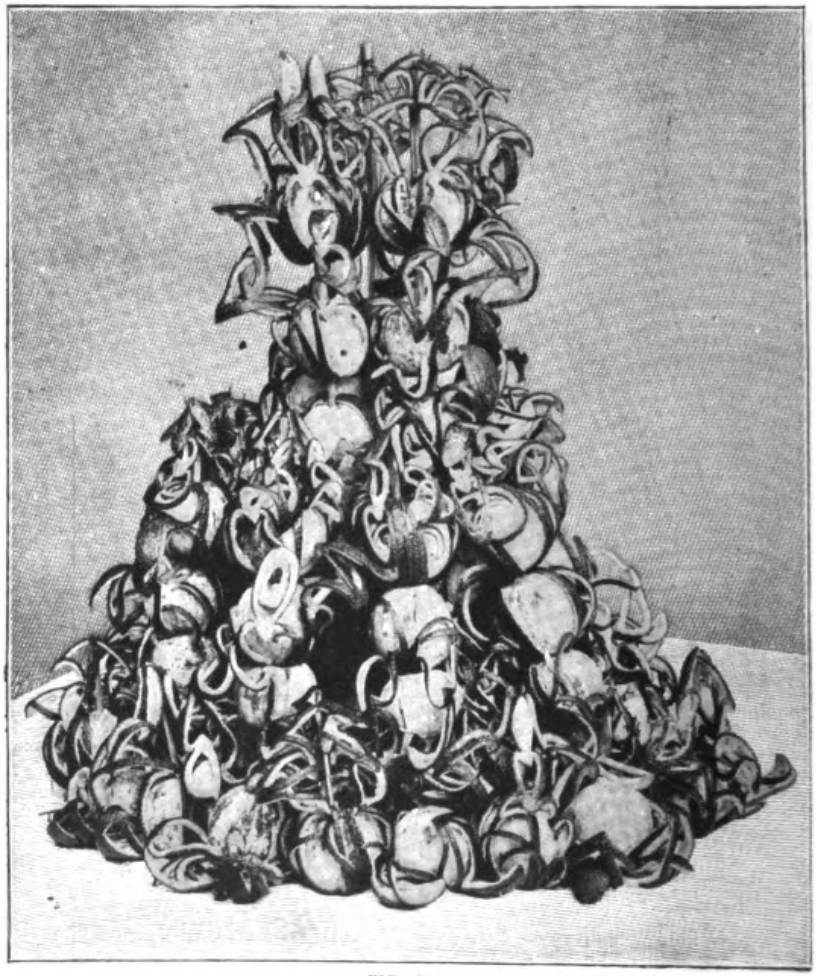


FIG. 15.

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FIG. 16.

ture its required stability. If a wire frame were first constructed in much the same manner as those used for ornamental lamp-shades, the result would be more secure and, no doubt, more artistic also; but failing that, a wooden structure, such as the one indicated, will meet any ordinary case, and has on its side the advantage of simplicity, not to speak of economy.

Fig. 16 shows the pyramid practically completed, without, of course, its additional ornaments of ferns and flowers. The orange which forms the "mast-head," so to speak, must be carefully and elaborately carved and "trussed." It is necessary that it should be firm in its setting, for should it vacillate there is danger of the whole structure collapsing owing to top-heaviness. Additional oranges, carved, trussed, and decorated, may with advantage be placed at the four corners or around the pyramid, such, in fact, as are shown placed upright on the wine-glasses in the picture.

In Fig. 17 we have a pretty view of the table-centre complete. About one hundred artistically peeled oranges are here shown, forming as pretty a centre-piece as has ever been devised. Streams of smilax trail down its sides, and maidenhair ferns peep out here and there; as also do little bunches of flowers to add the necessary colour. In fact, the whole structure reflects much credit on its originator, and suggests endless scope for the ingenuity of our readers.



FIG. 17.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNEXPECTED



By Robert Barr.

MANY writers who set down accounts of things that have happened craftily conceal some important fact until the end of the story, thus deluding their reader at the beginning and surprising him at the finish, taking, as it seems to me, an unfair advantage. I have no such skill in compilation, and, even if I possessed it, would not use it, for I love my reader, and take him straightway into my confidence. If details are in my holding that are concealed from the general public I hasten to inform my reader of them, and thus there is no unnecessary secret between us.

At the very outset, then, I beg to state a fact entirely unsuspected by Patrioticville, that old Dugald McFarlane was in truth a very rich man. He cordially hated his neighbours, and had no hesitation in telling them so, whenever opportunity offered. He lived apparently in the depths of extreme poverty, occupying a dilapidated wooden, unpainted house at the northern outskirts of the village of Patrioticville, Michigan. He kept no servant, but cooked his own meals, and if any trespassers dared to set foot on his property, he threatened them with a shot-gun. He was a cantankerous, crabbed old Scotsman, snarling like an unowned dog, and going about dressed worse than the most ragged tramp that had ever honoured Patrioticville with his fleeting presence. He was the meanest man in the State, and liked to get the value of a nickel out of a cent, and, as is usually the case, his neighbours surmised everything about him except the truth. Many sinister rumours were afloat regarding him, all of which were untrue.

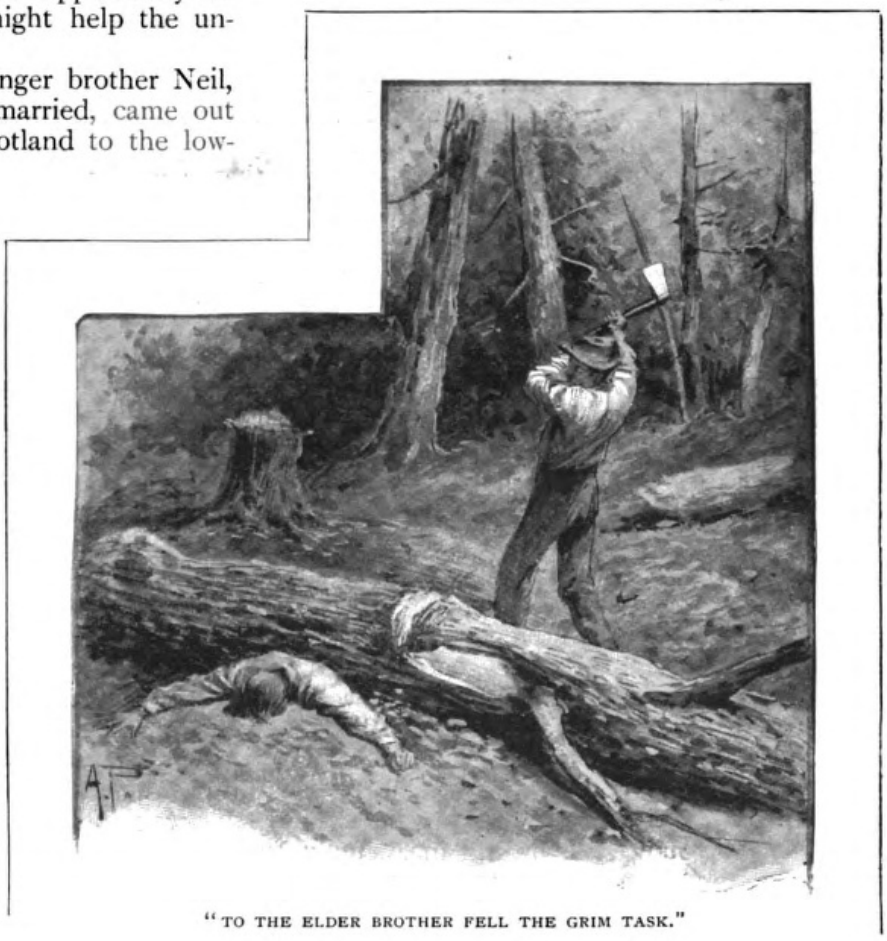
It was said that in his earlier days he had kept a roadside tavern in a wild wood station, a tavern that resembled Shakespeare's bourne, in that no traveller returned from it. If any robbery occurred in the district old McFarlane was suspected of having a hand in it, but was too shrewd ever to be caught. It was even darkly hinted that he had committed murder. Years before, a wretched little boy had lived with him, said to be his nephew, but believed to be a white slave held in iron bondage. It is true he had sent the boy to school, because school cost him nothing, and after a while the boy disappeared and left no trace behind him. He was supposed to have been murdered by the old man in a fit of temper and buried in the cellar, but no one had the courage to go and see, all fearing McFarlane's shot-gun.

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It may be wondered why the law was not set in motion against the old reprobate, but it must be remembered that the law requires something tangible to go upon, while rumour and gossip have no such necessity; and in order, as I said at the beginning, that the reader and myself may not drift unconsciously into the swamp of mystery, I may set down here at once that the boy was actually his nephew, that he was not murdered, but had been sent away to do for himself as soon as he was able to earn money; for old McFarlane grumbled much at the expense of keeping him, and this expense had long been a dreadful weight on the poor boy's mind, saddening his youth with helpless dependence, and he had yearned for an opportunity to earn money that he might help the unworthy old man.

Dugald and his younger brother Neil, the latter then newly married, came out of the highlands of Scotland to the lowlands of Michigan. It was not that the life in the American backwoods was harder than life in the northern part of Scotland, but the hardships were different, and they affected the health of the young wife; she died because of a falling tree—a tree she had never seen, and whose final crash she had not heard. Her husband was felling oaks in the forest, and one of them lodged in the branches of another, resting there at an angle of 45deg. Neil, unaccustomed to forestry in its gigantic American form, not knowing the danger he ran, set himself to chop down the impediment, when the half-fallen tree suddenly completed its descent and crushed him, face downwards and lifeless, into the forest mould. To the elder brother fell the grim task of chopping through the fallen timber and rolling the log from off the dead man. The wife died from the shock, and so the tree as surely killed her as her husband, and their little boy was left to the care of his taciturn uncle.



"TO THE ELDER BROTHER FELL THE GRIM TASK."

No one is alive who knew Dugald McFarlane in his youth, and so none can tell what early experiences may have warped his character. Perhaps the stinging poverty of those days gave him an exaggerated idea of the necessity of hoarding money; perhaps the tragic death of his brother, whose rude coffin he made with his own hands from slabs of the tree that killed him, crushed out his natural affections instead of ripening them; but, be that as it may, he was, during the latter part of his life, a hard man, whom no tale of pathos could move into the expenditure of a penny: a gnarled, cross-grained, twisted specimen of the race from whom all human emotion, except that of hatred, seemed to have departed.

When he died a will was found leaving all his property to a neighbouring town, simply, as he said in the document written by his own hand to save a lawyer's fee, that he might have revenge upon his neighbours, who would understand, now that it was too

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late, what they had missed by not being decent to him. But this will was invalidated by a later one, which shows how a man with a kind heart may sometimes do well for himself when he little understands what he is about.

Nemesis comes to all of us, and it is strange that it should have rested on old Dugald, not through any of the crimes that he was supposed to have committed, but as the result of the hard, honest work in his young days. Seeing no smoke from his chimney, a kindly woman neighbour, with fear and trembling, penetrated to his dwelling, and found him knotted on the floor with rheumatism, snarling and waspish as ever, but helpless. The woman ran for assistance, and he was lifted into his bed, where he lay when the doctor came who had been sent for, while the old man protested that he had not money to pay him, and would not pay him if he had. The doctor, however, did the best he could for him, and told the neighbours that the old man was stricken with his last illness, which indeed proved to be the case. The doctor said to his patient that if he had any relatives he wished to see he had better send for them, offering to write if the old man gave him an address. All his life Dugald McFarlane had distrusted medical advice, but it is likely that on this occasion something within him corroborated the verdict which had been passed upon him. He lay there for a long time in silence, the doctor waiting, and at last he said, in a hoarse whisper, that he would like his nephew to know he was ill, giving the address, "Neil McFarlane, care of Hector Woods and Company, importers and fancy goods dealers, Broadway, New York"; but, he added, with a return of his cantankerousness, that the doctor was to tell his nephew he need not come unless he wanted to.

The letter arrived in New York, and was forwarded to young Neil in Indiana, simply because the forwarding cost the firm nothing, for Hector Woods was, in his way, as hard a man as Dugald McFarlane himself. When the young commercial traveller received the doctor's letter he was deeply pained to learn his uncle's condition, and telegraphed at once to the head of his firm asking permission to go and see his relative, for his time did not belong to himself, but to Hector Woods and Company, of Broadway. When the reply came it was a peremptory refusal. The firm was not going to have its business interrupted in the briskest season of trade merely because a mythical uncle in Michigan was supposed to lie ill. They were accustomed to excuses which involved the illness and even the death of relatives. Young Neil McFarlane was helpless, but he promptly did the next best thing: he inclosed two crisp ten-dollar bills and also the telegram in a letter which he wrote to his uncle.

"DEAR UNCLE DUGALD," he wrote; "I am deeply grieved to hear from the doctor of your illness, and sincerely hope it is not serious. I would come to you at once if I could, but I inclose you the reply which my employers sent to my request for a few days' leave. If I went without their permission they would dismiss me, and so I should not be in a position to help you. Please accept the twenty dollars which I send you, and get for yourself whatever you may need. Have the best physician in the place, and a nurse. I will send you more money right along, and if it is not enough, refer creditors to my employers, and they will, I think, guarantee that I can pay any debt you may incur. Please do not stint yourself, but order what you want, or whatever the physician thinks you should have, and do not imagine that the spending of the money will leave me short, for I have several hundred dollars in a New York bank, and will send it to you as soon as I can get it. I shall work my way round to your part of Michigan earlier than I intended, and be with you as soon as possible, permission or no permission. So, dear uncle, keep up a good heart, and take every care of yourself. — Your loving nephew, NEIL."

The woman sitting at the bed-head read this letter to the old man, wondering if he was paying attention, for his eyes were closed. Presently she saw a tear trickle down his withered cheek and she thought his heart was softening, but the first remark he made did not seem to verify that conclusion.

"Give me the money," he said, in a harsh whisper.

The money was handed to him, and his long, yellow fingers, like talons, closed avariciously upon the notes, lingeringly dwelling on their smooth texture; thumb and finger rubbed them up and down. His next remark was more encouraging.

"Read the letter again," he said, and the woman did so, although anger was in her heart that affection should be wasted upon one so unworthy. There was a long silence after she had finished the second reading, and at last she asked him:—

"Shall I send for another doctor?"

"No," growled the old man, "doctors can

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"HIS YELLOW FINGERS CLOSED AVARICIOUSLY UPON THEM."

do me no good. Go and tell Lawyer Strathmore I want to see him. Tell him I have just received twenty dollars, else he won't come."

The lawyer came on the strength of the woman's assurance that the money had arrived, and on his return to his office his partner said: "Well, what struck the old Highlander? Wanted to make his will, I suppose. I hope he hasn't left his ancient suit of clothes to me."

"Oh, he's gone clean crazy," said Strathmore, "but I secured ten dollars all right enough, so it doesn't matter. He seems to think he owns Michigan. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars Michigan Central Railway stock are deposited in the safety vaults of the Wayne County Savings Bank. Seventy-nine thousand dollars Lake Superior Copper Mining stock deposited somewhere else. Detroit City bonds, fabulous amounts. Cash in the bank over thirty thousand dollars —counting up, all in all, something over six hundred thousand dollars, which is left to a drummer, a nephew of his."

"By Jove, Strathmore," cried the partner, who had been a newspaper man in his youth and saw a sensation in this, "I wouldn't take my oath that it isn't all right. He's just the sort of a dilapidated old miser who would turn out like that."

"Impossible," said Strathmore.

"Well, now, a telegram to Detroit would soon let us know."

And it did let them know, and Patrioticville learned next morning that an old man had died in one of their most ruinous shanties, who could have bought and sold every one of them, and all of them combined.

Dugald McFarlane's nephew was not at his uncle's funeral. The lawyers telegraphed to the firm in New York, asking it to inform the young man of the death of his uncle, but old Hector Woods thought this was merely an elaborate plant on the part of their traveller, who evidently wanted a vacation much; so they did not communicate with him, but pigeon-holed the despatch against his return. Thus it was that only when Neil wrote to the doctor in Patrioticville did the firm of lawyers learn the young man's whereabouts. As soon as electricity could carry it, he received a telegram that made him open his eyes:—

"Neil McFarlane, Hudson House, Millopolis, Indiana.—Your uncle, Dugald McFarlane, died on the night of the 21st, and was buried following Wednesday. We telegraphed you New York; received no answer. He leaves you six hundred and eighty thousand dollars. We await instructions, and we hope that the confidence reposed in us by your late uncle may render our future services acceptable to yourself.—STRATHMORE AND HENDRIE."

If the young man had only known it, the latter part of this telegram was worth all it cost in electricity, for the deceased had reposed confidence in no one, least of all in a firm of lawyers. Neil's first thought was that the message had been sent to him by one of those jovial knights of the road whom he met in business, who had often played a practical joke upon him. His next feeling was one of anger that anyone should find amusement in making fun of an old man, well known to be poverty-stricken, and at that moment lying on what might prove to

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be his death-bed, for Neil, remembering how many gales his uncle had weathered, did not look for so sudden a termination to his illness. All this time the idea that the despatch might be true had not occurred to him. He was above all things a practical young man, quick and decisive, so he strode up to the hotel office and said to the clerk :—

"Have you a directory of Michigan here?"

The clerk handed him down the bulky volume, and turning the leaves until he came to the town of Patrioticville, he ran his fingers down the column, and there, sure enough, was the name of the law firm, Strathmore and Hendrie. He looked again at the telegram, which he held in his hand, and saw that it was indeed sent from Patrioticville. Then it struck him that it would be rather unusual for a practical joker to go into the telegraph office at Patrioticville, where the firm of lawyers must be well known, and send off such a despatch, so his next step was again practical. He went to the telegraph office and paid his money for the following :—

"Messrs. Strathmore and Hendrie, Patrioticville, Michigan. — Despatch just received. Will be glad if you will act for me as you have acted for my uncle. Please send me by telegraph one thousand dollars. — NEIL MCFARLANE."

"There," he said, "that will settle whether it is a joke or not."

And, curiously enough, he was even more bewildered than ever when, a few hours later, he found the money at his disposal. There is no joke about hard cash, and here was the thousand dollars subject to his order. He immediately wrote out part of a telegram to his firm asking permission to go to Patrioticville, Michigan, for two or three days; but when he had written down the name of the firm and the address and the word "please," he stopped, opened his eyes, and gave a low whistle.

Heavens and earth! He did not need to ask anybody's permission to do anything. The fear of dismissal which had always been upon him was now lifted; he was a rich man. He tore up the telegraph form, thrust his hands in his pockets, and walked up and down the hotel corridor to re-arrange his mind for the reception of some comprehension of the new state of things, and his mind certainly needed re-adjustment, more than he imagined perhaps, for turning, he met in the hotel corridor one of his oldest and most disagreeable customers, who said, curtly :—

"Halloa, McFarlane! You in town again?"

Whereupon all thought of wealth fled from his mind, and he cringed before this man and smiled his most conciliatory smile. The habits of years are not brushed away by one fact, however startling that fact may be. It was only after the disagreeable stranger had disappeared out of the hotel door that McFarlane thought of pulling himself up, reminding himself that this sort of treatment was for ever at an end, so far as he was concerned. He went again to the telegraph office and sent a long message to a nice girl at Haarlem, saying he would write further particulars, but meanwhile he telegraphed her five hundred dollars, and asked her to get herself something nice with this. His next move was to sit down in the writing-room of the hotel and send the promised letter to the nice girl in Haarlem. He knew as much about the way the trains were run as any man short of a dispatcher in the head railway office, and so did not need to consult a time-table in order to find out when he could go to Patrioticville, Michigan. It was a day's ride.

"Parlour car, sir?" said the conductor.

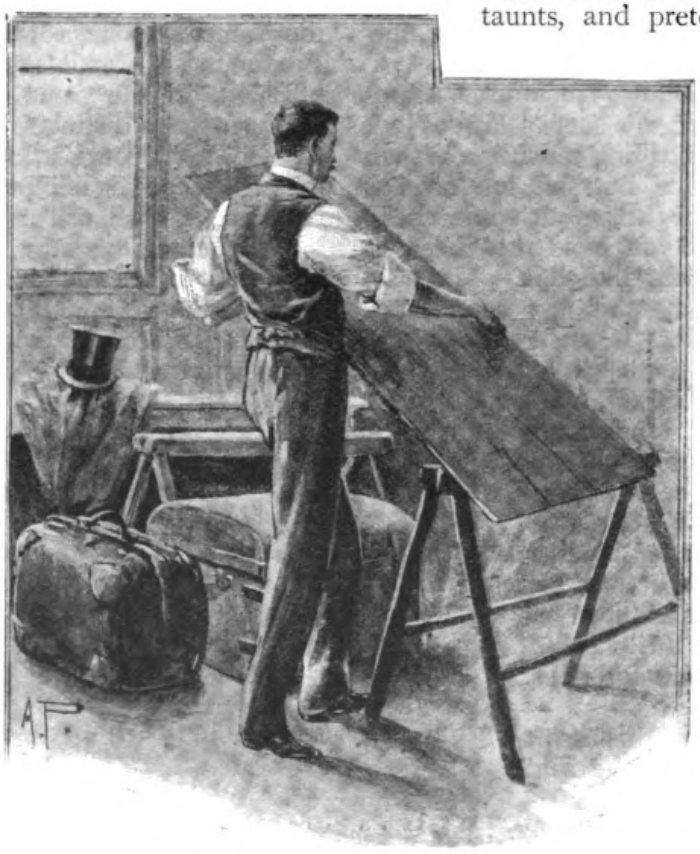
"No," answered Neil; then suddenly his face brightened up. "Yes, by Jove!" he cried, "I'll take the parlour car," and he smiled genially at the conductor, who smiled genially in return.

In the roomy easy-chair of the parlour car he had time to collect his thoughts. He was a young man, and did not intend to become a loafer merely because a fortune had been left him. He resolved to instruct the lawyers to get into communication with some broker in New York and buy out the firm of Hector Woods and Company. He knew the business could be had, and it was cheap at anything under twenty thousand dollars. They would probably ask fifty thousand, but he had little doubt he could secure it for half the money if the deal were gone about in the right way, and his name, with the knowledge of his windfall, kept out of the transaction. There was always a danger, of course, that the unexpected legacy would become a newspaper sensation, but perhaps he would reach Patrioticville in time to prevent that, by giving notice to his lawyers that he wished to avoid publicity.

As it turned out, everything was arranged to his satisfaction, and he began to have an appreciation of how easy the world is when a man is rich. In three days he was back once more at Hudson House, Millopolis. There was a very peremptory telegram awaiting him from Hector Woods, asking why the firm had

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not heard from him since leaving Vincinnes. The cutting words of this despatch sent a cold chill up and down his back, and the old trembling fear of his dismissal came over him. Before he knew it he had replied that he had been unable to do business for three days, but would now make up for lost time. He laughed when he reached the door of his sample-room, but did not countermand the message. After all, he was still in the employ of the firm, and must deduct from his salary three days' pay, and do his best to bring in business. Once inside the sample-room all remembrance of wealth fled from him. He arranged the planks on the trestles, unlocked his huge, iron-bound sample-trunks, and flung up the lids, covered the bare boards with cloth of the right colour for the display of his wares, and began selecting them with dainty attractfulness, whistling while he worked, as was always his custom. When he had completed a display that would have done honour to any shop-window in New York, he stood back and looked at it with the keen delight which an artist finds in a completed picture. In order to save time, he engaged a messenger boy to go round and inform his customers of the exhibit that awaited them in the sample-room of the Hudson Hotel. As a usual thing, McFarlane had been extremely careful in sending out his invitations, the big people of the trade being served first, and their hours of arrival arranged so that two large competitors in the same business should not meet each other in the sample-room, and thus the list was worked through down to the smaller people, whose orders never came to a large amount; but on this occasion the recklessness of wealth again momentarily overcame the young man, and he sent out his list with no thought as to who should meet whom. The comic element of the situation began to impress him. All his life he had been trodden under foot by his tyrannical masters at home, and on the road he had been brow-beaten by cranky customers. A large buyer knows his own value, he knows the esteem with which the head of the firm in New York regards him, and he is well aware that he may treat with contumely, if he wishes to do so, the unfortunate hireling who must smile and smile under his taunts, and pretend to be pleased with them; and there are some men in business, as all commercial travellers will inform you, who are craven enough to take advantage of the helplessness of a man dependent upon their favour. A commercial traveller cannot afford the luxury of a temper, and his usefulness is gained at the expense of a crushed spirit.



"HE ARRANGED THE PLANKS ON THE TRESTLES."

Oscar Springer, the chief man in Millopolis in his line of trade, was the first to arrive, for his success largely depended on his well-known ability to secure the novelties in the market. He was a man always charming to his customers, but his beetle brow frowned menace on his underlings. McFarlane quailed as he entered.

"Well, young man," he cried, in his most boisterous voice, "the same old bag of tricks, I suppose—bringing to Indiana trash you can't sell anywhere else."

"Oh, no, Mr. Springer," said McFarlane, with his customary suave accents, all his old habit of deference coming over him in the presence of a buyer; "we have some of the latest novelties just over from Paris, and very attractive they are." He waved his hand over a dainty assortment of goods that looked

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new enough and fresh enough to have come from France the day before.

"Don't think much of them," said Springer.

"Well, here is a consignment from Berlin. The Germans are really picking up in this line of goods."

"They don't pick up *my* money," said Springer.

"Well, what do you think, Mr. Springer, of home articles — domestic assortment? They're attracting quite a lot of attention, and a man in Vincinnes is going to fill his window with them just to see how they go. You ought to do the patriotic racket, you know, and encourage home industry. But really, if you will allow me to say so, they are well worth attention."

"Oh, we don't follow Vincinnes fashions here. Why, I never saw such a lay-out! I thought you couldn't bring much worse than you brought last time, but this lot looks as if it had been bought up at some cheap auction. I wonder you have the cheek to unpack an assortment like this. And say, where have you been this last three days? I called round after I saw you in the Rotunda, and your room was locked up."

"Where had he been?" The humble smile left McFarlane's face, and he braced up his shoulders. Where had he been? By Jove! he said to himself, he had been looking after his little accumulation of more than half a million dollars, and now was cringingly standing the cheek of this truculent ten-thousand-dollar pauper.

"So you don't like this assortment, Mr. Springer?" he said, straightening his back.

"I never saw such a trashy display of tawdry goods and colours since the circus was here."

"Then don't buy them," said McFarlane.

"What!"

"I say, let 'em alone. What's the good of your wasting my time if you don't know the latest novelties? Go and keep a junk store, if you are such a good judge of junk."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Can't you hear what I mean? I'm talking plain enough."

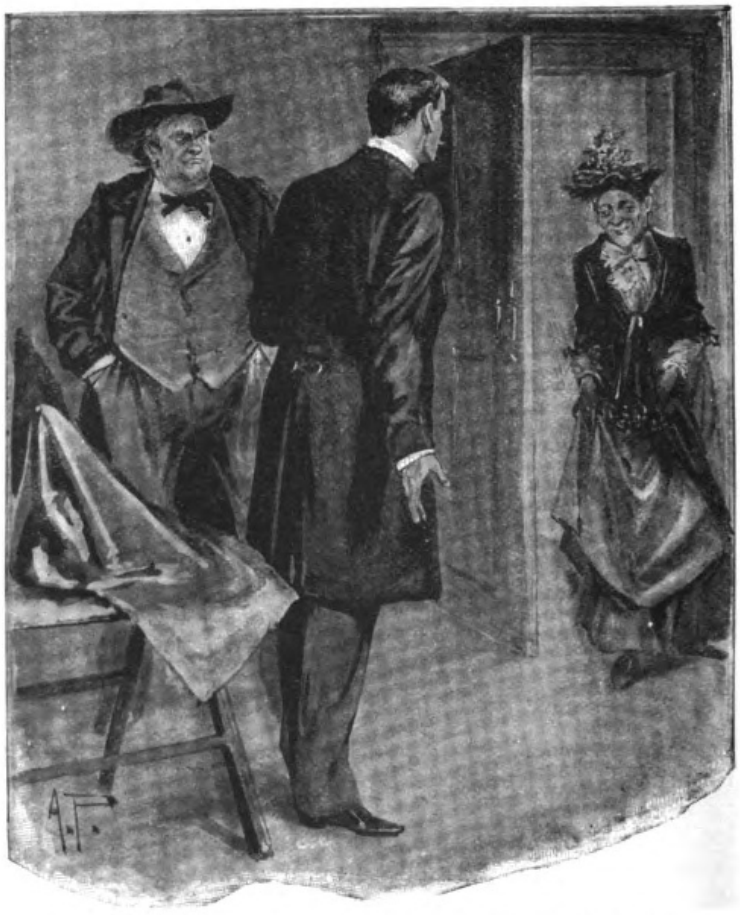
"Talking plain enough!" cried Springer, in anger. "Do you know who you are talking *to?*"

"Yes, I'm talking to the poorest judge of goods either imported or domestic that there is in the State of Indiana. I'm talking to an old-clothes man who has got into the wrong line of business, and I tell him further that he hasn't money enough to buy any single article I show here; that I refuse to book a single order from any man who is sneak enough to talk like that to a commercial traveller, who has always treated him decently. Do you catch on to the meaning of my words, Mr. Springer?"

Apparently, Springer did not, for he stood there with jaw dropped, speechless. At this moment the door opened, and there entered the sample-room a little old maid, Miss Brixton, in a small and struggling way of business, in the same line of which Mr. Springer was a distinguished ornament.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she gasped, drawing back at seeing her great competitor frowning there. "I will call again, Mr. McFarlane."

"No, come right in, Miss Brixton. I'm very glad to see you, and I want to tell you right here and now, Miss Brixton, that your order is good for any amount that you like to place with our firm."



"THERE ENTERED THE SAMPLE-ROOM A LITTLE OLD MAID."

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"Oh!" cried the little old maid, frightened and hesitating to advance.

"Now, all you want to succeed is a complete line of these goods we have just brought over from Paris, with a sprinkling of these Berlin articles and some of domestic manufacture. I'll make the prices just right for you, and I'll give you all the time you want: won't ask you for a cent of money until you have sold the goods, and I'll guarantee that you *will* sell them."

"Oh," cried Miss Brixton again, her face flushing scarlet, "if I only dared! I think I know what the people want."

"Of course you do. You've only just to rely on your own good taste, which is perfect, and any help I can give you is yours. And as for the risk, there isn't any, for I tell you we won't ask you for the money till the goods are sold. A man can't do fairer than that, can he?"

The scandalized Mr. Springer shook himself together like a big Newfoundland dog. He cleared his throat hoarsely.

"I'm to take it then," he said, "that you don't want my order?"

"Much more emphatically than that, Mr. Springer: you're to take it that I won't have your order on any terms."

"Oh, very well, very well, we'll see about that. I'll write to your firm, young man, a letter that will make you sit up."

"Do, do," said McFarlane; "and if you don't know how to write the letter yourself, dictate it. You can put in a good word for me by telling the firm I am getting on swimmingly, and give 'em my kind regards, will you?"

The ill-used Mr. Springer closed the door after him with a crash that made the hotel rattle.

In the next town McFarlane got a telegram from his firm that in the old circumstances would have raised his hair. They wanted to know what he meant by his treatment of Springer. They refused Miss Brixton's order and would not complete it, unless she sent the cash. He replied that he was their agent, and that they could not legally refuse Miss Brixton's order while he remained in their employ. This brought his instant dismissal by telegraph. He was ordered to leave his samples at the hotel, to be picked up by his colleague Brown, then on his way from Illinois to take McFarlane's place. He would get the money due him when he called for it at New York, so Neil McFarlane returned to the eastern coast by the first train that gave him an opportunity of doing so.

There was an ominous calm in the office of Hector Woods and Company when the young man jauntily entered it, and one look at the face of Hector Woods made him feel that he needed every cent of the capital he had to confront him.

"So you've come back!" roared Mr. Woods, rising from his desk. "Well, I didn't give you credit for impudence enough to set foot in this office again."

"It needed impudence, didn't it, Mr. Woods? But, you see, I wanted my pay, and I thought I might get a recommendation from you."

"Recommendation! By the gods, you'll get one that you'll never dare show: a recommendation for the biggest lunatic that ever left New York with a set of samples. What do you mean by your actions, sir?"

"Mean?" cried McFarlane. "Why, I've been selling a lot of goods, Mr. Woods; never sold so much in my life before."

"Sold them, did you? Gave them away, you mean. Do you think I pay you to play the deuce with my business?"

"You would be foolish to do that, Mr. Woods, because you are quite capable of playing the deuce with it yourself."

Woods, still standing, glared at him menacingly.

"Now, what do you think you mean by that, you imbecile?"

"Well, I mean that this business was worth fifty thousand dollars when you took hold of it, and I understand it is now in the market for twenty-one thousand."

"It's a lie; it isn't in the market."

"All right, then, I've been misinformed, that's all. I'm sorry to have displeased you in getting rid of so much goods; I thought I was doing splendidly until I got your telegram. Miss Brixton and the others you objected to are awfully nice people; it's a pleasure to deal with them."

"You numskull! I don't send you on the road to deal with bankrupts, and make us collect the debts. Get out of here, and never show your face in this office again."

McFarlane went humbly to the pay-desk. Everyone in the office had heard the uproar, and even the typewriter girl sat quaking in her chair. When the cashier handed him his money he thrust his hand surreptitiously through the arched opening in the wire screen and shook his hand fervently.

"I'm awfully sorry, Neil, that you are going. You must lie low for a while, and then some day come down and apologize to

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the old man. The firm can't get on without you."

"Thanks, Jimmie," said McFarlane, cordially, returning the handshake. "I'll think about it. Good-bye, Mr. Woods," he called to the head of the firm.

"Get out of here!" was the surly response.



"GET OUT OF HERE!"

"Good-bye, all," cried Neil, waving his hand.

When he got out on the pavement McFarlane drew a handkerchief across a brow that was damp with perspiration.

"I couldn't have done it with ten thousand dollars less money," he said to himself. And so he took the elevated up to Haarlem and told the nice girl all about it, quaking even then as he described the attitude of Mr. Woods, but a visit to his broker the day before had assured him that he was the purchaser of the business, and so after all there was nothing to fear.

Next morning Neil was the first in the office, and he sat himself down in the veritable chair of Mr. Hector Woods. As one by one the *employés* came in, they were amazed at finding him there, and they crowded round him with their condolences and advice.

"Knuckle down to the old man," cried Jimmie, the cashier. "Don't have any false pride about it, Neil. Get away before he comes in. In a day or two he will find he can't get along without you, and if you play the humble down low enough, you'll be all right. Never mind us; do it in our hearing, and that will please the old man. We'll know what you are doing it for, and we'll all sympathize with you. For Heaven's sake, scuttle!" cried Jimmie; "that's his step on the stair. Cut for it; cut for it; out of the back door!"

Each one ran for his place and was instantly absorbed in work, but Neil sat there smiling inscrutably, and Hector Woods stood like one thunderstruck on seeing who sat in his chair.

"You impudent scoundrel!" he cried; but Neil held up his hand.

"It's all right, Mr. Woods. You said yesterday that the business was not in the market, and you were quite right, for I have bought it. I am the owner of the whole shooting match, and if you've come to talk in a conciliatory fashion, asking for a job on the road, why, I think I'll give it to you; but I must warn you that a commercial traveller has to suppress himself and be very diplomatic if he is going to succeed."

"You! You are the purchaser of the business?" cried Hector, dumfounded.

"Yes; twenty-one thousand dollars, cash down. I wanted to tell you yesterday that my uncle had left me nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, so you need have no fears but what I can run this business without being very hard hit even if I should lose it all, which I don't think I'll do."

"Oh, very well," said Hector Woods, shortly, turning on his heel and making for the door.

Up to that moment the listening clerks did not believe their ears, but as Mr. Woods was half-way down the stair he heard a rousing cheer such as had never before re-echoed from the walls of Hector Woods and Company, Broadway, New York.

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Are Indian Jugglers Humbugs?

The Opinion of an Expert.

An Interview with Mr. Charles Bertram.

ASK the average man for what India is most celebrated, and the chances are ten to one that he will ignore the glories of the Taj Mahal, the beneficence of British rule, even Mr. Kipling, and will unhesitatingly reply in one word, "Jugglers." Yes, India's jugglers have been the wonder of India, as well as of that greater India which lies outside its borders and within the British Isles. Their "Jadoo," or magic working, has resolved itself practically into three great tricks. Everybody has heard of them. They are the basket trick, the mango-tree trick, and the rope trick; while there are a lot of little tricks which serve as interludes during the progress of the greater ones.

There is nothing so interesting to the average mortal after seeing a trick as knowing the way it is done, and when opportunity offered for me to learn about the way in which the Indians perform their great tricks I jumped at the chance. It was Mr. Charles Bertram, the famous conjurer, who offered to initiate me into the mysteries which he had been studying during the six months' tour in that land of magic from which he had just returned, and to which by the time this article appears in print he will have gone back in order to make magic for the Indians themselves. Somehow or other, as he talked, one could not help unconsciously thinking of the foremost figures of the Israelitish nation when they appeared before the King of Egypt, surrounded by his magicians, and whatever wonders in the way of magic these performed, the other two were able to "go them one better," as the Americans succinctly phrase it.

"I went to India to learn," said Mr. Bertram.

"And you stayed to teach," I intervened, for I had heard and read in the newspapers of the reception of this English entertainer among the necromancers of the East.

Did they not refuse to acknowledge him a "Jadoo Wallah," and declare unhesitatingly he was a "Shaitan Wallah," an emissary of his Imperial Majesty of the regions down below, instead of a human being like themselves, merely capable of mystifying other mortals?

"I certainly did teach one or two of them some of my tricks," smiled Mr. Bertram, in acquiescence, "for although Indian jugglery has a great reputation in Europe, the Indian jugglers are very keen on getting European tricks. When they succeed, they ignore the other jugglers as beneath them, and regard them as much as magicians as we do the thimble-riggers on any of our racecourses. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that, after seeing the performances of 176 different conjurers, who were gathered together in various parts of the country by the different Rajahs before whom I performed during my last tour, there is not a single trick which the Indians perform that European conjurers cannot do as well, and even better."

"What about the great rope trick?" I asked; "that throwing up of a rope into the air, up which a boy or man clambers, and is seen no more until happily he arrives like another Jack and the beanstalk in some undiscovered country in the upper air?"

Mr. Bertram smiled the smile of incredulity, but answered in one word, "Moonshine! There is no such trick. During my tour I asked for that trick, and not a single soul did I find who could do that or who had ever seen it. I heard of men who had heard of others who had seen it, but I could get no direct evidence, and all that I could discover about it from the Indians themselves was voiced by one man, who said to me in his curious English, 'All in imagination, all in traveller tales. I've been all over India looking for tricks; would I not have that if I could get it?'

"I shall try again to find someone who can do that trick for me, or the related one of throwing up a chain on which a goat, a dog, and some other animals, and finally a man climb; but until I have seen it with my own eyes I adhere to my opinion, 'Moon-

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shine.' There is a rope trick which the Indian jugglers do, and that is very dexterous. It consists in taking a coil of rope several feet long, throwing it up in the air, and balancing it upon the open palm. The rope, however, has a wire running down the middle of it, so as to enable it to remain stiff for the three or four seconds during which it is balanced, and that is how that trick is done, although a great deal of delicacy is involved in throwing the rope up with the exact amount of force to straighten out the coils, for anything a shade over or under would prevent the performance of the trick, which at its best is a juggling feat.

"As far as the other two great tricks are concerned, everybody knows in general terms what they are. In the basket trick a boy is put into the basket, a sword is passed through it in various directions, and the boy is seemingly killed, while later on he appears either from the basket or else is discovered some distance away, perhaps up a tree. The mango-tree trick consists in planting a seed, and showing the plant when it has grown a certain height, and later on when it has grown still more and has borne fruit. Now, there is nothing simpler than the way in which these tricks are done, as you will agree when I have explained them step by step.

"In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Indian conjurers travel in little groups of four or five, and each, as a rule, does his own trick. This allows one man to prepare his apparatus without observation while another one is going through his performance, so that seemingly these people do their tricks without any previous preparation. Again, they carry about with them a lot of bags, bits of old cloth, and blankets, which, although the uninitiated public does not know it, are of the greatest service to them in getting rid of things which have served their purpose.



"HE THEN COMES TO THE FRONT OF THE TENT AND LIFTS UP THE CLOTH."

"In the mango-tree trick the performer first picks a piece of a mango tree about 6in. high, with a tuft of three or four little leaves. This is pushed up inside the little rag doll, which is hollow in the middle, and which is always used by the Indian conjurer instead of the magic wand of the European. Then he gets a large piece of the tree, about 18in. high, to which is attached by artificial means a little green mango, or, if out of the mango season, a green plum, which serves the purpose equally well. This branch he wraps tightly in a large piece of wet cloth, to be used at the proper time. He also provides himself with two mango seeds, one of which is perfectly normal, and the other as like it as possible in size. This latter he slits in the centre, and puts in a little wedge of wood to hold it open, while at the other side he affixes three or four little bits of string, and he pares down the end of both the branches so that they will fit into the slit in the prepared seed.

"Having made all his arrangements, the conjurer advances with four little bamboo sticks, tied round the top with a piece of string, after having handed them round for inspection. Round these he puts a piece of thin material, which hangs over the top and covers the front and two sides loosely, but not the back, thus forming a sort of tent, which is open behind. This tent is about 3ft. high, and the thinness of the cloth allows the interior to be dimly seen through.

"The juggler next gets a tin pot, like an ordinary corned-beef can. This is filled with earth, and is handed round for inspection. On the earth he pours water, so as to make it wet — in fact, a thick mud. As soon as the audience is satisfied that the pot contains nothing but this mud, he hands round the first seed for examination, and asks someone to push it into the wet earth. He then comes to the front of the tent, lifts up the cloth, puts the pot into the tent, and lets the cloth drop over it. Suddenly he appears to notice that the audience can see through the cloth, so he takes up a large piece of thick coloured cloth, in a fold of which is the large piece of the mango branch, and covers the thin cloth with it. Then he lifts both cloths together, and you see the pot still there and unchanged. He now procures a 'chatty,' or

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pot, of water, and sprinkles it with his hand into the tent to water the seed, and so hasten its growth.

"Here ends the first part of the trick, for the seed is supposed to take some time to germinate and grow. To pass the time the conjurer comes in front and begins doing some other tricks, for example, the cups and balls, or the diving duck, or the transformation of three seeds into a scorpion or small snake, all very elementary tricks, indeed, which I will tell you about later. Having done this trick, the conjurer goes behind the tent, taking his mystic rag doll, in which there is more than meets the eye, with him. Under cover of the tent, squatting on his haunches, he pulls out of the doll the first little sprig of mango with the three or four leaves on it, and inserts the prepared end of it into the slit in the mango seed. He then takes out the original seed from the pot, stuffing in the other one into its place. He next lifts up the curtain from the front, waters the pot again, and takes it out to show to the audience, which is astonished to see the original seed has grown up in so short a time. He even takes the old plant out of the pot and shows the bits of string now covered with mud, which to the casual observer look like tendrils, or little roots growing from the seed. He now replants the seed, putting the pot back by way of the front of the tent, which he lifts up for the purpose, and takes the chatty of water from the front to the back of the tent, and pretends to water the plant from there. This opportunity he uses for taking out the big piece of plant from the cloth: after removing the small piece of mango, he sticks the big bit into the aperture in the seed, for which purpose you will remember I told you he had previously cut it to the right size. This branch he now puts into the pot, and the little piece which he has just shown he wraps up in the corner of the cloth from which the larger piece was taken.



"THE ORIGINAL SEED HAS GROWN UP."



"HE PRETENDS TO WATER THE PLANT."

"Although the tree could now be shown full grown to the audience, he does not discover it yet, but goes on with another small trick which may occupy as much as ten minutes. At the end of that time he takes the chatty for the third time, as if to water the plant, again lifts up the front of the tent, this time to find, to his own apparent amazement, that the plant has grown, and on it there is actually fruit.



"HE FINDS TO HIS OWN AMAZEMENT THAT THE TREE HAS GROWN."

"Here the second part of the trick may be said to be finished. The tree is now as big as it will grow, and the Indian takes it and shows it to the audience. Then he takes it round to the back of the tent, and puts it in

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on that side. Once more he pretends to water it, as if he thought it would grow more; but while he is doing this he really pulls up the plant, wraps it in the wet cloth again, and throws a piece of carpet or a blanket carelessly over it, and at a convenient moment an accomplice, or member of the four or five men working together, picks it up and gets it away while the attention of the audience is being held by some other trick. And that is the whole of the famous mango trick," concluded Mr. Bertram.

"Then the idea that you see the tree gradually growing——" I began.

"Is all humbug," said Mr. Bertram. "There is no difficulty in the matter. I myself do a modification of this trick, making a rose tree grow and bear a couple of dozen roses which I distribute among the audience, so that there is no question as to their reality. This trick amazed even the mango-tree trick workers, who have not been able to discover how it was done."

"How is it done?"

Very simply, indeed. Merely by long practice and sleight of hand. Conjuring, however, is only, in my opinion, a *raison d'être* for entertaining, and though it involves a certain amount of dexterity and a good deal of ability to make people believe things, yet it is not difficult in itself, and there is no reason why, with a certain degree of aptitude, and with sufficient practice, anyone should not be able to perform many of the illusions which startle an audience."

"And what about the basket trick? Is that as simple as the mango-tree trick?" I asked.

"Quite," replied Mr. Bertram, "as I think you will acknowledge when I have explained it to you. The basket itself is peculiarly shaped, being much larger at the bottom than it is at the top. The lid is perhaps 30in. by 18in., and is oval, while the basket itself spreads out to 4ft. 6in. by 2ft. 6in. at the bottom. This is shown empty to the audience, and a man or boy, who invariably wears a turban and some striking article of clothing—for example, a scarlet-coloured jacket—is brought forward by the conjurer. He is then put into the basket and crouches down, doing everything to emphasize the fact that it is only just large enough for him, a fact insisted on later by the lid when put on the basket not being allowed to fit closely.

"Now the conjurer takes a large piece of thick cloth or blanket, 6ft. square, and covers the basket entirely. The boy is, of course, in the basket now. The moment he gets in he has taken off his turban and any little article of clothing he can spare—for example, the bright-coloured jacket. Then he lies at the bottom of the basket and curls round it—eelwise. The performer now removes the cloth and drives a sword through the front of the basket, and then through the top to the bottom; but, of course, he takes good care to miss the boy, as he does when next he drives the weapon through the back, high up and diagonally to the front. Meantime, the boy wriggles round from one side



"HE DRIVES A SWORD THROUGH THE BASKET FROM TOP TO BOTTOM."

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to the other, the basket being held down by the other men in order to prevent it moving. The business with the sword is repeated several times so that it seems to go through every part of the basket.

"The cloth is now put over the basket again, and the conjurer, placing his hand under it, removes the lid, takes out the turban and the jacket, and throws them away. Then, as if enraged at some remark which is made by one of his comrades, he jumps into the basket, but as the cloth covers it it is impossible for any of the audience to see inside it, and the people believe that it is empty, while, of course, the boy remains curled up along one side. The conjurer now gets out of the basket, leaving the cloth over it, and puts the lid back under it. Suddenly he darts forward, taking with him the cloth from off the basket, which is now covered with the lid, and under cover of it picks up the jacket and turban from the ground where he has thrown them, and snatches in the air with the blanket as if catching the body, and goes back with much excitement and much jabbering to the basket, which he covers with the blanket, when suddenly something is seen moving under the cloth. Immediately the lid of the basket goes up. In another moment the boy, having replaced his turban and put on his jacket under cover of the cloth, which is snatched away, makes his smiling reappearance.



"HE JUMPS INTO THE BASKET."



"SNATCHES IN THE AIR WITH THE BLANKET AS IF CATCHING A BODY."

"There is another way, however, of doing this trick, by which the boy is discovered out of the basket in some other part of the ground where the show takes place, but this requires a background in the shape of a wall or corner of some sort for its proper carrying out. The basket is put down as before, with the boy in it, and the sword passed through, with the result that he is seemingly killed, even blood being allowed to flow to add to the realism, while the youth's screams are made either ventriloquially by the conjurer himself or by the boy in the basket. The bringing of the blood is a very simple matter, for the handle of the sword is made hollow, and contains some red liquid. On being pressed the liquid flows down a groove in the sword, and comes out near the point, so that it really appears as if the boy had been stabbed. Having got so far, the conjurer brings four poles, 4ft. or 5ft. high, which are stuck up in the ground around the basket. The audience is, of course, in front, but the conjurer has two or three confederates on each side at the back near the wall. As soon as the boy is put into the basket he takes off his brightly coloured jacket and cap, which are covered with a cloth, and are got hold of by one of the men.

"Presently the conjurers begin to quarrel among themselves, and an awful noise is made with tom-toms, which distracts the attention of the audience. The conjurer gets a great piece of cloth and puts it on the front pole, where it is held by one of the confederates. Then he brings the other end of the cloth in front of the basket for an instant on its way to the third stick. During that moment the boy jumps out of the basket, runs along the back of the cloth, dodges between the legs of one of his confederates in the crowd, and under cover of the passing of the cloth to the fourth pole, taking with him

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the cloth in which are his cap and jacket, climbs a tree, if there is one handy, puts on his cap and coat, and is ready for the conjurer to call attention to him at the given moment."

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

"The little tricks are equally simple, and any schoolboy might do them. The changing of the three beans into a scorpion or snake, for instance, is done merely with a box which has two compartments. In the upper one the beans are kept, while the lower contains the scorpion or the little snake. These compartments are separate, and either can be opened at will. The conjurer puts the three beans into the hand of one of the audience, and tells him to hold them. Then he makes him open his hand to show they are still there. The conjurer takes them out of the person's hand to exhibit to the audience, and puts them back into the box. He asks the person to again hold his hand out; the conjurer then deftly opens the lower box and lets the snake or scorpion fall into the person's hand. The man himself is naturally startled, and, jumping back, believes the conjurer really changed the beans into the reptile.



"WITH A SPRING THE RABBIT JUMPS OUT OF THE TIN."

"Another of these little tricks is the jumping rabbit. For this purpose the conjurer takes a shallow tin, about 3in. deep and 7in. across, which he shows empty; then fills with water, on which he sprinkles some red powder until the water becomes thick and opaque, so that anything in it cannot be seen. He then shows a little china rabbit, about an inch long, which he drops into the water, and draws a circle on the ground about 18in. in diameter, in the centre of which he places the tin. Then he takes the rabbit out of the water to show it is still there, and replaces it immediately. Outside the circle he drops a fetish in the shape of a monkey's skull, or some other uncanny object, declaring 'rabbit him go monkey, monkey him call rabbit.' 'Jadoo Wallah do makee rabbit jump,' and so on. Suddenly with a spring the rabbit jumps out of the tin and drops by the side of the fetish outside the ring.

"The whole of this trick consists in the conjurer putting into the tin a little spring which is fastened together by means of some gummy material. This he inserts when he takes out the rabbit to show that it is in the water, and when he puts the rabbit back he is careful to put it on the spring. The water dissolves the gum, the spring acts, the rabbit is forced out of the tin, and that is the way that trick is done.

"Similarly, with regard to the little diving duck. The same kind of pot is used, filled with water, but filled so full that a good deal overflows and makes a mess on the ground. A little red stuff is sprinkled on the top, but the water is not made thick as in the previous case. A little china duck is placed on the surface, which at the word of command dives head foremost, and does not come up again to the surface until bidden. This again is mere child's play, for there is a little hole in the bottom of the pot through which a very fine hair runs. This hair is fastened by means of a blob of wax to the



"THE CONJURER SECRETLY PULLS THE STRING AND MAKES THE DUCK DIVE."

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duck, and at the word of command the conjurer secretly pulls the string and makes the duck dive. The object of spilling the water on the ground is to disguise the fact that the pot leaks through the little hole through which the hair runs, and which of course it is quite easy to cover up with a finger while the pot is being filled.

"Another favourite trick which they do is to take a basket about 18in. in diameter, and 4in. high, which is turned upside down and a stone put under it.

"'Make ten rupees come,' the Indian will declare; but on lifting up the basket there are no coins, but perhaps a little scorpion or a snake. This he picks up and throws into the bag which he always carries. After some more manipulation the basket is lifted again, and twenty little averdavats emerge from under it. This certainly looks startling enough, but the execution is mere child's play, for it is perfectly easy in putting the basket down the first time to remove the stone and put the scorpion in its place; while the amount of fumbling which goes on to get in the little birds, which are all inclosed in a black bag, is such as never would be dreamed of by any man whose ambition it was to be able to appear before a European audience.



"TWENTY LITTLE AVERDAVATS EMERGE FROM UNDER IT."

"The most startling trick which I ever saw was done by a man who was performing some of the little tricks while the mango tree was growing. He took a little ball of rough cotton, about the size of a walnut, and threw the ball to a woman who formed one of the party of those who were assisting him. The jerk unravelled about two yards, and she broke the end off and kept the ball. The conjurer placed the end which he held into his mouth, and by a deep breath the cotton flew into his mouth, and he appeared to chew it. Then he borrowed a penknife from me, and with a big blade made as though he would stab himself in the throat, the woman preventing him with some show of excitement; but presently turning her back, the man seized the opportunity to plunge the knife into his stomach, and that he did very well. He then put his hand under the loose linen shirt he was wearing and began to draw out a piece of cotton.



"THE WOMAN PREVENTING HIM WITH SOME SHOW OF EXCITEMENT."

"When he had drawn out nearly as much as the length of the piece which had been broken off, he lifted his shirt slightly and showed the end of the cotton apparently embedded in the skin. He then took the knife and moved it upward against the skin, as if he were pressing out the last bit of thread, which was tinged with red as if with blood. This was really an admirably executed little trick, although by no means difficult. The sucking in of the cotton is skilful, but with a very little practice I was able to do the same thing, and so can anyone else, the only precaution to be taken being to prevent the end coming into contact with the back of the throat, for if it did it would bring on an attack of coughing.

"Of course the chewing of the cotton is merely a method of secreting it, and another piece of cotton of similar length is rolled up

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previously and put in its place with the end coloured with some paint. A little brown material is put over the skin with a scrap of cotton, perhaps a quarter of an inch attached to it, so that it really looks as though it were sticking up out of the skin, and the upward movement of the knife scrapes this off and it can easily be got away at a convenient time. This is hardly a trick for an English drawing-room.

"Another of their favourite tricks is to take a lot of powdered chalks, which are sprinkled into a chatty of water, and the conjurer drinks it. Then he asks what colour you would like him to bring. According to the word he blows on to a white plate the required tint. For this trick all the colours are merely wrapped up separately in a small quantity of skin like goldbeater's skin, and secreted under the lips. Of course, as soon as each little packet has been broken, it is quite easy to swallow the skin if it cannot be got rid of in any other way, and conjurers, I may tell you, often swallow more things than they care to digest.



"SHOWED THE END OF THE COTTON."

"I myself perform a modification of this trick, but in a much more intricate manner, and certainly no one has yet been able to discover how it is done. I take an ordinary decanter and glass, wash them in the sight of the audience, and fill the decanter with water. Then I pour port, sherry, absinthe, whisky, and milk from it in turn at the desire of anyone in the audience. Then I wash glass and decanter again, and repeat the trick, which I finish by producing champagne, the goodness of which I attest by drinking it myself."

"That goes more than one better than the Indian," I suggested.

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Bertram, "for that is the opinion of the Indian jugglers themselves. As for the other little tricks that they do, they are all of them as simple as they can be, one of the most marvellous being the cutting of a turban into two pieces and renewing its length. Every schoolboy, however, knows how to cut a piece of string and apparently bring it back to its original condition, so that I need not go into the details of this explanation, for the principle is exactly the same, although, I may add, that when I did the string trick for a party of native conjurers they were completely astonished, and did not recognise it as another form of the turban trick, which, however, is far easier to do than the string."

"A word about snake-charming," I asked.

"All I can tell you," said Mr. Bertram, "is that one of the greatest authorities in India on animals, a gentleman who has a natural history museum worthy of a nation, assured me that all the snake-charmers use snakes from which the fangs have been taken, so that there is absolutely no danger in their manipulation."

With that our interview closed; but a few days after, meeting a friend who had been in India at the same time, he told me what Mr. Bertram had omitted, or was too modest to state—that the jugglers were so overcome with astonishment at his performances, that they frequently fell down on the ground before him and kissed his feet in token alike of admiration and acknowledgment of his superiority.

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Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. Told by Paul Cato.

VI.—THE SECRET OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

AS Chetwynd and I were leaving Ray Park on the night which followed poor Sutherland's death, Kort accompanied us.

"I will come with you if you have no objection," he said. "As far as I can tell there is nothing more for me to do here, but if necessary I can return to-morrow."

Neither Chetwynd nor I found ourselves able to utter a word. Kort seemed to take our silence for consent, and we three went back to the Club. We did not reach our destination until between nine and ten o'clock. Dinner was over, and many of the members were scattered in different quarters of the large central hall. Cards and games of all sorts were the order of the hour; everything looked peaceful and quite as usual. Not one of our guests suspected through what a time of tragedy and strain we three medical men had just passed.

Chetwynd and I said a few words to our different guests, and presently found ourselves in the corridor which led to our consulting-rooms. These happened to be close together.

"I am coming with you, Cato," said Chetwynd, "there is much to talk over."

There was a ring in his voice which I recognised. My friend was roused at last, roused with a vengeance. The moment we entered my consulting-room he turned the key in the lock, and then came and stood near me.

"Pray sit down," I said.

"I cannot sit," was his answer. "You know what I think of this."

"How can I guess your thoughts?"

"Good God! Cato, you can, and you do. This is no time for subterfuge. We have both the same thought, we both know that the man Kort is guilty."

"Guilty of many things, doubtless," I answered; "but scarcely of the crime which we thought he had participated in early in the day."

"I do not believe in Sutherland's confession," was Chetwynd's answer. "I have seen Sutherland's writing several times, and my impression is that what we read to-day is nothing more or less than a clever forgery. Kort was desperate and would stick at nothing. Cato, he must resign his partnership immediately. If he refuses we must close the Club."

"Ah," I said, "you are coming to my conclusion; it is a relief to hear you. You agree with me fully?"

"I agree with you. This is the third shady affair in which Kort has been implicated during the last few months. For the reputation of the Club, to say nothing of your reputation and mine, we must put things straight without the possibility of further mistake, and our only way, so far as I can see, is through Mrs. Kort. There is not the slightest doubt that she is cognisant of her husband's character. The few words she has dropped to you are sufficient to prove this. There was a time when I believed her insane, led to my belief by Kort's specious words. I no longer hold that theory. There is something wrong with the woman—what, God only knows—but, at least in the Davos rooms, she is in full possession of her faculties. We have got to discover what awful hold her husband has over her. Our next interview must be under official authority. I propose that we have it early to-morrow morning. It is too late to-night to do anything, but I shall telephone as soon as ever I can to-morrow to Inspector Clarkson, put the whole thing before him, and beg him to take up the matter privately and at our expense. Each individual occurrence may be insufficient for our purpose, but linked together they make a formidable chain to break."

"I echo your words, Chetwynd," I replied; "matters cannot go on as they are doing. If for no other reason, for the sake of that wretched woman upstairs, we must take the bull by the horns."

We talked a little longer and afterwards retired to our rooms, but I for one could not sleep. The catastrophe which hung over our heads was all too imminent. It needed but a breath of the truth to get abroad for each member of the Club to resign. In any case now, I greatly feared that we were scarcely likely to save ourselves.

At an early hour on the following morning Chetwynd telephoned to Clarkson.

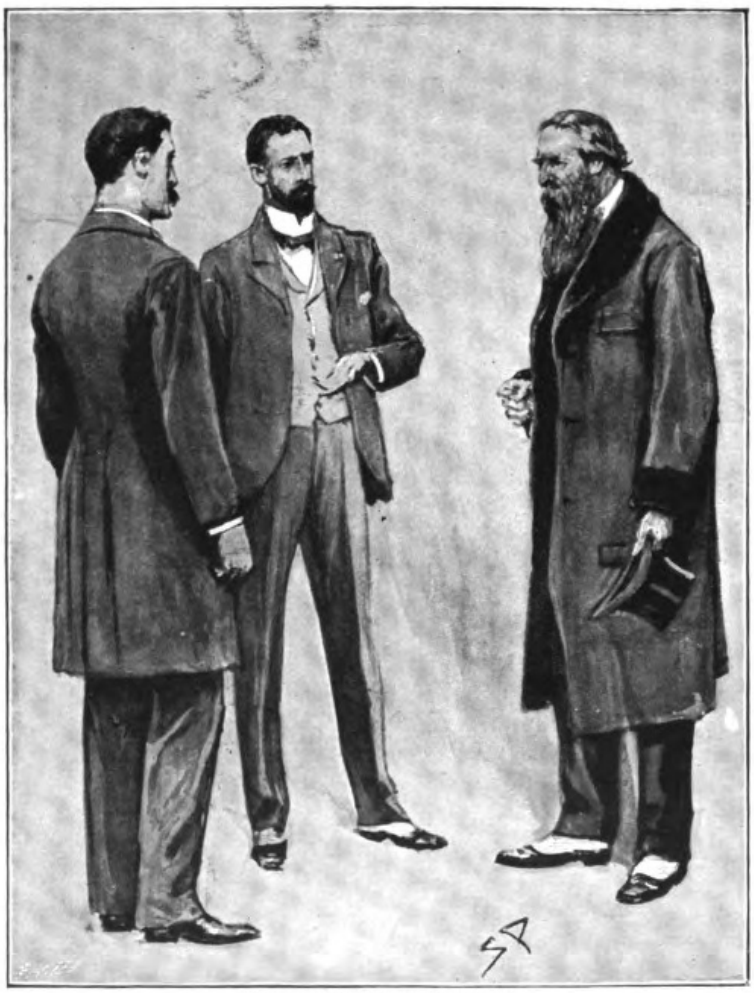
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The reply came back that the inspector would be with us in an hour.

I had many patients to see that morning, and, after attending them, passed through the laboratory on my way to Chetwynd's room. As I entered the large outer laboratory I found Kort engaged in conversation with an elderly, Jewish-looking man, evidently a foreigner. The moment Kort saw me he came forward in his usual deliberate and perfectly calm manner, and introduced the stranger as Mr. Myerstein.

"My lawyer," he added.

I rather wondered why Kort was seeing his lawyer that morning, but had not time to give serious thought to the matter. The sound of wheels on the gravel sweep arrested my attention, and I recognised Clarkson as he dismounted from the dog-cart which we had sent to the station to meet him. I myself conducted the inspector to Chetwynd's room, and we there began to discuss the whole case.



"'MY LAWYER,' HE ADDED."

After listening to our story, Clarkson said, quietly: "I may as well inform you that for a long time the house has been under observation on account of Mr. Kort, but we could take no action until you called one of us in to investigate. From what you have told me I am now quite justified in demanding one thing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"An interview with Mrs. Kort. I wish to interview the lady without a moment's delay. You, Dr. Cato, are practically certain that Mrs. Kort is in possession of information as to her husband's character which she is anxious to divulge?"

"Yes," I replied. "From the occasional short interviews I have had with her, I am certain on this point."

"Then matters are simplified at once," said Clarkson. "If both you gentlemen are prepared to certify to the lady's sanity while in her own apartments any evidence obtained there will be valid. Now, from what you have told me I shall insist on such an interview. We will, therefore, hold it at once. If the result should occasion it I can soon get the necessary warrant to arrest Mr. Kort. Is he in the house at present?"

"He is," I answered. "I saw him just before you arrived. Shall I send for him to come here?"

"I should be glad to see him," replied the inspector.

I pressed the bell.

"Tell Mr. Kort that his presence is required here at once," I said to the servant, who bowed and withdrew.

"He will do what he can to prevent our interviewing his wife," I said. "That goes without saying. He will make his usual excuse that she cannot stand excitement."

The inspector smiled drily but said nothing. We waited in silence. It was clear to all of us that we were at last on the verge of the great crisis to which events had been gradually leading up. There was no possible loophole for the truth to escape. I felt sure that we could bring the authority of the law into requisition and demand a

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full explanation from Mrs. Kort. Once this was given the rest would be easy. Only one misgiving had I now, and that was caused by Kort's own extraordinary self-possession, and also by his presence in the Club.

"He must have returned to guard his wife," I said to myself; "he has come back to keep her in check. It is impossible that he should not be aware of his own danger. But what hold can he possibly have over her which would prevent her telling us the truth when we interview her alone?"

Suddenly the handle of the door clicked, and I involuntarily started in my seat. Kort quietly entered the room. He was holding himself erect as usual, his face looked quite calm, and his dark, somewhat melancholy eyes glanced from one of us to the other with an expression of well-assumed surprise. When his gaze fell upon Inspector Clarkson I saw him lift his heavy eyebrows just for a moment, and the dawn of a smile flitted round his lips.

Meanwhile the officer's keen grey eyes fixed themselves on his face with an impatient and penetrating look.

"You wished to see me?" asked Kort, in a low voice. He glanced at each of us in turn.

"We do," I answered, "pray sit down."

He sank into an easy chair and folded his arms.

"You are of course aware, Mr. Kort," I began, and as I spoke I rose to my feet, "that the position in which we in this Club are placed, owing to the continued occurrence of events of a suspicious nature, admits of only one line of action. Waiving for the moment the fact that nothing has been actually proved against you, Dr. Chetwynd and I have decided to request you to resign your partnership with us, on account of the strong circumstantial evidence against you. Further, since it is directly due to your instrumentality that the reputation of the Club and our own reputations are seriously involved, we desire to arrive at some explanation of this mysterious business. We have, therefore, decided to invoke the aid of the authorities."

"I fully comprehend you," answered Kort, quietly, "and I also entirely sympathize with your intentions."

"There is one point it is necessary to deal with without further delay," I continued. "From short and interrupted interviews with your wife"—as I uttered the latter words I noticed the slightest contraction of the man's folded arms and the faintest hardening of the lines round his mouth. I went on quickly—"I am driven to believe that she can explain a good deal to us of what is still dark as regards these matters, and we, in the company of Inspector Clarkson, have decided to see her this morning in her own apartments. On more than one occasion she has been on the point of making some disclosure to me, but was prevented from doing so owing to her extraordinary attacks of lapses of memory, attacks which I fail to understand."

"I am not surprised that you cannot understand them," was Kort's answer. "I, who have watched her so closely, have utterly failed to come to any explanation myself. But with regard to your previous remarks. I am glad to have the opportunity of saying that I intend to resign my partnership and to leave England. But as to this interview which you propose holding with my wife, before you do so I must give you a word of warning." His eyes brightened with a deadly glitter as he looked full at me. "My wife's condition is a very precarious one. She is, as I have told you before, insane"—here he glanced at Chetwynd. "This wholesale invasion of her private rooms will be fraught with the utmost danger to her, and I refuse to let you see her." And he abruptly left the room.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing can be done," he said, "unless Mr. Kort will leave his wife free for us to see her."

"There is little hope of that, I fear," I said. "But we will watch for every chance, and let you know at once should any opportunity occur. Do not rest over this matter," I continued, to the inspector, "employ your keenest wits upon it, your most able detectives, make every inquiry in your power."

"I will, sir, and if you want me ring me up and I'll be here as soon as ever I can. At present I am afraid there is nothing further that I can do."

The man left the room. When we found ourselves alone I turned to Chetwynd.

"This is maddening," I cried. "The face of that unhappy woman upstairs haunts me. Have you not noticed her yourself, Chetwynd? While her lips refuse to betray that fiend, her eyes speak volumes, and whenever we have seen her, her misery has been apparent. If she is not already insane she soon will be, driven to it by that man's villainies. He is a monster in human shape."

"Like the Evil One, he has brains and knows

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how to use them," said Chetwynd, gloomily. "Yes, I sympathize with every word you say, Cato, but how to solve the mystery, how to get at the truth is the puzzle. If Mrs. Kort cannot help us, to whom are we to apply?"

"Have you nothing to suggest?" I asked. "You don't mean to say you will let him go, you will let him take his miserable wife away without settling his heavy account with us and with her, and with the law of the land? Chetwynd, I have often heard you boast that you never yet were beaten by a problem. Turn your mind on this. Break through this horrible suspicion and anxiety."

He made no answer. To and fro he paced the room in silence. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets, his head bent down.



"HE PACED THE ROOM IN SILENCE."

"Has Kort said when he is leaving?" he suddenly asked.

"Not a word."

"Very well, I have an idea. It is this. I will go immediately and try to find out something of his past and of his wife's past. It is possible, through channels now at the disposal of everyone, to get information about her prior to her marriage. I am certain that it is only by going back and taking up the threads of his earlier days and then following them carefully that we shall get a solution of the present mystery. Will you, Cato, stay quietly here and watch events while I go and make inquiries? If I am not back to-night, you will hear from me."

"Very well," I answered, "anything you think best. Up to the present the members suspect nothing. There is no one specially ill; you can be spared without exciting suspicion."

The rest of the day passed without anything fresh occurring. At dinner Kort and I sat, one at the head, the other at the foot of the long dining-table. Conversation of the usual kind went on. Outwardly, all was sunshine, for the day happened to have been particularly fine, and some of the members of the Club were in specially high spirits. One lady in especial told me that she herself was deriving so much benefit by our treatment that she intended to bring her daughter to the Club the following week. As she said the latter words, she slightly dropped her voice.

"Why does not Mrs. Kort take her rightful position in this establishment?" she asked. "I met her for the first time last night. What a very beautiful young woman she is, but she looked ill. Is she ill?"

"I am sorry to tell you that Mrs. Kort is a chronic invalid," was my reply.

"She told me last night that she occupied the Davos suite. Is she consumptive?"

"Not that I know of," I said.

"But why does she stay in those rooms? She scarcely ever leaves them. I thought they were intended for consumptive patients."

"Primarily so, but they are also suitable for other maladies."

"And what is hers? May I know?"

"I wish I could tell you," I answered. "Her illness puzzles us all not a little." As I spoke I raised my voice, and just at that moment encountered the keen, cold glance of Kort. We rose from the table without anything further being said with regard to Mrs. Kort.

Between nine and ten that evening Kort entered my sitting-room.

"I shall not keep you a moment," he said. "This is Wednesday; my wife and I intend leaving here on Friday morning."

"You make a hasty exit," was my answer.

"I could not stay an hour longer than absolutely necessary under this roof," was his

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reply. "I shall be glad to go. With regard to money matters and the terms of my partnership, I have placed all my affairs in the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Myerstein; he will correspond with you on these subjects."

I made no answer and merely bowed as he left me. He closed the door, and I sat on by the fire. What was the mystery? Beyond doubt Mrs. Kort held the key of the situation which for some inexplicable reason she refused to render up. Would those two go out of our lives, and the tragedy which concerned them remain for ever unsolved?

At eleven o'clock that night a messenger brought me a short note from Chetwynd.

"Getting nearer. Not home to-night. Stay in to-morrow."

I burned the note in case it should fall into other hands, and then went to bed.

In spite of my depression Chetwynd's words had cheered me. I had every faith in his sagacity, and I knew that his note was pregnant with meaning. The following day passed quietly. Chetwynd did not return nor did I get any tidings of him. Kort was busy as usual, just as though he intended to remain at the Sanctuary Club for ever. I heard nothing with regard to Mrs. Kort, and a wild desire to enter her presence and force the truth from her was abandoned as soon as it occurred to me.

In the afternoon I met Kort in the hall. I now observed with a certain degree of pleasure a strange restlessness in his manner; his face, too, was pale. He inquired at once where Chetwynd was. I replied briefly that he had left the Club on special business.

At a quarter past four that afternoon, as the usual custom was, the servant entered my sitting-room with the post-bag to ask for the country letters. I noticed as he spoke that he had several letters in his hand, and, as I put mine into the bag, he added the pile which he held. When he did this I happened to notice one in Kort's handwriting. It was addressed to his lawyer, Myerstein, at some place in the south-west district. I



"I PUT MINE INTO THE BAG."

gave it a passing thought, and then forgot it. The man left the room, and I sat on by the fire. Hours passed, I felt more and more depressed, and less and less inclined to move. Suddenly I started to my feet. How the time had gone by! It was nearly seven o'clock. I was about to leave the room to dress for dinner when the door was quickly opened and Chetwynd walked in.

"My dear fellow," I cried, grasping his hand, "what news?"

He closed the door, locked it, and returned to the middle of the room. His face was calm, but I knew him well enough to be sure that beneath his apparent coolness a terrible furnace of excitement was consuming him.

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"I have discovered information of the utmost importance with regard to Mrs. Kort," he said, quietly.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I will tell you," he continued. "It may explain a good deal. Her maiden name was Elkington. She was the only daughter of a certain Captain Elkington, who died when she was quite a girl, leaving her, however, sufficient money to maintain her in comfort. She was fond of science, and elected to take a medical course. She went to Vienna to study medicine in the schools there, and took her degree. While there she became engaged to our poor young friend, Philip Sherwin. Ah, you start!"

"I have reason to," I replied; "I cannot forget poor Sherwin's dying words: '*Ask him* (Kort) *about Isobel when I am gone.*'"

Chetwynd was silent for a moment.

"Pray listen," he said then; "there is more to follow. Miss Elkington was engaged to Sherwin. Kort appeared upon the scene. He was also studying medicine, and, doubtless, met his wife at the medical schools. The next event in the chain of circumstances was this. Miss Elkington broke off her engagement to Sherwin and married Kort. A few months afterwards the husband and wife left Vienna under extraordinary circumstances. These circumstances are not divulged. It is certain that Kort had done something in the highest degree discreditable if not felonious. There were, it appears, three people who knew his secret—his own wife, Philip Sherwin, and poor Ridley. As we know, Ridley died under, to say the least of it, suspicious circumstances. Sherwin has also died; there is now only the wife whose lips Kort by some fiendish means has sealed."

"But," I interrupted, "if any such danger were to be apprehended from his wife's speaking, and he is the black villain we have every reason to believe him to be, why has he not made an attempt on her life?"

"That I cannot tell you. There is no doubt a reason why he does not dare to kill her. From our interviews it is evident that she is under the influence of some terrible fear. Our only chance is to see her when her husband and maid are out of the house, and the cause of terror, whatever it may be, withdrawn."

"But that will be impossible," I replied. "If things are as you suggest, he will take very good care not to leave her."

Chetwynd put his hand to his brow with a restless gesture.

"That is so," he answered, slowly. "We are indeed beset with difficulties. I wish I could learn what special business Kort is now transacting with that rascally lawyer Myerstein. I have inquired about him, and he bears a character, to say the least, shady. If we knew that we might get a clue. Well, I have done my best, and yet, now that I review all, we seem to have got no further. If we could only get the slightest idea of what this business is between Myerstein and Kort our way might be clear."

"Kort told me," I replied, "that he was leaving here on Friday, that is to-morrow morning. He further said that his affairs in connection with the Club were being wound up by Myerstein, and that Myerstein would communicate with us on the matter."

"There is more behind," said Chetwynd. "I wish I knew; I earnestly wish I knew."

"Kort wrote to Myerstein by the post which left here soon after four o'clock," I said, suddenly.

"He did? I would give my hand to see that communication. How do you know he has written?"

"I saw the letter when the servant brought me the post-bag."

Chetwynd lay back in his chair and clasped one of his hands across his eyes. The silence lasted a long time, so long that at first I thought my friend had fallen asleep; but a glance at him and the taut tendons of his hand clasped across his eyes told me that he was thinking long and deeply.

"Cato," he said, at last.

"Well?" I replied.

"Are you prepared in the cause of that unhappy woman to play a daring, underhand game, as well as to commit an indictable offence?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"There is no help for it," said my friend. He sprang suddenly to his feet. His face was all alive, his eyes shone with intense excitement. "We have got but two hours," he added; "if we do not succeed now all is lost."

"Explain yourself," I said.

"We must get possession of the letter which has been posted to Myerstein this afternoon."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "that really is impossible."

"It is not impossible, but it is of course improbable, and we shall be running a great risk; but in view of the tremendous issues at stake, and the almost certainty that the letter contains a clue which would put the position into our hands, it is worth the

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attempt. My conscience allows me to make it. Will you come with me, and will you join me?"

"I dislike the thought of it," I said. "Hitherto, we at least have been——"

"Oh, pooh!" interrupted Chetwynd, "there are times when a man must sacrifice his so-called honour. The woman upstairs demands that of us. She is Kort's dupe, his victim; she must be rescued. I am not ashamed of what I mean to do. Will you join me or not?"

"I will join you," I said, slowly.

"Then stay here till I come back. Time is short. It is a quarter to eight now. I will return as soon as ever I can."

He hurried out of the room, leaving me alone. I rang the bell and told the servant who appeared that neither Dr. Chetwynd nor I would be able to be present at dinner.

"Ask Mr. Kort from me to take the head of the table," I continued.

The man received my message, bowed, and withdrew. I spent the time of Chetwynd's absence pacing up and down the room. At half past eight he returned with a small, black bag.

"Come now, quickly," he said; "we must have a hansom. I have got the address. It is number thirty-eight, Gledham Gardens, South Kensington."

"Tell me, what is your scheme?" I asked.

"A bold and risky one. You shall soon know."

Outside we hailed the nearest hansom.

"South Kensington Museum," whispered Chetwynd to the driver, "and a sovereign to yourself if you do it in three-quarters of an hour."

The man nodded and away we sped at a spanking trot.

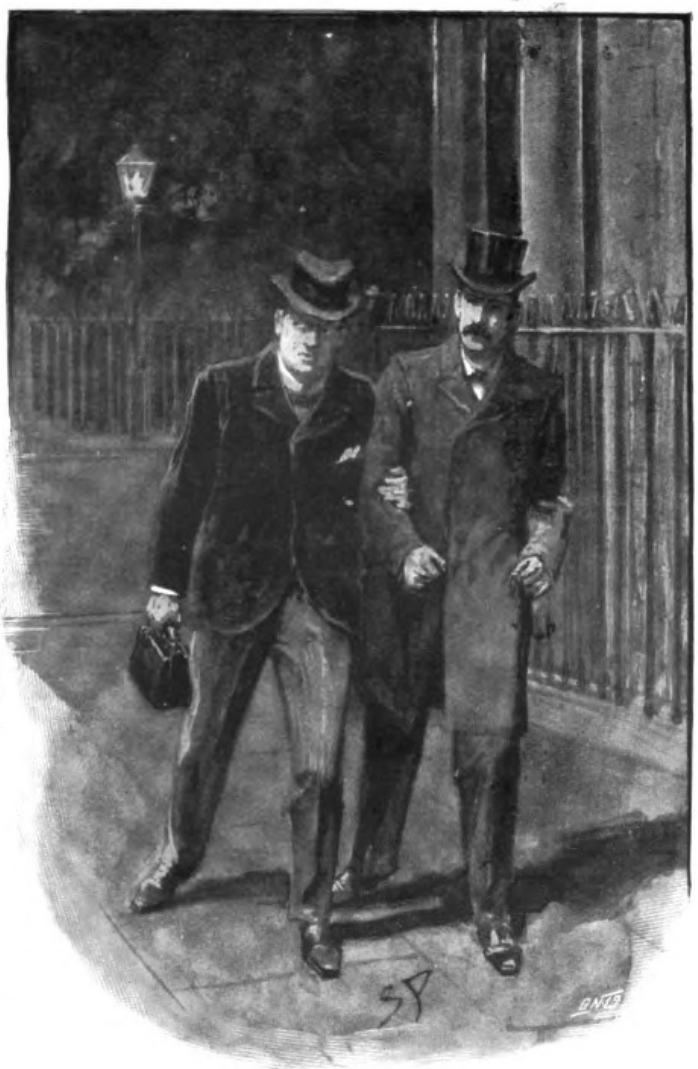
"We will get out at the Museum and walk the rest of the way," said Chetwynd. "I find the letter will be delivered at half-past nine. We shall be just in time."

He made no further remark till we alighted close to the Oratory. He then paid the man and we hurried off in the direction of Gledham Gardens.

"Are you going to bribe the postman?" I asked.

"No, hush! we are here." As he spoke we turned the corner of a large square, in the centre of which stood the usual garden.

"That is the house," he said, pointing in a certain direction. He glanced at his watch. "Twenty minutes past nine. Stand here and wait for me in the shade of this tree," he continued. He crossed the road and went up the steps of number thirty-eight to the hall door, where he stood for a minute or two. Then he again crossed the road and waited in the shade of the garden. Several people passed, and a policeman on his beat went slowly by. Chetwynd never stirred, and I watched him wondering. A double knock at a door close by caused me to start and turn round. The postman delivering the last post at the various houses was coming down the road. Outside number thirty-eight he stopped for a moment or two, drew some letters from his bag, glanced at them, ran up the steps, put them in the letter-box, and came down again. The moment he did so



"ROUND HERE, QUICK!"

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Chetwynd glided softly across the road and ran up the steps of the house. In less than a minute he was hurrying towards me.

"Round here, quick!" he said, catching my arm, and drawing me down a turning.

"What in the name of Heaven have you been doing?" I said.

"I have got it," he answered, as he raised his hand to a crawling four-wheeler. Directly we were inside he drew forth, to my utter amazement, the same letter which I had seen go into the post a few hours back.

"One moment before we read it, Cato," he said. He opened his little bag and took out a strange-looking sort of black silk pouch —the orifice oblong, and held in that shape by a band of copper wire.

"My post-bag," he whispered, "my own little patent post-bag, very simple. I passed this through the flap of Mr. Myerstein's letter-box, leaving these two little black silk threads hanging out and quite invisible. The postman put in his letters, four altogether, this one and three others. I then drew out my bag by the silk threads—it of course contained the letters. I removed the one and returned the others. Cato, we are thieves, but upon my word it is a lucky *coup*. There was just the chance of course of a servant happening to be in the hall. This I had to risk, but we are safe, I have succeeded. Now for the contents."

I had scarcely time to recognise the subtle ingenuity of his plot before he had torn open the envelope and glanced at the contents.

"By Jove!" he cried, "see here!"

I bent forward and in breathless excitement glanced over the page. It contained the following words:—

"Just a line to say all well. She did not dare to speak. Don't forget 11.45 to-night. Burn this. H. K."

"You see it is to-night, whatever it is," I said. "My theory is right: there is a double game playing. We must get back with all possible speed. We must be in time to prevent the catastrophe, whatever it may be. There is no stopping now. We must act on this letter."

We left the four-wheeler, got into a hansom, and, offering the driver anything he wished to ask, told him to take us with all possible speed to the Sanctuary Club. The horse was a good one, and it was scarcely half-past ten when we dashed in through the gates.

"Straight up; we will take the bull by the horns," exclaimed Chetwynd, and we both raced up the stairs. In the corridor which led to the Davos suite we met Kort, evidently coming from his wife's rooms. Chetwynd immediately stepped up to him.

"Cato and I wish to see your wife at once," he said. "We will take no denial; we must see her now without an instant's delay."

"You cannot," replied Kort. He quickly retreated and stood before the door. His face was livid with suppressed fear.

"Stand aside, Mr. Kort," I said, briefly; "your game is up."

"You are both mad," he almost shouted, quivering with fury. "I tell you if you enter that room her death will be on your hands."

Chetwynd pushed him aside and laid his hand on the hasp of the outer door.

"All right, go!" cried Kort. He sprang suddenly aside and shot down the corridor.

We opened the door and entered the anteroom, but before we reached the inner door a rush of air through the valves fell on our ears. We dashed into Mrs. Kort's room. She was standing in the middle of the floor, her eyes were fixed on the door by which we entered, but I do not think she saw either of us. She was breathing quickly and clutching her head with both hands. Suddenly, with a hoarse cry she fell to the floor, struggling and writhing as if in a death agony, her features twitched and her left hand clutched convulsively at her head. In an instant we were both kneeling beside her. With her hand she pulled aside a mass of her thick black hair, and a loud cry burst from Chetwynd's lips. What he had seen I did not know. He cried out:—

"The lever! the lever! Go and exhaust, man. She is dying, quick!"

I sprang to the door, closed it, and rushed downstairs into the room where stood the great lever that worked the exhaust apparatus. In five minutes the sweat was pouring from every pore in my body. I knew nothing save that a life hung on my efforts, nor did I cease working the great lever till the mercury in the barometer stood at fifteen inches. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Well done! You have saved her."

I looked into Chetwynd's eyes, and their expression froze the blood at my heart.

"I said before that Kort was a fiend," he continued, "but my wildest dreams never guessed the depths of his iniquity. Come."

"What is wrong? Can you not explain?" I cried.

"There is no time yet, I will tell you presently. Watch this lever," he continued,

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turning to two men-servants who had followed him. "If anyone approaches it or attempts to tamper with it, keep him off and send for us."

We both returned to the Davos suite. We entered Mrs. Kort's sitting-room. She was there and alone. Someone had raised her from the floor. She was lying on a sofa. Her face was utterly white and exhausted. When she saw us she stretched out both her hands.

"I am better; I can breathe again," she said.

"The danger is past now," said Chetwynd; "but stay quiet, do not attempt to speak."

"But am I safe? Has he gone?"

"You are quite safe," answered Chetwynd.

She gave a deep sigh.

"I can live," she said, in a low voice, "the agony is over, but I nearly died."

"It was touch and go," said Chetwynd, briefly, "but never mind, do not say anything just yet."

She closed her eyes. In a moment or two she opened them.

"He tried it once before," she said, in a dreamy voice, "once when I would not do what he wished. It was soon after my marriage, when Philip Sherwin threatened to expose him."

Again she closed her eyes, she seemed too weak for further conversation.

"We will not disturb her for a few moments," said Chetwynd to me; "she has gone through agony which only she can fathom."

"But what about Kort?" I inquired. "Is he likely to come back? Is he likely to do her a further injury?"

"He must have seen that his game was up and has probably left the Club," was Chetwynd's answer; "but if you will stay here with Mrs. Kort I will go and inquire." He went out of the room. In a few moments he returned with a strong restorative in his hand.

"I guessed aright, the man has already left the Club," he said, looking at me, then kneeling beside Mrs. Kort he slightly raised her head. "Drink this off," he said, "you will be better afterwards." He held the glass to her lips. She drained the contents to the last drop and then sat up on her sofa.

"Oh, I am much better," she said, with a deep sigh, "much stronger."

"You need not fear your husband's return," said Chetwynd then, "we have taken measures to secure you against the recurrence of the horrible torture to which he has just subjected you. Why he did this horrible deed we have yet to learn, but you need fear no repetition of it."



"HE HELD THE GLASS TO HER LIPS."

"Has he left the house?" she asked.

"Yes, he will never come near you again, Mrs. Kort. Dr. Cato and I are both determined men, and we would give our lives to help you. Now pray tell us all you can of your most miserable story."

She looked full at us, the pupils of her eyes began to darken, she breathed more quietly, then she sat up once more on her sofa.

"I will tell you," she said. "Something seems to assure me that the danger is over; it will be a relief to speak."

Neither Chetwynd nor I said a word. She began the recital of her terrible wrongs in a low voice.

"Five years ago I married Mr. Kort in

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Vienna. I was studying medicine there at the time. I had always a great love for science, and for medical science in particular. I was thought clever, I had brains, and I longed to use them. I was particularly interested in everything which related to psychological research. The relation of mind to matter was a problem to which I hoped to devote my life. When I first met Mr. Kort I was engaged to a man whom I then sincerely loved, and who most passionately loved me. His name was Philip Sherwin."

Neither Chetwynd nor I spoke a word. She looked up at us with a half questioning glance, and then continued:—

"I was engaged to him—would that I had married him! Since then he has died."

"He died in this house," I said, slowly.

"Ah! you know about him," she exclaimed. "Of course, I heard that he died here. You will tell me of his last hours presently."

"We will," said Chetwynd, "but pray proceed now with your own story, it is of paramount importance for the time being."

She went on quietly.

"Mr. Kort had a wonderful manner, a strange and overpowering fascination. He soon exercised an extraordinary influence over me. He often talked to me on the subject which interested us both. How each pearly cell in the brain, to the sight the merest protoplasm, is really the agent through which the lives, thoughts, and emotions of all humanity are manifested, and in which the greatest sacrifices, renunciations, vices, and virtues have their origin. One day he asked me if I would be his wife. I told him that I was engaged to Philip Sherwin. That fact seemed not to affect him in the least. He pursued his attentions, and one night in the presence of several friends he mesmerized me. After that my will seemed weakened, he put me into the mesmeric trance from time to time, and at last I was completely in his power. I gave up the man to whom I was engaged for the other man who had completely won what I supposed was my heart. I thought of no one but him. He had so transformed my nature that Mr. Sherwin's most passionate appeals had not the slightest effect upon me. It did not seem to me a sin to break his heart. I little knew to what all this was leading up. Mr. Kort and I were married, and a month or two later my husband gave me a glimpse into his true mind. I had always thought that his love of science was one of the strongest motives of his nature. I now saw that there was something else even stronger. He was intensely, cruelly ambitious. He wanted to be a great discoverer; he wished his name to be handed down to the race as the man who had proved one of the most abstruse and, to my thinking, appalling theories that ever dawned upon the human mind. He told me on one special awful night that it was his belief that every thought or motion arises, not from a spiritual source, but merely from a physical change in certain cells in the brain. He said it would be possible to prove this by stimulating these cells, so that character, moral sense, even conscience itself, and all that had hitherto been accepted as belonging to the spiritual part of our nature, would be really at the mercy of the physiologist. He said this could only be proved by experiment; that such an experiment could not be tried on the animal world, but only on a human subject. I listened to him with horror at his words, but still without following their main adrift.

"'Then thank God you can never prove your theory,' was my remark.

"'Do you say so?' he answered, and he fixed his eyes on my face. 'I can by experiment on a human subject.'

"I turned from him when he said this, with a sense of sudden and sick fear. We were both in his laboratory. I rose and attempted to leave the room. He called me back in that voice which I was powerless to resist.

"'You can be that subject,' he said, and he put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my eyes.

"'I! Never! Never! Are you mad?' was my reply.

"'I am not mad, I am sane. I repeat my words. You can be my subject.'

"There was an expression in his eyes which drove me to my knees.

"'What do you mean?' I cried. 'You terrify me, you frighten me. You would not hurt me, your wife? Oh, Horace! give this ghastly thing up! Leave it in the secret rooms of God's treasure house. We are better off with the old beliefs.'

"He laughed a cruel laugh.

"'Come, Isobel,' he said, 'I have not mesmerized you for a long time, I mean to do so now.'

"I cried aloud in my terror. He held both my hands and stooping looked into my eyes. I struggled against his influence. I think I screamed, then memory and sensation faded and I remembered nothing more. When I came to myself all was changed. I felt sick and bewildered, and with great difficulty could

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recall what had happened before I had sunk to sleep. My husband was in the room with me. He was holding both my hands and telling me to keep calm. After a time I found to my horror that I was wearing a small metal cap on a part of my head. I asked him what it meant and he told me.

"'I have made the experiment on you, Isobel,' he said. 'To you is given the honour of being the means of proving the most marvellous theory in all the world. For the purpose of my experiment I was obliged to trephine a certain portion of your skull. I was not able to bring you back to consciousness after the operation, and only succeeded in doing so by preventing the normal atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch from pressing upon your brain. The exhaust cup which you are wearing relieves that pressure, and as long as you wear it your life is safe.'

"'But am I never to be well again?' I asked.

"'That depends,' he answered, and he gave a cruel smile.

"Time went on, but there was no improvement in my condition. Once I tried myself to remove the exhausted metallic cup. I immediately fainted, and should have died had my husband not rapidly replaced it. But even when wearing it my memory often failed me. About a month after my husband's awful experiment we made the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Charles Ridley. He often came to see us, and my husband and he became great friends. On the occasion of one of his visits I suddenly fainted in his presence. He was alone with me, and I never could tell what he discovered or what he did not. My husband rushed into the room and soon put me right, but after that I knew that Mr. Ridley suspected my husband.

"A few weeks went by, when one day Philip Sherwin, the man whom I had once loved and so cruelly deserted, burst into my presence. He told me that Mr. Ridley had spoken to him; that he had put two and two together and knew all. He said that my husband was in reality a murderer. He uttered words which really opened my eyes. He declared that he meant to proclaim my husband's infamy to all the world. Into the midst of this scene Horace himself entered. He spoke quietly, kept his temper, and presently got Mr. Sherwin to leave me. What followed that night I find almost impossible to describe. My husband had me completely in his power both soul and body.

"'Sherwin must hold his tongue,' he said. 'As to Ridley, he does not know all. He has not got Sherwin's scientific knowledge, and can never absolutely guess at the truth; but with Sherwin to aid him the thing will be common talk. I shall be ruined; I shall never be able to complete my discovery. I am desperate and would stop at nothing. You, Isobel, must wring a promise from him. If he does not swear to you that he will never reveal what he knows I will remove the metallic cup.'

"As he spoke I looked into his eyes and read my fate.

"'What is your life?' he said. 'What is the life of any woman, any man, compared to the knowledge which through you I am gradually obtaining? I shall be the greatest



"I LOOKED INTO HIS EYES AND READ MY FATE."

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psychological discoverer of my day. You must do what I wish and at once.'

"I yielded to his demands, for terror made me. I saw Philip and begged of him, because of our old love, to remain silent. I do not know how I spoke or how I argued; but, at last, driven to despair by my entreaties, he made the promise. Until I gave him leave he would not betray my husband.

"A week afterwards Horace and I left Vienna. We went at once to Davos. When there, to my great astonishment, I became perfectly well, strong, and vigorous. I was not even obliged to wear the cup, and I much rejoiced at being able to do without it. My husband was more kind than he had been. I began to feel almost my usual health, but as soon as I went down into the valleys the oppression, loss of memory, and faintness returned. One day my husband told me that he had heard of your Club. He said that by special mechanical arrangements an artificial suite of rooms had been made here in which the atmospheric pressure could be kept the same as that of the mountain air at Davos. My husband was extremely anxious to become one of your partners. I had a few thousand pounds which my father left me. He asked me if I would give it to him in order that he might buy a share in the Sanctuary Club. This I was willing to do, as I wanted to return to England. He then brought me to England, and eventually I came here; but although I could live in comparative comfort in the Davos suite, the horror of my mind can never be described. More and more, day after day, my eyes were opened to the brutal character of the man to whom I had been united. He never minded what he said to me, and always explained his plans and intentions, assuring me as he watched my face that nothing was better for the success of his experiments than the manner in which I received them. Thus I knew all about him and all about his victims. It was he who incited Mr. Banpfylde to break the Prince Rupert's Drop, thus causing his death, while my husband rushed into the room in the dark and removed the jewel. Then most unexpectedly Mr. Charles Ridley appeared upon the scene. He knew enough about my husband's secret to make things unpleasant for him. My husband therefore devised his ruin and then his death. He put atropine into the bottle which contained the soda-water. Some of the contents got into the jockey's eyes with the usual result, a temporary paralysis of the pupils of the eyes. The jockey could not guide his horse, and thus the race was lost and Mr. Ridley ruined. But this was not enough. The next day the unfortunate man was supposed to have died by suicide. This was not the case. My husband shot him and proved an *alibi* in a most cunning way. On the previous day he himself took the photograph which, as you remember, saved him, and he put the plate into Mr. Ridley's camera in order that it should appear that Mr. Ridley had taken the photograph at a certain hour. It had in reality been taken twenty-four hours earlier, and Mr. Ridley had not taken any photograph that morning.

"Once again, it was my miserable husband who was in league with Mr. Sutherland to get the insurance money on the life of Harold Beauchamp. It was he who administered the poison to Mr. Beauchamp, and Mr. Sutherland and he were to divide the spoils between them. This scheme, as you know, failed owing to Dr. Chetwynd's genius. Mr. Sutherland, getting news of the removal of the ashes from Woking, committed suicide in terror, and my husband afterwards forged his confession, thus exonerating himself from all blame. Yes, few men have been so wicked, and the extraordinary thing is that he should have confided in me in the way he did; but he felt certain of my silence, knowing what the consequences would be to myself if I ever revealed the truth. There were moments, however, when I was so mad with misery and anguish, that I determined to risk all in order to let you know; but he invariably prevented me, and at last, seeing that I would creep away from my prison whenever I got the chance, he removed the cup. After this, my position became too awful. I was confined a close prisoner in my own rooms. My maid, Susan, was, of course, in his pay, and was in some ways a worse tyrant than even my husband himself. You have wondered, I dare say, why I did not send for you, why I did not speak. I dared not; I was in the utmost danger. My maid would have been listening by means of a tube which my husband had himself inserted into the wall between this room and my bedroom. She was ready the moment she heard me utter a word of our ghastly secret to communicate with him. He was then to release the valve and I should fall dead in this room. Now you know all. When you two forced your way in here an hour ago my husband saw that all was up, but at any cost he would seal my lips. He released the valve. But for Dr. Cato's quickness I should have been a dead woman."

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She paused. For a time Chetwynd and I were silent, rooted to the spot by this horrible tale. Chetwynd was the first to speak; he turned to me.

"Stay with her, Cato, I must not waste a moment in loosing the hounds on Kort; he cannot have got far yet. He did not count on my inspiration when I sent you to the lever just in time."

"No, he thought the grave would cover the most ghastly part of his secret," was my answer; "but all is up with him now. Don't lose a moment, Chetwynd. That man must suffer the full penalty of his crimes."

Chetwynd went away. Two or three hours afterwards he came back. I was still in Mrs. Kort's room. She was lying on the sofa, her eyes closed. What her thoughts were I could not say. He handed me a telegram which he had just received. It was from he said; "your husband has left the Club and your wicked maid has also vanished. You need never fear seeing either of them again."

We went into the anteroom, as we did not like to leave Mrs. Kort too long alone.

"Can anything be done for her?" I asked.

"I hope so," he answered, briefly, "but do you know what has occurred?"

"I can partly guess, but I have not examined the skull."

"I have," he answered. "A portion of the right parietal bone has been depressed, which, as of course you know, would in ordinary circumstances cause all the symptoms of compression of the brain, stupor, lethargy, passing into coma, which unless relieved passes into death. To relieve this at the time was simple enough. Kort had



"CHETWYND EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO HER."

Inspector Clarkson: "Have arrested Horace Kort at Southampton."

"Thank God!" was my exclamation.

"The law will punish him," said my friend. "We will leave him for the present to his God and to the law of the land. I want to talk to you about someone else." As he spoke he looked at Mrs. Kort.

"I am sending a nurse to look after you," merely to raise the bone and keep it raised till it had united with the surrounding bone. This he did not do, for it would have foiled his purpose and made experiments impossible, and so long as this state of things persisted, the ordinary atmospheric pressure would cause the natural train of symptoms of compression. But under a minus pressure, such as in our Davos suite, or under an

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apparatus locally applied, such as the metallic cup, Mrs. Kort would be well, as the portion of the bone would be raised and the pressure relieved."

"But what about the unhappy girl now? Is she to be a prisoner all the rest of her days?" I cried.

"We must do what we can for her," answered Chetwynd; "but the condition of things is formidable. Our only chance is to raise the semi-detached bone, break away the callus that has formed, in order to give a fresh surface for healing, and trust to nature to unite it to the surrounding bone. The Davos rooms are excellently suited for our purpose, and she can remain there during convalescence. Then in a few weeks, if all goes well, we will gradually let in more and more atmospheric pressure and see how the bone stands it. If it has united and she suffers no uncomfortable symptoms, she can step out into the world a free woman."

"Will you undertake it?" I cried. "It will be the crowning triumph of your life."

"If she gives her consent," answered Chetwynd.

That evening we had another interview with Mrs. Kort. Chetwynd explained everything to her with the utmost fulness.

"With your medical knowledge you must understand what we mean," he said. "I will undertake the operation, and Cato will give you chloroform, provided you are willing; but I must frankly tell you that the danger is great, you may never come out of it alive."

"But if I do?" she asked, raising those wonderful sapphire eyes to his.

"If all goes well," he replied, "and I firmly believe and hope that all will go well, you will be a free woman once more."

"Then I consent," she answered. "How soon will you give me back my liberty?"

"To-morrow morning," said Chetwynd.

The operation was performed, and proved a complete success. In three weeks Mrs. Kort was convalescent. We gradually let in the atmospheric pressure. She showed no signs of distress, and came out of her prison well and eternally grateful. Nevertheless, a curious thing had happened. As she went into that awful prison house she did not return. She was a changed woman—strong and blooming, no doubt, but without any memory of the awful thing which had happened to her. Never from the day of her recovery has she been heard to inquire for her husband or to mention his name. All the memory of that fearful time in her life was blotted out as if it had never existed.

This was indeed well, for Kort was brought to trial and received the extreme penalty of the law for his awful crimes.

As to the maid, the police failed to find her, and she has doubtless long since left England.

Kort is dead. He lies in his dishonoured grave, and the world is all the better for his removal. But the Sanctuary Club lives and flourishes. Mrs. Kort is still a member, and the most invaluable help to Chetwynd and myself. Her lost memory she will never get again, but her wit, her brightness, and her beauty are the delight and surprise of all who come to the Club.

Conclusion

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A Burlesque Bull-Fight.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

AN ugly rumour had spread its wings over Southend in general and the Corporation in particular. In fact, some wicked fairy had spread a tale of horror; it ran to the effect that the popular seaside resort would hence-



DRESSING THE "BULL."

forth become the scene of bloody Southern bull-fights. Though much banter and something worse originated with that rumour, all doubts and fears were quickly quelled by the Mayor and other local authorities, who promptly put their foot down in the most determined manner, which praiseworthy action should meet with universal approval.

Though the rumour may have been treated somewhat lightly in certain quarters, the undoubted fact remains nevertheless, that Englishmen as a body abhor a bull-fight and everything connected therewith, and though this fact may have been pointed out times without number, it is pleasing to reiterate the sentiment, inasmuch as in this particular case it is indorsed in the most emphatic manner by Her Majesty the Queen.

As will be seen in the telegram which, by kind permission, we are allowed to reprint in full, Her Majesty takes the liveliest interest in any movement that touches upon the welfare and self-respect of her subjects.

On hearing of the proposed bull-fight at Southend, Her Majesty telegraphed through the Home Office as follows:—



NEARLY READY.

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THE INFURIATED ANIMAL ENTERS THE ARENA.

On Her Majesty's Service.
Parliament Street.
Town Clerk,
Southend,

The Queen is inquiring about rumoured bull-fight. Please telegraph precisely what is proposed. Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty. Town Council have taken some action, I think. Would be glad of full report following telegram. Pedder, Private Secretary to Secretary of State, Home Office.

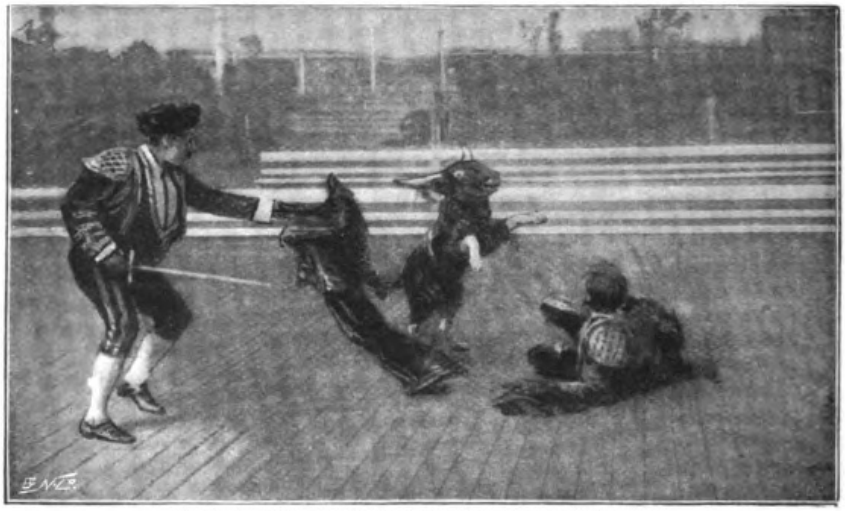
We are proud of thus being enabled to convey to millions of readers the righteous indignation felt by the Queen at the very proposal of a bull-fight taking place on English soil.

There is something more, however, in Her Majesty's words—something sweet and womanly. Infinite care and tenderness for the weak and the defenceless are revealed in the few words that follow: "*Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty.*"

Now, we have made a point of investigating this matter thoroughly. Let it be said at once that there is no cruelty whatever in this burlesque performance. As a matter of fact, the clever dog whose task it is to impersonate the bull enjoys the fun as much as the audience itself.

The Brothers Boston, well known for their clever performances the world over, are full of original ideas. One of these consists in dressing up a favourite dog of theirs as a bull, and going through a burlesque bull-fight, to the intense enjoyment of everybody.

The first two pictures which we reproduce here represent the dressing of the "bull." Though corrida bulls are usually "dressed" after the performance, our particular bull is dressed before, and, let it be said, in a more pleasing manner altogether.



WITH A BOUND AND A RUSH THE BULL IS UPON HIM.

For expediency's sake, the usual paraphernalia of regular bull-fights is dispensed with, and defenceless horses are an unknown quantity.

Both Shutthatdor and Bangthatdor are busily engaged in slipping on the various garments which are to transform a very good and obedient dog into the fiercest of diminutive bulls.

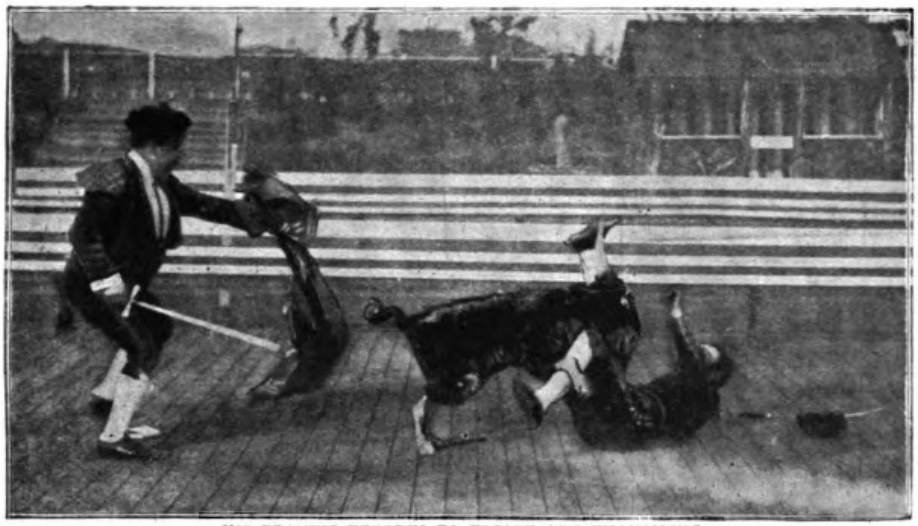
The bull's head, which is made of the lightest material, is firmly tied on to the artificial hide, and so as to take all the weight, such as it is, entirely off the plucky dog's head. Moreover, the inside of the mask or head is carefully padded, so that no harm could possibly befall its wearer.



THERE IS AN UGLY GLEAM IN HIS MURDEROUS EYE.

In the next picture the audience is spell-

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HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ARE UNAVAILING.

bound. The "bull" makes his first appearance in the ring, and very terrible does he look, too. His blood-shot eyes roll from side to side even as balls of fire; he is cautiously followed by the very man deputed to spell his doom by means of the ghastly tin sword firmly gripped in his right hand.

For a moment the bull stands terrible yet undecided. There is an ugly gleam in his murderous glass eye; there is something uglier still awaiting his bold antagonists.

Watch! What will happen now? He charges with fury indescribable; he gains in impetus as he rushes madly at one of his opponents. There is an angry roar (or bark), and Shutthatdor is felled to the ground. Will he ever rise again? Will Bangthatdor succeed in attracting the infuriated animal's attention? No; all efforts are unavailing. The doomed man has no time to regain his feet; another blood-curdling roar (or bark), and a fresh charge is made. With a bound and a rush the bull is again upon him. The audience crowding the benches in the background grows frantic; no cigars, fair duenna's gloves, or other second-hand articles are thrown



SHUTTHATDOR FEIGNS DEATH.



AN EXCITING BIT OF BY-PLAY.

—the tension is too great.

The second onslaught is more disastrous than the first. Shutthatdor is helpless; he struggles vainly; his frantic efforts to escape are unavailing. He is done, and like a wise man he at last resorts to a well-known dodge: he feigns death. The subterfuge suceeeds amazingly well. His victorious enemy sniffs once or twice, and at-

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AN ATTEMPT TO PLACE THE BANDERILLEROS.

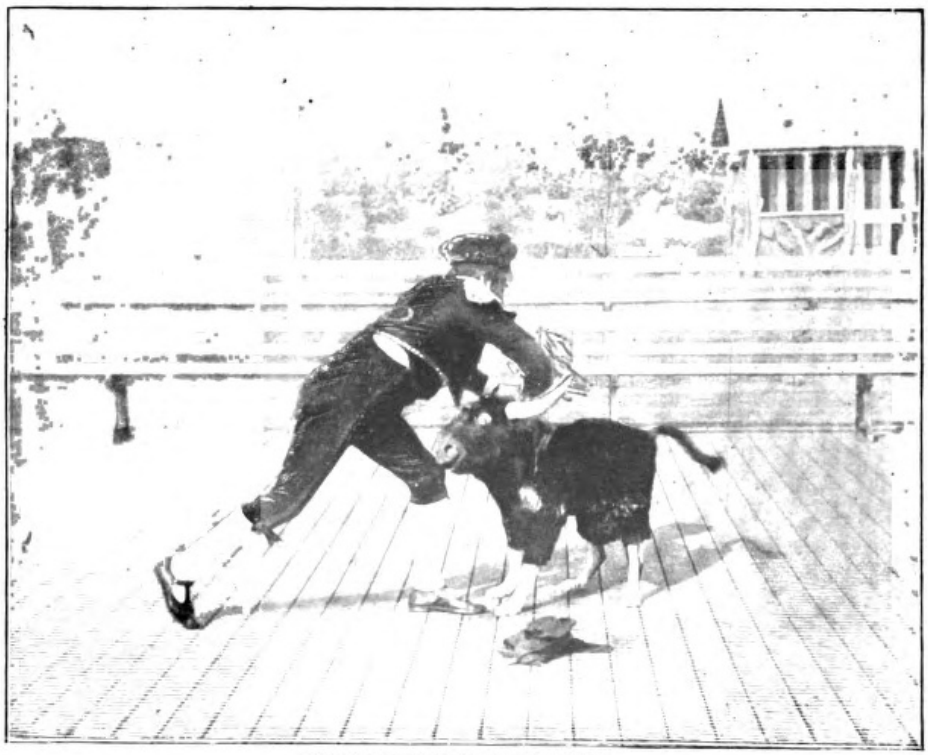
tracted by the red rag of Bangthatdor he leaves his victim for a moment, bent upon more slaughter.

They are away and out of the picture. Shutthatdor rises quickly and flies to the rescue of his comrade in danger. He succeeds in bringing the infuriated beast once more into focus, and here we have an exciting bit of by-play.

The bull is checked, but for an instant only. There is an attempt to place the banderilleros, but it fails. Once more Bangthatdor comes to the rescue and attracts the bull's attention to himself.

Shutthatdor recovers from his temporary discomfiture. He intends to place those banderilleros sooner or later, and he will. Now on two legs, now on three, and sometimes on all fours, the angry bull charges again and again. The audience on the benches grows more frantic than ever. The very seats shake as they have never shaken before, and the applause becomes deafening.

A fresh attempt is made to stick the maddening banderilleros deep into the shoulders of the bull. The second attempt fails also. It is tried again and again. Shutthatdor's pluck is truly amazing. Now! look, he has accomplished that most mighty of feats. No; he has not! But he has! One magnificent lunge, requiring much pluck and dexterity, and the deed is done. The bull has stayed his mad flight for an instant only—silent and irresolute he wavers in his attack—that is enough. Shutthatdor is upon him with a will, and the dreaded banderilleros sink deep —— into the horse-hair cushion specially provided for the purpose.



THE BANDERILLEROS SINK DEEP.

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THEY RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

This is overdoing things altogether, our plucky "bull" seeks vengeance, and his antagonists run for their lives. He is in quest of blood: he charges madly right and left. He is sightless, and it is pitiful to notice that somehow he knows that his doom is near.

Bangthatdor returns with an ugly gleam in his left eye, and awaits his opportunity. It comes at last: the fatal thrust is given, and the fight is ended for ever (that is, of course, until the next performance).

Cheers upon cheers ring loud; they shake the very foundations of the edifice as the conquered hero is dragged lifeless from the arena on a sack borrowed for the purpose.

They are all out of focus now, and the sight is refreshing, indeed, after so much excitement. The bull is busily engaged in the rapid consumption of numerous well-earned biscuits, and we take our leave, much pleased with each other and with that clever dog in particular.

[We are indebted to Mr. George Scott, general manager of the palatial Southend Kursaal and Marine Park, and his assistant Mr. Leslie, for their kind assistance in connection with the above article and photos.]



"THE FIGHT IS ENDED FOR EVER."



"DRAGGED LIFELESS FROM THE ARENA."

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Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen.

X.—THE EPISODE OF THE GUIDE WHO KNEW THE COUNTRY.

WE toured all round India with the Meadowcrofts: and really the lady who was "so very exclusive" turned out not a bad little thing when once one had succeeded in breaking through the ring-fence with which she surrounded herself. She had an endless, quenchless restlessness, it is true: her eyes wandered aimlessly: she never was happy for two minutes together, unless she was surrounded by friends, and was seeing something. What she saw did not interest her much: certainly her tastes were on a level with those of a very young child. An odd-looking house, a queerly-dressed man, a tree cut into shape to look like a peacock, delighted her far more truly than the most glorious view or the quaintest old temple. Still, she must be seeing. She could no more sit still than a fidgety child or a monkey at the Zoo. To be up and doing was her nature—doing nothing, to be sure; but still, doing it strenuously.



"YOU ARE SO FUNNY!"

So we went the regulation round of Delhi and Agra, the Taj Mahal and the Ghats at Benares, at railroad speed, fulfilling the whole duty of the modern globe-trotter. Lady Meadowcroft looked at everything—for ten minutes at a stretch; then she wanted to be off, to visit the next thing set down for her in her guide-book. As we left each town she murmured mechanically, "Well, we've seen *that*, thank Heaven!" and straightway went on, with equal eagerness and equal boredom, to see the one after it.

The only thing that did *not* bore her, indeed, was Hilda's bright talk.

"Oh, Miss Wade," she would say, clasping her hands, and looking up into Hilda's eyes with her own empty blue ones, "you *are* so funny! So original, don't you know! You never talk or think of anything like other people. I can't imagine how such ideas come up in your mind. If *I* were to try all day, I'm sure I should never hit upon them!" Which was so perfectly true as to be a trifle obvious.

Sir Ivor, not being interested in temples, but in steel rails, had gone on at once to his concession, or contract, or whatever else it was, on the north-east frontier, leaving his wife to follow and rejoin him in the Himalayas as soon as she had exhausted the sights of India. So, after a few dusty weeks of wear and tear on the Indian railways, we met him once more in the recesses of Nepaul, where he was busy constructing a light local line for the reigning Maharajah.

If Lady Meadowcroft had been bored at Allahabad and Ajmere, she was immensely more bored in a rough bungalow among the trackless depths of the Himalayan valleys. To anybody with eyes in his head, indeed, Toloo, where Sir Ivor had pitched his head-quarters, was lovely enough to keep one interested for a twelvemonth. Snow-clad needles of rock hemmed it in on either hand: great deodars rose like huge tapers on the hillsides: the plants and flowers were a joy to look at. But Lady Meadowcroft did not care for flowers which one could not wear in one's hair: and what was the good of dressing here, with no one but Ivor and Dr. Cumberledge to see one? She yawned till she was tired: then she began to grow peevish.

"Why Ivor should want to build a railway at all in this stupid, silly place," she said, as we sat in the veranda in the cool of evening,

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"I'm sure *I* can't imagine. We *must* go somewhere. This is maddening, maddening! Miss Wade—Dr. Cumberledge—I count upon you to discover *something* for me to do. If I vegetate like this, seeing nothing all day long but those eternal hills"—she clenched her little fist—"I shall go *mad* with ennui."

Hilda had a happy thought. "I have a fancy to see some of these Buddhist monasteries," she said, smiling as one smiles at a tiresome child whom one likes in spite of everything. "You remember, I was reading that book of Mr. Simpson's on the steamer—coming out—a curious book about the Buddhist Praying-Wheels: and it made me want to see one of their temples immensely. What do you say to camping out? A few weeks in the hills? It would be an adventure, at any rate."

"Camping out?" Lady Meadowcroft exclaimed, half roused from her languor by the idea of a change. "Oh, do you think that would be fun? Should we sleep on the ground? But, wouldn't it be dreadfully, horribly uncomfortable?"

"Not half so uncomfortable as you'll find yourself here at Toloo in a few days, Emmie," her husband put in, grimly. "The rains will soon be on, lass: and when the rains are on, by all accounts, they're precious heavy hereabouts—rare fine rains, so that a man's half-flooded out of his bed o' nights—which won't suit *you*, my lady."

The poor little woman clasped her twitching hands in feeble agony. "Oh, Ivor, how dreadful! Is it what they call the mongoose, or monsoon, or something? But if they're so bad here, surely they'll be worse in the hills—and camping out, too—won't they?"

"Not if you go the right way to work. Ah'm told it never rains t'other side o' the hills. The mountains stop the clouds, and once you're over, you're safe enough. Only, you must take care to keep well in the Maharajah's territory. Cross the frontier t'other side into Tibet, an' they'll skin thee alive as soon as look at thee. They don't like strangers in Tibet: prejudiced against them, somehow: they pretty well skinned that young chap Landor who tried to go there a year ago."

"But, Ivor, I don't want to be skinned alive! I'm not an eel, please!"

"That's all right, lass. Leave that to me. I can get thee a guide, a man that's very well acquainted with the mountains. I was talking to a scientific explorer here t'other day, and he knows of a good guide who can take you anywhere. He'll get you the chance of seeing the inside of a Buddhist monastery if you like, Miss Wade. He's hand in glove with all the religion they've got in this part o' the country. They've got noan much, but at what there is, he's a rare devout one."

We discussed the matter fully for two or three days before we made our minds up. Lady Meadowcroft was undecided between her hatred of dulness and her haunting fear that scorpions and snakes would intrude upon our tents and beds while we were camping. In the end, however, the desire for change carried the day. She decided to dodge the rainy season by getting behind the Himalayan passes, in the dry region to the north of the great range, where rain seldom falls, the country being watered only by the melting of the snows on the high summits.

This decision delighted Hilda, who, since she came to India, had fallen a prey to the fashionable vice of amateur photography. She took to it enthusiastically. She had bought herself a first-rate camera of the latest scientific pattern at Bombay, and ever since had spent all her time and spoiled her pretty hands in "developing." She was also seized with a craze for Buddhism. The objects that everywhere particularly attracted her were the old Buddhist temples and tombs and sculptures with which India is studded: of these she had taken some hundreds of views, all printed by herself with the greatest care and precision. But in India, after all, Buddhism is a dead creed: its monuments alone remain; she was anxious to see the Buddhist religion in its living state; and that she could only do in these remote outlying Himalayan valleys.

Our outfit, therefore, included a dark tent for Hilda's photographic apparatus; a couple of roomy tents to live and sleep in; a small cooking stove: a cook to look after it; half-a-dozen bearers; and the highly recommended guide who knew his way about the country. In three days we were ready, to Sir Ivor's great delight. He was fond of his pretty wife, and proud of her, I believe; but when once she was away from the whirl and bustle of the London that she loved, it was a relief to him, I fancy, to pursue his work alone, unhampered by her restless and querulous childishness.

On the morning when we were to make our start the guide who was "well acquainted with the mountains" turned up—as villainous-looking a person as I have ever set eyes on. He was sullen and furtive. I judged him at sight to be half Hindu, half Tibetan. He had a dark complexion, between brown and

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tawny: narrow slant eyes, very small and beady-black, with a cunning leer in their oblique corners; a flat nose much broadened at the wings; a cruel, thick, sensuous mouth, and high cheek-bones; the whole surmounted by a comprehensive scowl, and an abundant crop of lank black hair, tied up in a knot at the nape of the neck with a yellow ribbon. His face was shifty: his short, stout form looked well adapted to mountain climbing, and also to wriggling. A deep scar on his left cheek did not help to inspire confidence. But he was polite and civil-spoken. Altogether a clever, unscrupulous, wide-awake soul, who would serve you well if he thought he could make by it, and would betray you at a pinch to the highest bidder.



"THE GUIDE."

We set out, in merry mood, prepared to solve all the abstruse problems of the Buddhist religion. Our spoilt child stood the camping out better than I expected. She was fretful, of course, and worried about trifles: she missed her maid and her accustomed comforts; but she minded the roughing it less, on the whole, than she had minded the boredom of inaction in the bungalow; and, being cast on Hilda and myself for resources, she suddenly evolved an unexpected taste for producing, developing, and printing photographs. We took dozens, as we went along, of little villages on our route, wood-built villages with quaint houses and turrets; and as Hilda had brought her collection of prints with her, for comparison of the Indian and Nepaulese monuments, we spent the evenings after our short day's march each day in arranging and collating them. We had planned to be away six weeks at least: in that time the monsoon would have burst and passed: our guide thought we might see all that was worth seeing of the Buddhist monasteries, and Sir Ivor thought we should have fairly escaped the dreaded wet season.

"What do you make of our guide?" I asked of Hilda on our fourth day out. I began somehow to distrust him.

"Oh, he seems all right," Hilda answered, carelessly—and her voice reassured me. "He's a rogue, of course: all guides and interpreters, and dragomans and the like, in out-of-the-way places, always *are* rogues: if they were honest men they would share the ordinary prejudices of their countrymen, and would have nothing to do with the hated stranger. But in this case our friend Ram Das has no end to gain by getting us into mischief: if he had, he wouldn't scruple for a second to cut our throats: but then, there are too many of us. He will probably try to cheat us by making preposterous charges when he gets us back to Toloo: but that's Lady Meadowcroft's business. I don't doubt Sir Ivor will be more than a match for him there: I'll back one shrewd Yorkshireman against any three Tibetan half-castes, any day."

"You're right that he would cut our throats if it served his purpose," I answered. "He's servile, and servility goes hand in hand with treachery. The more I watch him, the more I see 'scoundrel' written in large type on every bend of the fellow's oily shoulders."

"Oh, yes; he's a bad lot, I know. The cook, who can speak a little English and a little Tibetan, as well as Hindustani, tells me Ram Das has the worst reputation of any man in the mountains. But he says he's a very good guide to the passes for all that, and if he's well paid will do what he's paid for."

Next day but one we approached at last, after several short marches, the neighbourhood of what our guide assured us was a Buddhist monastery. I was glad when he told us of it, giving the place the name of a well-known Nepaulese village; for, to say the truth, I was beginning to get frightened. Judging by the sun, for I had brought no compass, it struck me that we seemed to have been marching almost due north ever since we left Toloo: and I fancied such a line of march must have brought us by this time suspiciously near the Tibetan frontier. Now, I had no desire to be "skinned alive," as Sir Ivor put it: I did not wish to emulate St. Bartholomew and others of the early Christian martyrs: so I was pleased to learn that we were really drawing near to Kulak, the first of the Nepaulese Buddhist monas-

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teries to which our well-informed guide, himself a Buddhist, had promised to introduce us.

We were tramping up a beautiful high mountain valley, closed round on every side by snowy peaks. A brawling river ran over a rocky bed in cataracts down its midst: crags rose abruptly a little in front of us. Half-way up the slope to the left, on a ledge of rock, rose a long, low building with curious, pyramid-like roofs, crowned at either end by a sort of minaret, which resembled more than anything else a huge earthenware oil-jar. This was the monastery or lamasery we had come so far to see. Honestly, at first sight, I did not feel sure it was worth the trouble.

Our guide called a halt, and turned to us with a sudden peremptory air. His servility had vanished. "You stoppee here," he said,



"HIS SERVILITY HAD VANISHED."

slowly, in broken English, "while me-a go on to see whether Lama-sahibs ready to take you. Must ask leave from Lama-sahibs to visit village: if no ask leave"—he drew his hand across his throat with a significant gesture—"Lama-sahibs cuttee head off Eulopean."

"Goodness gracious," Lady Meadowcroft cried, clinging tight to Hilda. "Miss Wade, this is dreadful! Where on earth have you brought us to?"

"Oh, that's all right," Hilda answered, trying to soothe her, though she herself began to look a trifle anxious. "That's only Ram Das's graphic way of putting things."

We sat down on a bank of trailing club-moss by the side of the rough track, for it was nothing more, and let our guide go on to negotiate with the Lamas. "Well, to-night, anyhow," I exclaimed, looking up, "we shall sleep on our own mattresses with a roof over our heads. These monks will find us quarters. That's always something."

We got out our basket and made tea. In all moments of doubt, your Englishwoman makes tea: as Hilda said, she will boil her Etna on Vesuvius. We waited and drank our tea: we drank our tea and waited. A full hour passed away. Ram Das never came back. I began to get frightened.

At last something stirred. A group of excited men in yellow robes issued forth from the monastery, wound their way down the hill, and approached us, shouting. They gesticulated as they came. I could see they looked angry. All at once Hilda clutched my arm: "Hubert," she cried, in an undertone, "we are betrayed! betrayed! I see it all now. These are Tibetans, not Nepaulese." She paused a second, then went on: "I see it all—all, all. Our guide — Ram Das—he *had* a reason after all for getting us into mischief. Sebastian must have tracked us: he was bribed by Sebastian! It was *he* who recommended Ram Das to Sir Ivor!"

"Why do you think so?" I asked, low.

"Because—look for yourself: these men who come are dressed in yellow. That means Tibetans. Red is the colour of the Lamas in Nepaul; yellow in Tibet and all other Buddhist countries. I read it in the book—'The Buddhist Praying-Wheel,' you know. These are Tibetan fanatics, and as Ram Das said, they will probably cut our throats for us."

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I was thankful that Hilda's marvellous memory gave us even that moment for preparation and facing the difficulty. I saw in a flash that she was quite right: we had been inveigled across the frontier: these moutis were Tibetans—Buddhist inquisitors—enemies. Tibet is the most jealous country on earth; it allows no stranger to intrude upon its borders. I had to meet the worst. I stood there, a single white man, armed only with one revolver, answerable for the lives of two English ladies, and accompanied by a cringing out-caste Ghoorka cook and half-a-dozen doubtful Nepaulese bearers. To fly was impossible. We were fairly trapped. There was nothing for it but to wait and put a bold face on our utter helplessness.

By that time the men in yellow robes had almost come up to us. It was clear they were boiling over with indignation; but they still did everything decently and in order. One, who was dressed in finer vestments than the rest—a portly person, with the fat, greasy cheeks and drooping flesh of a celibate church dignitary, whom I therefore judged to be the abbot, or chief Lama of the monastery—gave orders to his subordinates in a language which we did not understand. His men obeyed him. In a second they had closed us round, as in a ring or cordon.



"WE WERE FAIRLY TRAPPED."

I turned to our spoilt child. "Lady Meadowcroft," I said, very seriously, "this is danger, real danger. Now listen to me. You must do as you are bid. No crying: no cowardice. Your life and ours depend upon it. We must none of us give way. We must pretend to be brave. Show one sign of fear, and these people will probably cut our throats on the spot here."

To my immense surprise, Lady Meadowcroft rose to the height of the situation. "Oh, as long as it isn't disease," she answered, resignedly, "I'm not much afraid of anything. I should mind the plague a great deal more than I mind a set of howling savages."

Then the chief Lama stepped forward, with an authoritative air, like Pooh-Bah in the play, and said something in the same tongue to the cook, who spoke a little Tibetan. It was obvious from his manner that Ram Das had told them all about us; for the Lama selected the cook as interpreter at once, without taking any notice of myself, the ostensible head of the petty expedition.

"What does he say?" I asked, as soon as he had finished speaking.

The cook, who had been salaaming all the time, at the risk of a broken back, in his most utterly abject and grovelling attitude, made answer tremulously in his broken

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English, "This is priest-sahib of the temple. He very angry, because why? Eulopean-sahib and mem-sahibs come into Tibet-land. No Eulopean, no Hindu, must come into Tibet-land. Priest-sahib say, cut all Eulopean throats: let Nepaul man go back like him come, to him own country."

I looked as if the message were purely indifferent to me. "Tell him," I said, smiling—though at some little effort—"we were not trying to enter Tibet. Our rascally guide misled us. We were going to Kulak, in the Maharajah's territory. We will turn back quietly to the Maharajah's land if the priest-sahib will allow us to camp out for the night here."

I glanced at Hilda and Lady Meadowcroft. I must say their bearing under these trying circumstances was thoroughly worthy of two English ladies. They stood erect, looking as though all Tibet might come, and they would smile at it scornfully.

The cook interpreted my remarks as well as he was able—his Tibetan being probably about equal in quality to his English. But the chief Lama made a reply which I could see for myself was by no means friendly.

"What is his answer?" I asked the cook, in my haughtiest voice. I am haughty with difficulty.

Our interpreter salaamed once more, shaking in his shoes, if he wore any. "Priest-sahib say, that all lies. That all dam-lies. You is Eulopean missionary, very bad man: you want to go to Lhasa. But no white sahib must go to Lhasa. Holy city, Lhasa; for Buddhists only. This is not the way to Kulak: this not Maharajah's land: this place belong-a Dalai-Lama, head of all Lamas; have house at Lhasa. But priest-sahib know you Eulopean missionary, want to go Lhasa, convert Buddhists, because . . . . Ram Das tell him so."

"Ram Das!" I exclaimed, thoroughly angry by this time. "The rogue! The scoundrel! He has not only deserted us, but betrayed us as well. He has told this lie on purpose to set the Tibetans against us. We must face the worst now. Our one chance is, to cajole these people."

The fat priest spoke again. "What does he say this time?" I asked.

"He say, Ram Das tell him all this because Ram Das good man—very good man: Ram Das converted Buddhist. You pay Ram Das to guidee you to Lhasa. But Ram Das good man, not want to let Eulopean see holy city: bring you here instead; then tell priest-sahib about it." And he chuckled inwardly.

"What will they do to us?" Lady Meadowcroft asked, her face very white, though her manner was more courageous than I could easily have believed of her.

"I don't know," I answered, biting my lip. "But we must not give way. We must put a bold face upon it. Their bark, after all, may be worse than their bite. We may still persuade them to let us go back again."

The men in yellow robes motioned us to move on towards the village and monastery. We were their prisoners, and it was useless to resist. So I ordered the bearers to take up the tents and baggage. Lady Meadowcroft resigned herself to the inevitable. We mounted the path in a long line, the Lamas in yellow closely guarding our draggled little procession. I tried my best to preserve my composure, and above all else not to look dejected.

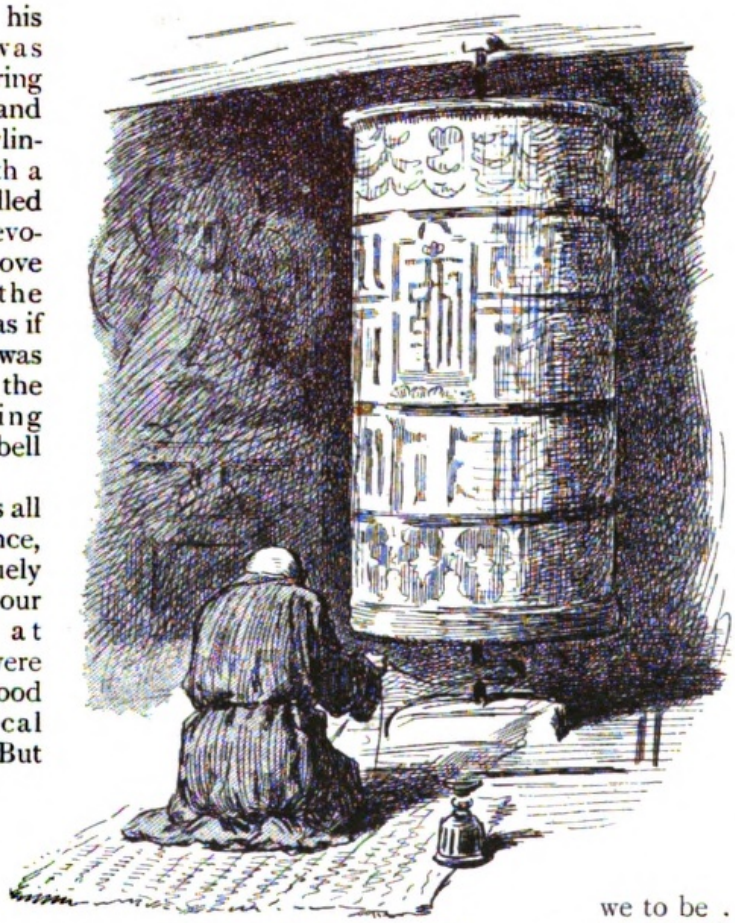
As we approached the village, with its squalid and fetid huts, we caught the sound of bells, innumerable bells, tinkling at regular intervals. Many people trooped out from their houses to look at us, all flat-faced, all with oblique eyes, all stolidly, sullenly, stupidly passive. They seemed curious as to our dress and appearance, but not apparently hostile. We walked on to the low line of the monastery with its pyramidal roof and its queer, flower-vase minarets. After a moment's discussion they ushered us into the temple or chapel, which was evidently also their communal council-room and place of deliberation. We entered, trembling. We had no great certainty that we would ever get out of it alive again.

The temple was a large, oblong hall, with a great figure of Buddha, cross-legged, imperturbable, enthroned in a niche at its further end, like the apse or recess in a church in Italy. Before it stood an altar. The Buddha sat and smiled on us with his eternal smile: a complacent deity, carved out of white stone, and gaudily painted; a yellow robe, like the Lamas', dangled across his shoulders. The air seemed close with incense and also with bad ventilation. The centre of the nave, if I may so call it, was occupied by a huge wooden cylinder, a sort of overgrown drum, painted in bright colours, with ornamental designs and Tibetan letters. It was much taller than a man, some 9ft. high I should say, and it revolved above and below on an iron spindle. Looking closer, I saw it had a crank attached to it, with a string tied to the crank: a solitary monk,

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absorbed in his devotions, was pulling this string as we entered, and making the cylinder revolve with a jerk as he pulled it. At each revolution a bell above rang once: the monk seemed as if his whole soul was bound up in the huge revolving drum and the bell worked by it.

We took this all in at a glance, somewhat vaguely at first, for our lives were at stake, and we were scarcely in a mood for ethnological observations. But the moment Hilda saw the cylinder her eye lighted up. I could see at once an idea had struck her. "This is a praying-wheel!" she cried in quite a delighted voice. "I know where I am now, Hubert—Lady Meadowcroft—I see a way out of this! Do exactly as you see me do, and all may yet go well. Don't show surprise at anything. I think we can work upon these people's religious feelings."



"ABSORBED IN HIS DEVOTIONS."

Without a moment's hesitation she prostrated herself thrice on the ground before the figure of Buddha, knocking her head ostentatiously in the dust as she did so. We followed suit instantly. Then Hilda rose and began walking slowly round the big drum in the nave, saying aloud at each step, in a sort of monotonous chant, like a priest intoning, the four mystic words, "Aum, mani, padme, hum," "Aum, mani, padme, hum," many times over. We repeated the sacred formula after her, as if we had always been brought up to it. I noticed that Hilda walked the way of the sun: it is an important point in all these mysterious, half-magical ceremonies.

At last, after about ten or twelve such rounds, she paused, with an absorbed air of devotion, and knocked her head three times on the ground once more, doing poojah, before the ever-smiling Buddha.

By this time, however, the lessons of St. Alphege's rectory began to recur to Lady Meadowcroft's mind. "Oh, Miss Wade," she murmured, in an awestruck voice, "*ought* we to do like this? Isn't it clear idolatry?"

Hilda's common sense waved her aside at once. "Idolatry or not, it is the only way to save our lives," she answered, in her firmest voice.

"But—*ought* we to save our lives? Oughtn't we to be . . . . well, Christian martyrs?"

Hilda was patience itself. "I think not, dear," she replied, gently but decisively. "You are not called upon to be a martyr. The danger of idolatry is scarcely so great among Europeans of our time that we need feel it a duty to protest with our lives against it. I have better uses to which to put my life myself. I don't mind being a martyr—where a sufficient cause demands it. But I don't think such a sacrifice is required of us now in a Tibetan monastery. Life was not given us to waste on gratuitous martyrdoms."

"But . . . really . . . I'm afraid . . ."

"Don't be afraid of anything, dear, or you will risk all. Follow my lead: *I* will answer for your conduct. Surely, if Naaman, in the midst of idolaters, was permitted to bow down in the house of Rimmon, to save his place at court, you may blamelessly bow down to save your life in a Buddhist temple. Now, no more casuistry, but do as I tell you! 'Aum, mani, padme, hum,' again! Once more round the drum there!"

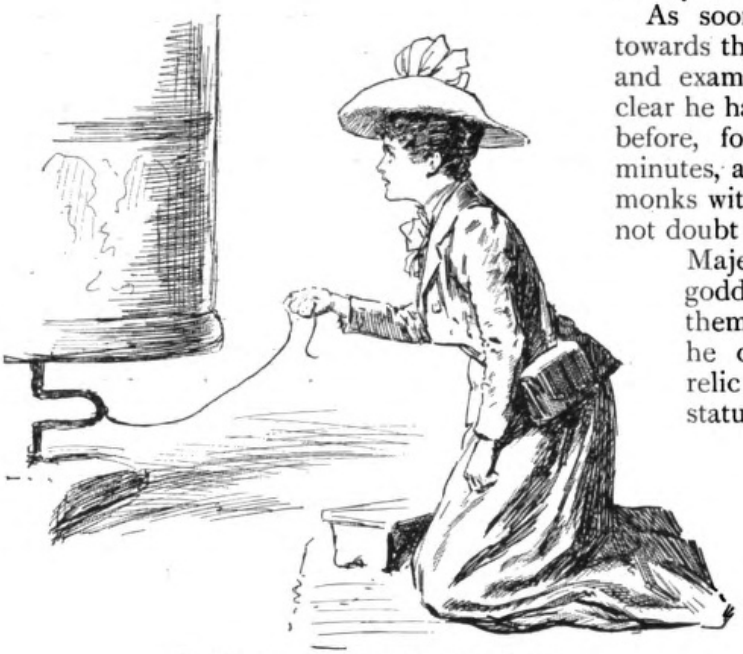
We followed her a second time, Lady Meadowcroft giving in after a feeble protest. The priests in yellow looked on, profoundly impressed by our circumnavigation. It was

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clear they began to reconsider the question of our nefarious designs on their holy city.

After we had finished our second tour round the drum, with the utmost solemnity, one of the monks approached Hilda, whom he seemed to take now for an important priestess. He said something to her in Tibetan, which, of course, we did not understand; but as he pointed at the same time to the brother on the floor who was turning the wheel, Hilda nodded acquiescence. "If you wish it," she said in English—and he appeared to comprehend. "He wants to know whether I would like to take a turn at the cylinder."

She knelt down in front of it, before the little stool where the brother in yellow had been kneeling till that moment, and took the string in her hand, as if she were well accustomed to it. I could see that the abbot gave



"SHE TOOK THE STRING IN HER HAND."

the cylinder a surreptitious push with his left hand, before she began, so as to make it revolve in the opposite direction from that in which the monk had just been moving it: this was obviously to try her. But Hilda let the string drop, with a little cry of horror: that was the wrong way round—the unlucky, uncanonical direction: the evil way, widdershins, the opposite of sunwise. With an awed air she stopped short, repeated once more the four mystic words, or *mantra*, and bowed thrice with well-assumed reverence to the Buddha. Then she set the cylinder turning of her own accord, with her right hand, in the propitious direction, and sent it round seven times with the utmost gravity.

At this point, encouraged by Hilda's example, I too became possessed of a brilliant inspiration. I opened my purse and took out of it four brand-new silver rupees of the Indian coinage. They were very handsome and shiny coins, each impressed with an excellent design of the head of the Queen as Empress of India. Holding them up before me, I approached the Buddha, and laid the four in a row submissively at his feet, uttering at the same time an appropriate formula. But as I did not know the proper *mantra* for use upon such an occasion, I supplied one from memory, saying, in a hushed voice, "Hokey—pokey—winky—wum," as I laid each one down before the benignly-smiling statue. I have no doubt from their faces the priests imagined I was uttering a most powerful spell or prayer in my own language.

As soon as I retreated, with my face towards the image, the chief Lama glided up and examined the coins carefully. It was clear he had never seen anything of the sort before, for he gazed at them for some minutes, and then showed them round to his monks with an air of deep reverence. I do not doubt he took the image of her gracious Majesty for a very mighty and potent goddess. As soon as all had inspected them, with many cries of admiration, he opened a little secret drawer or relic-holder in the pedestal of the statue, and deposited them in it with a muttered prayer, as precious offerings from a European Buddhist.

By this time we could easily see we were beginning to produce a most favourable impression. Hilda's study of Buddhism had stood us in good stead. The chief Lama or abbot motioned to us to be seated, in a much politer mood: after which, he and his principal monks held a long and animated discussion together. I gathered from their looks and gestures that the head Lama inclined to regard us as orthodox Buddhists, but that some of his followers had grave doubts of their own as to the depth and reality of our religious convictions.

While they debated and hesitated, Hilda had another splendid idea. She undid her portfolio, and took out of it the photographs of ancient Buddhist topes and temples which she had taken in India. These she produced

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triumphantly. At once the priests and monks crowded round us to look at them. In a moment, when they recognised the meaning of the pictures, their excitement grew quite intense. The photographs were passed round from hand to hand amid loud exclamations of joy and surprise: one brother would point out with astonishment to another some familiar symbol or some ancient text; two or three of them even in their devout enthusiasm fell down on their knees and kissed the pictures.

We had played a trump card. The monks could see for themselves by this time that we were deeply interested in Buddhism. Now, minds of that calibre never understand a disinterested interest; the moment they saw we were collectors of Buddhist pictures, they jumped at the conclusion that we must also, of course, be devout believers. So far did they carry their sense of fraternity, indeed, that they insisted upon embracing us. That was a hard trial to Lady Meadowcroft, for the brethren were not conspicuous for personal cleanliness: she suspected germs, and she dreaded typhoid far more than she dreaded the Tibetan cut-throat.

The brethren asked, through the medium of our interpreter, the cook, where these pictures had been made. We explained as well as we could by means of the same mouthpiece, a very earthen vessel, that they came from ancient Buddhist buildings in India. This delighted them still more, though I know not in what form our Ghoorka retainer may have conveyed the information: at any rate, they insisted on embracing us again: after which the chief Lama said something very solemnly to our amateur interpreter.

The cook interpreted. "Priest-sahib say, he too got very sacred thing, come from India. Sacred Buddhist poojah-thing. Go to show it to you."

We waited, breathless. The chief Lama approached the altar before the recess, in front of the great cross-legged, vapidly-smiling Buddha. He bowed himself to the ground three times over, as well as his portly frame would permit him, knocking his forehead against the floor, just as Hilda had done: then he proceeded, almost awestruck, to take from the altar an object wrapped round with gold brocade, and very carefully guarded. Two acolytes accompanied him. In the most reverent way, he slowly unwound the folds of gold cloth, and released from its hiding-place the highly sacred deposit. He held it up before our eyes with an air of triumph. It was an English bottle!

The label on it shone with gold and bright colours. I could see it was figured. The figure represented a cat, squatting on its haunches. The sacred inscription ran, in our own tongue, "Old Tom Gin, Unsweetened."

The monks bowed their heads in profound silence as the sacred thing was produced. I caught Hilda's eye. "For Heaven's sake," I murmured low, "don't either of you laugh. If you do, it's all up with us."

They kept their countenances with admirable decorum.

Another idea struck me. "Tell them," I said to the cook, "that we too have a similar and very powerful god, but much more lively." He interpreted my words to them.

Then I opened our stores, and drew out with a flourish—our last remaining bottle of Simla soda-water.

Very solemnly and seriously I unwired the cork, as if performing an almost sacrosanct ceremony. The monks crowded round with the deepest curiosity. I held the cork down for a second with my thumb, while I uttered once more in my most awesome tone the mystic words, "Hokey—pokey—winky—wum!" then I let it fly suddenly. The soda-water was well up. The cork bounded to the ceiling: the contents of the bottle spurted out over the place in the most impressive fashion.

For a minute the Lamas drew back, alarmed. The thing seemed almost devilish. Then slowly, reassured by our composure, they crept back and looked. With a glance of inquiry at the abbot, I took out my pocket corkscrew, and drew the cork of the gin-bottle, which had never been opened. I signed for a cup. They brought me one, reverently. I poured out a little gin, to which I added some soda-water, and drank first of it myself, to show them it was not poison. After that, I handed it to the chief Lama, who sipped at it, sipped again, and emptied the cup at the third trial. Evidently the sacred drink was very much to his taste, for he smacked his lips after it, and turned with exclamations of surprised delight to his inquisitive companions.

The rest of the soda-water, duly mixed with gin, soon went the round of the expectant monks. It was greatly approved of. Unhappily, there was not quite enough soda-water to supply a drink for all of them: but those who tasted it were deeply impressed. I could see that they took the bite of the carbonic-acid gas for evidence of a most powerful and present deity.

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That settled our position. We were instantly regarded not only as Buddhists, but as mighty magicians from a far country. The monks made haste to show us rooms destined for our use in the monastery. They were not unbearably filthy, and we had our own bedding. We had to spend the night there, that was certain: we had at least escaped the worst and most pressing danger.

I may add that I believe our cook to have been a most arrant liar—which was a lucky circumstance. Once the wretched creature saw the tide turn, I have reason to infer that he supported our cause by telling the chief Lama the most incredible stories about our holiness and power. At any rate, it is certain that we were regarded with the utmost respect, and treated thenceforth with the affectionate deference due to acknowledged and certified sainthood.

It began to strike us now, however, that we had almost overshot the mark in this matter of sanctity. We had made ourselves quite too holy. The monks, who were eager at first to cut our throats, thought so much of us now that we grew a little anxious as to whether they would not wish to keep such devout souls in their midst for ever. As a matter of fact, we spent a whole week against our wills in the monastery, being very well fed and treated meanwhile, yet virtually captives. It was the camera that did it. The Lamas had never seen any photographs before: they asked how these miraculous pictures were produced: and Hilda, to keep up the good impression, showed them how she operated. When a full-length portrait of the chief Lama in his sacrificial robes was actually printed off and



"THE SACRED DRINK WAS VERY MUCH TO HIS TASTE."

exhibited before their eyes, their delight knew no bounds. The picture was handed about among the astonished brethren, and received with loud shouts of joy and wonder. Nothing would satisfy them then but that we must photograph every individual monk in the place. Even the Buddha himself, cross-legged and imperturbable, had to sit for his portrait. As he was used to sitting—never, indeed, having done anything else—he came out admirably.

Day after day passed: suns rose and suns set: and it was clear that the monks did not mean to let us leave their precincts in a hurry. Lady Meadowcroft, having recovered by this time from her first fright, began to grow bored. The Buddhists' ritual ceased to interest her. To vary the monotony, I hit upon an expedient for killing time till our too pressing hosts saw fit to let us depart. They were fond of religious processions of the most protracted sort—dances before the altar with animal masks or heads, and other weird ceremonial orgies. Hilda, who had read herself up in Buddhist ideas, assured me that all these things were done in order to heap up Karma.

"What is Karma?" I asked, listlessly.

"Karma is good works or merit. The

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more praying-wheels you turn, the more bells you ring, the greater the merit. One of the monks is always at work turning the big wheel that moves the bell, so as to heap up merit night and day for the monastery."

This set me thinking. I soon discovered that no matter how the wheel is turned, the Karma or merit is equal. It is the turning it that counts, not the personal exertion. There were wheels and bells in convenient situations all over the village, and whoever passed one gave it a twist as he went by, thus piling up Karma for all the inhabitants. Reflecting upon these facts, I was seized with an idea. I got Hilda to take instantaneous photographs of all the monks during a sacred procession, at rapid intervals: in that sunny climate we had no difficulty at all in printing off from the plates as soon as developed. Then I took a small wheel, about the size of an oyster-barrel—the monks had dozens of them—and pasted the photographs inside in successive order, like what is called a zoetrope, or wheel of life. By cutting holes in the side, and arranging a mirror from Lady Meadowcroft's dressing-bag, I completed my machine, so that, when it was turned round rapidly, one saw the procession actually taking place as if the figures were moving. The thing, in short, made a living picture like a cinematograph. A mountain stream ran past the monastery and supplied it with water. I had a second inspiration. I was always mechanical. I fixed a water-wheel in the stream, where it made a petty cataract, and connected it by means of a small crank with the barrel of photographs. My zoetrope thus worked off itself, and piled up Karma for all the village whether anyone happened to be looking at it or not.

The monks, who were really excellent fellows when not engaged in cutting throats in the interest of the faith, regarded this device as a great and glorious religious invention. They went down on their knees to it and were profoundly respectful. They also bowed to me so deeply, when I first exhibited it, that I began to be puffed up with spiritual pride. Lady Meadowcroft recalled me to my better self by murmuring, with a sigh, "I suppose we really can't draw a line now; but it *does* seem to me like encouraging idolatry!"

"Purely mechanical encouragement," I answered, gazing at my handicraft with an inventor's pardonable pride. "You see, it is the turning itself that does good, not any prayers attached to it. I divert the idolatry from human worshippers to an unconscious stream—which must surely be meritorious." Then I thought of the mystic sentence, "Aum, mani, padme, hum." "What a pity it is," I cried, "I couldn't make them a phonograph to repeat their *mantra!* If I could, they might fulfil all their religious duties together by machinery!"

Hilda reflected a second. "There is a great future," she said at last, "for the man who first introduces smoke-jacks into Tibet! Every household will buy one, as an automatic means of acquiring Karma."

"Don't publish that idea in England!" I exclaimed, hastily—"if ever we get there. As sure as you do, somebody will see in it an opening for British trade, and we shall spend twenty millions on conquering Tibet, in the interests of civilization and a smoke-jack syndicate."

How long we might have stopped at the monastery I cannot say, had it not been for the intervention of an unexpected episode which occurred just a week after our first arrival. We were comfortable enough in a rough way, with our Ghoorka cook to prepare our food for us, and our bearers to wait: but to the end I never felt quite sure of our hosts, who after all were entertaining us under false pretences. We had told them, truly enough, that Buddhist missionaries had now penetrated to England: and though they had not the slightest conception where England might be, and knew not the name of Madame Blavatsky, this news interested them. Regarding us as promising neophytes, they were anxious now that we should go on to Lhasa, in order to receive full instructions in the faith from the chief fountain-head, the Grand Lama in person. To this we demurred: Mr. Landor's experiences did not encourage us to follow his lead: the monks for their part could not understand our reluctance. They thought that every well-intentioned convert must wish to make the pilgrimage to Lhasa, the Mecca of their creed: our hesitation threw some doubt on the reality of our conversion. A proselyte above all men should never be lukewarm. They expected us to embrace the opportunity with fervour. We might be massacred on the way, to be sure; but what did that matter? We should be dying for the faith, and ought to be charmed at so splendid a prospect.

On the day-week after our arrival the chief Lama came to me at nightfall. His face was serious. He spoke to me through our accredited interpreter, the cook. "Priest-

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sahib say, very important; the sahib and mem-sahibs must go away from here before sun get up to-morrow morning."

"Why so?" I asked, as astonished as I was pleased.

"Priest-sahib say, he like you very much: oh, very, very much: no want to see village people kill you."

"Kill us! But I thought they believed we were saints!"

"Priest say, that just it: too much saint sanctity which had never before struck me. Now, I had not been eager even for the distinction of being a Christian martyr: as to being a Buddhist martyr, that was quite out of the question.

"Then what does the Lama advise us to do?" I asked.

"Priest-sahib say he love you: no want to see village people kill you. He give you guide—very good guide—know mountains well: take you back straight to Maharajah's country."



"SAHIB AND MEM-SAHIBS MUST GO AWAY."

"Not Ram Das?" I asked, suspiciously.

"No, not Ram Das. Very good man: Tibetan."

I saw at once this was a genuine crisis. All was hastily arranged: I went in and told Hilda and Lady Meadowcroft. Our spoilt child cried a little, of course, at the idea of being enshrined, but on the whole behaved admirably. At early dawn next morning, before the village was awake, we crept with stealthy steps out of the monastery, whose inmates were friendly. Our new guide accompanied us. We avoided the village, on whose outskirts the lamasery lay, and made straight for the valley. By six o'clock we were well out of sight of the clustered houses and the pyramidal spires. But I did not breathe freely till late in the afternoon, when we found ourselves once more under British protection in the first hamlet of the Maharajah's territory.

As for that scoundrel, Ram Das, we heard nothing more of him. He disappeared into space from the moment he deserted us at the door of the trap into which he had led us. The chief Lama told me he had gone back at once by another route to his own country.

altogether. People hereabout all telling that the sahib and the mem-sahibs very great saints: much holy, like Buddha. Make picture; work miracles. People think, if them kill you, and have your tomb here, very holy place: very great Karma: very good for trade: plenty Tibetan man hear you holy men, come here on pilgrimage. Pilgrimage make fair, make market, very good for village. So people want to kill you, build shrine over your body."

This was a view of the advantages of

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Heroes of 1899.

By Alfred T. Story.

PEACE has its heroes and heroines as well as war. We hear enough of the brave deeds done on the field of battle; but many an act, showing equal courage and calling for as great risk of life, is performed in the ordinary walks of life of which little and sometimes nothing is heard. They are the deeds of obscure people, boys and girls, lowly men and women, individuals not usually regarded as in the line of heroes. They are not committed in the eye of day, so to speak, as are the brave deeds of the soldier. Few behold them; they are the talk of a handful for perhaps a couple of days, and then, as likely as not, they pass into oblivion. And yet many of them are eminently worthy of record — they are so bright, so cheering, amid the ordinary humdrum and melancholy self-thoughtfulness of life.

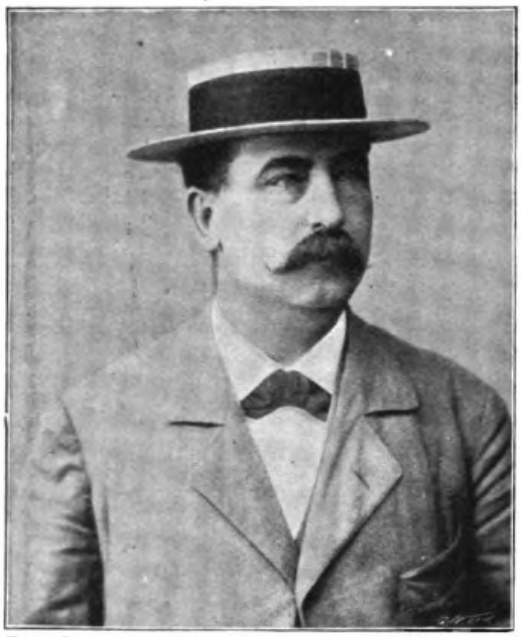
The whole of The Strand Magazine for the present month would not contain a full account of half the brave deeds done during the year 1899—reckoning those performed in civil life alone. However, some of the most striking instances have been selected by way of example, and, where it has been found possible, portraits have been procured to illustrate them. The selections have been made with a view to show as many phases of life as might be; and how the ennobling quality of self-forgetfulness shines and makes itself felt in all ranks and stations.

Where the seed is, there the deed will be. It will manifest itself even in the little child. Even as I write, the record comes of a child of four, Ernest Hooper by name, dying in Bartholomew's Hospital from injuries received through being run over by one of Pickford's vans. He tried to save another little child from being run over by the same vehicle, but, getting the other little one safely away, he was himself knocked down and fatally injured. One would have liked to give the portrait of this little hero, but it was not to be had. He must live in the beauty of his deed alone.

It is with especial regret too that the same has to be written of the next heroic soul to come into the record. This was the case of a blind man who, on the occasion of a disastrous fire in the Brixton Road, in January last, distinguished himself by a conspicuous act of bravery. According to the *South London Press*, Mr. J. B. Ortton, who is totally blind, was sleeping on the third floor, and at about two o'clock in the morning discovered by difficulty in breathing that the room was full of smoke. He at once awoke his wife, and hastened to the assistants' room on the same floor, then to the manager's, and with great difficulty aroused them. Then, hastening to the room of another family on the first floor, he banged at their locked door, and assisted a gentleman to lead his wife down into the street. After this he hastened upstairs and assisted his own wife to safety. In all seven persons were able to get out of harm's way through his courage, self-possession, and promptness. The last person to leave the burning building was Mr. Ortton himself, and he had to pass over a staircase which was fully alight within three minutes of his descent. Mr. Ortton, by so promptly looking after the lives of his fellow-inmates, lost all his personal belongings, everything he had indeed in the world. A local committee was formed to raise a small fund to recoup him for his loss, and it is to be hoped it was successful.

A gallant rescue from drowning was effected by Mr. Alfred Joly, an Englishman, at Smyrna, on the 3rd of March. A friend thus describes the affair: "Whilst walking on the quay about 2 p.m., he saw two boys hauling at the shore-mooring of a cask. After having passed on some ten or fifteen paces, he heard the cry in Greek, 'A child in the sea!' On looking round he saw one of the boys running away, whilst the other, about eight years of age, was struggling in the water. Three or four persons were on the spot, and one held his stick out to the boy. Thinking that the boy was sure to be got out, Mr. Joly continued his walk for another ten or fifteen paces, and then had the curiosity to look back. To his great surprise and disgust, he saw the boy's head disappearing under the water. Feeling sure then that the child would be drowned, and finding there was no boat near and no other sign of help, he dropped his stick, ran back, and, with all his clothes on, plunged in longitudinally, so as to cross the sinking lad. When he got to the bottom he saw the boy sinking, on his back, face upwards and arms

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From a] MR. ALFRED JOLY. *[Photograph.*

outstretched. Grasping the lad by the arm, he swam with him to the quay, and handed him up to a man who hung over the edge. Then he was with great difficulty hauled up himself, Mr. Joly being a big, heavy man, and suffering with cramp in one of his legs."

Mr. Joly was cheered heartily by a crowd of people who had gathered during the rescue, and who were greatly amused to find that the sturdy Briton had performed his gallant feat with all his clothes on, including his hat; indeed, just as he appears in our photograph. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Joly had not swum for twenty years, he having given up the exercise, on his doctor's advice, because it produced headache and cramp. Mr. Joly belongs to an English family long established at Smyrna and engaged in the shipping business.

Heroism still more admirable — heroism perhaps of the very highest kind — recently came under the notice of King Leopold, and was by him suitably honoured and rewarded. Sister Teresa Hickey, an English nun of the Apostoline community established in Belgium, was presented with a Civic Medal of the First Class (a decoration instituted as a reward of conspicuous civic merit), in recognition of her heroic services to the people during the outbreak of a terrible epidemic which ravaged the district of Oordeghem, in Flanders. So great was the consternation of the inhabitants that no one would venture to approach the houses in which the victims lay dying. During the panic Sister Teresa volunteered to go and tend the unfortunate sufferers, for whom nurses could not be found. For several weeks she devoted herself, day and night, to the noble work of ministering to the sick and dying, receiving no other assistance than that given by the clergy of the parish. With unflagging devotion the brave woman remained unflinchingly at her post of duty until the epidemic abated, although almost broken down by her untiring efforts. Public manifestations of gratitude for her inestimable services were rendered by the people; and her conduct having come under the notice of the Government, the King has rewarded her self-sacrifice by bestowal of the honour mentioned. Sister Teresa has been in Belgium for nearly thirty years.

It is in scenes such as the above that the heroism of women most conspicuously shines, although it not infrequently displays itself in a more physical manner. In the month of June two little women showed both



VIOLET MOORE. ETHEL WILLIAMSON. HELEN WILLIAMSON.
From a Photo. by J. H. Addison.

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courage and spirit in the rescue of a sister and companion from drowning. It took place in some meadows near Bungay, Suffolk. The two daughters of Mr. Williamson, of the Falcon Inn, Ditchingham, aged ten and eight, were returning home from school in the afternoon, accompanied by another scholar named Moore, aged eleven. In passing over the foot-bridge (a single plank) which crosses the River Waveney, Helen Williamson slipped into the water, which at this spot is about 6ft. deep. Moore held on to the bridge with one hand, and grasped the third child with the other, whilst the latter got into the water and clutched her elder sister, and succeeded in rescuing her. When got out of the river Helen was in an unconscious condition, and the brave little rescuers, to complete their work, carried her home between them. After three hours she recovered.

During the storms of the end of March and the early part of April the newspapers signalized a number of brave rescues; but none showed more hardihood and daring than the rescue of nine persons from an open boat in the Bristol Channel by Captain Thomas, of the *Sea Swallow*, a steam trawler, of Milford. The nine persons consisted of the captain of the steamer *Cato*, of Bristol; W. G. Whyatt, his wife, and seven firemen and sailors, who were found tossing at the mercy of the waves off the Longships. Captain Whyatt's account of the affair was as follows :—



CAPTAIN THOMAS, OF THE "SEA SWALLOW."
From a Photo. by D. Bowen & Son, Haverfordwest.

"On Friday morning our port bows sprang a leak, and the forecastle deck started. The sea poured in through the open places, and the pumps had to be kept continuously at work. At about 5 p.m. a heavy sea washed aboard, knocking down a man and breaking both his legs. I picked him up and carried him into the chart-room, where I set the broken limbs as well as I could.

"Subsequently the vessel began to settle down stern first, and seeing that nothing could be done to save the craft, I ordered the boats to be lowered. Several of the crew jumped in, while I went and found my wife, and together with others put her in the boat. I proceeded to get in myself, but the sea carried me overboard. I swam about, but was utterly unconscious of all that was going on.

"Upon recovering myself I sighted the lifeboat, bottom-up, with its precious occupants clinging to it. I exerted all my strength and succeeded in reaching the craft. Soon afterwards we managed to right her; but when we got into her she was still full of water. In our boat were nine persons. About seven o'clock on Friday night we were drifting helplessly about, having undergone great privation already, but at eleven o'clock we were, thank God, picked up by the *Sea Swallow* (Captain Thomas), owned by Mr. T. R. Oswald, of Milford, who brought us into the docks and landed us here."

Speaking of the rescue Captain Whyatt said :—

"I never saw anything smarter in my life. The *Sea Swallow* was coming along in a tremendous sea, and I myself was snatched out by my collar. If the trawler had not come along so opportunely I am positive we should all have been drowned, as our boat was completely waterlogged."

The disastrous wreck of the *Stella*, off the Casquettes rocks, on her way to Jersey, in the early part of April, will be still in the memory of most. The coolness and courage of nearly all, both seamen and passengers, on that terrible night was in striking contrast to what we had read only a little while before of the scenes of cowardice and brutality that took place in connection with a French steamship in a similar moment of peril. It is needless to attempt a description of what took place. Suffice to point out that, then as ever on a British ship, the captain set the example of calm, heroic courage—an example that was followed by every man under his command, yes, and by the passengers, too, even with death staring them blankly in the face.

A passenger who was on board the unfortunate boat told the writer he should never forget the sight of Captain Reeks as he stood

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CAPTAIN REEKS, OF THE "STELLA."
From a Photo. by the Globe Photo. Co., Southampton.

on the bridge, giving his orders with calmness and decision, and apparently showing no loss of composure when the ship made her final plunge.

Equally worthy of mention was the heroic conduct of Mrs. Rogers, one of the stewardesses of the *Stella*, to whom many owed their lives. One lady who acknowledged her indebtedness in this respect to the brave stewardess stated that the latter, with great presence of mind, got all the ladies from her cabin to the side of the ship, and, after placing life-belts on as many as were without them, she assisted them into the small boats. Then, turning round, she noticed that the narrator was without a belt; whereupon she insisted on placing her own belt upon the lady, and led her to the fast-filling boat. The sailors called out, "Jump in, Mrs. Rogers!" but she replied, "No, no! If I get in, the boat will sink. Good-bye, good-bye!" and with uplifted hands she cried, "Lord have mercy!" and immediately the *Stella* sank beneath her feet.



QUARTERMASTER J. W. A. JUDDERY, OF THE "MOHEGAN."
From a Photo. by L. S. White, New York.

Among the acts of heroic courage connected with shipwrecks may be mentioned the cool daring of Quartermaster J. W. A. Juddery on the occasion of the wreck of the *Mohegan*, when he was the means of saving twelve or thirteen lives. For these acts he was presented, at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A., of which he is a member, at the Conference Hall, Stratford, on the 8th of April, with the silver medal of the Board of Trade and with a certificate and silver medal from Lloyd's. When the *Mohegan* went on to the Manacle Rocks, Mr. Juddery, after clinging to the mast for several hours, and being as a result half dead with cold, repeatedly dived into the sea to carry a line to the lifeboat, which could not get near enough to take off those on the wreck. By means of this line thirteen persons were drawn into the boat. But it parted two or three times, again necessitating a dive and a swim for life through the boiling waves.

After four or five persons had been passed from the rigging to the lifeboat the connecting line again broke. By this time Juddery was too much done up to make the attempt again. At this unfortunate juncture he found a valuable ally in an American cattleman named Mitchell—one would like to have given his portrait here—who, seeing the officer "played out," volunteered to take the line to the lifeboat, and with splendid pluck swam out and made good the connection, so that the work of rescue went on afresh.

It is pleasing to be able to say, on the authority of one of the saved, that here, too, "the behaviour of passengers and crew alike, all through the terrible affair, was a credit to the English-speaking race."

One hears from time to time of many cases of heroic rescue from fire and drowning by members of the police force in one part or another. One striking act of the kind was the descent by a policeman, not many weeks ago, into a manhole, in which a labourer had been overcome by sewer-gas. He brought

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the poor fellow up, but he was already dead, and the constable himself was half so. Many similar instances could be given, but it is not often that one man succeeds in saving two persons from drowning within a week. This, however, occurred to P.C. Charles Rogers, of the Metropolitan Police, in July. His own account of the two rescues is as follows :—



P.C. CHARLES ROGERS, OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.
From a Photo. by Fred Staples, Camden Town.

"I was on fixed point duty at St. Mark's Church on the 17th of July, and about ten minutes past seven I heard some people, who were passing the Regent's Canal Bridge in the Albert Road, shouting that a boy had fallen into the water. I at once ran down the approach to the canal, and saw a lad, named Herbert Wicks, aged nine struggling in about 10ft. of water, and about 12ft. from the bank. I plunged into the water without removing any part of my uniform, and succeeded in catching hold of him, and brought him to the towing-path very much exhausted. Fortunately he proved none the worse for his ducking when I got him home.

"Again, on the 21st, I was on duty at the same place at 5.30 p.m., when I was informed by a passer-by that a lad had fallen into the canal in the Albert Road. I ran to the spot, but could see no trace of the boy. I got the drags and began to drag for him, and soon found him and had him out. He was quite unconscious. I at once placed him on his back on the towing-path, and, after removing the clothes from about his neck and chest, I commenced to use Dr. Sylvester's method for restoring animation, and, after a short time, was rewarded by seeing the boy gasp for breath. Just as he began to show signs of life, Dr. Usher, who happened to be passing, came and helped me, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing the boy fully restored to animation. I conveyed him to the North-West London Hospital, where he was detained for a while suffering from shock. But in the end he, like the other boy, took no hurt from his dip."



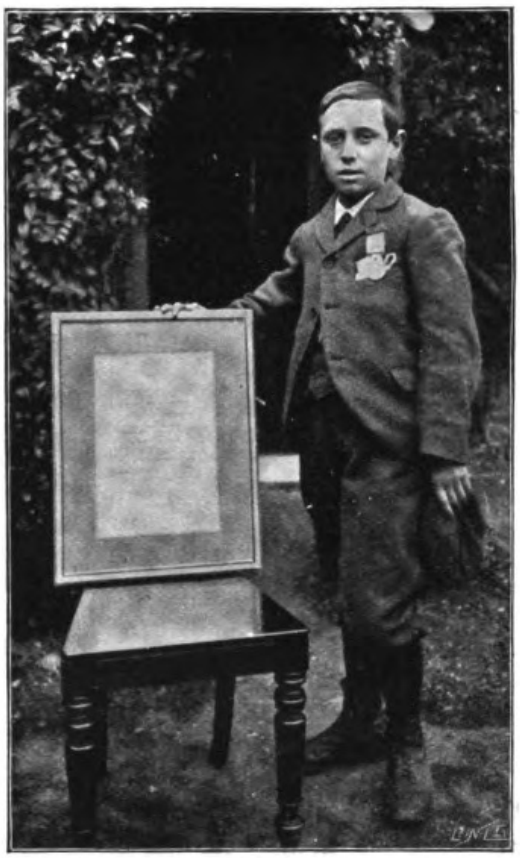
GEORGE FORD BRACKING.
From a Photo. by J. Bond, Long Sutton.

A story of a splendid bit of pluck on the part of a police-constable comes from India. Bawaji Jusaji, of the Ahmedabad district police force, descended a well 47ft. deep in which there was 30ft. of water, and rescued a Hindu woman who had thrown herself down. The gallant fellow overcame her struggles and supported her nearly half an hour before further help came and they were drawn up.

One might easily greatly increase the list of policemen heroes, to whom so many boys who go the way to be drowned owe their lives; but it will suffice to mention a gallant rescue from the Regent's Canal, near the Albert Bridge, by Constable W. Morely, on July 1st, and then pass on to several cases in which boys were the heroes. And first of all comes a case from Plymouth, where, on the 12th of February, a schoolboy named Arthur Barham saved the life of Charles May, who had fallen from the rocks under The Hoe, and was being rapidly carried out by the undertow. Barham exhibited great pluck, and was much exhausted before reaching the beach.

Another instance of boy-bravery occurred at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, where, on the 10th of April, a child was saved from drowning by a boy of ten, named Bracking. The brave little fellow, while playing in his father's garden, heard screams coming from an adjoining field. He immediately forced his way through a hedge, and ran to a pit which was there. Finding that a child of two and a half years old, named

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SIDNEY C. JONES.
From a Photo. by G. H. Dunmore, Downton.

Luff, had fallen into the pit, although there was 3ft. or 4ft. of water in it, he went in and got the child out.

Equally worthy of record are the two following rescues. Medals of the Royal Humane Society were awarded in both these cases. Sidney C. Jones, schoolboy, Downton, Salisbury, got his medal for his plucky rescue of Harold Alford from the Avon, at Downton, on July 16th. Alford sank before being reached, but Jones dived, brought him to the surface, and then to the bank. The Avon at this point is very dangerous, even to practised swimmers, owing to a thick growth of weeds.

In the other case of medals being awarded for rescue from drowning, the recipients were Daniel O'Donovan and Thomas Gregory, the latter a boy of ten. Gregory bravely attempted to rescue a youth named Goodland, from the Taff, at Cardiff, on the 3rd of August, but being clutched and dragged under water he nearly lost his own life. O'Donovan then came to the rescue, and



DANIEL O'DONOVAN.
From a Photo. by S. Bowen Bravery, Cardiff.



THOMAS GREGORY.
From a Photo. by S. Bowen Bravery, Cardiff.

both the boys were saved. The Head Constable of Cardiff says that the rescue was effected twelve yards from the bank in 15ft. of water, and that the pluck displayed by Gregory was very remarkable.

A very striking case of rescue from drowning took place at Mohonagh, near Crookhaven, County Cork, Ireland, on the 13th of February, and we are

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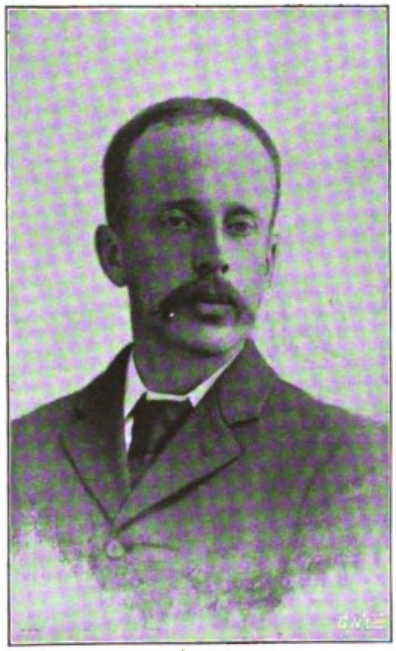
sorry not to be able to give the portrait of the plucky performer of the deed, Mr. F. McCarthy, merchant, of Crookhaven. Great risk was incurred, the depth of the water being from 10ft. to 12ft., and Mr. McCarthy had to effect the rescue single-handed, as others who were present refused to lend any assistance.

Among the many noble deeds of the year none stands out more brightly than the act of heroism by which Tom Griffin, a fitter's labourer, lost his life in going to the assistance of his fellow-workman. He was employed at Messrs. Garton, Hill, and Company's, engineers, Battersea, and on the 12th of April, while Griffin and others were preparing for work in the boiler-room, a main steam-pipe burst with a loud explosion in an adjoining room. Frederick Briggs, with whom Griffin worked, was in the room at the time, and the latter, knowing this, immediately after the explosion rushed to his assistance, crying out, "My mate! my mate!" He received such fearful injuries from the steam that he died in the Wandsworth Hospital the same day. Five days after his death Griffin was to have been married. He was twenty-one years of age.



MR. TOM GRIFFIN.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Ward, Brixton.

Most of our readers will remember the disaster of the *Bullfinch* torpedo destroyer in July last, when nine men lost their lives through the bursting of a steam-pipe, and the brave deed of the builders' engineer, Mr. A. H. Tyacke, in going down into the engine-room to the assistance of those who were injured, at the imminent peril of his life. The *Bullfinch* was on one of her trial trips when the accident occurred—on her final trial, in fact, before being taken over by the Admiralty. On such occasions the vessel's engines are worked by the builders' men, although a naval engineer is always present, and generally some Navy stokers to help. The engines were going at their greatest speed when the accident happened. As soon as Tyacke saw what had happened he descended through the trap-door which gives admission to the engine-room, and though the place was full of scalding steam, he stopped and rendered assistance until all the injured men were got out.



MR. A. H. TYACKE.
From a Photo. by Alfred Honey & Co., Chatham.

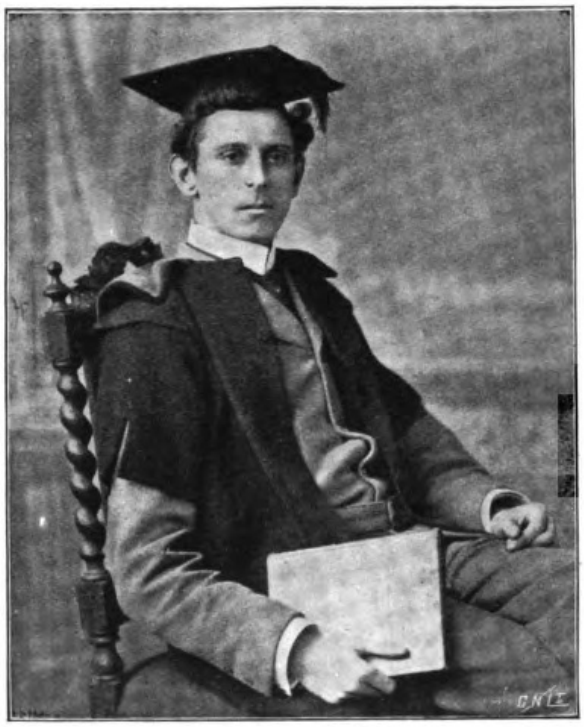
A story of splendid gallantry and daring must be given from Braemar. On the 31st of July a party of tourists, consisting of seven ladies and three gentlemen, set out from Braemar to climb the Ben Muich Dhui. They arrived at the top without mishap, in the face of a strong wind. Unfortunately, the party elected to return by the Glen Lui steep, a very rugged and insecure face of the mountain. By doing so they hoped to shorten the distance home, and, as was their ambition, eclipse the feat of the ordinary Ben Muich Dhui mountaineer. An experienced man might accomplish such a task, but it was madness for the ordinary tourist to attempt it. The result was that the entire party were more or less shaken or injured.

When once they were launched in the yielding mass of boulders and stones of which the steep is composed the whole surface seemed to slide with them. They were obliged to keep a certain distance from each other, and no one to get in advance of the line, as the stones and boulders were rolling and leaping in front. It was at this point that a young lady from the North of England was noticed to be making little progress, and seemed to be in pain. Two of the gentlemen,

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therefore—Mr. John M. Mackay, of Kingussie, a student, and Mr. Smith, of Aberdeen—agreed to stay behind and assist her in the descent, while the rest of the party made their way to Derry Lodge, the nearest habitation to Glen Lui, a distance of seven miles.

As soon as these had reached the foot of the steep the others started on their descent. But the effect of the three being so close together was that the stones were set moving with greater momentum than if each person had gone singly. The result was that Mr. Smith fell over, and the young lady got her foot so tightly squeezed in between two boulders that her ankle was dislocated. She fainted, and the gentlemen were in the unfortunate position of not having any means of restoring her. However, after a little while she came to, but was suffering excruciating pain. Mr. Smith therefore volunteered to hasten forward to Derry Lodge and bring assistance.



MR. JOHN M. MACKAY.
From a Photo. by W. B. Anderson, Aberdeen.

Darkness was now setting in, and the sudden gusts of wind presaged a stormy night. Assistance could not be expected for hours; the young lady's condition became more and more serious. The cold, combined with utter exhaustion, began to tell on her. Young Mackay did his best to protect her from the cold by wrapping his Norfolk about her; but by-and-by he could not get an articulate word from her. She seemed to be sinking into a stupor. They were, moreover, in such an unapproachable spot that assistance could with difficulty be sent, and it was questionable whether anyone would find them easily.

Taking these things into consideration, Mackay resolved to attempt to carry his friend down the mountain. Strapping her, therefore, to his shoulders with a waterproof, he began the descent. In former years he had had a great deal of experience in climbing crags, and he thought if he would venture with confidence he might get down safely. The descent took a long time, as he had to balance himself every few steps. He was made to feel very anxious by the quiet state the young lady had fallen into, and was beginning to think that her mishap might prove fatal. It was this thought that, as he confessed, made him attempt, and successfully accomplish, what, under ordinary circumstances, he would not think of attempting.

It is the wonder of experienced mountaineers how the young man succeeded in reaching the foot of the mountain with his charge, when one false step might have ended two youthful lives. Having got clear of the steeper part of the mountain, Mackay carried the young lady four and a half miles over one of the roughest parts of the Highlands. Here a party of Glen Derry gamekeepers, who had been apprised of the accident, met them. The lady was laid on a stretcher in an unconscious condition, and carried by willing hands to Derry Lodge, where her ankle was set. Her gallant preserver, who was dreadfully done up by the physical strain, had to be assisted to proceed the rest of the way. Mackay is described as a tall, slenderly-built youth, but he must have a frame of iron. At Aberdeen University, where he is studying, he has the reputation of being one of the most versatile of athletes.

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The Man Who Stole the Castle



By Tom Gallon.

GAUNT, and grey, and pitiably lonely it stood, in the deepening December twilight, with its towers and turrets black against the sky. A poor apology for a wind, with nothing cheery or boisterous in its composition — a very ghost of a wind, that fitted to a nicety the ghostly thing about which it moaned—swept up from the woods, and feebly rattled the casements, and tried the grim-looking doors. Away in some distant deserted stable-yard the melancholy baying of a hound could be heard.

Within, the desolate old pile was scarcely more cheerful than without. In the huge hall a fire crackled and spluttered on the hearth; but it was a fire with no life or animation about it—a fire that burned under protest, as it were, with no real heart in the business. And before the fire, with one heavy riding boot kicking uneasily and impatiently at the logs, stood a young man, wearing as desolate an air as his surroundings.

Yet, had there been anyone there to observe him, he might have been pronounced a well-set-up fellow, strong-limbed and goodly to look upon. The long brown riding coat, with its high collar, could not quite conceal the outlines of his figure; the hair which escaped from under the three-cornered hat was thick, and black, and curly. But the handsome face wore a petulant frown upon it, and he thrashed his boot now and again savagely with the riding-whip he carried. On a table near at hand stood two candles, in high, old-fashioned candlesticks; save for these and the light of the fire the great sombre place was in darkness.

He turned away impatiently from the fire at last, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood on the table, and drank it off.

"Poor sport," he muttered, "drinking to oneself. Poor sport, one's own company. Gad, what a deuce of a gloomy hole this is! My worthy father—peace to his bones!—little thought what he was doing when, in the pride of his heart and his big purse, he purchased this for me. A castle, indeed! What the dickens do I want with a castle?"

He took another impatient turn about the room, and then, with a whimsical laugh, caught up one of the tall candlesticks, and held it high above his head. By the dim light of it could be seen various old pictures in their faded frames, staring down at him—pictures of dead and gone men and women to whom this place had been a home. Stiff and courtly dames were there, with long waists and expansive skirts; dames ogling him archly in powder and patches; gallant men in armour, frowning down upon him; gallants in laces and lovelocks, who had perchance fought for that ill-fated king who lost his head one snowy morning at Whitehall.

"Ah! I wonder what you'd say to me if you could speak — some of you up there. *You* belong here; this is your natural home; you quite appropriately come out of your frames, and dance here at night in the

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moonlight, and flirt, and love, and kill each other, just as merrily as I've no doubt you did in the flesh. *You* go back for more years than I could count—and, oh, God! the respectability of you all! The glorious, unimpeachable aristocracy of you! While I ——that's it, have a good look at me, my starched old dame in the long waist and the ruff"—he flared the candle towards one of the canvases as he spoke: "look well on me! *My* father was a linen-draper—a very respectable old man—a stout citizen of London town, and nothing better; and as for my grandfather, I'm afraid he wasn't even quite so good as that. But this is the turn of the wheel; while my worthy parent was piling up the golden pieces steadily, the last of your old race was spending them; so that it came to pass, at last, that honest Jacob Dalwyn—citizen and linen-draper of London Town—was able to fulfil his ambition—poor foolish old man!—and try to make a gentleman of his son, by buying from a bankrupt nobleman the castle and estates which that worthy had gambled away. So wags the world!"

He walked across to the table, and set down the candle, and flung himself into a great, high-backed old chair near the fire.

"Jack Dalwyn with a castle!" He burst into a roar of laughter. "Jack Dalwyn a lord of the manor—squire and what-not! Was ever any unfortunate fish more completely out of the water? Why, the thing hangs about me like a millstone. The old servants who have been here all their lives eye me distrustfully; I am nothing to them but the man who pays their wages. The very dogs are chained up lest they should tear me to pieces, as they would any other stranger who ventured within the gates. The county people who call upon me are civil only in proportion to the weight of my dead father's money-bags. A miserable usurper, without even the grace to wear his honours decently; a gentleman in name—a thing that sprang up like a mushroom in a night!"

In his restless impatience he got up again and strode up and down the hall. A shaft of moonlight, coming suddenly in at an upper window, shone full upon two pictures, more modern in tone and colouring than the others—the pictures of two children, a boy and a girl. The originals must have been quite young when the portraits were painted — mere babies, in fact, although the boy had a gallant little riding-coat on, and the girl, for all her smiling, childish face, the long, straight, demure gown of a woman.



"'AND WHO WERE YOU, I WONDER,' MUTTERED JACK DALWYN."

"And who were you, I wonder?" muttered Jack Dalwyn, coming to a halt before them. "Did your merry laughter ring through these old rooms? Perhaps—who knows?—you've danced in the firelight here many and many a time. Poor babies, even *you* would understand the trick of the business better than I do. These walls were home to you, not the dreary strange place I find them. Gad, I'll have no more of this," he exclaimed, suddenly, turning away, and going back to the fire. "I want light—and warmth—and pleasant faces—and someone to talk with. I won't stay here. I'll get me down to the Elverton Head in the village; mine host will be glad of a chat, and maybe a drop of his ale will be more to my liking than the wine from the dark, musty cellars of this place. Besides, the Elverton Head is more fitting a place for me, I think, than Elverton Castle; I'll warrant I'm more at home in taverns than in mansions."

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With a reckless laugh he strode across the hall, and threw open a door which admitted him into a smaller hall, giving on to a great, bare, echoing court-yard. The moon was high, and the wind had dropped; a few light flakes of snow were falling. Shivering a little, and drawing his coat more closely about him, he walked rapidly on, down the broad avenue which led to the house, and out through the great gates, which the lodge-keeper opened. Once outside, on the moonlit road, he seemed to breathe more freely; shook himself, laughed a little, and turned in the direction of the village.

The bell-ringers were at work lustily in the belfry of the little village church, and the bells rocked and flung out the music of their chiming towards him as he walked. But even the music of the bells brought no solace; they seemed to roar out at him plainly, "Go away; you don't belong here! Go away; we don't want you! Go away; you don't belong here!" Over and over again through his head they seemed to drive that pitiless tune. The light shining through the red blinds of the Elverton Head seemed more inviting, and he thrust open the low swing-door with his foot, and stalked moodily into the place.

To a man in any other frame of mind the room in which he found himself would have seemed cheerful enough, with its low ceiling, crossed by beams blackened with age; its dark oak panels reflecting every glancing gleam of firelight from the broad hearth; the well-sanded floor, and the two enormous old settles drawn up in comfortable proximity to the blazing logs. The room was empty save for the landlord, who stood in his shirt-sleeves leaning over the back of one of the settles, puffing at a long clay pipe, and meditatively watching the fire. He moved with alacrity as Dalwyn came towards him, and motioned with homely courtesy to the settle.

"Good evenin', sir—your sarvant, sir. Weather promises fine for Christmas, sir."

"Oh—bother the weather," growled Jack, as he threw himself upon the settle. "Bring me some ale, will you—and a pipe?"

The landlord, somewhat abashed, moved away to do his guest's bidding, and Jack Dalwyn, leaning back in a corner of the settle, looked at the fire with a rueful laugh. "Christmas, indeed! Gad!—I'd forgotten all about it. There's a merry Christmas before me, I'll warrant, in that stone vault. I'll get back to town to-morrow, and have a merry time in the old fashion."

The landlord, entering at this moment with a tankard of ale and a long clay pipe and tobacco, put an end to Jack's further self-communing. The man was about to withdraw, having doubtlessly observed the humour of his visitor, but Jack called him back.

"You're quiet here to-night, landlord?"

"Aye, master; they begins their Christmas-sing early i' these parts. What wi' one festival an' another, most on 'em begins it nigh a week afore, an' finishes it nigh a week arter. Yes, we're a bit quiet-like to-night, sir. Quite glad to see you, sir, an' honoured, I'm sure, sir." He made a low bow as he spoke.

"Thankee," said Jack, shortly. "Frankly, I came down here because it's so infernally dull at that place of mine that I get the horrors."

"Ah, sir," said the landlord, sympathetically, "I daresay you do find it a bit lonesome."

"Lonesome!" exclaimed Jack, with a laugh. "I assure you, my friend, that there are ghosts on every stairway—or there seem to be; sighs and whispers in every creaking door and waving tapestry in the place. Tell me"—he broke off suddenly and faced the landlord squarely—"what sort of man was the late owner, Sir Richard Elverton?"

"As free and open-'anded a gentleman——"

"Yes; I should suppose he was open-handed. But where is he now?"

"He died abroad, sir, nigh upon a year ago. Got into some trouble, so the tale went, sir, i' London—about a money matter. His wife—sweet lady—lies over there i' Elverton Church i' the family vault. They do say as 'ow the loss of the old place fair broke 'er heart. But she's at peace now, poor thing."

"Ah! And she was the last of them, I suppose?"

"Why, no, sir, there's the bonniest little lad as ever you put eyes on, somewhere at school nigh about 'ere, with the little lass, his sister. Of course, the title's 'is now, you'll understand, although it's a precious empty one for the poor lad."

"I'm afraid so," said Jack Dalwyn, feeling more like a criminal than ever. "And I suppose these—these babies have nothing in the world, eh?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure," replied the landlord. "Mighty little Sir Richard left be'ind, if all that's said be true." The man had raised his head in an attitude of listening, and now made, with some excitement, for the

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door. "There's a sound o' wheels on the road, sir; and maybe it's travellers. You'll excuse me, sir, I know."

Jack Dalwyn, drawn up in the shelter of the settle, the protecting wing of which completely hid him from the observation of anyone entering the inn, idly speculated in his own mind as to what travellers these might be, coming to such a benighted spot at such an hour, the while he cosily enjoyed the warmth of the fire. An exclamation from the landlord first roused him, and he sat still, listening. He heard a man's gruff tones; saw, out of the corner of his eye, lights flashing to and fro before the windows; and then—wonder of wonders!—heard the high, imperious treble of a child.

"How do you do, Cummings? Quite surprised to see us, eh? We didn't really expect to come at all, you know; but the business was pressing, and there was no time to be lost. Gad! Cummings, but we've had a cold drive—my lady sister and myself—and we want something to warm us before we go farther. And, Cummings, where *are* your manners? Do you stare at all your guests in that fashion? Come, man, bustle yourself; some mulled wine for the lady to begin with."

Jack Dalwyn peeped round the corner of the settle. Standing in the very centre of the sanded floor were two children—so desolate-looking, despite the grand air the boy had assumed, that Jack's heart began to ache for sheer pity. They stood, drawn close together, with the boy's arm protectingly round the girl; the boy was apparently the elder of the two, but even his years could not have amounted to more than nine at the most.

"Craving your pardon, sir," said the landlord, recovering a little from his astonishment; "but I was so took aback at the sight of you and the young lady 'ere, that I *did* forget my manners for a minute. Your pardon again, sir."

"Ah—so you haven't forgotten me then?" said the boy. "Honest Cummings! We always liked Cummings, didn't we, Barbara?"

The girl slowly nodded her head, and the landlord beamed his appreciation of their confidence.

"And so, as we were very tired, and as we were not quite sure what would happen if we went straight on to the castle——"

"To the castle?" echoed the landlord, blankly, with a quick glance towards the settle.

"We thought we'd come in here, and ask—well, ask your advice."

The landlord scratched his head in some perplexity, and then his eyes instinctively turned towards where Dalwyn was sitting. Jack rose slowly, and came towards the group, baring his head ceremoniously as he faced the boy. The boy, for his part, did the same, and eyed the stranger with frank curiosity.

"Perhaps I may be of some assistance, sir," he said, flattering the child by approaching him as though there were no question of years between them. "Landlord Cummings—I should be glad of this gentleman's acquaintance; will you present me?"

"This, sir," said the landlord, glad of the opportunity to share his perplexity with



"PERHAPS I MAY BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, SIR."

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someone else, "this is Master Leonard Elverton——"

"*Sir* Leonard Elverton, by your leave, good Cummings," broke in the boy, quickly. "And this, sir," he added, "is my sister, Mistress Barbara Elverton."

Jack Dalwyn swept his hat to the floor, in a low bow to the girl, and lightly put the little hand she held out to him to his lips. "My name," he said, "is Jack Dalwyn, at your service, Sir Leonard." Turning hastily to the landlord, as that worthy was backing away, he added in a low voice, "Not a word to these babies about the castle until I tell you." Aloud he cried, "Come, landlord—supper and some mulled wine at once. Serve it here before the fire. This lady and gentleman will, I trust, be my guests."

The faces of the children lit up as the landlord bustled away to carry out Jack's orders. Jack gently drew the girl towards the fire and seated her on the settle; and, with the tenderness of a woman, loosened her cloak, and lifted the big, cumbrous bonnet from the fair, curly head.

"Why, little one," he said, as he knelt before her, "how tired and cold you are! You have come a long, long journey, I'm afraid?"

The girl nodded sleepily, and the boy broke in quickly, in response to Jack's question. "Yes, Mr. Dalwyn, it *was* rather a long way; we've been travelling for hours. In fact, we've run away."

"Run away?" echoed Jack.

"Yes—from school. A horrid place, where everyone was unkind to us, and where they said cruel things about me and about—my father." The small hands were clenched, and the boy's lips quivered. "My father's dead, you know," he added, "and they told me he couldn't pay for us any longer, and that I—that I was a beggar. So, of course, Bab and I couldn't stand that, and so we came home."

"Home?" echoed Jack, blankly.

"Yes, to the castle. You see, there's something to be put right; I am Sir Leonard Elverton, and the castle belongs to me, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes," said Jack, slowly. "I suppose it does."

"Of course it does," said the boy, unhesitatingly. "That is really why we've come so hurriedly. Someone has stolen our castle."

Jack Dalwyn rose from his knees, and stood before the fire looking down at the boy. "That's dreadful," he said, in a low voice. "You don't—don't know who stole it, I suppose?"

"No," said the boy, "but I shall soon find out, and then, whoever it is will have to look out for himself. Of course, I shall fight for it, if necessary; my ancestors fought for it, years and years ago, and, of course, I must be prepared to do the same."

At this moment the landlord bustled in, followed by his assistants, and in a few moments a little round table was laid in the full glow of the firelight, and the children prepared eagerly for their meal. Jack made a pretence of eating, but his heart was sick and heavy within him. In imagination he saw himself in all his brute strength, and with all the power of his wealth behind him, arrayed against these two helpless children; saw himself relentlessly snatching from them their birthright, and flinging them to the mercy of a hard world. He was quite glad when the landlord caused a diversion by nervously approaching the table while the meal was in progress, and addressing him.

"Craving your pardon, sir, there's a man 'ere a-askin' for a matter o' four guineas and a half for a post-chaise for this young gen'elman and the little lady. He's wantin' to know if he's to wait, sir?"

The boy answered the question with charming frankness. "You see, Cummings," he said, "it's rather awkward. I—I haven't any money, and I don't quite know——"

"Permit me," said Jack, lightly. "Only a loan, you know—between gentlemen. Tell the man to wait," he added, turning to the landlord, "and assure him that he shall be paid. See that he has something to eat, will you?"

The landlord withdrew, and the boy turned to Jack with a grateful smile. "It's very fortunate we met you, sir," he said, "and I am very grateful. Do you reside in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh, yes—hereabouts," said Jack, with a wave of the hand. "But tell me more about this castle of yours. Speak low—see, Mistress Barbara has fallen asleep."

"Well, you must know," began the boy, "that we had a letter from our old nurse—the one who was with us before my father went abroad. She wrote to tell me of his death, and to tell me that a wicked man had stolen my castle, and that I had no home at all. Of course she's old, and she's a woman, and she doesn't understand things; I shall soon show her, and everyone else, that people can't go about stealing castles and expect to have no notice taken of it. So, as

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the people at the school were very unkind, and as I felt that I must fight for Barbara as well as myself, I came away directly I got the letter. And here we are."

"Yes," said Jack, slowly; "and, being here, what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going home." How proudly he said it, and how his childish, innocent courage shone in his eyes!

"To-night?"

"Yes—to-night," exclaimed the boy, starting to his feet, and looking about for his coat.

"Will you permit me to—to come with you?" asked Jack, scarcely able to restrain a smile at the absurdity of the position.

"I shall be very glad," said the boy. "You look strong, and if there's any fighting to do —— And I shall be glad," he added, courteously, "to offer you my hospitality, at least for the night."

Jack gasped, but contrived to hide his feelings under an elaborate bow. Orders were given, and the chaise was brought again to the door. Jack wrapped the cloak about the sleeping child, and lifted her in his arms, and carried her to the vehicle. Landlord Cummings, speechless with astonishment, stood in the road, ceremoniously to hand them in. With a cracking of the postilion's whip, and the clatter of hoofs, Jack Dalwyn drove back to the castle with the two children.

The unusual noise made by the carriage in the echoing court-yard caused quite a commotion. Dogs barked, and windows were thrown open, and two or three startled servants came hurriedly out bearing lights. But one—an ancient man, who had lived there nearly all his days—on catching sight of the boy raised a feeble shout; and, in an instant, they came flocking about the children, careless of the reason for their coming, and glad only to welcome them home again. Jack Dalwyn stood apart, scarcely noticed by any of them, until the boy, in his courteous fashion, and with an irony of which he was happily ignorant, drew him forward, and introduced him to the amazed servants.

"This is a gentleman—a very good friend of mine—Mr. Dalwyn. He has been exceedingly kind to me and to my sister. You will be good enough to have a room prepared for him at once—at once, I say."

While the wondering servants hesitated, and glanced uneasily from Dalwyn to the child, and back again, Jack stepped quickly forward. "Obey his instructions," he said, in a low and hurried voice to the group—"and ask no questions. You"—he turned to one of the younger women—"take charge of the young lady, and see that a room is prepared for her at once. Tell the housekeeper that a room is to be prepared for the young gentleman also. Now, Sir Leonard"—he turned to the boy with a smile, and held out his hand—"let us go and find the man who has stolen your castle."

"Is he here?" asked the boy, drawing back a little anxiously.

"Yes, I'm afraid he is. You'd better see him, and get it over—don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, I'll see him. You'll help me, won't you? You're bigger and stronger than I am—and I——"

"Yes, a great deal bigger and stronger, I'm afraid," said Jack, with a sigh. "But come along, we'd better get it over, I suppose." And together they marched hand in hand into the big hall.

Jack Dalwyn noticed, in a moody, foolish fashion, that the dying fire seemed to leap up into renewed brightness as the boy came



"CHILD—I AM THE MAN WHO HAS STOLEN YOUR CASTLE."

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in; that the frowning pictures on the walls took on an aspect less grim, and seemed to strive, in their stiff fashion, to welcome the child. The thought of what he must say to the boy—of the black light in which he must appear—almost unnerved him; he made a hurried attempt to postpone the interview.

"Don't you think," he began, nervously, "don't you think we'd better wait until to-morrow?"

"No—that's impossible!" exclaimed the boy, impatiently. "I must see him to-night. Where is he? I thought he would be here."

Jack walked across to the fire, and half-turned his back upon the child, and stirred the embers uneasily with his boot. "He is here," he said, at last, in a low voice.

"Here? Where?"

"Yes. Don't you see him? . . . . Child—I am the man who has stolen your castle."

The child stared at him in blank amazement. "You? I—I don't understand. What are you saying?"

Jack Dalwyn, still looking into the fire, waved his hand towards a seat near him. "Sit down," he said, gently, "and I'll try to tell you all about it, although the Lord only knows," he muttered to himself, "how I'm going to make it clear to you."

The boy drew nearer slowly, and seated himself, never once taking his bright eyes from the man's face. Jack, for his part, dared not look at him.

"You must know, Leonard," he began, "that, in this queer old world of ours, about which you know so little yet, there is what men call trade—and sale—and barter. All those things shouldn't touch your life at all, Heaven knows; you were born in a world outside them, and they only smirch you by accident. It was by one of those disgraceful processes that I came into possession of this castle—your home; and if you asked anyone in the world—anyone you know you can trust—any of these old servants even—they'd all tell you that the castle belongs to me."

"But—I crave your pardon, sir—it does not," said the boy, firmly.

"Well—we'll say it does not; we're coming to that point presently. The only question is—what are we going to do about it?"

Jack was so terribly in earnest that the question to him was of the most serious import—quite as serious, in fact, as it was to the boy. Legal technicalities—the rights of possession, and what-not—all were lost sight of. He saw the amazing business only from the child's standpoint; stood before that child a wretched criminal, convicted of a mean theft—and blushed before him in consequence.

"Well," said the boy, slowly, "I suppose I've got to fight you. I'm sorry—because I rather liked you. And it's so near Christmas time, too, that I had hoped to offer you my hospitality."

"If," said Jack, speaking in his most whimsical mood—"if I told you, in all sincerity, that I am very sorry to have wronged you or your sweet sister; and if I tell you that I will do all in my power to make reparation—don't you think we might still be friends, and that I might stay here for—let us say—a day or two? Come—there's my hand on it!"

The boy sprang up, and clapped his own hand in an instant into the other's outstretched palm. "Oh, of course," he cried, "I can't turn you out in such a hurry as all that. There's plenty of room in this place, you know, and I beg that you will make yourself quite at home—for the present, at least."

"Thank you," said Jack. "I'm sure it's very kind of you, and I'll endeavour not to trouble you more than I can help. Perhaps you would like to retire now; your room has been prepared."

With exaggerated courtesy they bade each other good-night, and Jack Dalwyn was left alone. For hours he sat before the fire, drawing mental pictures of many things. He felt again the sleeping child's unconscious touch upon his neck, when he had lifted her from the settle in the inn. He never remembered to have held a child in his arms before; he smiled a little when he thought what some of his gay London friends would have thought could they have followed his adventures of that night. He thought, too, of the children sleeping snugly in their beds, in their own home, well cared for; and then drew a fearful mental picture of them going hand in hand through perhaps such a bitter night as this, homeless, and starving, and exposed to every terror of a world of which as yet they were ignorant. Pacing about the hall, he came again face to face with those two pictures; and wondered how he should bear to live there, when the originals had been sent away, as law and justice demanded. And, sitting there in the darkness, he slowly beat out in his mind the thing that he must do.

Quite early in the morning, long before the children were astir, a man set out on a swift horse for London. He had orders to find

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two people, and bring them back with him, at whatever cost. The one was a certain Mr. Josiah Hankey, a man of law, who had transacted Jack Dalwyn's business, and that of his father before him; the other was a certain Mistress Aurora Pepper, the old nurse mentioned by the boy, who had left the castle only when the children had been sent to school, and who had been in constant communication with them ever since. Some of the servants had been able to tell where she lodged, and the messenger received orders, coupled with fearful threats, to bring her back, alive or dead.

Travelling in those days took time, and horses, even of the fastest, had to be cared for. Thus it happened that Jack Dalwyn had to wait, with what patience he might, for two whole days before the arrival of those he had summoned; and during that time he had opportunities for observing the children. All that he saw only confirmed him more strongly in his resolution. This place, so strange and dreary to him, was a palace of delight to them, with a story in every beam and stone of it; the frowning pictures were loved friends, to whom their innocent confidences were freely given; the very dogs, who strained fiercely at their chains when he went near, suffered themselves to be caressed by these babies with every manifestation of delight. There was only one satisfactory thing about it all, and that was that the children, in those two days, lost any feeling of resentment they might have cherished towards him, and showed a growing affection for him in a thousand ways. This was especially the case on the part of the girl; and Jack Dalwyn grew to love the touch of her small, warm fingers twined round his, and to listen eagerly for the sound of her prattling voice. The boy, with that curious dignity which he probably felt was necessary to the occasion, stood more aloof, apparently still regarding Jack as one who must be watched, lest an advantage be taken.



"WHAT A STRANGE PARTY IT WAS THAT SAT DOWN TO THEIR CHRISTMAS FARE."

The old nurse, in fear and trembling, duly arrived, accompanied by the lawyer. Jack, without further ado, dismissed her to the children, telling her that he would have some conversation with her later, and would then give whatever explanation might be necessary.

The lawyer, Mr. Josiah Hankey, was a small, dry, withered old man, whose long

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acquaintance with his profession had driven out of him whatever original beliefs in the sweetness and beauty of humanity he might once have possessed; a man who rarely committed himself to an opinion without looking at it carefully on all sides, and then, after all, giving it grudgingly. He believed Jack Dalwyn to be a feather-brained mad rascal, but even he was astounded at the proposition laid before him. He fairly sat up and gasped when Jack had finished.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the lawyer, "in common sober earnest, that you purpose giving up this fine old place, bought with your father's money, to two penniless children about whom you know nothing?"

"I know quite enough," said Jack, simply. "This is their home—theirs by right. Good God! man, you surely wouldn't advocate the visiting of the sins of the fathers on the heads of such innocents as these? Now—don't argue about the matter; my mind is firmly made up, and I want you to do as I suggest. You will safeguard their interests, and will see that the sum I have mentioned is withdrawn from my income each year, and disbursed for their maintenance, and for the keeping up of this place. You will arrange about their education—not too much of it; I won't have them driven. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," replied the lawyer, drily. "And how long, pray, is this fooling to continue?"

"As long as I choose," replied Jack. "We'll let the years take care of themselves; all you have to do is to be careful of your stewardship for the present. Now, while you refresh yourself, I'll have a talk with this old nurse of theirs."

The lawyer saw that further expostulation was useless, and with a shrug of his shoulders retired. Mistress Aurora Pepper, on her entry, was visibly disconcerted by the stern glance which met her own. She curtsied, trembling.

"You know who I am?" asked Jack.

"Indeed, sir—yes," replied the woman. "Master Dalwyn, I believe—the new owner of——"

"Oh, no; that's where you're wrong," replied Jack. "You know better than that. I'm the man who has stolen it; don't you remember?"

"Oh, sir; I beg that you won't think anything of the foolish words of an old woman to a child. Indeed, sir, I can assure you——"

"There, there, my good woman, I'm not offended—and, after all, you were right. I have robbed these mites of their home, although Heaven knows I did it innocently enough. Now, listen to me. Are you willing to come back again to them?"

"Lord bless you, sir, I'd follow them all over the kingdom, if it came to that. I've never had a child of my own, but they've seemed more like my own than any others could. I'd never have left them if they hadn't been sent away from me."

"Well; I believe you," said Jack. "You have a kind face, and I believe you'll be good to them. I'm going to leave them here, in their old home, in your charge. I have only one stipulation to make; and that is, that you are not to say anything to them about the matter—I mean in the sense of giving them to understand that I am in any way their benefactor. I should like"—he turned away for a moment, and beat his fingers restlessly on the table—"I should like to feel that they—that they didn't quite forget me or that they didn't think badly of me. For the rest, you will be well supplied with money for all their wants and your own. I am going abroad almost immediately, and cannot tell when I return. That is all, thank you—— No, I want no thanks. Go back to them, and care for them."

His resolution taken, and all things arranged for the carrying out of his strange fancy, Jack Dalwyn determined, before going away, that something should be done to mark the time. For this was Christmas Eve. "Gad!" he exclaimed, with a laugh, "they shall have the best Christmas even they have ever had, a right merry one."

And what a Christmas it was! What a strange party it was that sat down to their Christmas fare in the great, sombre banqueting hall! Only four of them—the two children, and Jack, and Josiah Hankey, the lawyer; but what a merry group they were! Even the lawyer relaxed something of his grimness, and came out with surprising jests, and sang a song, in the exhilaration of the hour—a song that was a very old one even at that date. But the beautiful thing was the sight of the boy at the head of the table doing the honours of the feast—doing them, child though he was, so naturally and well, and with such a tender regard for the comfort of his guests, that he could not have done it better had he been a man experienced in the ways of the world. Jack Dalwyn, watching him, nudged the lawyer, and whispered in his ear.

"See, my man of law—see how well he plays the part. Better far than I could do.

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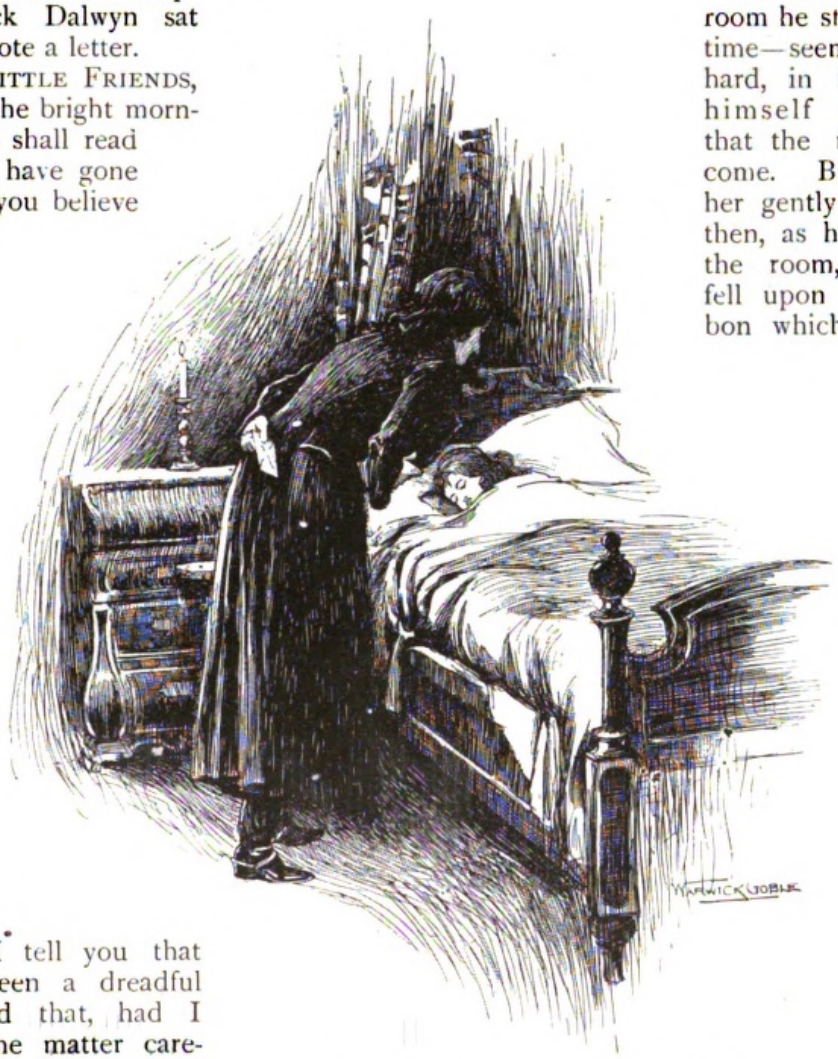
There's his natural place; he is the proper seed of this old tree—while I am but something of a coarser growth, that has no place here."

When the last light but his own had been extinguished in the castle, and long after the last tired servant had crept to bed, Jack Dalwyn sat down and wrote a letter.

"DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—When, in the bright morning light, you shall read this, I shall have gone away. Will you believe me when I tell you that there has been a dreadful blunder, and that, had I looked at the matter carefully, and had I known you then as I know you now, I should never have tried to take your beautiful home from you? It is yours again, never to be lost to you while you live. Your old friends are about you, and you need never fear that anyone will try again to steal from you the place of which you should be so proud. The time will come when you will understand these things better, and will learn to forgive—THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CASTLE."

He folded the note, addressed it to "Sir Leonard Elverton," and, carrying it in his hand, went to the wing of the castle in which the children slept. Very softly he crept into the boy's room, and stood looking at him for some minutes; the child was peacefully sleeping. He bent down at last, and gently brushed the little flushed face with his lips; laid the note on a table beside the bed, and stole away.

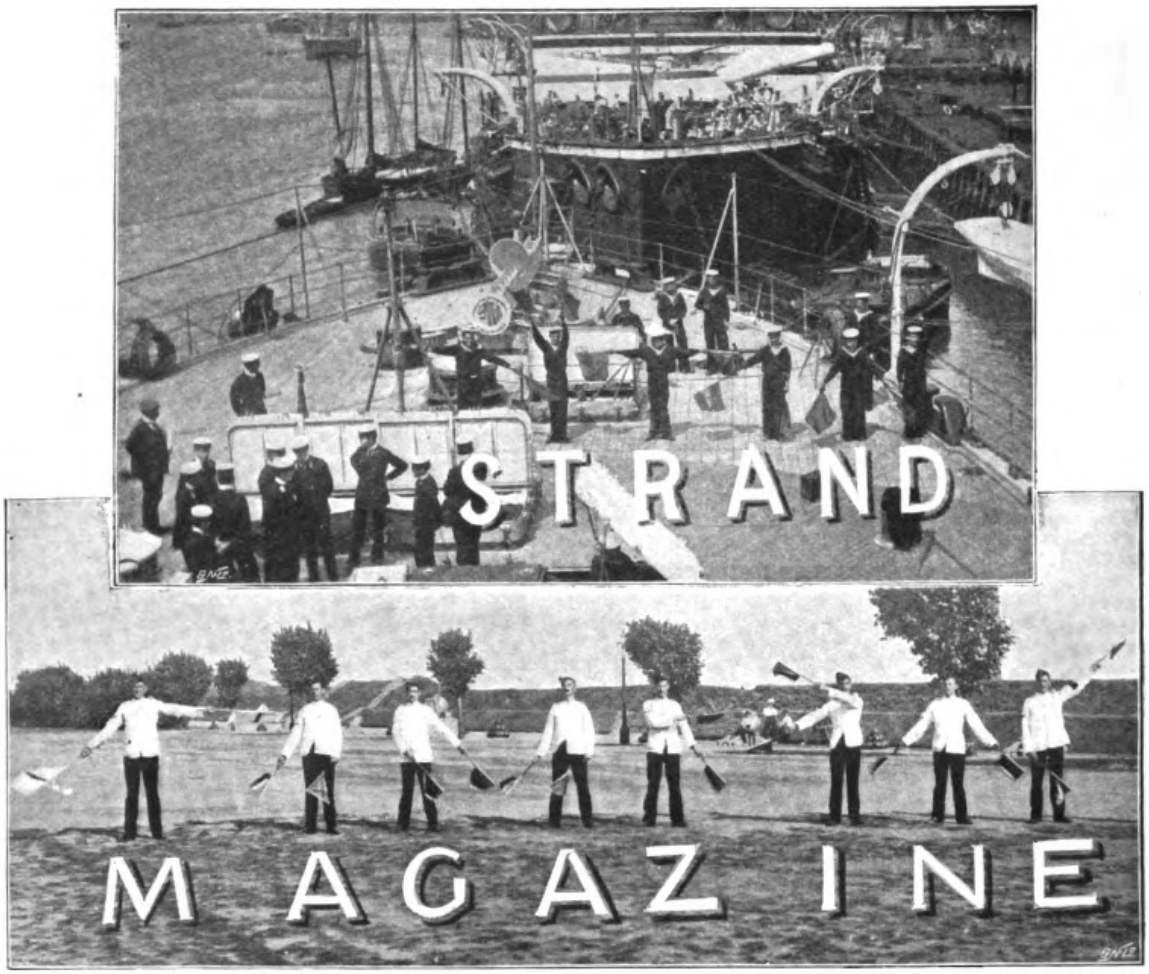
In little Barbara's room he stayed a longer time—seemed to find it hard, in fact, to tear himself away, now that the moment had come. But he kissed her gently at last, and then, as he was leaving the room, his glance fell upon a bright ribbon which lay on the dressing table, and which he remembered had bound the child's hair that day. He took it up softly, and put it to his lips, and then thrust it in his breast.



"THE CHILD WAS PEACEFULLY SLEEPING."

Coming down into the hall again, he took one long, last look round the place, and then went out quickly, and saddled his horse, and rode away. Rode out into the world with a light heart that Christmas night, while the children slumbered peacefully in their beds. But, in his wanderings in strange lands, he cherishes the hope that some day he may come back to them.

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THE SAILORS IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION ARE SIGNALLING WITH THEIR FLAGS THE WORD "STRAND," AND THE SOLDIERS IN THE LOWER ONE THE WORD "MAGAZINE."

Signalling in the Navy and Army.

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

Photographs specially taken for "The Strand Magazine" by S. Cribb.

I.—HOW SAILORS SIGNAL.

"IT is not easy," says a naval expert, "to overrate the importance of the part which is played by the signal staff on board a man-of-war. It constitutes the ears and the voice of each vessel, and is the means of conveying commands or reports of the most momentous as well as of the most trivial import, from an invitation to dinner with the admiral, to an order to engage the enemy."

Thanks to the progress of invention and discovery, the means of communication in cities and towns are to-day exceptionally well organized. The business man with the telephone on his office table, the telegraph office round the corner, and the messenger boy service in the next street, can send messages with the greatest ease, and dispatch and receive answers in a very short space of time. On the high seas, however, the telegraph, the telephone, and the boy messenger are of nó use, and moving ships have to seek other methods of communication with one another.

For the instruction of seamen in the art of naval signalling there are three "Schools of Signalling": one is at Portsmouth, one at Chatham, and one at Devonport. Every signal-boy before going to sea, and every signalman on returning from a commission abroad, passes through a course of forty days' instruction in all its branches. Elaborate fittings and illustrations of the work are used, including a box of models invented by Commander Tuffnell, a former inspecting officer. Miniature ships are moved about by signal, through all sorts of fleet formations,

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so as to give a perfect grasp of the important and difficult art of manœuvring. Great care is taken in the training of signalmen, for the importance of their duties cannot be over-estimated. A mis-read signal may send a ship to the bottom, and those whose business it is to watch for the messages and to report them correctly need clear eyes, steady nerves, and constant attention.

Mr. G. Stewart Bowles, lately a sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's Fleet, has given us a very vivid picture of naval signalling in the entertaining collection of sketches and verses which he has published under the title, "A Gun-Room Ditty Box." Mr. Bowles, like Mr. Kipling, succeeds in recounting incidents in a sailor's life in such a way that they remain clearly fixed in the memory of the reader. The sketch to which we wish to allude is entitled "Slate," and we trust its author will pardon us for quoting the following passage, which brings home to the landsman the unceasing watchfulness of the "ears and eyes" of the Navy:—

"It is Thursday afternoon, and the fleet is very still. The men are making and mending clothes; the liberty men have long since landed; the decks are deserted. Each ship cuts her reflection deep and clear into the water. The fleet is resting: apparently sleeping. Not so. The fleet never sleeps. Take your glass and look. High on the upper bridges, where the big semaphores stand, two or three white figures move silently to and fro, crossing, pausing, and re-crossing. The fleet, indeed, is resting; but it never sleeps. Night closes in—the figures are still there. Morning breaks—they are still there. Days become months, and months years; a King rises, a kingdom falls—it affects them not a whit. Consols may jump to 110, or a penny may be added to the income-tax—still they keep their solemn watch, high on the upper bridges. Who are these men, and what is their business? They are the ears and the eyes and the ultimate tongue of the Empire. They are signalmen of the watch."

Mr. Bowles then gives us some instances of ship-to-ship signalling. In the first the officer of the watch is sending a message to a friend on another man-of-war.

"A glance at the signalman of the watch, a short order, five seconds, and a hoist of bunting flies at the lower yardarm. There is no wind, and it is impossible to see the flags; they are curling gently round their halliards. But they made a little wind going up, and already, a mile away, a little red splotch climbs to its place in answer across two lines of ships. Then the big semaphore begins to talk, waving its arms for thirty seconds. It closes with a smack; the red splotch across the lines disappears; our hoist of bunting drops softly to the deck. The officer of the watch walks to the ward-room skylight, looks at the clock, yawns, and resumes his pace. He has asked a friend to dinner. The invitation has just gone."

A signalman is chatting with a friend up the line. "Keeping his elbows still, he begins to throw his hands about in front of him with quick movements of the wrist. He is recounting his last shore experience to a chum in the next ship. It doesn't take long, and as he nears the end he quickens pace, the movements become like lightning. He waves his hand past his face; there is an answering wave from the other bridge—and the story is told."

Next is a signal from the flag-ship, "The fleet is to sail to-morrow morning," and this is how Mr. Bowles hoists it for us: "The flag-lieutenant's white slate is in the signal-house with the message; the signal boatswain is on the admiral's bridge, ready to send it; the staff are bending on flags leisurely, seeing all clear. The signal boatswain walks to the centre, leans over the bridge rail, and says, 'Hoist.' Five hoists of a 'general signal' fly at the flag-ship's mast, and lo! at each masthead flies large a flag in answer. The signal boatswain glances up and down the fleet and orders 'Down.' In forty seconds the thing is done. The masts and yards are bare as winter trees. The fleet will sail to-morrow."

Mr. Bowles's last example is a specimen of night signalling: "The moon has not yet risen, and the night is very dark. Over the middle of the fleet a big white light hangs and winks in a great hurry. It wants to know whether anyone has seen its captain's overcoat, left carelessly at a dance. The signal midshipmen of the lee line smile darkly when the signal is brought to them; otherwise no one seems to know much about it. The lamps answer all round us, one in each great ship, clicking quickly. Nothing is known.

"When the morning dawns the time has come for the ships to leave. In the early twilight two dark shapes flutter at the flag-ship's main, two more, and another two. The six-ton anchors leave the mud together and dangle at the cat-heads. Then the engines move—stretching after their long rest. The speed is set, the flag-ship leads the way, and with enormous, certain strength the fleet files

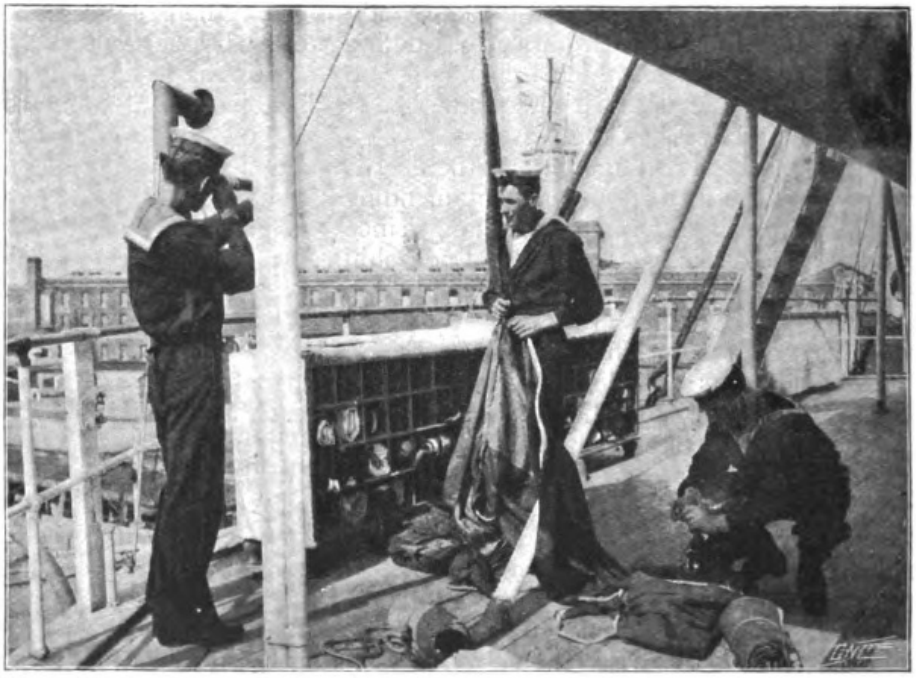
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out, quite silently, ship by ship, two cables apart, in perfect, splendid order. All done by the signalmen. In truth they earn their pay. Every ship must be watched as a cat watches a mouse; nothing escapes, every signal to be logged, reported, and attended to; a mistake may lose the ship."

Let us now examine the system of naval signalling in a more detailed fashion. In former days the ships sailed so close together that orders could be generally communicated by word of mouth; where this method was impossible, flags, banners, lanterns, and shields served as sailing directions, and for the sending of messages. Before the middle of the seventeenth century only a few stated orders and reports could be made known by signalling. Flags were used by day, and lights, occasionally with guns, at night, and the signals were interpreted according to the positions of the lights or the flags, which were hung in different parts of the vessel. Nelson's famous signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," streamed in thirty flags from all his upper yards. At the time only two different flags were in use, and this necessitated the employment of a large number. From the year 1780, when Admiral Kempenfeldt devised a plan of flag signalling by combining distinct flags in pairs, till quite recent times, the systems of naval signalling have been vastly improved and simplified.

Taking, first of all, signalling by means of flags, we find that there are about seventy different flags now in use in the Royal Navy. By arranging these in different ways any required signal can be sent. An International code of signals has now been arranged, and this has been adopted by all the great nations of the world, so that two ships, totally ignorant of each other's language, can converse by means of the code. The Royal Navy for its own purposes has, of course, a private system of signals. When a message has to be sent the flags are hung one under the other, each symbol or combination having an arbitrary conventional meaning attached to it.

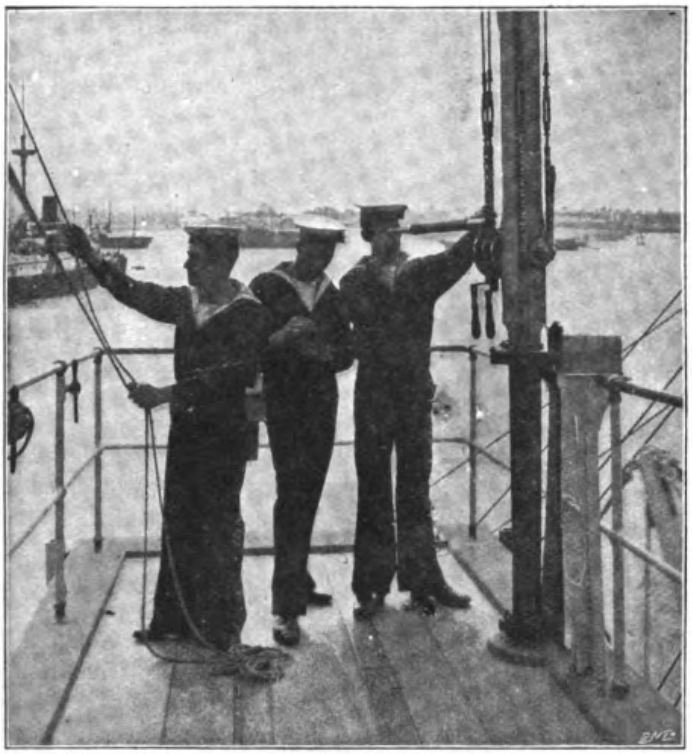
The key to the meaning of the flag signals is contained in the signal code-book, in which the meanings of the flags and the combinations of flags are printed. The signal code-book of the Royal Navy is naturally very carefully guarded, and when it was discovered, some little time since, that a signalman had stolen the book, with the idea of selling it to a foreign Power, very severe punishment was meted out to the offender. Our illustration shows the signal-bridge of a battleship: there are the pigeon-holes where the flags are kept, and a signalman is taking in a flag signal from the station at Portsmouth Dockyard.



1.—THE SIGNAL-BRIDGE OF A BATTLESHIP.

No. 2 shows sailors taking in a general signal—copying it on the ship's slate to lay before the captain. The man on the left is replying by flag to show the signal is received. As the signal flags can only be used within distances across which their colours are distinct, what are known as "distant signals" are sometimes employed. They are made by taking any two square flags, any two pennants, and two balls, and making the signals for letters on the flag-plate by certain combinations. The interpretations are made in the usual way by the aid of the signal-book.

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2.—TAKING IN A GENERAL SIGNAL AND COPYING IT ON THE SHIP'S SLATE.

writes it on the slate. It is easy enough to learn the semaphore—every letter, etc., is indicated by one or both arms in positions which follow a regular sequence, and are readily recollected: but to 'take in' a signal rapidly requires considerable practice, and, no doubt, some of the pupils will be nonplussed if the signal is made quickly, more especially if some of the signs are employed which have more than one signification. S and Z, for instance, are represented by one combination; U, V, and W by another; I and J by a third; and A and X by a fourth. It is easy to concoct a system which includes some of these letters and reduces the beginner to a despairing condition, though to a practised hand it presents no difficulty."

Signalling by semaphores is naturally a rather slow process owing to the cumbersome nature of the apparatus: the average rate is about three words a minute. Often for "conversational signalling" the sailor uses (as we have seen in Mr. Bowles's sketch) his own arms, and landsmen would be astonished to see the ease and rapidity with which a signalman relates an incident to a comrade. No. 3 shows the officer on the watch receiving a signal, and a signalman below replying. In No. 4 a signal has been hoisted at a distance, and the men are replying with their own semaphore. When a ship which has no semaphore wishes to send a message to some

For more extended signals still the semaphore is used. This consists of a pole with three movable arms, the varying positions of which indicate the different letters of the alphabet. The semaphore alphabet seems terribly complicated to the beginner, but in this, as in everything else, "practice makes perfect."

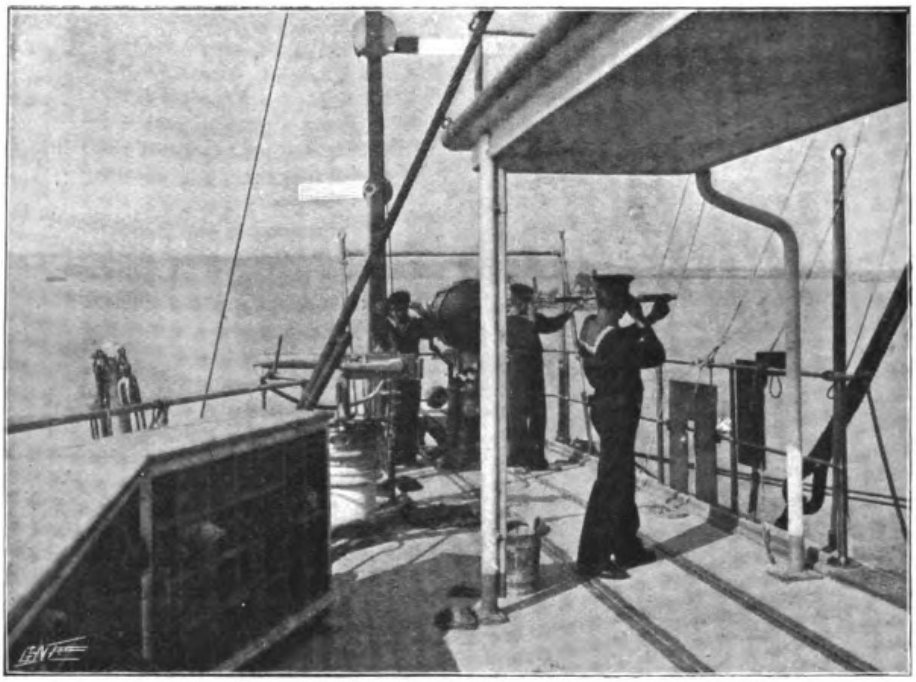
Semaphores were in general use before the electric telegraph came into vogue. They consisted of towers built at intervals of from five to ten miles on commanding sites. The arms were worked from within the tower by winches, and messages were thus sent by visual signals from tower to tower. By means of semaphores, communication between London and Deal, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other towns was, provided the weather was clear, surprisingly rapid. On the 31st of December, 1847, the last semaphore message was sent, the electric telegraph having shown its superiority. But though land semaphores became obsolete, this system of transmitting intelligence found favour in the Royal Navy, and most of the larger vessels carry this apparatus.

Semaphore signalling is taught at the naval barracks. "The pupils," says a writer, "are arranged in pairs after having mastered the signification of the various positions of the wooden arms, and one man reads off the signal made by the instructor, while the other



3.—THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH RECEIVING A SIGNAL.

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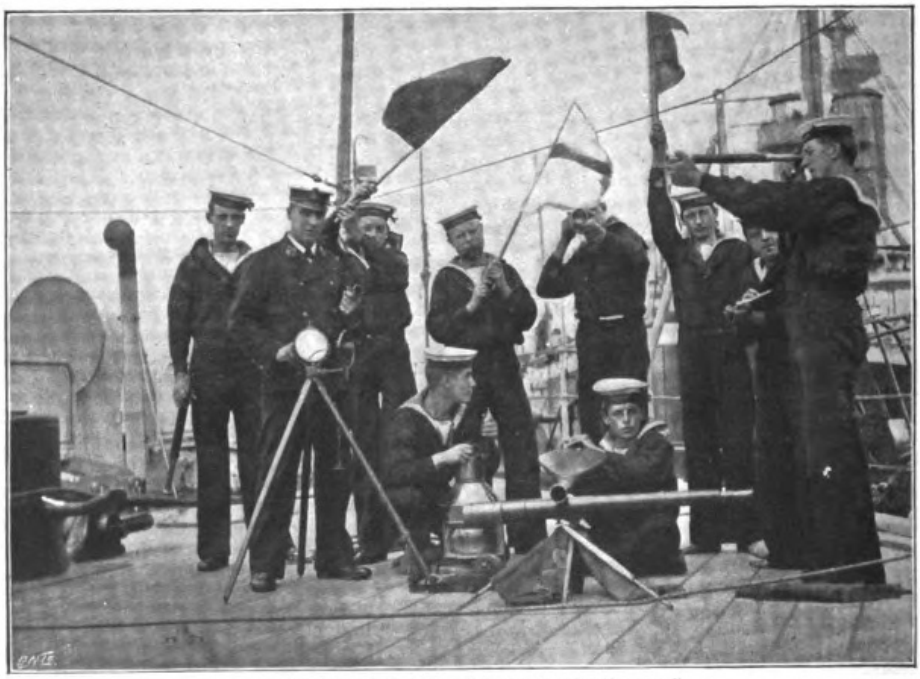
4.—THE EYES OF THE SHIP—SIGNAL BEING HOISTED AT A DISTANCE.

distance, a flag or ball at the masthead is dipped and hoisted with long and short intervals, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

For long-distance signalling the heliograph is sometimes employed in the Royal Navy, but its use is not so extensive as in the Army. The heliograph is a small circular mirror which flashes the sun's rays on another mirror at a distance. The Morse code (*i.e.*, a system of long and short flashes) is used. The signals can be read at great distances, given a sunny day of course, sometimes over a distance of ninety miles and more. In No. 5, which represents a signal group on board H.M.S. *Mars*, a heliograph is seen on the left.

Before the year 1867 signalling by night was sometimes accomplished by means of lights and guns, but the whole system was in great disorder until in this year Captain—afterwards Vice-Admiral—Philip Colomb introduced his flashing system, on which he had been at work since 1858. Like so many other innovations, it was received with distrust, but it is now in general use in all fleets. A writer on naval matters remarks: "It is not too much to say that the Colomb system has made it possible to handle, with confidence and safety, in darkness and fog, squadrons composed of the gigantic ironclads of the day. Its adoption has not only contributed very materially to the increased efficiency of the British fleets, but also immensely reduced the risk of accidents, and the saving to the taxpayer since its introduction may probably be estimated in hundreds of thousands of pounds."

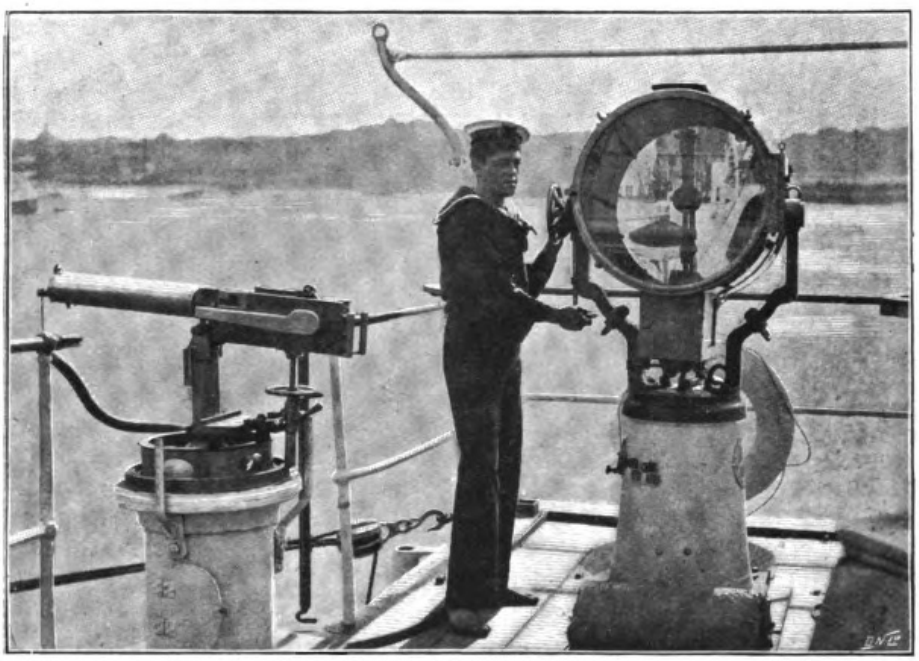
In the present system of night signalling a special lamp is used, either at the masthead



5.—A SIGNAL GROUP ON BOARD H.M.S. "MARS."

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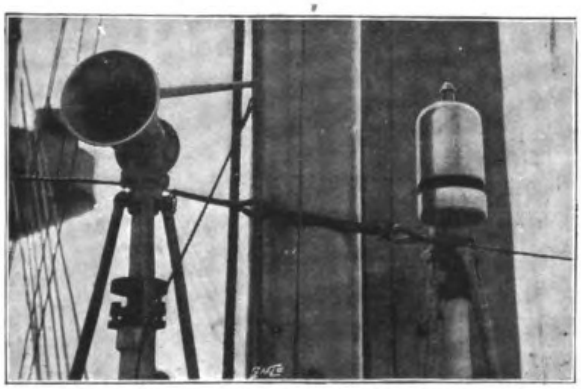
or elsewhere, fitted with a sliding shield, which is raised and lowered in front of the light. By this means messages can be transmitted at the rate of seven or eight words a minute. In No. 5 the lamp can be seen. Another way of sending "flashing signals" is by means of an electric light, the flashes being made by the "make" and "break" of the current. The rate with this system is two or three words a minute.



6.—SEARCH-LIGHT SIGNALLING.

An attempt has been made to fit the arms of the masthead semaphore with rows of electric lights, so as to make semaphore-signalling possible by night. The idea did not turn out a success, and it was eventually abandoned. Night signals over distances greater than the lamps will carry are made by the search-light. The dots and dashes are made by raising and lowering the beam of light against the sky, or by flashing it on and off a convenient cloud. No. 6 shows the search-light used for this kind of signalling.

In very thick, foggy weather all sight signals are, of course, useless, and sound signals have to be requisitioned. Here, again, the invaluable Morse code (long and short sounds) is used. The siren and the fog-horn emit the sounds, which can be heard and translated at great distances. No. 7 shows the siren of a battleship. To be in a fog at sea is depressing enough in itself, but when to this is added the scream of a siren or the groaning of a fog-horn for hours at a stretch, it gets on the nerves. It is on record that an exasperated seaman forfeited his liberty for six weeks for removing the vitals of a fog-bellows and stuffing them into the siren's gullet.



7.—THE SIREN OF A BATTLESHIP.

The latest method of communicating intelligence to the navies of the world is by carrier pigeons. Foreign countries seem to have done more in this direction than we have; still, at each of the three great naval ports, several hundred pigeons are kept. The birds are under the charge of the signalmen, and their chief usefulness will probably consist in carrying messages from ship to shore and *vice-versâ*.

Signalmen are instructed in the use of the electric telegraph, although there is a somewhat limited sphere of usefulness for this method on board ship. Wires are sometimes laid from vessels in harbour to the shore, and also from one stationary man-of-war to another.

During the manœuvres of 1899 some experiments in wireless telegraphy at sea were made, under the personal supervision of Mr. Marconi. Transmitting and receiving instruments were placed on H.M.S. *Juno* and on H.M.S. *Alexandra*, and messages were sent backwards and forwards with great ease over distances up to ninety miles. There seems to be a great future for wireless telegraphy in the Royal Navy.

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II.—HOW SOLDIERS SIGNAL.

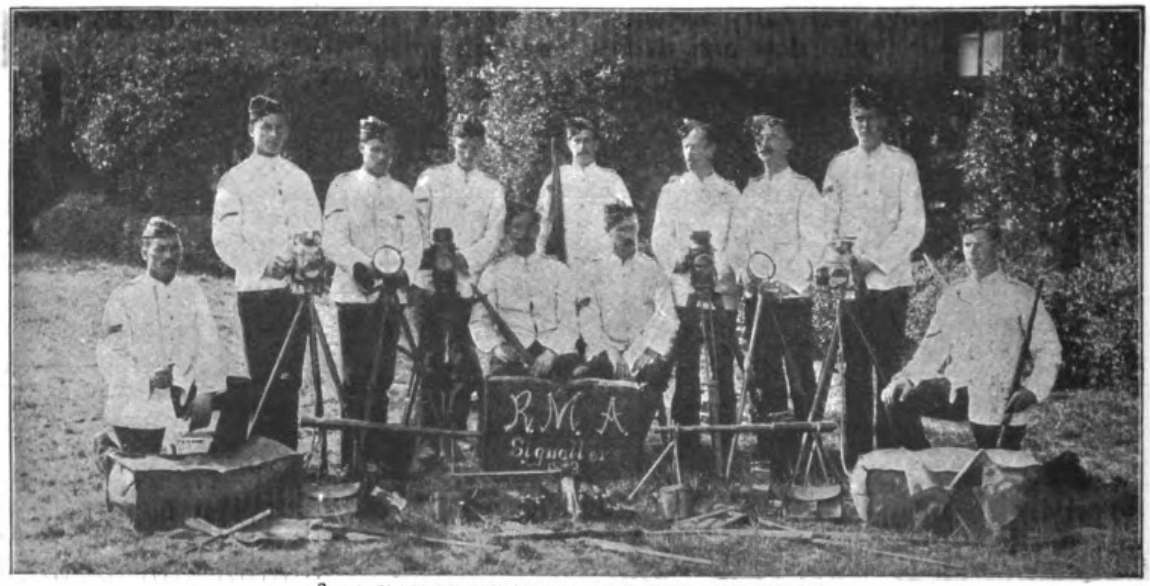
ARMY signalling differs from naval signalling in many respects. In the latter case, when the fleet is at sea, each ship is completely isolated from its fellow, and all messages from one vessel to the other must be sent across a certain distance. We saw that when the weather was fine the signals were sent in the daytime by flag, semaphore, and heliograph, and at night by lamps. In foggy weather, sight signals being of no use, sound signals such as the siren and the fog-horn are requisitioned. In the Army the flag, the heliograph, and the lamp are all used very much as in the Navy, but the soldier has this great advantage, that he can send messages by means of the electric telegraph.

At the present moment experiments in wireless telegraphy are being carried out in the Army and the Navy, with a view to the adoption of this system, but up to the present nothing very definite in the way of information can be obtained, for the greatest secrecy is observed in order that what we are doing in this country may not be known abroad. About the field telegraph, however, no such secrecy is observed.

The means now in use for conveying intelligence and orders in the field are three in number: 1. The electric telegraph. 2. Visual signalling. 3. Mounted orderlies. Of these the first is the quickest and the most accurate. The working of the telegraph is in the hands of the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers, and the operators are so well trained that mistakes hardly ever occur in the messages received. It is possible, over short distances, to substitute the telephone for the telegraph, and thus the sender and the receiver of the message can converse at will.

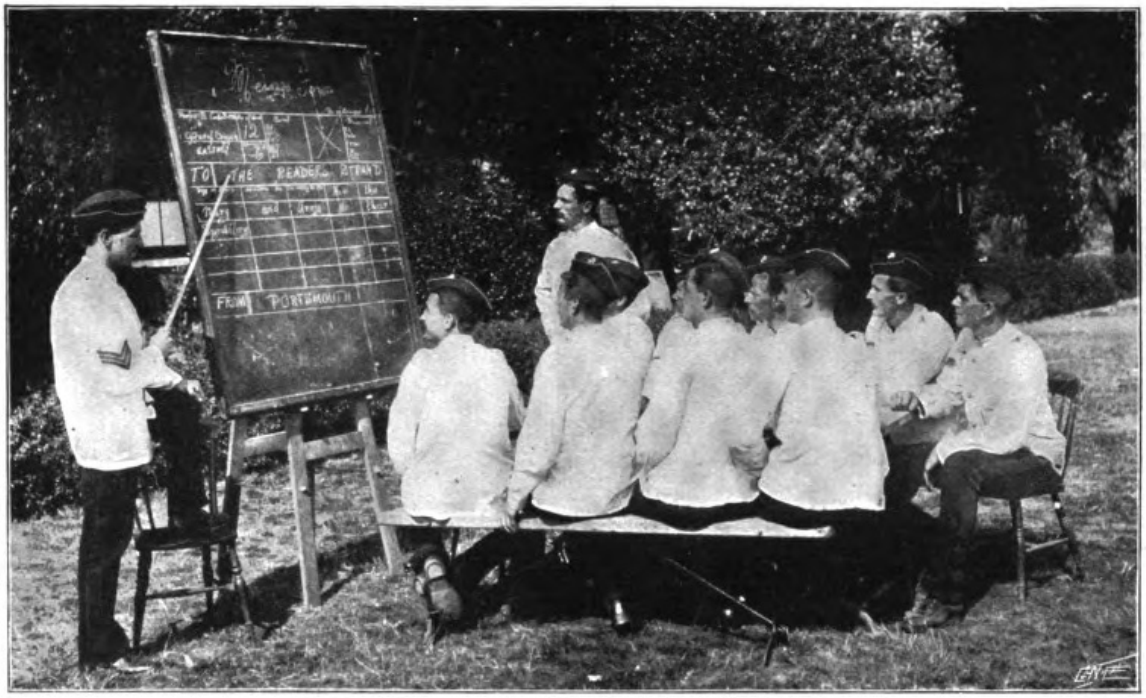
There are, however, many difficulties in the way of successful telegraphy in the field. These have been well summed up by Colonel F. G. Keyser, C.B., Inspector of Signalling. "Its transport," he says, "is bulky; it requires carriages, horses, and drivers, with their necessary supplies; it requires time to lay down and more time to take up. Moreover, it is liable to constant interruption, and in a hostile country requires guarding more or less along its whole length, as one cut can entirely destroy communication. In Afghanistan these cuts were very frequent, and were made by the enemy, not so much for interrupting communication, as for twisting bits of wire into slugs for use in their matchlocks. A telegraph line is liable not only to be cut, but tapped by an enemy, and important messages may be read by a hostile force, or false messages transmitted. Then again it requires a specially trained corps for its use, men who do no other kind of duty; the numbers employed are comparatively small, so that an army in the field which depended on the telegraph, and the telegraph only, for its intelligence and communication, would be very imperfectly supplied."

If the line be only required for a short time the wires would be laid upon the ground instead of being fixed on poles, as would be the case if the line were to be used for a longer period. The wire is paid off from a large drum, and simply rests on the ground. Signalling by the telegraph has this advantage



8.—A CLASS OF SIGNALLERS WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS.

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9.—INSTRUCTOR GIVING LESSON IN ARMY SIGNALLING.

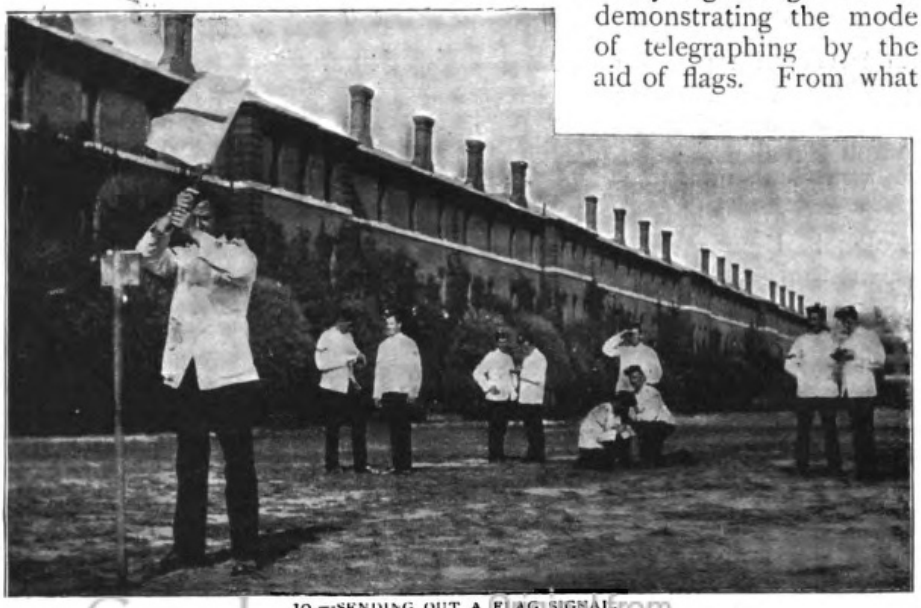
over visual signalling, that it can be worked at all times and in all weathers, whereas a fog or a mist puts a stop to the latter method.

With regard now to visual signalling, the first item the novice has to master is the "Morse Code or Alphabet," the basis of all systems of military and naval signalling. In this the letters are made up of "dots and dashes." The dash is three times the length of the dot; the pause between each sign or letter equals a dash or three units, and between words is double or six units. The alphabet can be readily picked up in three days.

The maximum rate with the small flag and the heliograph is twenty words a minute. But this is too great a speed for any length of time; the ordinary rate is about twelve words a minute. Visual signalling by day is carried out with flags, heliograph, and semaphore. No. 8 shows a group of soldier-signallers with their various instruments. By night, oil, gas, limelight and electric lamps are used. The flags are of two sizes: the smaller, and one most commonly used, is 2ft. square, with a pole of 3ft. 6in. in length; the larger is 3ft. square.

Dots and dashes are made by short and long waves of the flag, which is held up as high as possible. Messages sent with the large flag can be read with a Service telescope in the British Isles at from five to seven miles. With the small flag the distance is four to five miles.

In foreign countries, where the atmosphere is clearer, these figures are almost doubled. No. 9 shows an instructor giving a lesson in Army signalling. He is demonstrating the mode of telegraphing by the aid of flags. From what



10.—SENDING OUT A FLAG SIGNAL.

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11.—SIGNALLING BY SEMAPHORE FLAGS.

is written on the board, it will be seen that this photo. was specially taken for STRAND readers. No. 10 shows a signal being sent by flag and the mode of reply ; No. 11 shows the semaphore system of signalling with flags.

The heliograph has been described as the trump card of visual signalling, because it possesses the four cardinal military virtues—portability, rapidity, range, and secrecy. The instrument consists simply of a mirror mounted on a tripod. The operator sights the mirror in such a way that the rays of the sun will be reflected on to a similar mirror at a distant station : he can then send dots and dashes by depressing a key at the back of the mirror in such a way that the light is flashed for short and long periods on and off the second mirror. The messages are invisible to persons standing a short distance from the mirror, and thus the heliograph can be worked across hostile country with perfect confidence. No. 12 shows a group of heliograph signallers.

A few signalling incidents, borrowed from Colonel Keyser, may be mentioned. After the Battle of Ahmed Khel, General Chapman was particularly anxious that the news should be sent to Cabul and so home. Lieutenant Dickie, the signalling officer, was sent to the top of the Sheradham Pass, north of Ghuznee, with a squadron of cavalry to try and find General Ross's brigade, which had been sent out from Cabul to meet Sir Donald Stewart. His supposed line of march was ascertained from the map, and within four minutes after the first flash they found him, and a full report, 207 words in length, was flashed forty-eight miles, and so passed on to Cabul, Simla, and London ; it may be mentioned that the forces did not actually meet for four or five days after. In 1880 the besieged garrison of Kandahar opened communication with the advanced guard of the relieving force under Sir F. Roberts, at Robat, a distance of forty-eight miles, and communication was kept up for several hours over the heads of the enemy, who did all they could to stop us, but were powerless to interfere.

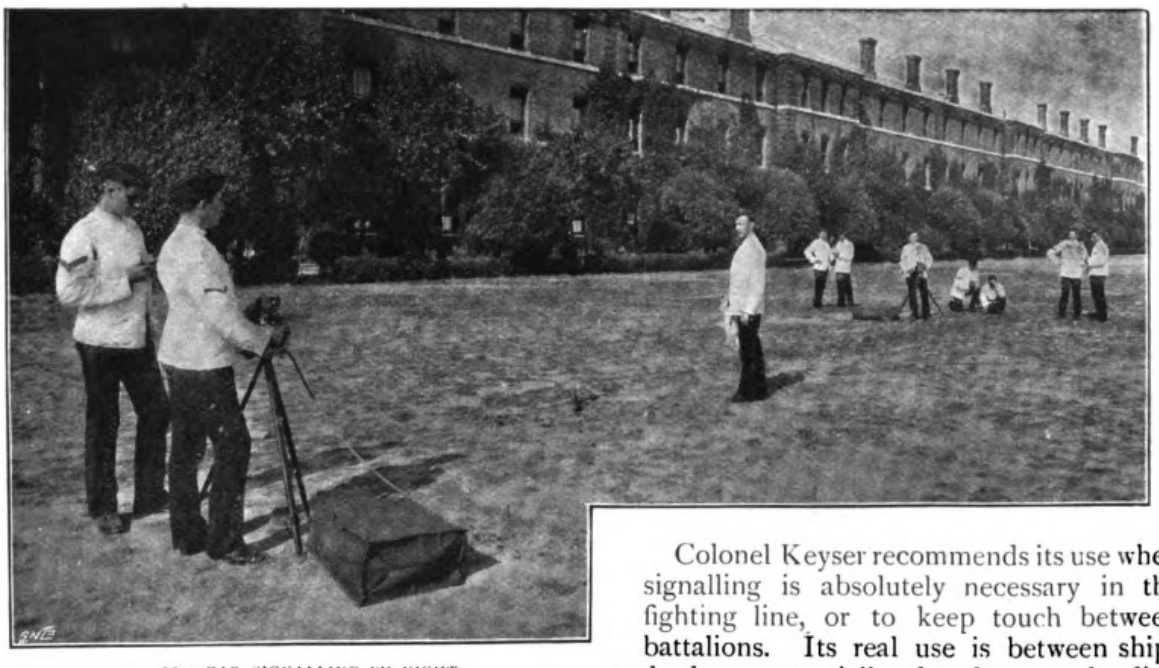
The Colonel remarks that signalling in Egypt by heliograph is carried out under difficulties ; the country is so flat, and messages have often to be read up in the clouds. "During our first occupation of Alexandria," he writes, "two drunken signallers in a distant fort roused Sir E. Hamley and his whole garrison by sending round a bogus message for a lark, a signalling feat which cost them dear.

"The ease and silence of this method and the correctness of the alignment are of great advantage. To limited distances the flash from a heliograph is capable of penetrating any ordinary haze, smoke, translucent clouds, or dust. An impromptu heliograph can be made by aligning two sighting points or a



12.—HELIOGRAPH SIGNALLING.

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13.—GAS SIGNALLING BY NIGHT.

distant station and directing the flash from an ordinary shaving-glass on them. Signalling can be carried on by exposing and obscuring the flashes with a book or anything else at hand."

Such a rough and ready method of communicating intelligence is of great value on occasions. On March 15th, 1879, messages were sent in this way from Etchowe to Ginghilovo with a sixpenny shaving glass and two sticks to take the alignment, the flash being shut off by means of a board.

The longest range of the heliograph is probably not more than eighty or ninety miles. During the Waziristan expedition of 1881 messages were sent with the helio over a space of seventy miles, the climatic and atmospheric conditions being very favourable.

Signalling by semaphore is not often employed in the Army. The alphabet is very easily learnt, and words can be sent much quicker than with the ordinary flag-system. The semaphore to be seen on battleships, and described in our last article, is not employed. Instead of this instrument two flags are used, one in each hand as seen in No. 10. These are shown either singly or in combination at different angles with the body. This system can, however, only be used for short distances. It can be read with the Service telescope up to a distance of three miles.

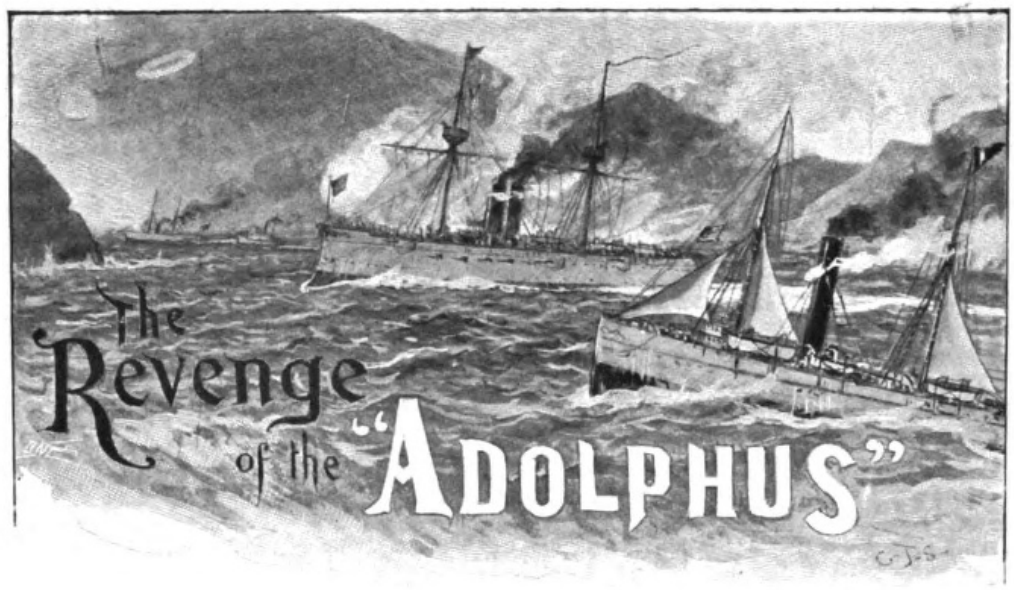
Colonel Keyser recommends its use when signalling is absolutely necessary in the fighting line, or to keep touch between battalions. Its real use is between ships and shore, especially for forts or landing parties.

The Colonel says that the heliograph can be used at night either with the light of the moon or of lamps. In addition, signalling is carried out in the dark hours by gas-lamp, oil-lamp, and limelight-lamp. The two first are used when the distance between stations is under four miles. The Morse alphabet is, as usual, the one in use, the shutter of the lamp being alternately opened and closed. In No. 13 we have an instance of gas signalling by night.

With the limelight-lamp signals can be sent which may be read with a telescope twenty miles away. Signallers have to learn how to manufacture the hydrogen and the oxygen necessary for the system.

During manœuvres and in active service "lines of communication" are often made. This means that a chain of stations is laid down, each station being situated on high ground and at the requisite distance from the next, according to the system used. In India the stations are often twenty to thirty miles apart; but in this country six or seven miles would be the limit. By this means despatches of information, Press news, etc., can be forwarded from the scene of action to the nearest telegraph line, and thence to all quarters of the globe. A signalling station usually consists of six men: three to receive the message from the other station, and three to send it on to the next in line.

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By Stephen Crane.

I.

"STAND by!"

Shackles had come down from the bridge of the *Adolphus* and flung this command at three fellow-correspondents who, in the galley, were busy with pencils trying to write something exciting and interesting from four days' quiet cruising. They looked up casually. "What for?" They did not intend to arouse for nothing. Ever since Shackles had heard the men of the navy directing each other to stand by for this thing and that thing, he had used the two words as his pet phrase, and was continually telling his friends to stand by. Sometimes its portentous and emphatic reiteration became highly exasperating, and men were apt to retort sharply: "Well, I *am* standing by, ain't I?" On this occasion they detected that he was serious. "Well, what for?" they repeated. In his answer Shackles was reproachful as well as impressive. "Stand by? Stand by for a Spanish gun-boat!—a Spanish gun-boat in chase! Stand by for *two* Spanish gun-boats—*both* of them in chase!"

The others looked at him for a brief space, and were almost certain that they saw truth written upon his countenance. Whereupon they tumbled out of the galley and galloped up to the bridge. The cook, with a mere inkling of tragedy, was now out on the lower deck, bawling, "What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?" Aft, the grimy head of a stoker was thrust suddenly up through the deck, so to speak. The eyes flashed in a quick look astern, and then the head vanished. The correspondents were scrambling on the bridge. "Where's my glasses, curse it? Here—let me take a look. Are they Spaniards, captain? Are you sure?"

The skipper of the *Adolphus* was at the wheel. The pilot-house was so arranged that he could not see astern without hanging forth from one of the side windows, but apparently he had made early investigation. He did not reply at once. At sea, he never replied at once to questions. At the very first Shackles had discovered the merits of this deliberate manner, and had taken delight in it. He invariably detailed his talk with the captain to the other correspondents. "Look here. I've just been to see the skipper. I said, 'I would like to put into Cape Haytien.' Then he took a little think. Finally he said, 'All right.' Then I said, 'I suppose we'll need to take on more coal there?' He took another little think. Finally he said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Ever ran into that port before?' He took another little think. Finally he said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Have a cigar?' He took another little think. See? There's where I fooled 'im."

While the correspondents spun the hurried questions at him the captain of the *Adolphus* stood with his brown hands on the wheel and his cold glance aligned straight over the bow of his ship.

"Are they Spanish gun-boats, captain? Are they, captain?"

After a profound pause, he said: "Yes." The four correspondents hastily and in per-

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fect time presented their backs to him and fastened their gaze on the pursuing foe. They saw a dull, grey curve of sea going to the feet of the high green and blue coast-line of north-eastern Cuba, and on this sea were two miniature ships, with clouds of iron-coloured smoke pouring from their funnels.

One of the correspondents strolled elaborately to the pilot-house. "Aw—captain," he drawled, "do you think they can catch us?"

The captain's glance was still aligned over the bow of his ship. Ultimately he answered, "I don't know."

From the top of the little *Adolphus's* stack thick, dark smoke swept level for a few yards, and then went rolling to leeward in great, hot, obscuring clouds. From time to time the grimy head was thrust through the lower deck, the eyes took the quick look astern, and then the head vanished. The cook was trying to get somebody to listen to him. "Well, you know, hang it all, it won't be no fun to be ketched by them Spaniards. By Jove, it won't. . . . . Look here, what do you think they'll do to us, hey? Say, I don't like this, you know. I'm blessed if I do." The sea, cut by the hurried bow of the *Adolphus*, flung its waters astern in the formation of a wide angle, and the lines of the angle ruffled and hissed as they fled, while the thumping screw tormented the water at the stern. The frame of the steamer underwent regular convulsions as in the strenuous sobbing of a child.

The mate was standing near the pilot-house. Without looking at him, the captain spoke his name: "Ed!"

"Yes, sir," cried the mate, with alacrity.

The captain reflected for a moment. Then he said, "Are they gainin' on us?"

The mate took another anxious survey of the race. "No—o—yes, I think they are—a little."

After a pause the captain said, "Tell the chief to hook her up more."

The mate, glad of an occupation in these tense minutes, flew down to the engine-room door. "Skipper says hook 'er up more!" he bawled. The head of the chief engineer appeared—a grizzly head, now wet with oil and sweat. "What?" he shouted, angrily. It was as if he had been propelling the ship with his own arms. Now he was told that his best was not good enough. "What? Hook 'er up more? Why, she can't carry another pound, I tell you! Not another ounce! We——" Suddenly he ran forward and climbed to the bridge. "Captain," he cried, in the loud, harsh voice of one who lived usually amid the thunder of machinery, "she can't do it, sir! By Heaven, she can't! She's turning over now faster than she ever did in her life, and we'll all blow to blazes——"

The low-toned, impassive voice of the captain suddenly checked the chief's clamour. "I'll blow her up," he said, "but I won't get ketched if I can help it." Even then the listening correspondents found a second in which to marvel that the captain had actually explained his point of view to another human being.

The engineer stood blank. Then suddenly he cried: "All right, sir!" He threw a hurried look of despair at the correspondents, the deck of the *Adolphus*, the pursuing enemy, Cuba, the sky, and the sea; he vanished in the direction of his post.

A correspondent was suddenly re-gifted with the power of prolonged speech. "Well, you see, the game is up, curse it. See! We can't get out of it. The skipper will blow up the whole bunch before he'll let his ship be taken, and the Spaniards are gaining. Well, that's what comes from going to war in an eight-knot tub." He bitterly accused himself, the others, and the dark, sightless, indifferent world.

This certainty of coming evil affected each one differently. One was made garrulous; one kept absent-mindedly snapping his fingers and gazing at the sea; another stepped nervously to and fro, looking everywhere as if for employment for his mind. As for Shackles, he was silent and smiling, but it was a new smile, that caused the lines about his mouth to betray quivering weakness. And each man looked at the others to discover their degree of fear, and did his best to conceal his own, holding his crackling nerves with all his strength.

As the *Adolphus* rushed on the sun suddenly emerged from behind grey clouds, and its rays dealt titanic blows, so that in a few minutes the sea was a glowing blue plain, with the golden shine dancing at the tips of the waves. The coast of Cuba glowed with light. The pursuers displayed detail after detail in the new atmosphere. The voice of the cook was heard in high vexation. "Am I to git dinner as usual? How do I know? Nobody tells me what to do! Am I to git dinner as usual?"

The mate answered, ferociously: "Of course you are! What do you s'pose? Ain't you the cook, you blessed fool?"

The cook retorted in a mutinous scream: "Well, how would I know? If this ship is goin' to blow up——"

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II.

THE captain called from the pilot-house: "Mr. Shackles! Oh, Mr. Shackles!" The correspondent moved hastily to a window. "What is it, captain?" The skipper of the *Adolphus* raised a battered finger and pointed over the bows. "See 'er?" he asked, laconic, but quietly jubilant. Another steamer was smoking at full speed over the sunlit seas. A great billow of pure white was on her bows. "Great Scot!" cried Shackles; "another Spaniard?"

"No," said the captain; "that there is a United States cruiser."



"THAT THERE IS A UNITED STATES CRUISER."

"What?" Shackles was dumfounded into muscular paralysis. "No! Are you *sure?*"

The captain nodded. "Sure. Take the glass. See her ensign? Two funnels; two masts with fighting-tops. She ought to be the *Chancellorville.*"

Shackles choked. "Well, I'm blowed!"

"Ed!" said the captain.

"Yessir!"

"Tell the chief there is no hurry."

Shackles suddenly bethought him of his companions. He dashed to them, and was full of quick scorn of their gloomy faces. "Hi, brace up there! Are you blind? Can't you see her?"

"See what?"

"Why, the *Chancellorville*, you blind mice!" roared Shackles. "See 'er? See 'er? See 'er?"

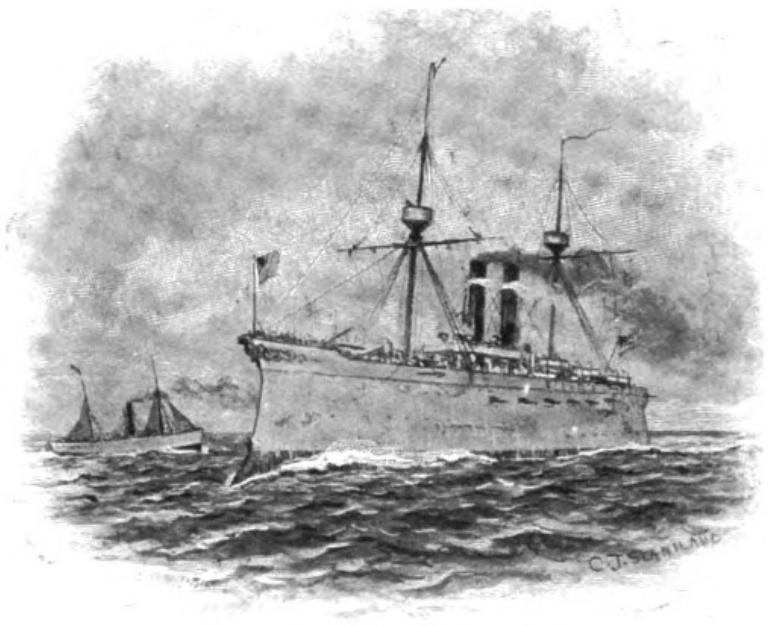
The others sprang, saw, and collapsed. Shackles was a madman for the purpose of distributing the news. "Cook!" he shrieked. "Don't you see 'er, cook? Good Heaven, man, don't you see 'er?" He ran to the lower deck and howled his information everywhere. Suddenly, the whole ship smiled. Men clapped each other on the shoulder and joyously shouted. The captain thrust his head from the pilot-house to look back at the Spanish ships. Then he looked at the American cruiser. "Now, we'll see," he said, grimly and vindictively, to the mate. "Guess somebody else will do some runnin'." The mate chuckled.

The two gun-boats were still headed hard for the *Adolphus*, and she kept on her way. The American cruiser was coming swiftly. "It's the *Chancellorville!*" cried Shackles. "I know her. We'll see a fight at sea, my boys! A fight at sea!" The enthusiastic correspondents pranced in Indian revels.

The *Chancellorville* — 2,000 tons—18·6 knots—ten 5in. guns—came on tempestuously, sheering the water high with her sharp bow. From her funnels the smoke raced away in driven sheets. She loomed with extraordinary rapidity, like a ship bulging and growing out of the sea. She swept by the *Adolphus* so close that one could have thrown a walnut on board. She was a glistening grey apparition, with a blood-red water-line, with brown gun-muzzles and white-clothed, motionless Jack-tars; and in her rush she was silent, deadly silent, Probably there entered the mind of every man on board of the *Adolphus* a feeling of almost idolatry for this living thing, stern but, to their thought, incomparably beautiful. They would have cheered but that each man seemed to feel that a cheer would be too puny a tribute.

It was at first as if she did not see the *Adolphus*. She was going to pass without heeding this little vagabond of the high seas. But suddenly a megaphone gaped over the rail of her bridge, and a voice was heard, measuredly, calmly intoning: "Halloa—there!

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"THE 'CHANCELLORVILLE.'"

Keep—well—to—the—north'ard—and—out of my—way—and I'll—go—in—and—see—what—those—people—want." Then nothing was heard but the swirl of water. In a moment the *Adolphus* was looking at a high grey stern. On the quarter-deck sailors were poised about the breech of the after-pivot gun.

The correspondents were revelling. "Captain," yelled Shackles, "we can't miss this! We must see it!" But the skipper had already flung over the wheel. "Sure," he answered, almost at once, "we can't miss it."

The cook was arrogantly, grossly triumphant. His voice rang on the lower deck. "There, now! How will the Spinachers like that? Now, it's *our* turn! We've been doin' the runnin' away, but now we'll do the chasin'!" Apparently feeling some twinge of nerves from the former strain, he suddenly demanded: "Say, who's got any whisky? I'm near dead for a drink."

When the *Adolphus* came about, she laid her course for a position to the northward of a coming battle, but the situation suddenly became complicated. When the Spanish ships discovered the identity of the ship that was steaming towards them, they did not hesitate over their plan of action. With one accord they turned and ran for port. Laughter arose from the *Adolphus*. The captain broke his orders, and instead of keeping to the northward, he headed in the wake of the impetuous *Chancellorville*. The correspondents crowded on the bow.

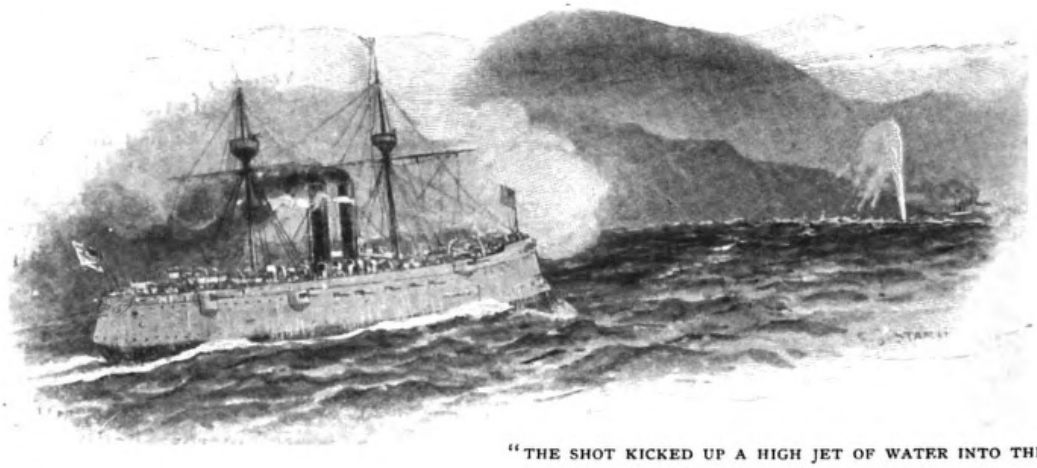
The Spaniards, when their broadsides became visible, were seen to be ships of no importance—mere little gun-boats for work in the shallows at the back of the reefs; and it was certainly discreet to refuse encounter with the five-inch guns of the *Chancellorville*. But the joyful *Adolphus* took no account of this discretion. The pursuit of the Spaniards had been so ferocious that the quick change to heels-over-head flight filled that corner of the mind which is devoted to the spirit of revenge. It was this that moved Shackles to yell taunts futilely at the far-away ships. "Well, how do you like it, eh? How do you like it?" The *Adolphus* was drinking compensation for her previous agony.

The mountains of the shore now shadowed high into the sky, and the square white houses of a town could be seen near a vague cleft which seemed to mark the entrance to a port. The gun-boats were now near to it.

Suddenly white smoke streamed from the bow of the *Chancellorville*, and developed swiftly into a great bulb which drifted in fragments down the wind. Presently the deep-throated boom of the gun came to the ears on board the *Adolphus*. The shot kicked up a high jet of water into the air astern of the last gun-boat. The black smoke from the funnels of the cruiser made her look like a collier on fire, and in her desperation she tried many more long shots, but presently the *Adolphus*, murmuring disappointment, saw the *Chancellorville* sheer from the chase.

In time they came up with her, and she was an indignant ship. Gloom and wrath were on the forecastle, and wrath and gloom were on the quarter-deck. A sad voice from the bridge said: "Just missed 'em." Shackles gained permission to board the cruiser, and in the cabin he talked to Commander Surrey, tall, bald-headed, and angry. "Shoals," said the captain of the *Chancellorville*. "I can't go any nearer, and those gun-boats could steam along a stone side-walk if only it was wet." Then his bright eyes became brighter. "I tell you what! The *Chicken*, the *Holy*

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"THE SHOT KICKED UP A HIGH JET OF WATER INTO THE AIR."

Moses, and the *Mongolian* are on station off Nuevitas. If you will do me a favour—why, to-morrow I will give those people a game!"

III.

THE *Chancellorville* lay all night watching off the port of the two gun-boats, and, soon after daylight, the lookout descried three smokes to the westward, and they were later made out to be the *Chicken*, the *Holy Moses*, and the *Adolphus*, the latter tagging hurriedly after the United States vessels.

The *Chicken* had been a harbour tug, but she was now the U.S.S. *Chicken*, by your leave. She carried a six-pounder forward and a six-pounder aft, and her main point was her conspicuous vulnerability. The *Holy Moses* had been the private yacht of a Philadelphia millionaire. She carried six six-pounders, and her main point was the chaste beauty of the officers' quarters.

On the bridge of the *Chancellorville* Commander Surrey surveyed his squadron with considerable satisfaction. Presently he signalled to the lieutenant who commanded the *Holy Moses* and to the boatswain who commanded the *Chicken* to come aboard the flag-ship. This was all very well for the captain of the yacht, but it was not so easy for the captain of the tug-boat, who had two heavy lifeboats swung 15ft. above the water. He had been accustomed to talking with senior officers from his own pilot-house through the intercession of the blessed megaphone. However, he got a lifeboat over-side, and was pulled to the *Chancellorville* by three men—which cut his crew almost into halves.

In the cabin of the *Chancellorville* Surrey disclosed to his two captains his desires concerning the Spanish gun-boats, and they were glad of being ordered down from the Nuevitas station, where life was very dull. He also announced that there was a shore battery containing, he believed, four field guns—three-point-twos. His draught—he spoke of it as *his* draught—would enable him to go in close enough to engage the battery at moderate range, but he pointed out that the main parts of the attempt to destroy the Spanish gun-boats must be left to the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken*. His business, he thought, could only be to keep the air so singing about the ears of the battery, that the men at the guns would be unable to take an interest in the dash of the smaller American craft into the bay.

The officers spoke in their turns. The captain of the *Chicken* announced that he saw no difficulties. The squadron would follow the senior officer's ship in line ahead, the senior officer's ship would engage the batteries as soon as possible, she would turn to starboard when the depth of water forced her to do so, and the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* would run past her into the bay and fight the Spanish ships wherever they were to be found. The captain of the *Holy Moses*, after some moments of dignified thought, said that he had no suggestions to make that would better this plan.

Surrey pressed an electric bell; a marine orderly appeared; he was sent with a message. The message brought the executive officer and the navigating officer of the *Chancellorville* to the cabin, and the five men nosed over a chart.

In the end Surrey declared that he had made up his mind, and the juniors remained in expectant silence for three minutes while he stared at the bulkhead. Then he said that the plan of the *Chicken's* commander seemed to him correct in the main. He would make one change. It was that he should first steam in and engage the battery, and the other vessels should remain in their present positions until he signalled them to

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"A MARINE ORDERLY APPEARED."

run into the bay. If the squadron steamed ahead in line, the battery could, if it chose, divide its fire between the S.O.P.'s ship and the vessels constituting the more important attack. He had no doubt, he said, that he could soon silence the battery by tumbling the earthworks on to the guns and driving away the men, even if he did not succeed in hitting the pieces. Of course, he had no doubt of being able to silence the battery in twenty minutes. Then he would signal for the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* to make their rush, and of course he would support them with his fire as much as conditions enabled him. He arose then, indicating that the conference was at an end. The boatswain, who captained the *Chicken*, looked uncomfortable for a moment and then withdrew. He was not used to this cabin. In the few moments more the four men remained in the cabin the talk changed its character completely. It was now unofficial, and the sharp badinage concealed furtive affections, academy friendships, the feelings of old-time shipmates, hiding everything under a veil of jokes. "Well, good luck to you, old boy! Don't get that valuable packet of yours sunk under you. Think how it would weaken the navy. Would you mind buying me three pairs of pyjamas in the town yonder? If your engines get disabled, tote her under your arm. You can do it. Good-bye, old man, don't forget to come out all right."

When the captains of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* came upon deck they strode it with a new step. They were proud men. The marine on duty above their boats looked at them curiously and with awe. He detected something which meant action, conflict. The boats' crews saw it also. As they pulled their steady stroke they studied fleetingly the face of the officer in the stern-sheets. In both cases they perceived a glad man, and yet a man filled with a profound consideration of the future.

IV.

"BEAT to quarters!"

Bugles and drums stirred the decks of the *Chancellorville*. There was the noise of rushing feet, a clanging of scuttle-plates, a rattling of ammunition hoists, followed directly by the sinister, deep note of locking breech-plugs. As the cruiser turned her bow toward the shore she happened to steam near the *Adolphus*. The usual calm voice hailed the despatch-boat: "Keep—that—gauze under-shirt of yours—well—out of the—line of fire."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The cruiser then moved slowly toward the shore, watched by every eye in the smaller American vessels. She was deliberate and steady, and this was reasonable, even to the impatience of the other craft, because the wooded shore was likely to suddenly develop new factors. Slowly she swung to starboard, smoke belched over her, and the roar of a gun came along the water.

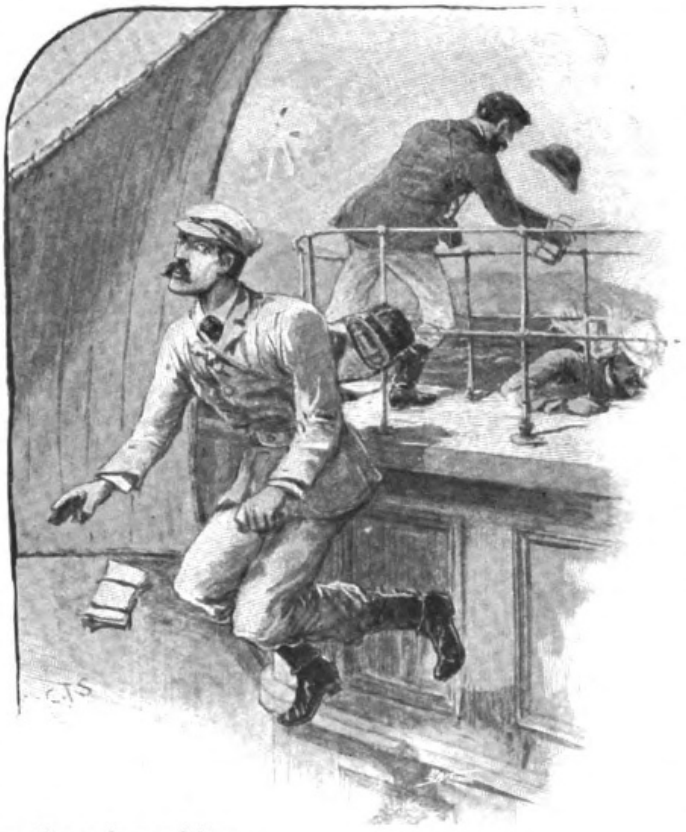
The battery was indicated by a long, thin streak of yellow earth. The first shot went high, ploughing the chaparral on the hill-side. The *Chancellorville* wore an air for a moment of being deep in meditation. She flung another shell, which landed squarely on the earthwork, making a great dun cloud. Before

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the smoke had settled there was a crimson flash from the battery. To the watchers at sea it was smaller than a needle. The shot made a geyser of crystal water, four hundred yards from the *Chancellorville*.

The cruiser, having made up her mind, suddenly went at the battery hammer and tongs. She moved to and fro casually, but the thunder of her guns was swift and angry. Sometimes she was quite hidden in her own smoke, but with exceeding regularity the earth of the battery spurted into the air. The Spanish shells for the most part went high and wide of the cruiser, jetting the water far away.

Once a Spanish gunner took a festive side-show chance at the waiting group of three ships. It went like a flash over the *Adolphus*, singing a wistful, metallic note. Whereupon the *Adolphus* broke hurriedly for the open sea, and men on the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* laughed hoarsely and cruelly. The correspondents had been standing excitedly on top of the pilot-house, but at the passing of the shell they promptly eliminated themselves by dropping with a thud to the deck below. The cook again was giving tongue. "Oh, say, this won't do! I'm cursed if it will! We ain't no armoured cruiser, you know. If one of them shells hits us—well, we finish right there. 'Taint like as if it was our *business*, foolin' 'round within the range of them guns. There's no sense in it. Them other fellows don't seem to mind it, but it's their *business*. If it's your *business*, you go ahead and do it; but if it ain't, you—look at that, would you?"



"THEY PROMPTLY ELIMINATED THEMSELVES."

The *Chancellorville* had set up a spread of flags, and the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* were steaming in.

V.

THEY on the *Chancellorville* sometimes could see into the bay, and they perceived the enemy's gun-boats moving out as if to give battle. Surrey feared that this impulse would not endure, or that it was some mere pretence for the edification of the townspeople and the garrison, so he hastily directed that signals be made ordering in the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken*. Thankful for small favours, they came on tumultuously. The battery had ceased firing. As the two auxiliaries passed under the stern of the cruiser, the megaphone hailed them: "You—will—see—the—en—em—y—soon—as—you—round—the—point. A—fine—chance—Good luck."

As a matter of fact, the Spanish gun-boats had not been informed of the presence of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* off the bar, and they were just blustering down the bay over the protective shoals to make it appear that they scorned the *Chancellorville*. But suddenly from around the point there burst into view a steam-yacht, closely followed by a harbour tug. The gun-boats took one swift look at this horrible sight, and fled, screaming.

Lieutenant Reigate, commanding the *Holy Moses*, had under his feet a craft that was capable of some speed, although before a solemn tribunal one would have to admit that she conscientiously belied almost everything that the contractors had said of her originally. Boatswain Pent, commanding the *Chicken*, was in possession of an utterly different kind. The *Holy Moses* was an antelope; the *Chicken* was a man who could carry a piano on his back. In this race Pent had the mortification of seeing his vessel outstripped badly.

The entrance of the two American craft had a curious effect upon the shores of the bay. Apparently everyone had slept in the assurance that the *Chancellorville* could

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not cross the bar, and that the *Chancellorville* was the only hostile ship. Consequently, the appearance of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* created a curious and complex emotion. Reigate on the bridge of the *Holy Moses* laughed when he heard the bugles shrilling, and saw through his glasses the wee figures of men running hither and thither on the shore. It was the panic of the china when the bull entered the shop. The whole bay was bright with sun. Every detail of the shore was plain. From a brown hut abeam of the *Holy Moses* some little men ran out waving their arms and turning their tiny faces to look at the enemy. Directly ahead, some four miles, appeared the scattered white houses of a town, with a wharf and some schooners in front of it. The gun-boats were making for the town. There was a stone fort on the hill overshadowing, but Reigate conjectured that there was no artillery in it.

There was a sense of something intimate and impudent in the minds of the Americans. It was like climbing over a wall and fighting a man in his own garden. It was not that they could be in any wise shaken in their resolve; it was simply that the overwhelmingly Spanish aspect of things made them feel like gruff intruders. Like many of the emotions of war time, this emotion had nothing at all to do with war.

Reigate's only commissioned subordinate called up from the bow gun, "May I open fire, sir? I think I can fetch that last one."

"Yes." Immediately the six-pounder crashed, and in the air was the spinning wire noise of the flying shot. It struck so close to the last gun-boat that it appeared that the spray went aboard. The swift-handed men at the gun spoke of it. "Gave 'em a bath that time, anyhow. First one they've ever had. Dry 'em off this time, Jim." The young ensign said: "Steady." And so the *Holy Moses* raced in, firing, until the whole town, fort, water-front, and shipping, was as plain as if it had been done on paper by a mechanical draughtsman. The gun-boats were trying to hide in the bosom of the town. One was frantically tying-up to the wharf, and the other was anchoring within a hundred yards of the shore. The Spanish infantry, of course, had dug trenches along the beach, and suddenly the air over the *Holy Moses* sang with bullets. The shore-line thrummed with musketry. Also some antique shells screamed.

VI.

THE *Chicken* was doing her best. Pent's posture at the wheel seemed to indicate that her best was about thirty-four knots. In his eagerness he was braced as if he alone were taking in a 10,000-ton battleship through Hellgate.

But the *Chicken* was not too far in the rear, and Pent could see clearly that he was to have no minor part to play. Some of the antique shells had struck the *Holy Moses*, and he could see the escaped steam shooting up from her. She lay close in-shore, and was lashing out with four six-pounders as if this was the last opportunity she would have to fire them. She had made the Spanish gun-boats very sick. A solitary gun on the one moored to the wharf was from time to time firing wildly, otherwise the gun-boats were silent. But the beach in front of the town was a line of fire. The *Chicken* headed for the *Holy Moses*, and, as soon as possible, the six-pounder in her bow began to crack at the gun-boat moored to the wharf.

In the meantime the *Chancellorville* prowled off the bar, listening to the firing, anxious, acutely anxious, and feeling her impotency in every inch of her smart steel frame. And in the meantime the *Adolphus* squatted on the waves and brazenly waited for news. One could thoughtfully count the seconds, and reckon that in this second and that second a man had died—if one chose. But no one did it. Undoubtedly the spirit was that the flag should come away with honour, honour complete, perfect, leaving no loose, unfinished end over which the Spaniards could erect a monument of satisfaction, glorification. The distant guns boomed to the ears of the silent blue-jackets at their stations on the cruiser.

The *Chicken* steamed up to the *Holy Moses* and took into her nostrils the odour of steam, gunpowder, and burnt things. Rifle bullets simply streamed over them both. In the merest flash of time, Pent took into his remembrance the body of a dead quarter-master on the bridge of his consort. The two megaphones uplifted together, but Pent's eager voice cried out first:—

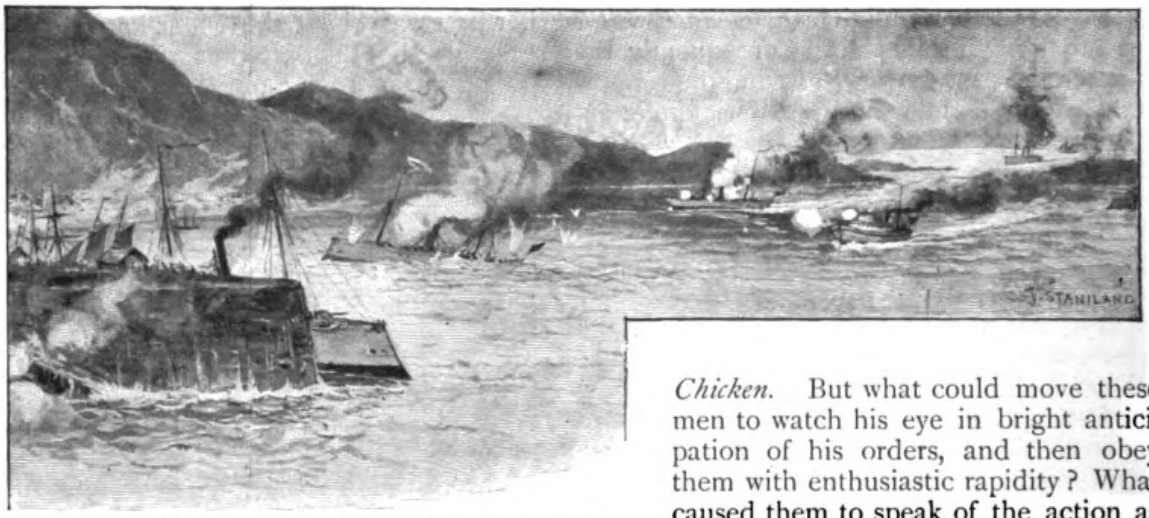
"Are you injured, sir?"

"No, not completely. My engines can get me out after—after we have sunk those gun-boats." The voice had been utterly conventional, but it changed to sharpness: "Go in and sink that gun-boat at anchor."

As the *Chicken* rounded the *Holy Moses* and started in-shore a man called to him from the depths of finished disgust. "They're takin' to their boats, sir." Pent looked and saw the men of the anchored gun-boat lower their boats and pull like mad for shore.

The *Chicken*, assisted by the *Holy Moses*,

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"THE 'CHICKEN' ROUNDED THE 'HOLY MOSES' AND STARTED IN-SHORE."

began a methodical killing of the anchored gun-boat. The Spanish infantry on shore fired frenziedly at the *Chicken*. Pent, giving the wheel to a waiting sailor, stepped out to a point where he could see the men at the guns. One bullet spanged past him and into the pilot-house. He ducked his head into the window. "That hit you, Murry?" he inquired, with interest.

"No, sir," cheerfully responded the man at the wheel.

Pent became very busy superintending the fire of his absurd battery. The anchored gun-boat simply would not sink. It evinced that unnatural stubbornness which is sometimes displayed by inanimate objects. The gun-boat at the wharf had sunk as if she had been scuttled, but this riddled thing at anchor would not even take fire. Pent began to grow flurried—privately. He could not stay there for ever. Why didn't the blessed gun-boat admit its destruction? Why——

He was at the forward gun when one of his engine-room force came to him, and after saluting, said, serenely: "The men at the after-gun are all down, sir."

It was one of those curious lifts which an enlisted man, without in any way knowing it, can give his officer. The impudent tranquillity of the man at once set Pent to rights, and the man departed admiring the extraordinary coolness of his captain.

The next few moments contained little but heat, an odour, applied mechanics, and an expectation of death. Pent developed a fervid and amazed appreciation of the men, his men: men he knew very well, but strange men. What explained them? He was doing his best because he was captain of the *Chicken*, and he lived or died by the *Chicken*. But what could move these men to watch his eye in bright anticipation of his orders, and then obey them with enthusiastic rapidity? What caused them to speak of the action as some kind of joke—particularly when they knew he could overhear them? What manner of men? And he anointed them secretly with his fullest affection.

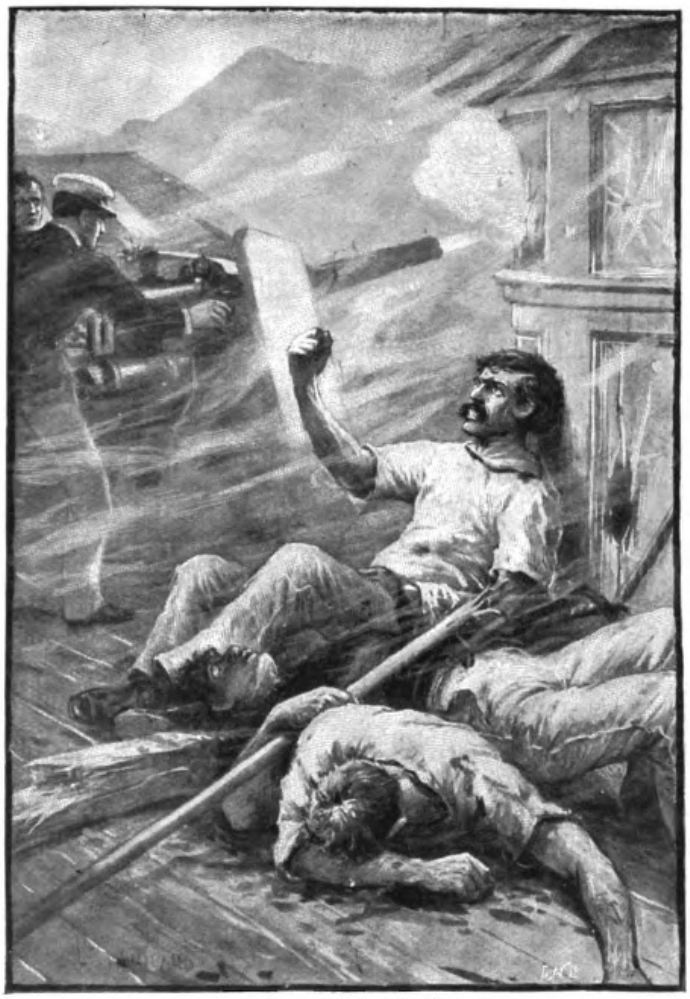
Perhaps Pent did not think all this during the battle. Perhaps he thought it so soon after the battle that his full mind became confused as to the time. At any rate, it stands as an expression of his feeling.

The enemy had gotten a field-gun down to the shore, and with it they began to throw three-inch shells at the *Chicken*. In this war it was usual that the down-trodden Spaniards, in their ignorance, should use smokeless powder, while the Americans, by the power of the consistent, everlasting, three-ply, wire-woven, double-back action imbecility of a hay-seed Government, used powder which on sea and on land cried their position to Heaven, and, accordingly, good men got killed without reason. At first Pent could not locate the field-gun at all; but as soon as he found it, he ran aft with one man and brought the after six-pounder again into action. He paid little heed to the old gun-crew. One was lying on his face apparently dead; another was prone, with a wound in the chest; while the third sat with his back to the deck-house holding a smitten arm. This last one called out, huskily, "Give it 'em hot, sir."

The minutes of the battle were either days, years, or they were flashes of a second. Once Pent, looking up, was astonished to see three shell-holes in the *Chicken's* funnel—made surreptitiously, so to speak. "If we don't silence that field-gun she'll sink us, boys." The eyes of the man sitting with his back against the deck-house were looking from out his ghastly face at the new gun-crew.

He spoke with the supreme laziness of a wounded man. "Give it 'em hot." Pent felt

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"GIVE IT 'EM HOT!"

a sudden twist of his shoulder. He was wounded—slightly. The anchored gun-boat was in flames.

VII.

PENT took his little blood-stained tow-boat out to the *Holy Moses*. The yacht was already under way for the bay entrance. As they were passing out of range the Spaniards heroically redoubled their fire—which is their custom. Pent, moving busily about the decks, stopped suddenly at the door of the engine-room. His face was set and his eyes were steely. He spoke to one of the men. "During the action I saw you firing at the enemy with a rifle. I told you once to stop, and then I saw you at it again. Pegging away with a rifle is no part of your business. I want you to understand that you are in trouble." The humbled man did not raise his eyes from the deck. Presently the *Holy Moses* displayed an anxiety for the *Chicken's* health.

"One killed and four wounded, sir."

"Have you enough men left to work your ship?"

After deliberation, Pent answered: "No, sir."

"Shall I send you assistance?"

"No, sir. I can get to sea all right."

As they neared the point they were edified by the sudden appearance of a serio-comic ally. The *Chancellorville* at last had been unable to stand the strain, and had sent in her launch with an ensign, five seamen, and a number of marksmen marines. She swept hot-foot around the point, bent on terrible slaughter; the one-pounder of her bow presented a formidable appearance. The *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* laughed until they brought indignation to the brow of the young ensign. But he forgot it when with some of his men he boarded the *Chicken* to do what was possible for the wounded. The nearest surgeon was aboard the *Chancellorville*. There was absolute silence on board the cruiser as the *Holy Moses* steamed up to report. The blue-jackets listened with all their ears. The commander of the yacht spoke slowly into his megaphone: "We have—destroyed—the two—gun-boats—sir." There was a burst of confused cheering on the forecastle of the *Chancellorville*, but an officer's cry quelled it.

"Very—good. Will—you—come aboard?"

Two correspondents were already on the deck of the cruiser. Before the last of the wounded were hoisted aboard the cruiser the *Adolphus* was on her way to Key West. When she arrived at that port of desolation Shackles fled to file the telegrams and the other correspondents fled to the hotel for clothes, good clothes, clean clothes; and food, good food, much food; and drink, much drink, any kind of drink.

Days afterward, when the officers of the noble squadron received the newspapers containing an account of their performance, they looked at each other somewhat dejectedly: "Heroic assault—grand daring of Boatswain Pent—superb accuracy of the *Holy Moses'* fire—gallant tars of the *Chicken*—their names should be remembered as long as America stands—terrible losses of the enemy——"

When the Secretary of the Navy ultimately read the report of Commander Surrey, S.O.P., he had to prick himself with a dagger in order to remember that anything at all out of the ordinary had occurred.

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A Hundred Years Ago (1799).

By Alfred Whitman.

[*With Illustrations from Old Prints.*]

THE year 1799 was so crowded with incident that, if we desire in any way to traverse the ground, brevity must be the watchword for each item, and the music must be marked *staccato.*

Though in the British Isles comparative calm succeeded the storm of the Irish Rebellion of '98, war clouds were bursting forth over the Continent of Europe, Asia Minor, and India. The task of George III.'s Ministers was extremely difficult, for while holding the reins of affairs at home, the Government had to control war operations thousands of miles away. To keep in touch with the seats of war was almost impossible, and even the news of the two most important victories of the year—Acre and Seringapatam—took three and four months, respectively, to reach this country.

Newspapers formed a far less potent factor in national affairs then than now. The circulation of the *Times* would seem to us ridiculously small; the certificate of issue on January 1st modestly stated that "the number *printed* for the last two months has never been on any one day below 3,000, and has fluctuated from that number to 3,350." Now, a newspaper is dressed like a shop-window, that its most attractive features may quickly catch the eye; but then there was very little display of news, and, consequently, events of importance might easily escape attention. The most sensational heading was in the same type as that of a theatrical performance or a meeting of the Common Council, and even for such a momentous event as the fall of Seringapatam, it was simply—

CAPTURE OF SERINGAPATAM,
AND
DEATH OF TIPPOO.

The *Times* of 1799 was a four-page sheet, with four columns to a page. Two of the pages were devoted to advertisements, and the other two chiefly contained foreign intelligence (especially French), Parliamentary reports, and news on the progress of the war on sea and land. The price of the paper was sixpence.

The first few days of January were bitterly cold. Then followed a brief spell of mild weather about the 12th, followed by a return to frost at the end of the month. At the Queen's Drawing Room on the 31st, "owing to the severity of the weather very few of the nobility were present"; and at the Masquerade at the Opera House there were scarcely five hundred present, while "the house was most insufferably cold." So general and heavy was the snow that mail coaches were two days late in reaching the Metropolis. The first illustration shows us Elizabeth Woodcock in



ELIZABETH WOODCOCK, AS SEEN WHEN DUG OUT OF THE SNOW—FEBRUARY 10TH, 1799.

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the attitude in which she was discovered when dug out of the snow on February 10th. She had lost her way in returning home from market to Impington, near Cambridge, on Saturday, February 2nd, and so for eight days had been buried in snow, which was 7ft. deep. She, however, retained her senses during this time, and for sustenance had eaten of the snow. As a ballad of the period says, with a strange mixture of the ludicrous and the pathetic :

For she was all froze in with frost,
Eight days and nights, poor soul !
But when they gave her up for lost,
They found her down the hole.
Ah, well-a-day !

She recovered from the immediate effects of this adventure, but died about five months later.

Though no soul-stirring victory was achieved on the high seas, there were many instances of single combats, resulting in the ships falling sometimes into the hands of the English, and at others into those of the French. In March we read of ships captured by the French ; and "during the months of August, September, and October, sixty-six vessels, mostly British, were carried into Calais and Boulogne by privateers belonging to those towns." Against these reverses we have the brilliant capture of the Dutch squadron, in August, by Admiral Mitchell, and the second illustration portrays the encounter on January 4th between the *Wolverene* gun-vessel (which had left the Downs on January 2nd for a cruise off the French coast), and two French luggers. The combined strength of the French was thirty guns and two hundred and eighty men, while on our side were twelve guns and seventy men. A fierce struggle ensued for nearly two hours, during which the English captain (Mortlock) lashed his vessel to one of the French, and the Frenchmen boarded the English boat and were beaten off again ; and eventually the French boats sheered off and sought shelter in their own ports. But not before Captain Mortlock had received wounds from which he died at Portsmouth on the 11th, "a few minutes after receiving a letter of thanks, sent him by the Lords of the Admiralty, for his very gallant conduct."

A few words must suffice for the doings of Parliament. It was in 1799 that the first debates occurred on the subject of a legislative union with Ireland, as a means of drawing the two peoples more closely together, and of preventing a recurrence of the deplorable events of the previous summer ; and it was in this year that members came to be called Unionists and Separatists.

On January 22nd George III. sent a message to Parliament recommending the Union, and, shortly after, favourable resolutions proposed by Pitt were carried by large majorities. Sheridan stoutly opposed the motions, and was replied to in an eloquent speech by Canning. In the Irish House of Commons a spirited debate occurred on January 22nd, when there was a majority of two in favour of the Union ; but two days later an adverse majority of five was obtained, and Dublin was illuminated to celebrate the result. The discussion then changed its *venue* from Parliament to the Irish public platform, and as time went on the opposition became less severe. The next illustra-



ENGAGEMENT OF THE "WOLVERENE" GUN-VESSEL WITH TWO FRENCH LUGGERS—JANUARY 4TH, 1799.

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CARICATURE OF THE UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN WITH IRELAND—1799.

tion gives us one of the many caricatures that were issued in connection with this proposed change in the Constitution.

One other event in Parliament must not be omitted. A few months ago the public mind was much agitated upon the question of the suppression of Sunday newspapers. A counterpart to this agitation was to be found in the House of Commons in 1799. On 29th May, Lord Belgrave "brought in a Bill for prohibiting the sale and circulation of papers on the Lord's Day," and it was read a first time; but when the measure came up for second reading on June 11th it was thrown out by forty votes against twenty-six.

In the field of sport there were many wagers and matches, but the event *par excellence* of the year, and the one that was being continually referred to, was the horse-race on Easter Monday between Hambletonian and Diamond for three thousand guineas. The event drew together the greatest concourse of people ever seen at Newmarket. "The company occupied not only every bed to be procured in that place, but Cambridge and every town and village within twelve or fifteen miles was also thronged with visitors." The race was an even and a fair one, and Hambletonian, the winner, was the better horse of the two. The course (more than four miles) was almost straight, and the race was won in eight minutes and a half. We give a view of the race at the finishing post.



THE RACE BETWEEN HAMBLETONIAN AND DIAMOND—EASTER MONDAY, 1799.

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We must now turn to more serious matters. The grand object of Napoleon in his expedition to Egypt was to strike a blow at England's commerce in the East, and to further his end he opened negotiations with the disaffected Princes of India—Tippoo Sahib being the principal. Tippoo, on his side, was equally anxious to expel the British from Indian soil, and by February, 1799, events had reached the point where Earl Mornington (the Governor-General) had to abandon all hope of an amicable settlement and push forward his forces. After several preliminary actions, Tippoo fell back upon Seringapatam, his capital, the siege of which began on April 5th. For the assault, which took place on May 4th, General Baird (who had previously been a prisoner in the city) was in command, and one o'clock was the time arranged for the attack. The troops crossed the River Cavery under a heavy fire, and lost many of the foremost party in the initial struggle of making a breach in the fortress; but in less than seven minutes the British colours were floating on the walls. Baird then divided his army into two divisions, and forcing the enemy back point by point eventually compelled them to turn and endeavour to escape. Tippoo himself could not be found until the evening, when, by torchlight, his body was discovered among the dead at the water gate. The next day he was buried, with military honours, in the Royal mausoleum. This vastly important victory, by which the English became masters of Mysore, is well shown in the accompanying print. As soon as the city was taken, Major Allen, accompanied by two other officers, entered Tippoo's palace with a flag of truce, and brought away Tippoo's two sons and took them at once to the English camp.



THE TAKING OF SERINGAPATAM.—MAY 4TH, 1799.

But the severest blow to Napoleon, which altogether dissipated his Oriental dreams, fell a fortnight later at Acre. He had realized that neither the English nor the Turks would permit him an undisturbed possession of Egypt, so he moved his forces along the coast of Syria with the object of attacking the forts of Acre. Several towns fell into his hands *en route*, but, with the substantial aid rendered to the Turks by Sir Sidney Smith and his men, Acre offered a stubborn resistance. For sixty days the besieged city defied all the attempts of Napoleon—for with Smith's squadron in support, the Turks were able to repel all attacks; and at last, on May 20th, Napoleon was compelled to raise the siege and retreat, leaving all his heavy artillery behind him. Upon arriving once more in Egypt, Napoleon handed over the command

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SIR SIDNEY SMITH DEFENDING THE BREACH AT ACRE—MAY 20TH, 1799.

of the army to General Kléber, and, by sailing close to the North African coast, managed to elude the vigilance of the English squadron and gain the shores of France. Sir Sidney Smith, defending the breach at Acre, is shown herewith.

Coming back again to England and to the City of London, we note that in the foreground of our illustration of the Royal Exchange and Bank of England, as it appeared in 1799, can be recognised the spot where in a little while will be the terminus of the City Electric Railway. Such an advance in the world's progress never entered the minds of the wisest men of 1799. In this year a deep well, centuries old, was discovered "while lowering the pavement opposite the front gate of the Royal Exchange."

In September, while "draining the basin in St. James's Square, the workmen found many curious articles which villainy, to conceal its guilt, had committed to that place. The most singular of these were the keys of Newgate, together with a quantity of chains and fetters, which it is well known were stolen at the time that prison was burnt down, during the Gordon Riots in 1780."



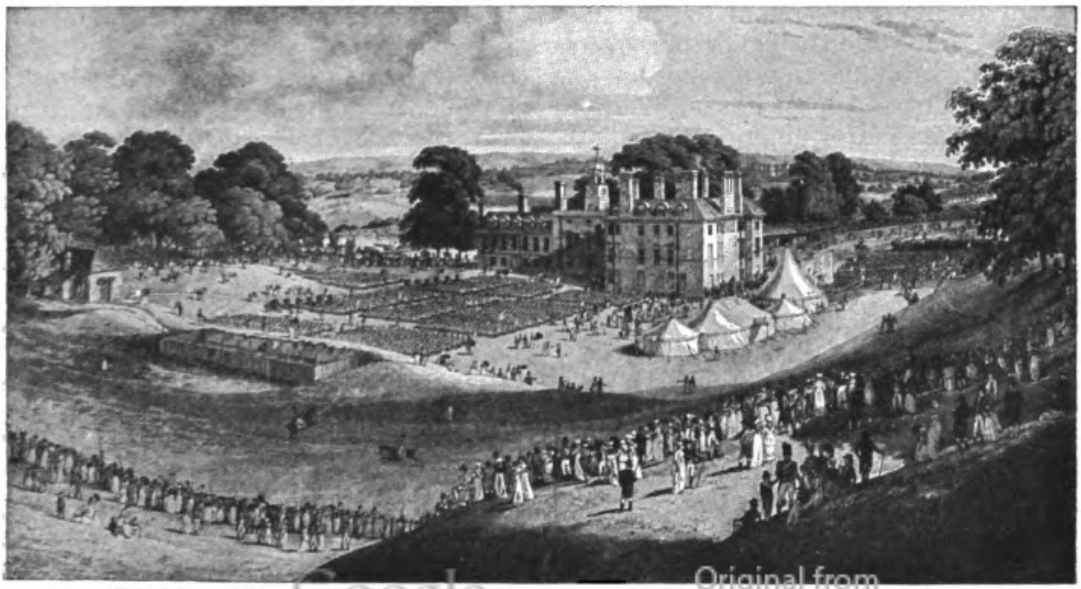
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND BANK OF ENGLAND—1799.

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THE GREAT VOLUNTEER REVIEW IN HYDE PARK—JUNE 4TH, 1799.

The Volunteer movement, inaugurated in 1798, showed no signs of abatement during 1799, but quite the opposite; and reviews and presentations of colours were of continual occurrence. The great review of 8,193 effective men in Hyde Park by George III. on his birthday (June 4th) was vividly recalled by the centenary celebration, under the Prince of Wales, last July, so we need not describe it here, but will simply give an illustration of the event, after a picture by Sir Robert Ker Porter, which is little known. Heavy rain fell in the early morning, and the day was marred by an exceedingly high wind; but otherwise the function was the most brilliant success. On July 4th the King reviewed the Volunteer corps of Surrey, on Wimbledon Common, and on August 1st those of Kent at Lord Romney's seat near Maidstone. On this latter occasion the Royal Family left Kew at 5.30 a.m., and, reaching the review ground about midday, the manœuvres commenced. At the conclusion of the review the entire company, including 5,319 Volunteers, sat down to a sumptuous *al fresco* dinner, as



BANQUET TO THE KENTISH VOLUNTEERS AT LORD ROMNEY'S SEAT, NEAR MAIDSTONE—AUGUST 1ST, 1799.

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represented in our illustration; and about six o'clock, "after being refreshed with coffee," the King and Royal Family set off for London.

The fashions of the day were frequently described in the newspapers, where minute descriptions were given of the dresses worn at Royal functions, including the earrings, head-dresses, and buckles. We here show the fashions for both sexes, as seen through the exaggerated vision of the caricaturist.



SATIRE ON THE FASHIONS OF 1799.

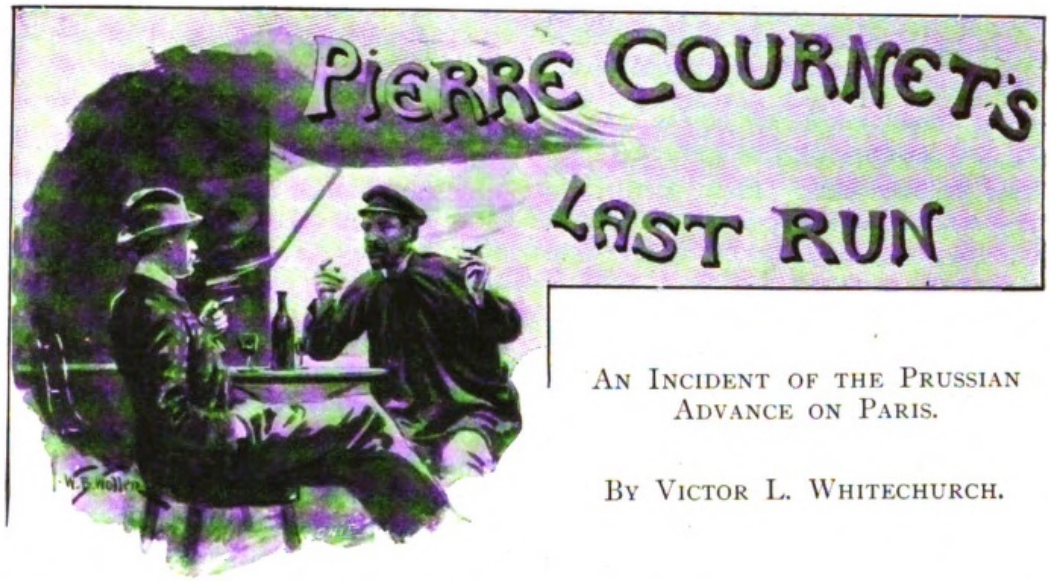
Duels were of almost daily occurrence, and one contemplated between Sir John Orde and Earl St. Vincent, because the latter had given a command in the Mediterranean to Lord Nelson, a junior officer, was only frustrated by the interference of the authorities. But the most amusing duel of the year took place at Dublin on March 7th, when two gentlemen met in Phœnix Park. Principals, seconds, surgeons, and all the apparatus of combat were ready, "when a gang of unpolished rebels appeared, stripped the combatants of their arms, watches, cash, etc., and sent them home perfectly reconciled to each other."

The necessities of life were exceptionally dear, and this was particularly so with bread and coal. On January 1st bread was 8¼d. the quartern loaf, but as the year advanced so the price steadily rose, until on December 4th it reached 1s. 3¼d. Owing to the weather (it was inclement most of the year), and to the dangers of sea transport, there were occasions when scarcely any coal was to be obtained in the Port of London. On April 2nd the price per chaldron was 60s. in the Pool and 67s. delivered to householders; while on the 12th there was only one ship-load at market, which realized *five guineas a chaldron*. Whether the dearness of provisions meant large profits for the shopkeepers we do not know; but we find that "Mr. Newman, the grocer of Fenchurch Street, who died in March, bequeathed upwards of one hundred thousand pounds to each of his daughters."

May Day was celebrated in London with the usual festivities, and Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the founder of the literary society of "Blue Stockings," gave her annual entertainment of roast beef and plum-pudding to the chimney-sweepers in the court-yard of her house in Portman Square, in commemoration (so the apocryphal story ran) of her once having found a boy of her own, or that of a relative, among the fraternity. Unfortunately, from among the crowd, some pickpockets were arrested. Ballooning had its place among the year's events, by the death of Stephen Montgolfier (August 17th), the inventor of air-balloons. Besides, there was a successful descent from a parachute at Paris by Garnerin, a celebrated aeronaut (June 22nd), and a Parisian lady named Labrosse (October) was equally successful with a descent at the garden of Tivoli. "The spectators were very numerous, and felt a great degree of anxiety for the success of this rash attempt."

One theatrical item must be mentioned. On September 23rd, at Weymouth, at the conclusion of his annual holiday, "the King went to the theatre to see the farce of 'The Lyar,' after which he set off in his travelling coach for town." How irresistibly this calls to mind the famous modern play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones!

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AN INCIDENT OF THE PRUSSIAN ADVANCE ON PARIS.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

WANDERING through the old city of Rheims one sultry summer evening, I had lighted upon an insignificant little *café* in the neighbourhood of the station, and had sat me down to have a cool "bock" and a smoke. At the next table to mine sat a group of two or three workmen, seemingly connected with the railway, more especially one of them, whose smoky blouse and not over-clean visage proclaimed him as an engine-driver; in fact, as I looked at him I remembered having noticed him on the foot-plate of the engine that had drawn my train from Mézières to Rheims the previous day.

I think it was the request on my part for a light, or something equally trivial, that first caused me to enter into conversation with my neighbours; but certain it was that before long we had drifted into a subject that is rather a dangerous one to touch upon, even now, with a Frenchman: the subject of the Franco-Prussian War.

"Ah, yes, monsieur," said one of the men, "I well remember the coming of the Prussians into Rheims, though I was but a lad at the time. It was early in the afternoon of September the 5th, a few days after the Battle of Sedan. I was lounging about in the streets when I heard the clatter of horse-hoofs, and sure enough four Prussian soldiers came riding into the city. *Ma foi*, how we hissed them!"

"What did they do?"

"Oh, they bought some food at a confectioner's. One old man tried to stop them by taking hold of a horse bridle. The soldier struck him with a pistol, but he would not let go. Then he shot him through the arm. They galloped off directly afterwards, and a shot was fired at them. In a few hours, though, we had twenty-five thousand soldiers, with the King of Prussia at their head, quartered upon us."

"How long did they stay?"

"Oh, they left immediately. They were marching on to Paris, nothing seemed to stand in their way."

"Except old Pierre Cournet," said the man I had guessed to be an engine-driver, taking his cigar from his lips reflectively.

"Ah, but that is true," remarked the other, adding, as he and a third man who had not spoken rose to go, "Monsieur should ask Jean Martin to tell him the story—he is not on duty for another hour yet."

Left alone with Jean Martin, I begged leave to replenish his glass of ordinary wine with a bottle of Burgundy, offered him a more fragrant cigar than the one he had been smoking, and, in return, drew the following extraordinary narrative from him:—

"No, monsieur, I was not in the army at the time of the war, and it is no story of a soldier that I am going to tell you. True, I served afterwards, as every man must do in France, but then I was only eighteen, and yet, although so young, was already a fireman on this very same line where now I drive a locomotive.

"I had only been fireman for a few months

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before the war broke out. The driver of the engine to which I was attached at the time of which I am speaking was an old man named Pierre Cournet. We were running trains between Rheims and Mézières, and, therefore, were in close touch with the first great battle-field of the war. I shall never forget that terrible time. Every sort of vehicle we had on the line was used for carrying troops. We took over 20,000 men from Rethel to Mézières, men belonging to Marshal MacMahon's army, and among them were Pierre Cournet's two sons.

"They had just time on reaching Mézières to run to the engine and bid their father farewell, for he happened to be driving the very train by which they travelled, when the bugle-call tore them away from him—tore them away for ever. For only a few days afterwards the sword of a Uhlan and the bullet of a Prussian needle-gun claimed the lives of Pierre Cournet's two sons in the awful fight of Sedan.

"When the news was brought to him he almost went mad. He swore he would turn franc-tireur and be revenged ten-fold for their deaths. Ah, monsieur knows well he was not the only parent in France who made such threats, and carried them out, too! And Pierre Cournet would assuredly have carried his out but for that which happened.

"We were at Rethel when the news came. Our countrymen were flying in every direction, and the railway was falling mètre by mètre into the hands of the enemy. Mézières still remained in possession of the French, and did not surrender for some weeks, but the railway communication was cut off. We tried to get down there with some stores, but our train fell into the hands of the Prussians at a station about twenty kilomètres this side of Mézières.

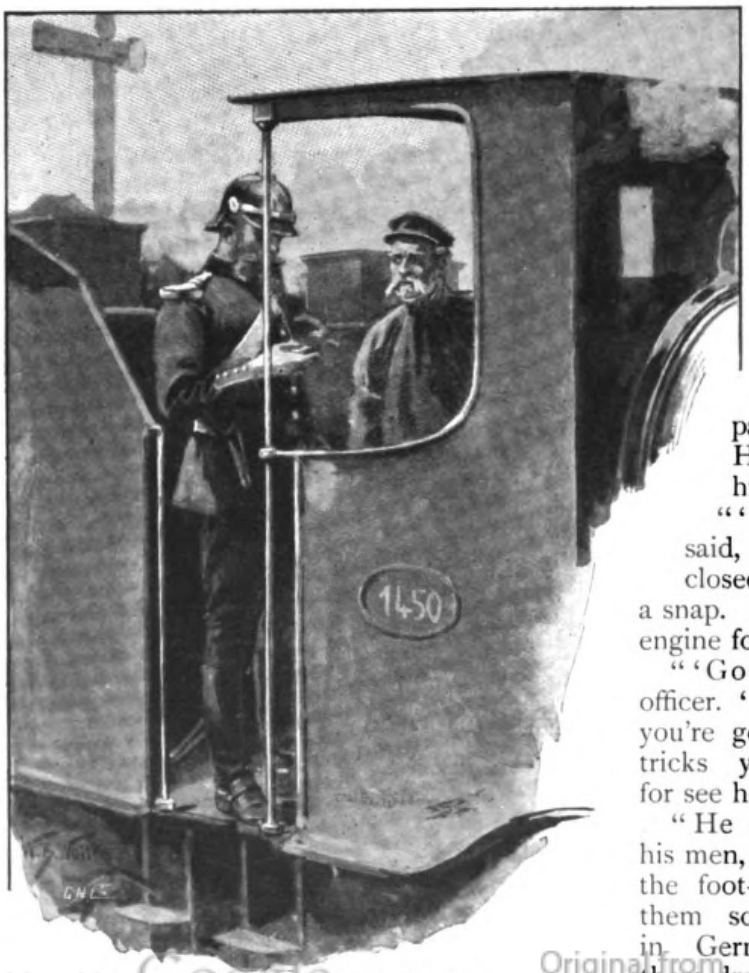
"Then it was that Pierre Cournet's patience was put to the test. A great, bearded Prussian officer came on the foot-plate and addressed him in broken French.

"'You will take this train back to Rethel, after we have loaded it with cannon and ammunition. You understand?'

"'I will not,' replied Cournet, trembling with fury. 'I will not take your cursed guns one inch towards Paris.'

"'Oh, very well,' replied the officer, calmly drawing out his watch and making a sign to some of his soldiers to come near. 'I will give you two minutes to decide. If you refuse, why then you will be shot instantly—I have no more time to waste on you. I would not even give you this chance, only there are no engineers with me, and I have no one who can drive a locomotive.'

"He stood, watch in hand, and the old engine-driver, pale with fury, stood beside him. I watched Pierre Cournet's face. For the first half minute it was still, with a set purpose; then a gleam of light seemed to flash into his eyes, and his lips parted in a smile. He had changed his mind.



"HE STOOD, WATCH IN HAND."

"'Very well,' he said, as the Prussian closed his watch with a snap. 'I will drive the engine for you.'

"'Good!' said the officer. 'But if you think you're going to play any tricks you're mistaken, for see here!'

"He called to two of his men, who came on to the foot-plate, and gave them some instructions in German. Each of them drew a pistol.

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"'Now,' he added to Pierre Cournet, in French, 'these soldiers have orders to shoot you and your young friend on the very slightest suspicion of trickery, and as one of them understands French, you'd better be careful what you say. And now, while we load the train, you get your engine to the other end and be ready to start.'

"Pierre Cournet shrugged his shoulders and told me to get down and uncouple the locomotive and to work the points so that he could shunt it to the reverse end of the train. I did so, one of the soldiers accompanying me and keeping guard over me all the time. We had been running from Rethel tender first, so now the engine stood in its right position, smoke-jack in front. I coupled her to the train.

"It was nearly two hours before we were ready to start, and during that time we watched the Prussians get six guns on to as many trucks and fill all the available waggons with ammunition. There were two old third-class carriages at the rear end of the train, and some fifty artillerymen were ordered into these. Finally, the officer who had spoken to us before came up, and dismissed one of our guards, taking his place instead.

"'I shall travel with you,' he said, cocking his pistol, 'and see that all goes right. Besides, I am not sure yet how far we shall go. Now then, start!'

"I had set the points to bring the train on to the up-line. Cournet laid his hand on the regulator, there were a few sonorous puffs, and we were off.

"I knew by my companion's face that he meant to do something desperate before our journey was over. He had given me one sharp, questioning glance that seemed to mean, 'Will you help me?' and I had nodded in reply, though what his plans were I could not guess. Still, I determined that, if need be, I would strike a blow against the hated Prussians.

"We had gone a few kilomètres, and were getting up a fair speed, when the mouth of a tunnel loomed ahead. I saw a strange expression flit across Cournet's face, and I think the Prussian officer must have noticed it too, for he said a few words in German to the soldier, and the latter grasped me by the neck just as we entered the tunnel, while at the same moment I felt the cold ring of his pistol-barrel pressing against my forehead. The officer had seized Cournet in the same manner, and if the old driver thought he was going to do anything in the tunnel he was mistaken. When we were through our guards released their hold. We went on. Presently a smile of triumph shone in Pierre Cournet's face, instead of the disappointed look he had worn as we emerged from the tunnel. I felt instinctively that the moment of action was arriving.

"'Get me a spanner, Jean!' said the driver, quietly; 'a bolt is loose.'

"I opened the tool chest and took one out. The officer's suspicions were aroused in a moment, and he levelled his pistol at Cournet as the latter took the spanner. But Cournet only smiled contemptuously, and began tightening a nut, saying to me: 'More coal, Jean.'

"I took up the heavy shovel and put a few loads on the fire, my guard handling his pistol in a menacing manner all the time. Evidently the slightest movement on our part was being watched with scrupulous jealousy. What *was* the driver going to do? I asked myself this question as I looked ahead through the weather-glasses after putting on a third shovelful of coal. We were rushing along a high embankment now, and travelling at a much greater pace than we usually went. In a few seconds we should be rounding a very sharp curve, but Cournet did not seem inclined to slacken speed. He was still engaged in screwing up the nut.

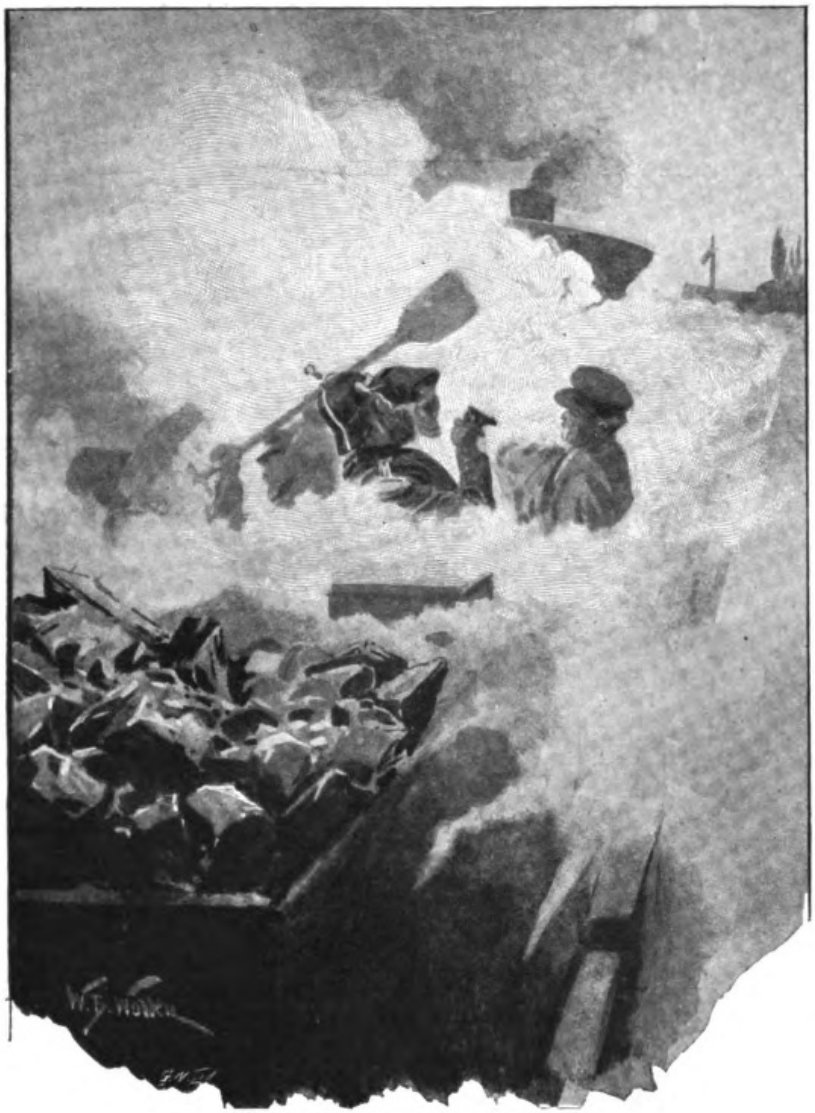
"I was just turning towards the tender again for more coal, when a sudden swerve told me we had left the straight and were rounding the curve. At that very moment Pierre Cournet, his back towards the officer, with a very quick movement of his wrist struck the glass tube of the water-gauge with his spanner and sprang on one side.

"In an instant a cloud of steam and a jet of scalding water poured forth on to the foot-plate, blinding and burning us; at the same moment two sharp reports rang out, and I heard Pierre Cournet shout, 'Strike him, Jean!'

"I was quick to take it in. Notwithstanding what had happened, I never lost my nerve for a moment; in fact, the breaking of the water-gauge was no new experience to me, though this was the first time it had not happened accidentally. My shovel was already half poised in the air, and I brought it down with all my might on the Prussian soldier's head. Reeling backward he fell off the foot-plate, rolled down the embankment, and I saw him no more.

"Meanwhile Pierre Cournet had not been idle. With a second blow of his weapon he had felled the officer immediately after the latter had fired his pistol, and the big

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"TWO SHARP REPORTS RANG OUT."

Prussian lay unconscious at our feet. All this was but the work of a few seconds, but I shall remember that terrible little fight in the midst of the scalding steam as long as I live.

"The next moment the fearless old driver had rushed to the broken gauge, and, scalding his hands severely in the attempt, had turned off the steam and water-taps. Once more the foot-plate was clear. But this was by no means all. There was a terrible plan formed in Pierre Cournet's brain that day, and he worked it out to the bitter end.

"We were now beginning to rush down an incline, at the end of which, on the level, was a long tunnel. The old driver turned to me:—

"'Go back,' he cried, 'over the coals, and uncouple the engine. You can do it, can't you?'

"'I'll do it!' I shouted. We were only working with ordinary chain-couplings, and I knew these would be slack as we ran down-hill.

"In ten seconds I was behind the tender, astride one of the buffers, stooping down and separating the loose chain dangling between the tender and the leading truck. Then I clambered back over the coals to the foot-plate. I found Pierre Cournet slackening speed with his hand on the regulator.

"'Tie him up,' he exclaimed, with a glance at the officer. 'He's coming to.'

"There was a piece of rope in the tool chest, and I tied the Prussian's arms securely behind his back, making the end of the rope fast to a ring in the foot-plate. Hardly had I done so when we entered the tunnel.

"We were running very slowly now. Although uncoupled, the momentum given it by the incline had kept the train close behind our engine, and, of course, its leading buffers were still touching our rear ones, because, by slowing his engine, Pierre Cournet had been checking the speed of the train behind.

"In the middle of the tunnel we stopped dead for a moment.

"'Good,' said Cournet, as he immediately opened the regulator once more; 'it is level here, and the train will stay in the tunnel until—until—but you shall see for yourself, Jean. *Mon Dieu*, grant that I may hold out!'

"Out of the tunnel into the bright daylight we rushed with great speed. Still I had no idea of what Cournet meant to do.

"'Put on the brakes,' he shouted as he shut off the steam. 'Quick and hard, my son!'

"We came to a standstill about three-quarters of a kilomètre from the tunnel's mouth. It was a perfectly straight bit of line, and, looking back, I could see the black entrance behind us.

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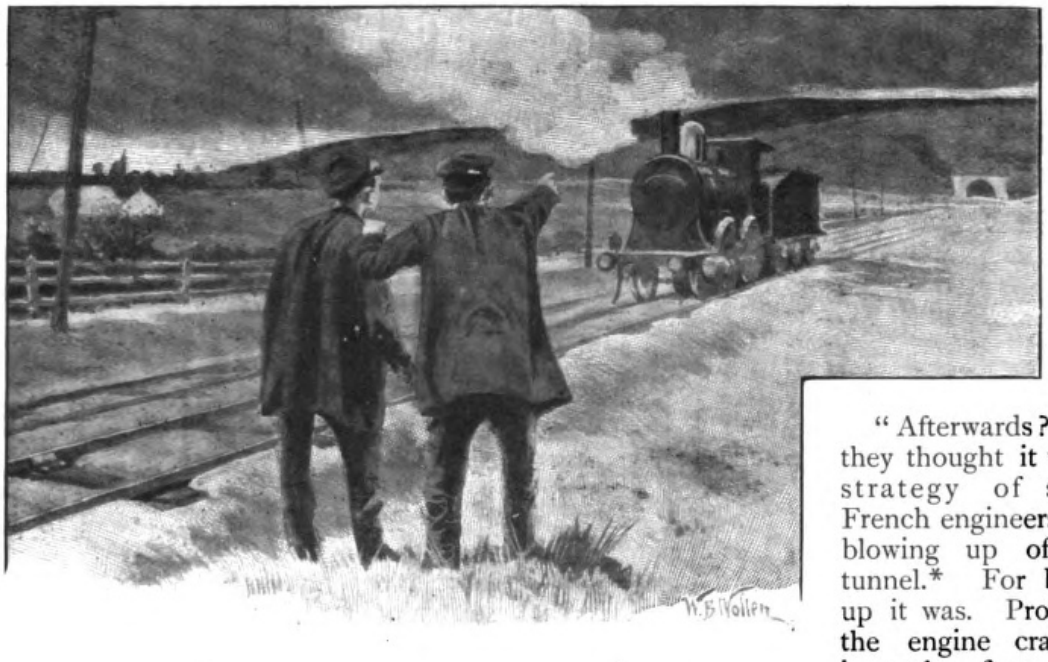
"'Get off, Jean,' said the driver.

"He was reversing the gear of the engine now, and it seemed to me that it cost him a great effort to pull the lever over the sector. Then came another voice, that of the Prussian officer. He had come to.

"'For God's sake, what are you going to do?' he asked.

"'Going to do? Why, send you back to your friends as fast as we can. Adieu, monsieur—a speedy and safe journey to you—and the journey ends *in the tunnel!*'

"So saying, he opened the regulator to the full, and sprang from the foot-plate to my side as the great engine began to move backwards, along the line we had come, towards the tunnel. It was some moments before I grasped the horror of the thing. Then, as I saw the locomotive hastening away from us, gathering fresh speed every moment as it neared the dark opening of the tunnel, I realized the awful nature of Cournet's revenge.



"THEY ARE CAUGHT LIKE MICE IN A TRAP."

"He grasped me by the arm. I think he had gone mad for the moment.

"'See,' he cried, 'André and Jacquet will be avenged by their father. They are caught like mice in a trap, and all their guns and ammunition will be destroyed. Ah, it has nearly reached the tunnel!'

"Horror-struck, I watched the locomotive until at length it disappeared into the dark aperture, and the white steam rolled in cloudy columns from the tunnel's mouth. The next few seconds seemed like hours, but at last, straining every nerve, we heard a dull, muffled sound from the direction of the tunnel, followed by a deep, growling roar. Then all was quiet.

"I turned to Pierre Cournet. He had released his hold on me and had sunk on the grass by the side of the line. His face was an ashen grey, and for the first time I noticed a streak of red running down his blouse.

"'Why, you are wounded!' I said.

"'Yes,' he gasped. 'He hit me when he fired; I hardly thought I could have lasted it out—but—but—I have not died too soon—good-bye, Jean—escape quickly—Ah!'

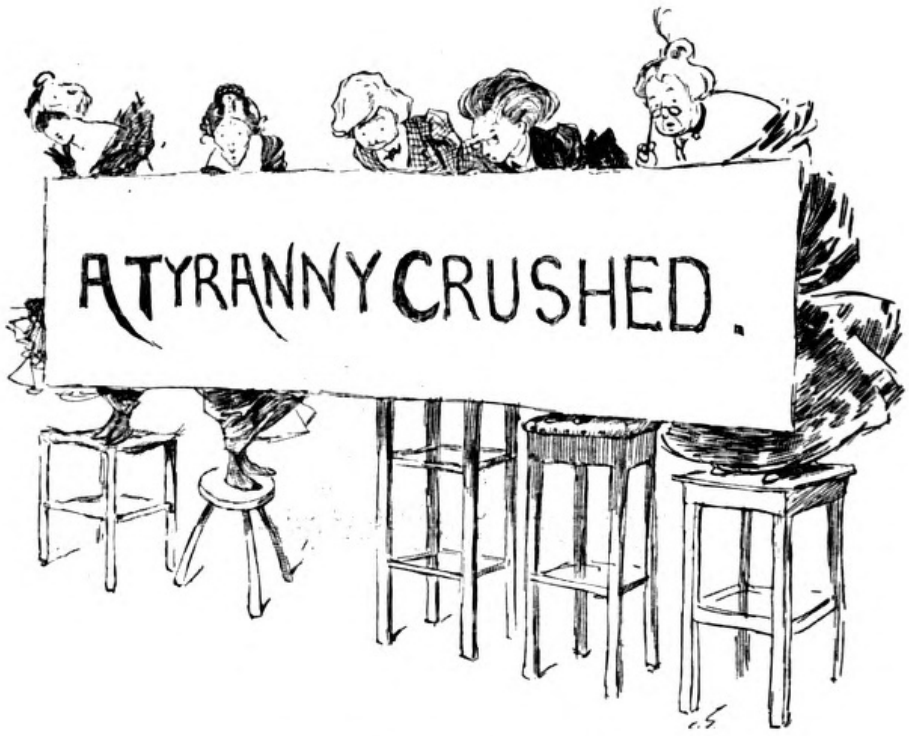
"In a second or two it was over, and I was running for my life through the wood by the side of the line—for my life, I say, because I knew the country round was infested with Prussians, and it might have been difficult to give an account of myself had I been captured.

"Afterwards? Oh, they thought it was a strategy of some French engineers, this blowing up of the tunnel.* For blown up it was. Probably the engine crashing into the first truck that was full of shells caused the explosion. But the whole train was buried, and with it the bodies of the Prussian artillerymen.

"And now I must wish monsieur good-night, for it is nearly time for me to take my train to Mézières. Without doubt my journey will be less exciting than the one I have recounted."

* Several railway tunnels on the lines which the French knew would prove useful to the Prussians in their advance on Paris were purposely blown up.

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By George Manville Fenn.

I.

"NO, sir; I will not!"

It was Jack Armstrong who said that through his teeth, and when he came to "not," he brought his fist down with a thump on my study table which made the pewter inkstand hop, and several black splashes appeared among my papers.

"Well, don't," I growled, as I snatched up the blotting-pad and applied it here and there.

"Very sorry, old fellow," he cried, apologetically; "but it's enough to make any man fly out. Only six months ago Chipping Woodham was a little red-brick paradise—an Eden to which we were all drawn."

"From the weakness and wickedness of London, Jack."

"Right, old boy. The clubs had ceased to charm."

"Dinners attracted not."

"A feeling of goodness crept over one."

"Sort of pristine innocency."

"Yes, and we grew our begonias."

"Or roses."

"Yes, or cocoa-nutted our beds fibrously."

"And hurried back from Town's temptations, to be sweet and nice in the bosoms of our families."

"Chipping Woodham was an earthly Paradise which beat William Morris's into fits, till that unlucky day half a year ago when your wife took mine up to hear that Jezebel lecture on Woman's position in the world."

"Oh, come, I like that!" I cried. "Why, it was Mrs. Armstrong who brought the tickets here, and asked my wife to go with her."

"Scribe, my dear boy," said my visitor, stretching out his hand, with the tears in his eyes; "don't, don't, old chap. You and I must not quarrel over minutiæ in the face of such a peril—such a horror as the one which threatens to wreck the happiness of every domestic circle in this once happy place. Say it was Ponderosa, then; I give way. Let's both give way to everything in the face of this poison which is permeating our women's brains. Look at them—so sweet, so beautiful, but one and all taking the infection. See what they are doing! Congresses—meetings—conferences—minutes—agenda—the whole bag of tricks; and my sweet, soft, plump, pink, baby-faced, ponderous Rosa chairman."

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"Charwoman," I said, correctively.

"I would rather she was," he cried. "But no, sir; I read it down at the end of a report—chairman. My once loving, domestic wife a chairman!"

"And mine secretary," I said, sadly.

"Scribe, old man, it's enough to make our ancestors rise from their graves."

"I don't know about that," I said. "It's only a fad, though, and it will wear itself out."

"It won't, old man," cried Jack, excitedly; "it's getting worse. Oh, that I should have lived to see it! Woman rising up—bless her!—to release herself from what they call their state of thraldom."

"My wife calls it serfdom," I said, bitterly.

"I don't care what they call it," cried Jack, bubbling up redly and beginning to boil over again with his fist.

"Mind my ink!" I cried.

"Hang your ink!" he roared. "I tell you I'm wound up, and I won't stand it. Do I look the sort of man to lay my head against the wall and make a mark on the panel like Mr. Jellyby?"

"No, old fellow, you do not," I said, emphatically; "but don't quarrel. It's of no good. The women—bless 'em all—will soon get over this crank and come back to the horrible state of serfdom in which they have always languished, and we shall be happy once more."

"Yes," said Jack, sarcastically, "poor wretches, in which they had every blessed thing we could get for them, every sou we could scrape together. Talk about Hamlet's father: he never thought half so much about the wind visiting his Gertrude's face too roughly as you did about Mrs. Scribe being kept to leeward. Ha! what a dear, sweet woman she was!" he sighed.

"*Is*, Jack, is," I said correctively, again. "With all her faults, I love her still."

"I'm just as bad, old man. Poor Rosa! I loved her when she was soft and young and gentle, and I love her still, though she did bring the machine down with a bump at sixteen stone when I weighed her last. Poor Ponderosa!"

"Look here, old fellow," I said; "that's a bad joke, and your wife won't be best pleased if she ever hears you have given her such a nickname."



"'IT WON'T, OLD MAN,' SAID JACK, EXCITEDLY; 'IT'S GETTING WORSE.'"

"Serve her right. See how she sits upon me now, Scribe, old man," he cried, raising his voice; "it's crushing, and once for all I'll be——"

"No, don't, Jack; it's of no use to fight against this trouble, I tell you. Keep cool, and let them gradually see how ridiculous they are making themselves. Force and bluster will not do it. The trouble must be met with guile."

"Think so?"

"I do. We want something which will waken them up to the true fact that woman's place in the world is naturally different to man's. They know it at heart—bless 'em!—but these disappointed spinsters, and cranky wives who have set themselves the task of righting their sex, as they call it, have quite turned their heads. There, have a pipe, old fellow. It will all come right in the end."

Jack Armstrong took a very black pipe from his pocket, scraped out the bowl with his knife, and began thoughtfully to fill it from my jar. I did the same. The next minute we were smoking calmly on either side of the fire, chatting softly about the dear bairns and

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their ways, and the way the women's movement affected them, Jack Armstrong growing calmer and more resigned, till he suddenly said, with a sigh :—

"Rosa began smoking the other night."

"What?"

"Fact, old man."

Then, with his frank, bluff face wrinkling all over, he took his pipe from his lips and began to shake with inward mirth.

"What is it?" I said.

"Made her giddy as a nag with the megrims," he cried, choking with laughter; "but she wouldn't own to it. Said it was the—ho, ho, ho, ho! you'll never believe it—the salmon, and the weather; but she had to leave off."

I laughed too, but I winced, for I knew of the existence of a box of cigarettes, about the thickness of straws, which lay on my wife's writing-table.

"Your wife never made such a fool of herself as that, old man," said Armstrong.

"Well, I don't know about a woman making a fool of herself by smoking," I said, rather haughtily. "Carlyle's mother smoked."

"Yes, and nice she must have looked, with her old clay pipe," said Armstrong. "I say, though, old man"—there was a deep chuckle—"it did make poor Ponderosa look white—and yellow," he added, with another sigh, and he slowly laid down his pipe.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"I dunno," he replied, quietly. "I'm afraid smoking's a bad habit. I think I shall give it up."

"What!" I cried, looking at him aghast.

"Yes, old man," he continued, sadly. "I never saw smoke in that light before. Where there's smoke there's fire, they say, and I don't want all the old pleasant time to be burned out."

I looked at him wonderingly—he seemed all at once so changed.

"Then there's the club!" he said.

"What about it?" I cried. "Hang it all! there's peace there. We have that to ourselves."

"At present," said Jack, dismally; "but it's coming, if we don't check it. They'll take it by storm one of these days."

"Never!" I cried, defiantly. "It is our innermost work—our keep that we shall hold to the last."

"Till the walls come down," said Jack.

"Yes, and bury us in the ruins," I cried.

"And then the new woman'll come and sit upon 'em and smile. Scribe, old chap, I think I shall give up the club."

"John Armstrong," I replied, "you had better see a doctor. This sounds like incipient brain softening."

"Very likely," he said. "They've started one. That Jezebel, as you called her——"

"No—you!"

"Both of us, then—has inveigled all the women into joining that club of hers. Ponderosa is a vice-president."

"I know," I said, grimly.

"Yes, vice-president of a lady's club. She's proud of it, and the children were talking about it only this morning. Tilda wanted to know whether mamma would have her hair cut short now like Lady X. If she does, old man, I shall buy two yards of box cord, and go into a wood."

"Yes," I said; "you're just the man."

"But a woman with a club—my wife, with all those children, wanting a club! Hah! she didn't know she wanted one, that it was her duty as a woman to have one, till Jezebel raised the point. Why, Scribe," continued Jack, excitedly, "I swear to you that I've often kept away from the club because I felt that it wasn't fair to go there much, and I've hurried home so as to spend the evenings with the missus and the bairns; and now she's vice-president of the Gynesta!"

We were silent again for some minutes, and then Jack said, softly :—

"Bless 'em! I suppose they can't see how they're going against Nature."

"That's it," I said.

"And you think it's only temporary?"

"Of course," I replied. "Leave it alone, and Nature will triumph in the end. Women will wake up from the dream when something occurs to show them the folly of this attempted usurpation of the position and natural rights of man."

"That's it," he said; "something to make 'em see how ridiculous they look, eh?"

"Yes, that's it."

"If I could only scheme something," he said, taking up his pipe, holding it like a hammer, and tapping his boot-heel.

Then there was a long silence.

"Well," I said at last, half contemptuously; "what is it to be?"

"Wait and see."

II.

JACK ARMSTRONG was my old schoolfellow, and our boy-friendship had lasted to middle age. We had fished and annexed apples together; hatched tricks, and played them, and I suppose were about as mischievous a

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pair of young dogs as ever breathed. The difference between us as we grew old was that I became a more sober man, while in his happy moments Jack was as boyish and as full of fun-gas as ever, the ebullitions of the said gas taking the form of practical jokes, generally innocent, but frequently as juvenile as when we were twelve or fourteen.

I knew from old experience that it was of no use to "pump" Jack when he had an idea, for no matter how one laboured at the handle he would never gush with the waters of enlightenment. He was fond of mystery, hugging his ideas as if he believed that a trick gained piquancy by being kept secret and let off at last as a surprise.

This was right enough, as I told him, when applied to the person who was to suffer, but wrong in connection with his bosom friend. But I could never convince him, and, as above said, my experience taught me that when as boy or man he half closed his left eye and said, "Wait and see," one had to wait. Hence in this case I grunted, and let the matter go quite out of my mind, while the days became weeks, and these latter a couple of months.

Meanwhile, Chipping Woodham grew more wild in its modern craze, the ladies forming themselves into society within society, and the men when discussing the question among themselves became almost rabid, threatening a general strike, while the discussions which took place at their now much frequented clubs threatened fierce action. Only Armstrong remained silent. He was moody and abstracted, and some of our friends sighed as they thought of his cheery past, saying, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders, "Ah, look at poor Jack Armstrong; he's growing quite a wreck! But, there: we're all in the same boat."

But the ladies did not seem to mind in the least. They went on and on. We were all Liberal at Chipping Woodham, some being even extreme in our Radicalism, so that there was fresh cause of dissension—our wives blossoming out into Primrose Dames. They were ready, in fact, for a general usurpation of the rule which had naturally been that of the stronger sex; and we looked on in gloomy silence.

"Never mind," said Jack Armstrong; "let 'em go on. Give 'em rope enough and they'll hang themselves."

"The sooner the better," I said, gloomily, "if it were only upon us, as they did in the good old times."



"PRIMROSE DAMES."

"Hah!" said Jack, with a sigh.

And "Hah!" I said, with another which echoed his.

Another month glided by, and then there was an advertisement in the local paper, and circulars of invitation came by post to a grand meeting in the Corn Exchange, to welcome a strong deputation from the Women's Elevation Society. The chair to be taken by Mrs. John Danby Armstrong at eight o'clock, when addresses would be given by Lady Diana Mearly, B.A., Doctor Maria Brown, Miss Jane Dempster, P.D.,

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and others. Gentlemen to be admitted, by invitation card only, to the organ loft and the gallery.

"You're going?" said Jack Armstrong, the next time we met.

"I! Going?" I cried, in my most ironical tones. "My dear boy, no. Our Laura has a relaxed throat, and I stay at home and see that she has her gargle every half-hour."

"Buy her an ounce of lozenges, and give her them to suck," he said, gruffly. "You must come."

"Come?" I cried. "Why, you surely don't mean to say that you are going?"

"Yes," he said, nodding his head. "I shall be there."

"Then it is all over," I groaned, sadly. "Here's poor old Jack ordered to go by his wife, and he throws up the sponge—beaten. Then the game is really up, and we must accept our position."

"Yes," he said, drily. "You see, woman in her weakness is so strong. You'll come?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I'll come. We'll sit together, and listen to the speeches over a cigar."

"Oh, no, my boy; no smoking allowed. This meeting means business."

The evening came, and our dinner had been hurried, for Mrs. Scribe wished to be in the great hall of the Corn Exchange early.

"I shall be back before ten, dear," said my wife. "But perhaps you intend to be present?"

"Yes," I replied; "I am going with Armstrong."

"I am very glad, dear," she said, earnestly. "Now I hope you will begin to see matters in their proper light, and that there will be a cessation of the ribald remarks to which I have so often had to listen."

"I hope so, my dear," I said, mildly; and then I waxed wroth, for Laura of the relaxed throat exclaimed:—

"You might let me go, ma. Jenny, Riah, May, and Dolly Armstrong are all going to be there."

"Stay a little, my darling," said my wife, kissing her. "I should have taken you if your throat had been better."

"Oh, it isn't bad enough for that, ma."

"Hush, my child. Allow me to know best. Wait."

I gnashed my teeth as I saw my wife to the fly, and then hurried back to our child.

"Lol," I cried, fiercely, "if you begin to show any more of that horrible leaning towards women's rights I'll disown you."

"No, you won't, pa," she cried, springing at me, to cling about my neck. "I hate it all; and there's a kiss for each eye and one for the tip of your darling nose where its red, and one for each cheek, and one for your lips; and, ugh! how tickly! Why don't you shave clean like Mr. Armstrong does?"

"Be quiet, Gipsy; and I'm not going to be smoothed over. Look here, I will not have you take to all this stuff. You'll want to be a Primrose girl next."

"No, I sha'n't, pa; I only wanted to go because Dolly Armstrong's going to hear old Lady Mearly preach. She says it's to be regular fun. But, I say: you won't go?"

"I must," I said. "I've promised Mr. Armstrong."

"Don't, dad, dear. Stop and play bézique with me."

"No, no, don't tempt me. My word is passed; and——there, there, don't cry, Lol, and I'll take you up to town, and we'll have a day of it together."

"Oh! dad. You promise?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then I won't cry."

But she did, for there were a couple of very pretty tears stealing down her cheeks as I hurriedly kissed her, and went out, to find Jack Armstrong coming up to the gate.

"Look sharp," he cried. "I was afraid you were going to throw me over. Come on."

"You seem in a precious hurry to see your wife make a goose of herself," I growled.

"Yes," he said; "I am."

We had two excellent seats in front of the great organ, facing the platform; but for the matter of that we might have sat where we liked, for there were not above a dozen men—very young men—engaged and callow-looking, whose betrothed were below in the densely-packed assemblage of well-dressed ladies. My wife was on the platform, close to Mrs. Armstrong, both of them appearing delightfully plump, and forming a strong contrast in their low dresses to the very bony visitors, who looked hard, harsh, and by no means likely to excite a tender passion in any male human breast.

"What fools we seem," I whispered to Jack, as we took our seats.

"Um, yes," he said, drily. "Perhaps we are."

"Let's go out and have a game at billiards."

"Billiards?" he whispered. "I wouldn't miss this meeting for all the billiards on this earthly sphere. But, hist! my wife's going to open the ball."

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"Ball without dancing?" I growled.

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "they may get up a dance."

Our conversation was checked by a burst of plaudits, accompanied by waving of kerchiefs, as Mrs. Armstrong rose, beaming and bowing, to take the chair, and, after a few words, she introduced the first speaker, who stepped to the front, and, receiving her ovation, began her address. The usual thing—the tirade of a woman who could not separate the sensible from the foolish, but, not content with advocating the rights of a woman to enter upon careers suitable to her sex, must plunge at once into the impossible, and preach about the example she had set in celibacy, a life of freedom from most of the ills women were called upon to suffer.



"MRS. ARMSTRONG ROSE, BEAMING AND BOWING."

"Poor creature!" I murmured. "Here, sit still, Jack. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, hurriedly. "I was trying to make out where my Dolly is. She ought to be just below us."

"There's her sister, close to the platform," I said.

"Yes, I can see her, and the other two to the left and right, close to the wall."

"Why, aren't they all together?" I asked.

"No, no; not to-night. Seats all numbered, you see," he whispered, as he strained over the rail to look down by the clock-face just beneath him. "Ah, all right; there she is. I didn't know the top of her head."

Just then the clock went *ting* at the half-hour, and Jack blew off a big sigh, laid hold of the rail in front of him, and seemed to fix his eyes like a basilisk on the lady speaking from the front of the platform, and gradually warming up into a volubility that was most impressive.

In the midst of a fervent oratorical display, in which, aided by her hands and tricks of voice, studied undoubtedly from the stage, she was painting the woes of the down-trodden woman with touching pathos, a lady just in front suddenly gave vent to a hysterical gasp, half rose from her seat, and then sat down with a peculiar shuddering cry.

"Ah!" cried the speaker, "I do not wonder, ladies, at this display of emotion. You are even heart-wrung at the recital of these woes, but I tell you——"

There was a short, sharp squeak from beneath where we sat, followed by a loud cry from the middle of the hall, and directly after by a succession of "Oh's," pants, and gasping shrieks, several ladies leaping to their feet and making an effort to pass out.

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"Ladies, ladies, pray be seated," cried Mrs. Armstrong, rising. "You must restrain your emotion."

A shrill shriek brought the chairman's—woman's—words to a termination, for from near the platform the lady who had started the trouble sprang up again, filling the hall with her cries.

Then the panic began: faint gasps and pants rose in all directions, and a human wave set towards the nearest door; but fresh cries arose, the attempt at exit ceased, and, as if moved by one set of muscles, all present took refuge on the chairs, to stand shaking their voluminous dresses, some uttering squeaks and hysterical cries, others sobbing violently.

"Ladies, ladies!" cried Mrs. Armstrong, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, my gracious!" yelled Lady Diana, and with a bound she reached a chair at the back of the platform, sprang upon it with wonderful agility, and stood there in a very peculiar bent position, apparently winding her garments tightly about her spare legs and pressing them down, uttering shriek after shriek.

In wild alarm Mrs. Armstrong essayed to follow her example, but failed dismally as far as her locomotive muscles were concerned, though she surpassed the deputation in the power of her cries.

The alarm spread like wildfire, the excitement seemed maddening, and in less time than it takes to tell the whole place was in a state of the wildest confusion. Cries for help arose, mingled with half-stifled gasps and hysterical laughter, while one lady nearly fainted—not quite.



"WE RUSHED TO THEIR HELP."

I had started from my seat as soon as I recovered from my paralyzing state of wonderment, and was on my way to go down and render help, but felt myself dragged back by the coat-tails, so that it was the dozen mild-looking young gentlemen who rushed to the door.

"Sit still, stupid!" growled Jack.

"Come along down," I said. "Your wife's crouching on that platform all of a heap."

"Yes," he said, "as if she had been making a cheese; and there's yours standing on the table with the water bottle and glass.

We hurried down now, but it was some time before we could make a way through the stream of wildly excited ladies now fleeing from the hall. When we did reach the platform it was to find our wives still as we had seen them from above, and we rushed now to their help.

"Mice — mice — mice!" sobbed my wife, as I helped her down.

"Mice?" I said, in astonishment.

"Yes, dear, yes," she sobbed. "Oh, it was horrible—horrible!"

"Are you sure you don't mean black beetles?"

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"Yes, dear; yes, dear," she whispered, as she clung to me tightly; "they attacked us in swarms."

"Not rats?"

"No, dear, mice—mice! *Ugh!*"

"Mice?" I cried, in disgust. "What, all this set-out about a mouse?"

"No, no, dear; there must have been thousands," she sobbed, trembling, and now weeping bitterly. "Oh, pray, pray help me home," she sobbed, hysterically. "How dreadful—how horrible! Oh! I'm going to faint."

She did not. The cool air outside I suppose revived her. I saw her home, and as soon as she could be left I went to see after Jack Armstrong and his wife—more especially the former.

He was standing at his gate, smoking, and nodded as I came up.

"How's your wife?" I said, eagerly.

"All right now," he cried, and then, with a chuckle: "I say, the strong-minded woman and the mouse!"

"Yes," I said, severely, as I recalled the Jack Armstrong of old. "What about that mouse?"

"Mouse, dear boy?" he said. "There were forty-eight—twelve in each of the little book-like boxes my four girls took with them, lettered 'poems.' They were to put them down by their feet and to raise the lids with their toes as the clock struck the half-hour; and they did."

"Brave girls!" I cried, enthusiastically; "then they were not afraid?"

"Afraid? Not they. They went for it as full of go as if they had been boys."

"Like their father?" I said.

"Yes, old fellow; they're chips of the old block. It has taken me weeks to get all those mice, and keep them fed on the quiet. And those are the ladies who are going to set the world straight and look down upon us men!"

"And what about the business being known?"

"Won't be known," he said, "Wild horses wouldn't drag it from those girls. They hate the humbug as much as I."

"But, I say——"

"Don't say anything, old man. That job killed all their meetings here. They'll never get up another, and their craze'll fizzle all away now."

Somehow Jack was right; that is, as far as Chipping Woodham is concerned.

But Jack's girls couldn't keep it quiet, after all. It was too prime, and one day in strict confidence, I suppose, after discussing the plague of mice at the meeting, they told my Laura the whole of the ghastly secret.

Within an hour I knew that the cat was out of the bag, for Lol came to me with her eyes flashing and cheeks like fire.

She attacked me at once.

"Oh, pa," she cried, "what a shame!"

"What's a shame, pet?"

"Letting out all those mice to spoil the meeting."

"Why, what cock-and-bull story have you got hold of now?" I cried.

"Oh, it's of no use for you to pretend, pa, because Dolly and the others told me everything, and you must have known it was going to happen. It was a shame—it was a shame—it was a shame!"

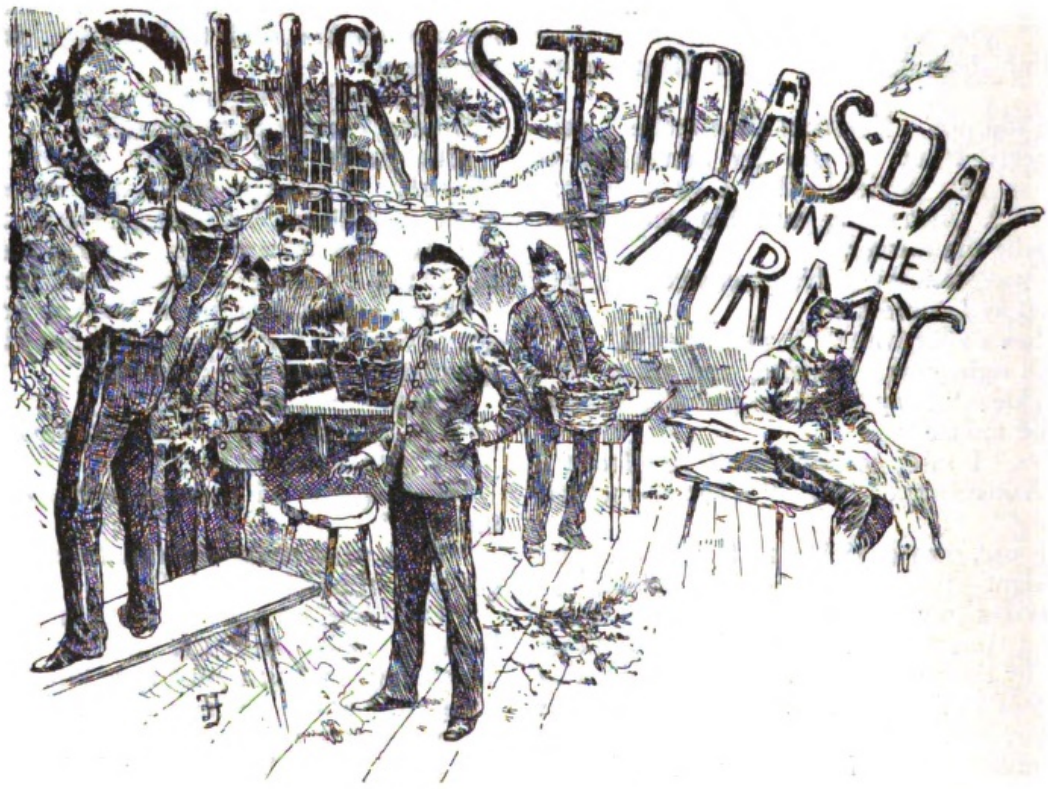
"Laura," I said, severely, "I give you my word of honour that I knew nothing about it whatever. Do you suppose if I had known I would have exposed your mother to——"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, pa," she cried, eagerly.

"Then pray, miss, what did you mean?"

"I meant it was such a shame that you didn't take me."

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By Horace Wyndham.

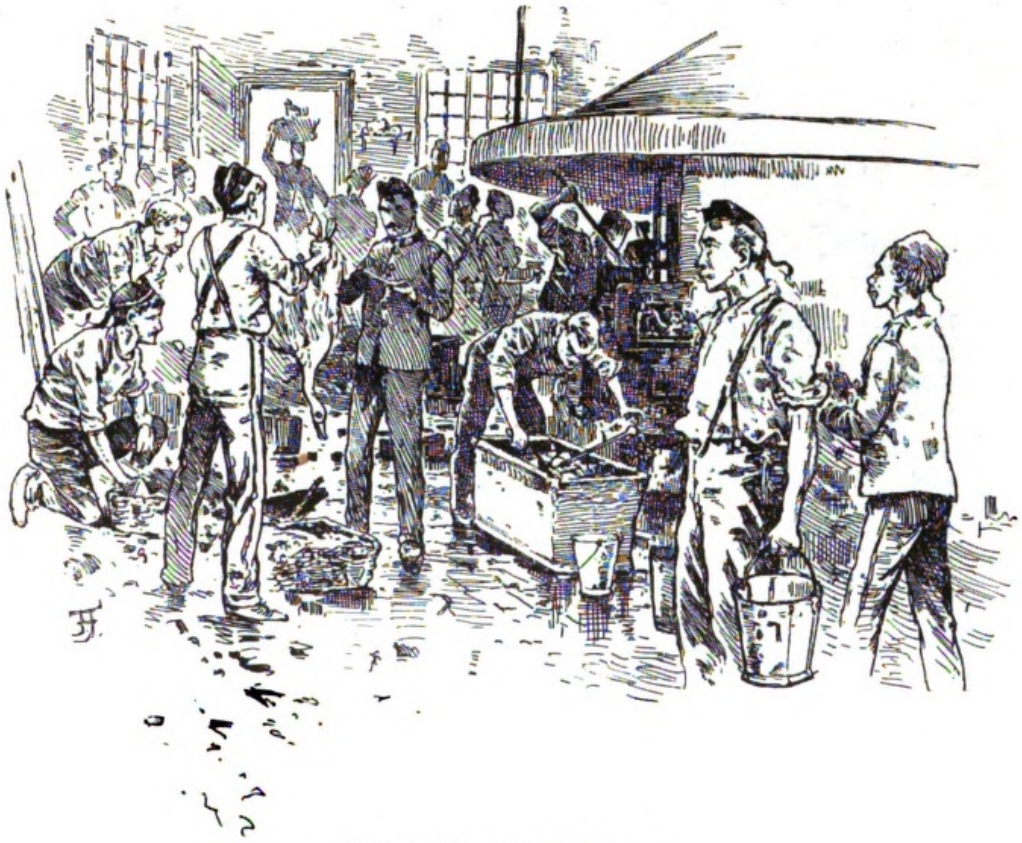
THE "General Return of the British Army" tells its readers that 222,373 non-commissioned officers and men comprise the effective strength of the Regular forces at the present moment. No statistics, however, are obtainable from which one can accurately ascertain the number of families in the United Kingdom which have one or more of their members privileged to wear the Queen's scarlet. Nevertheless, it may be safely asserted that there are very few English households indeed that have no connection with the Service. Under these circumstances, the immense amount of interest that is ever centred round the Army is perfectly natural. Unfortunately, the supply of information respecting the soldier's calling is severely limited, for, save when engaged on active service, the man in red is but little heard of.

It is a pity that this should be the case, for even in piping—or, rather, pipeclaying—times of peace, the daily round of duty in barracks is full of interest. Every season of the year has its own special work for the soldier, and the present one of winter is no exception. Foremost among the host of duties that now claim his attention is—according to his own views on the subject—the highly important one of preparing for Christmas. As the 25th of December only occurs once in twelve months, he naturally endeavours to make the most of it when it does come, and with this intention strains every nerve to make the day pass off successfully. His praiseworthy efforts in this direction are, it is pleasing to be able to record, ably seconded by his superiors. Thus, at Christmas time the commissioned ranks unbend to a marked extent, and the most cordial relations exist between all grades for

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these few hours. The reins of discipline are temporarily relaxed, and there is a general air of "standing at ease" that makes the day of special mark to the wearers of the Queen's scarlet wherever they may be stationed.

The Christmas festival throughout the Army is observed in a manner that is extremely characteristic of the British soldier. This is that of thoroughness. Nothing that is in the least degree slipshod is permitted to pass muster in connection with the day's routine. As a matter of fact, the 25th of December is approached in a spirit that is almost akin to solemnity, and upon those charged with the direction of the different preparations for its due observance a heavy weight of responsibility rests. Upon their discharge of their duties depends the success or failure of the day.



PREPARATIONS IN THE COOK-HOUSE.

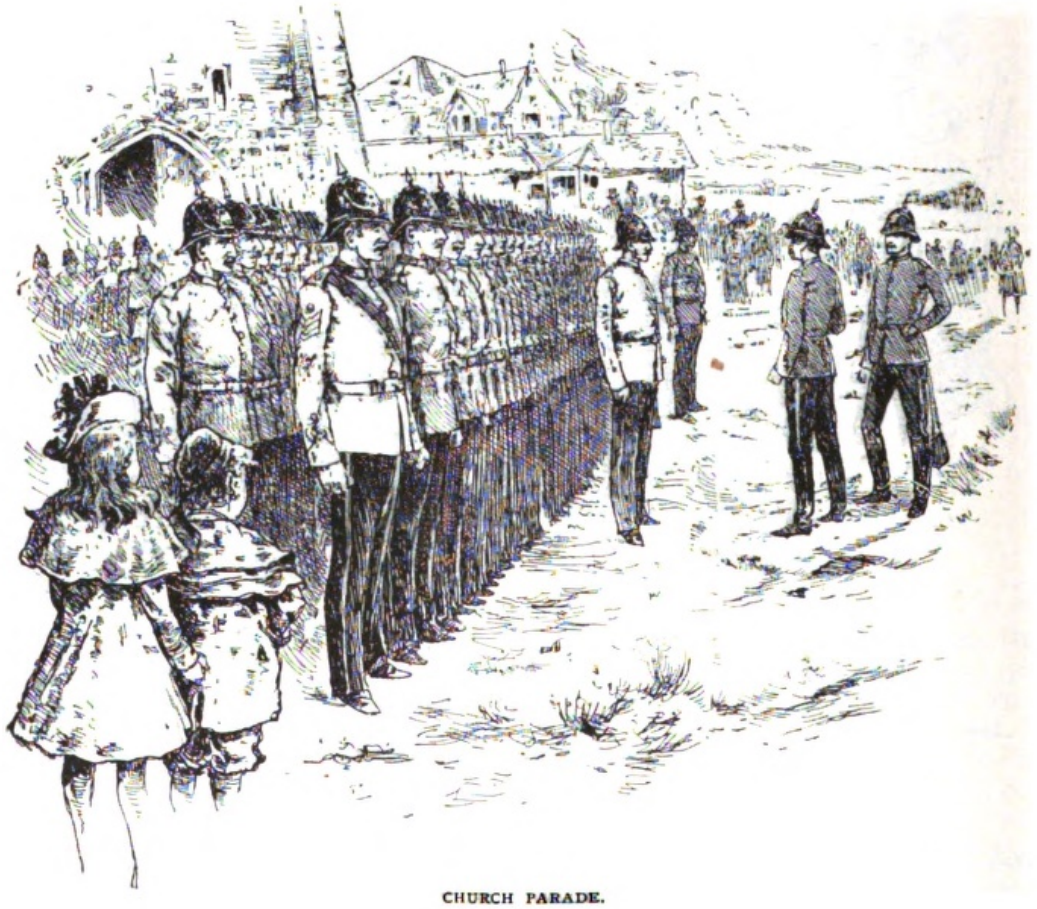
The proverbial connection between Christmas and good cheer is in the Army observed to the letter, and a large quantity of refreshments—both solid and liquid—has, accordingly, to be procured. This is by reason of the fact that, on this eventful day, the rather Spartan-like diet upon which the soldier is usually sustained is now replaced by a generous menu of turkey, beef, ham, plum-pudding, fruit, and practically unlimited beer. For the supply of all these good things the soldier is largely dependent upon the state of the canteen exchequer of his battalion. That is to say that, according to the amount of profit earned by this institution during the year, so will pecuniary grants be made therefrom at Christmas time for the purpose of purchasing seasonable fare. Then the commissioned ranks usually come forward as well and subscribe liberally towards the same purpose. It often happens, too, that officers who own preserves give orders for a present of game to be sent to the men of their companies just now. Then, after the solids have been thus arranged for, attention is devoted to the liquids which are necessary for washing them down. These take the form of barrels of ale, stout, and porter—spirits being rigorously tabooed—a small quantity of wine, and an ample supply of mineral waters. All these are taken charge of by the colour-

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sergeants of each company, and kept by them under lock and key until dinner-time on the 25th. This, as may be imagined, is a highly necessary precaution.

Just as coming events cast their shadows beforehand, so will a visit to a barrack-room during the few days that precede the great festival make abundantly clear what season is at hand. Thus, groups of men will be seen sitting round the fireplace busily occupied in stoning raisins for the pudding, or divesting geese and turkeys of their feathers; others will be engaged in fashioning festoons of coloured paper and wreaths of holly for decorative purposes; and a third party will perform their work out of sight of most observers.

At 6 a.m. the sounding of *réveille* on the barrack-square by the bugler of the quarter-guard officially intimates to all concerned that Christmas Day has at last arrived. Ere the last sound of the call has finally died away into the frosty air, the great pile of buildings that houses the six or seven hundred men occupying the barracks becomes a scene of activity. Lights twinkle from numerous windows, and scores of men pass rapidly along dimly illuminated passages, *en route* to the lavatories, where they hastily perform their necessary ablutions. These



CHURCH PARADE.

be making themselves useful as messengers between the cook-house and the men's quarters. It is because space is so limited in the former institution that a part of the preliminary culinary preparations have to be carried out in the barrack-room. The press of work, too, makes this extraneous assistance very welcome to the accredited *chefs*, who, like the stokers on a battleship, completed, beds have to be neatly made up, floors swept, and rooms generally garnished.

There is no drill carried out to-day, for in the Army Sunday routine is observed on Christmas morning. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast is over, all hands set to work to smarten themselves up for church parade. The "fall-in" for this ceremony will probably

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be sounded at half-past ten. On account of the fact that a large number of men are enjoying a month's furlough just now, the number attending this parade is usually of rather attenuated proportions. However, there will probably be some 300 at any rate following the band to the garrison church. As soon as the building is reached and the troops are disposed of in the seats appropriated to their use, the chaplain commences the service.

This is not of any great duration, for, knowing his congregation as he does, the military cleric wisely refrains from indulging in a long disquisition upon the purpose for which they are assembled. Instead of this, he delivers a brief, plainly expressed discourse that is productive of infinitely more good than would be a volume of sermons from the most eloquent members of the whole Episcopal Bench.

On the conclusion of the service the troops are marched back to barracks and dismissed to their own quarters. During their absence, the men detailed to act as "cooks' mates" have been busily employed in making active preparations for the dinner that is about to take place. For this purpose the barrack-room tables (which, in special honour of the day, are on this occasion covered with cloths) have been laid for the meal, the liquids brought in, and the rooms smartened up afresh. At twenty minutes to one the bugle peals out its welcome bidding: "*Come to the cook-house do-o-or, Boys!*" and away rush the orderlies to this important institution. Here they receive from the company cooks the dishes allotted to their respective messes and carry them off to their rooms, where they are quickly carved by another batch of helpers. The dinners for the men on the quarter-guard are taken to them by the orderly-men, and similarly those for such others as are absent on picquet-duty are put aside.



THE COLONEL'S INSPECTION.

On the stroke of one o'clock the hard-worked bugler sounds again, and everyone is now required to be sitting down in his place at the table. Five minutes later a business-like attack is being carried out upon

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the good cheer that loads the festive board. The junior N.C.O.'s act as waiters, and are kept busily employed in ministering to the lusty appetites of the diners. Imperative demands for "another yard of ham here," or "a pound or two off the turkey—with plenty of padding, corporal," arise on every side, and a cheerful popping of corks, mingling with a thirst-inspiring trickling from the beer-barrels, testifies abundantly to the appreciation with which their efforts are being met.

Suddenly the colour-sergeant, who is temporarily presiding, orders a cessation of hostilities and calls everyone to "attention." His quick ear has detected a clanking of swords and jingling of spurred heels in the corridor outside, and he knows that this heralds the approach of the colonel, who, accompanied by the adjutant and subaltern of the day, is going round the barracks. In a minute or two the party arrives at our typical room and is received by the colour-sergeant. The commanding officer expresses a hope that the men are enjoying their dinner, and turns to leave. This is the cue for the N.C.O.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he commences, with much confusion, "but the company would—er—like—that is—er—would be proud to drink your very good health, sir."



AFTER-DINNER SMOKING CONCERT.

"Dear me," returns the colonel, blandly, simulating great surprise, "I'm extremely obliged, really."

"Sherry wine, or port, sir?" inquires the colour-sergeant, advancing towards him with two black bottles, and trying to recollect the respective liquors in each.

"Oh, whatever you like, colour-sergeant," returns the other, accommodatingly. "Not

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too much though," he adds, hastily, as a large glass of "sherry wine" is handed him.

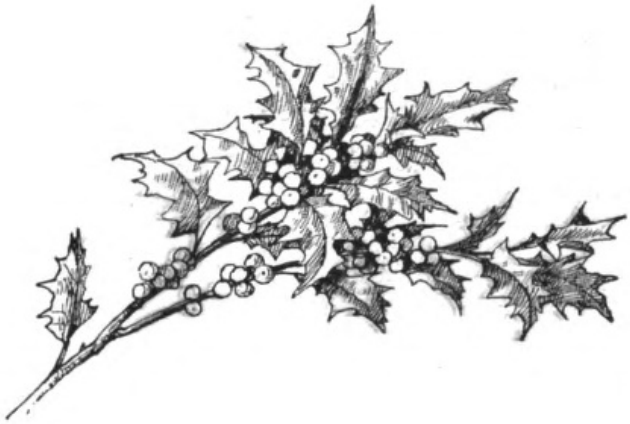
"'A' Company—Attention!" commands the N.C.O., in his drill-parade voice. "I have much pleasure in proposing the health of our colonel. Private Jones, just keep your hands off that plum duff for half a minute."

"Here, here! For he's a jolly good fellow—Proper sort to make old Kruger sit up!" and various other complimentary epithets are promptly called forth by this address. When the applause has subsided somewhat, the colonel seizes his opportunity.

"Non-commissioned officers and men of 'A' Company," he remarks, "I am much gratified at the honour you have paid me. Glad to see you enjoying yourselves, and hope you will all spend a merry Christmas." Then he snatches up his sword, and, signalling to the other members of his party, promptly hurries off to the next company's block.

After the commanding officer has thus been toasted, a similar compliment is paid to the captain and subalterns who administer the affairs of the assembly. As precisely the same ceremony takes place in every barrack-room at this time, it can well be understood that a good deal of toasting is got through.

At length, however, the colonel's tour is completed, and he retires to his own quarters. The other officers and the sergeants follow his example, and accordingly withdraw to their own messes, where they also celebrate the festive occasion in an appropriate, if rather different, manner. In the barrack-rooms the rank-and-file are now left to themselves for the remainder of the afternoon. This is generally spent in the carrying out of a smoking concert—for alcoholic refreshment always seems to incline the soldier's thoughts towards harmony. Accordingly, a temporary stage of forms and tables is hastily erected, and the budding Sims Reeves's among the revellers are called upon to display their vocal talents. Thus a couple of hours or so are agreeably passed, and, as long as any liquid remains in the beer-barrels, no one seems to think of seeking distraction elsewhere. By nightfall, however, the troops usually commence to change into "walking-out" dress, and soon the barracks are practically deserted. At 9.30 p.m. a roll-call takes place, and, three-quarters of an hour later, the sounding by the orderly bugler of "lights out" proclaims the official expiry of Christmas Day.



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A Surprise Party.

By Mrs. Newman.

Author of "Begun in Jest," "Too Late," "The Parting Ways," etc.

"I HOPE you will excuse my saying it, Sir Everard; you have always been a kind master to me, and I should be sorry to forget my place; but it's against my conscience to be a party to waste and extravagance, and that's what it's come to with us downstairs," said Mrs. Dalton, the good-looking, middle-aged housekeeper, her kindly eyes turned towards her master with a troubled look.

After getting through his breakfast, and glancing at the morning's correspondence, Sir Everard had pushed back his chair from the table, upon which, near his plate, lay a heap of opened letters and circulars, caught up the *Times*, turned over its pages until he came upon the one of most interest to him, and had become absorbed in its contents, when the housekeeper entered.

"Means a turn-over of twenty or thirty thousand," he said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

"Not so much as that, sir; but the hampers keep coming in for the New Year, and we haven't near got through the Christmas ones yet. What we are to do with it all, I don't know; and it goes to my heart to see such extravagance."

"Extravagance! My good soul, you should wait until I complain about that."

"I feel that I should be to blame if I didn't speak about it, sir."

"But the bills have not increased; and I suppose there is always a certain amount of waste in a house like this, Mrs. Dalton."

"It's the thought of——" She kept back the words "the many that are wanting what we waste," and went on: "There's so much of everything, Sir Everard — poultry and game, and butter and eggs, beyond count, besides the usual supply of butcher's meat; and there's some of them downstairs getting so pampered and spoilt, there's no pleasing them." Turning her eyes towards the only other occupant of the room besides Sir Everard and herself, she added: "You know how dainty and particular Josephine is getting, Miss Milicent; cook says there is no satisfying her fancies."

Milicent Doyntone, the motherless, and only child of the millionaire—a girl of about seventeen, so fragile in her delicate loveliness as to convey the impression of ill-health—was languidly getting through a small portion of cold pheasant with her coffee.



"THE HAMPERS KEEP COMING IN."

All Sir Everard Doyntone's hopes were centred in his daughter. Nothing she could desire, that money could purchase, was too good for her. But, strong and deep as was his love for her, his way of demonstrating it, by surrounding her with every luxury, and guarding her from the knowledge of the sterner realities of life, was not the best adapted for a girl whose finer qualities were rusting for want of exercise. She knew her father chiefly as the world knew him, absorbed in speculation, and heaping up wealth, and shyly shrank

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from making much demonstration of her own feelings, or appealing to his. Only now and again was the veil between them partly lifted, when each realized what the other had to give, while not seeing the best way of appealing to it.

Each, too, had had a disappointment which the other knew nothing about. Sir Everard had set his heart upon a marriage coming about between his daughter and her cousin, who would succeed to the title and the entailed estates. Although in no way desirous of forcing his daughter's inclinations, he had done everything in his power to bring about the match, by throwing the young people together as much as possible. Nothing had come of it but disappointment for himself, and, had he known it, greater disappointment for his child. She loved her cousin with a deep, undying love, knowing all too well that it was not returned.

Gerald Doyntone, a fine young fellow, full of mental and physical vigour, with a keen sense of all the best life has to bestow on such as he, admired his pretty young cousin more than a little, and the feeling might have become warmer had he known her as she was. He saw her only as a sweet, sensitive girl, too timid and delicate to be like others of her own age, little suspecting that it was her hidden love for him which was sapping her young life, and rendering her so shy and timid when they were together.

Meanwhile, she passed most of her time alone amidst enervating surroundings, finding no other outlet for the exercise of her good-will than in feeding her pet birds and animals to repletion, and gratifying the whims of her maid.

While loving her young mistress with all her heart, like many others, Mrs. Dalton did not recognise her capabilities, and could not understand that if she did not take much interest in her life, it was from no lack of will to do her share in the world's work, but simply because she lived in an exotic atmosphere, and no appeal was made to her sympathies.

Turning to her master again, Mrs. Dalton recommenced: "Of course, I can see that it wouldn't do to encourage beggars, Sir Everard. I know you are right in disapproving of indiscriminate giving, and I have never disobeyed your wishes about that, but ——" She hesitated, and his daughter eagerly put in:—

"Couldn't we seek out some of the deserving poor about here to give the things to, papa?"

"It's a very difficult thing to find out who *are* deserving, my child; and it wouldn't do to encourage the wrong people. The only course that seems open to me I have tried. The vicar does not find me unready with a cheque; and as to the hospitals and the other public charities—well, it is not for me to talk about that; and what is given there goes in the right direction."

"Yes, indeed; Mr. Hare says he always knows where to come when he wants help," ejaculated Milicent, not a little proud that others recognised his kindness and liberality.

The owner of a large estate in Berkshire, Sir Everard spends the greater part of the year in his town house. The game of speculation has, in fact, become such a habit with him, that he has lost most of his interest in country pursuits. It is, therefore, no sacrifice on his part to remain in town, although it is generally understood that this is done solely for the purpose of keeping his daughter under the supervision of the London physicians.

So far, they had not discovered the existence of any special disease; but they were of opinion that this might quickly develop under adverse circumstances, and that she ought to be carefully watched and guarded.

Sir Everard stood with his back to the fire for a few moments glancing anxiously towards his daughter; then, with the thought that she must not be disturbed by that good body's croaking, cheerily said: "I daresay I shall be able to find a way out of the difficulty for you, Mrs. Dalton. New Year's Eve—a time for festivity, you know. Make your preparations and leave the rest to me. Good-bye, Milicent. Do not over-exert yourself with callers to-day; and think over that idea of the chaperon." Noticing the little *moue* she made, he added: "It will have to be, I suppose, if your aunt's health does not sufficiently improve for her to come back to us."

"Dear, we have been so happy together—we two," she replied.

Yes, he knew how different it had been with them since his sister-in-law had carried her ailments south. He recognised, too, that, since her departure, a change for the better had gradually taken place in his daughter; but he did not yet realize that Milicent's delicate health was in a great measure traceable to the extreme care her aunt had taken in treating her as a hot-house plant, and isolating her from companions of her own age.

A sheaf of papers in hand, Sir Everard went from the room, passed through the hall,

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"YOU WILL TRY TO PERSUADE COOK."

giving a few hurried directions to the butler as he went, and out to the carriage awaiting him.

"You will try to persuade cook to have more consideration for Josephine, will you not, Mrs. Dalton?" said Milicent, as soon as they were alone. "Her appetite is so delicate, she says, and requires tempting."

Mrs. Dalton was of the opinion that Josephine's appetite was too much tempted already; but she did not put this into words.

"I suppose Sir Everard meant that he would bring some gentlemen home with him to dinner this evening; at any rate, I must give cook the orders," she said.

"It is better to be prepared, and you know papa likes keeping a good table." Then, with a sudden remembrance, she added: "Did not Lucy say that her brother was out of work, and that he had six children to keep? Would they not be glad to have some of the good things, Mrs. Dalton?"

"Lucy is always having some stories to tell about the wants of her relations, Miss Milicent; and she knows how ready you are to give. But, as Sir Everard says, we ought to be quite sure we are helping the right people, and I have my doubts about that brother of hers."

Noting the distressed look in her young mistress's face, she added: "There, don't take any notice of what an old body like me may say, Miss Milicent, dear. I know how much good it does your kind heart to give, and you can't bear to think that all the world isn't the same as yourself," going off to give the morning's orders to cook.

She crossed the hall, her eyes thoughtfully downcast, her heart going tenderly out to the young girl so desirous of helping those less fortunate than herself, and so entirely without suspicion that, even if deceived, she would be ready to trust again and again.

"If good wishes could help you, my dearie." She stood still. The remembrance of a copy slip in the old village school she had attended had suddenly flashed upon her mind. "Good wishes are prayers. If mine are that, nothing but good will come to this house." A soft smile came into her benevolent face as she went on her way.

The dinner in the servants' hall—enough, Mrs. Dalton thought, to satisfy forty, instead of twenty, people—had been partaken of, and some of the servants were standing about, while others cleared the table.

One of the footmen was giving his opinion to a pretty housemaid that, although there was nothing to complain of in a general way, and, on the whole, the place suited him, the living being pretty satisfactory and the work easy, the house was dull, and on dark days such as these, when no amusement was going on either upstairs or down, it was worse than ever.

"It is rather dull," assented Hannah. "But, you see, Miss Milicent is so delicate, there can't be much going on in the way of gaiety."

"But *we* are not delicate," he replied, yawning and stretching himself; "and I think there ought to be some consideration for us. I don't see why Sir Everard could not let us have a ball, and allow us to invite our friends, to enliven us up a bit."

"He certainly might do that, and I don't believe he'd object, only he doesn't think of it. I've a good mind to ask Josephine to give Miss Milicent a hint. If she said a word to her papa, it would be as good as settled. It would be such a treat to have a ball, wouldn't it? We might ask——" Breaking off, she ejaculated, "Oh, Charles, there are the bells beginning already! Do set the area door open, and then we shall hear better."

Someone had already opened the door, and the sound of a distant peal of bells

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came softly in. The servants stood about in twos and threes, impressed in their different ways by the memories awakened by the sound—joyous or sad, as the case might be—brothers and sisters parted and going their different ways in life, weddings, birthdays, and what not.

A silence had fallen upon them, when presently they became conscious of other sounds mingling with that of the bells—the pattering as of many little feet and the hushed voices of children.

They stood for a moment in mute astonishment. Where did the sounds come from? The area?

Mrs. Dalton, who had come from her room to listen to the bells, pressed forward, with two or three others, to the small square lobby at the entrance and looked out.

The fog had lifted, and in the soft grey twilight came trooping down the steps a number of little children, guided by three or four women in dark, shadowy-looking garments, sweeping to their feet.

The lookers-on stood gazing at the scene still speechless with amazement; and the children, apparently without the slightest misgiving, passed in by twos and threes through the open doorway, looking smilingly and confidingly up into their faces. The women who had accompanied them drew aside as they entered—a band of poorly clad, half famished, but cheerfully expectant little waifs and strays, evidently from among the poorest of the poor, but showing signs of having been well washed and having had their shabby clothes put into some sort of order.

"Why, who in the world are they? Where do they come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, turning to question the women.

They were gone!

"Well! To go away like that, with never so much as a word. Where do you come from, you poor little mites?"

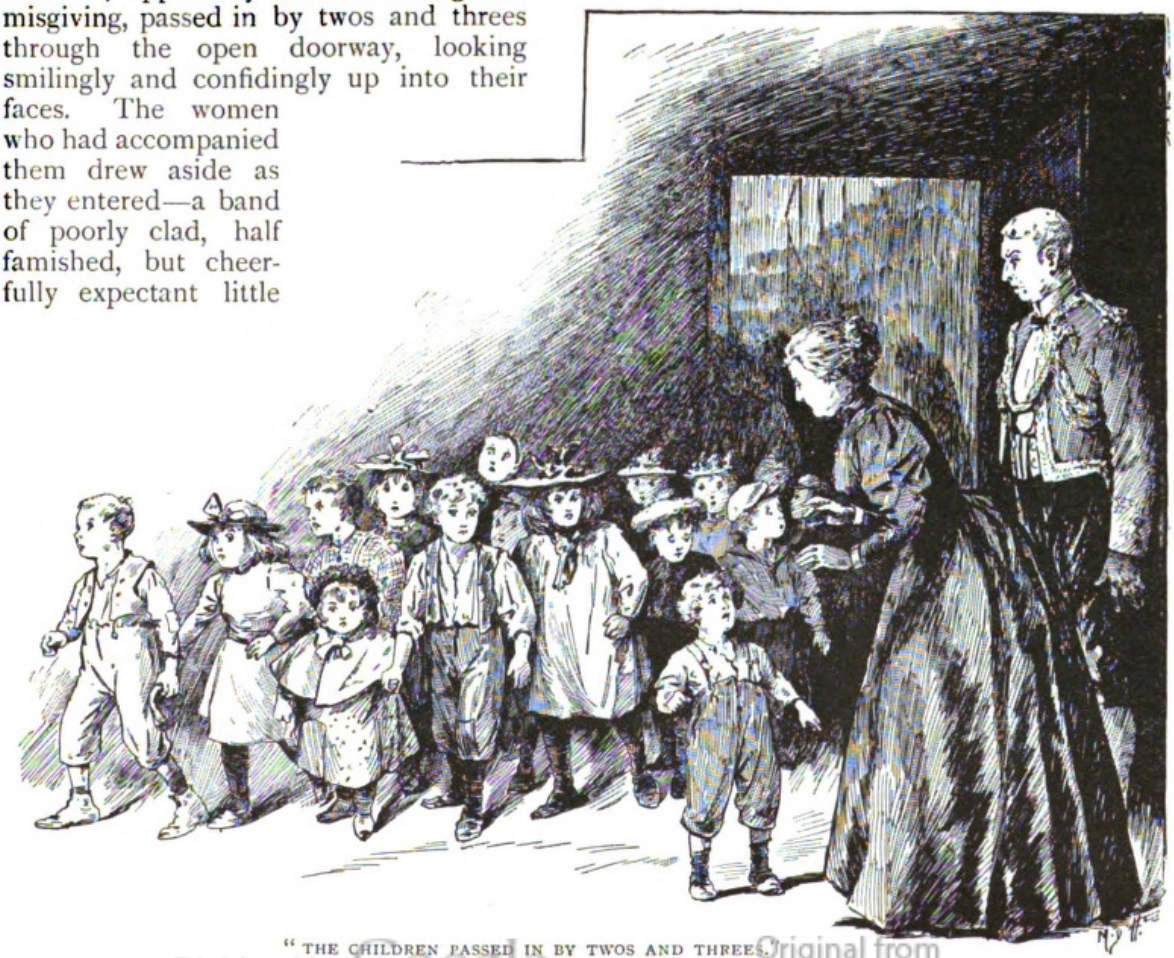
"Smiff's Court—our lot do. We are the little 'uns."

"Smith's Court! There must be some mistake, I think. But come in out of the cold, poor little things," leading the way to the servants' hall.

"There wasn't no mistake," said one of the little girls, looking as though she were going to cry.

"Well, your friends will be back presently, no doubt, and then they will tell us all about it."

"Teacher told us the gentleman said we was to come, and when we was going to cross the road the fog was wus, and only half of us got over, so they brought us on fust."



"THE CHILDREN PASSED IN BY TWOS AND THREES."

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"They? The women we saw?"

"Yes, mum."

"They ought to have stopped to explain."

"They are gone for the others, perhaps, Mrs. Dalton," put in one of the maids.

The children were beginning to show a little anxiety, and some of the eyes that took note of the bare table began to fill with tears. But after a sharp upward look into her face, one of them slipped her hand contentedly into Mrs. Dalton's, and the sight of this seemed to give the others courage.

"Tell me about it, dears. What gentleman asked you to come? What is his name?"

"I dunno. Teacher said he was a kind gentleman as was going to give us milk and buns."

"And a orange when we was goin' away," put in another.

"And," excitedly exclaimed a little boy, "he said as there would be prizes for the good ones—toys and such-like," with another disappointed glance at the bare table.

"The master! Why, Sir Everard, of course! How could I be so stupid as not to remember?" thought Mrs. Dalton, calling to mind his words as he went out that morning. "It was Sir Everard," she explained to the other servants. "He did say something about our preparing for visitors, as he went out this morning. But I did not rightly understand, thinking he meant to bring some gentlemen home to dinner, or I should have been ready for them."

"Goodness me, yes. We ought to have had more time, of course," said cook. "But never you fear, Mrs. Dalton, we'll soon have a good meal for 'em. There's plum cake plenty, and in half an hour Jane and me will have hot ones ready for the little creatures. Run you round to the dairy, Charles, and tell them to send six or seven quarts of milk here sharp. If they haven't got so much, tell them to send what they can, and get the rest as quickly as possible." Turning to the children as she bustled out, she said: "Hot buttered cakes and tea, with plenty of milk and sugar, eh, you poor little mites? That'll do, won't it?"

"Yes'm," chorused the children, their faces brightening again.

"And jam and preserves," added Mrs. Dalton. "Come with me to the store-room, Hannah and Sophy, and we'll make a brave show for them presently."

Carried away by the general excitement, entirely forgetting his dignity and objections to doing errands, Charles ran off post-haste to order the milk, while the maids bestirred themselves, building up the fires and preparing the tables for tea, congratulating each other on having left the Christmas decorations up for New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Dalton had laden her two willing helpers with jars of jam, dessert fruit, and what-not—the best of everything and plenty of it—telling herself that Sir Everard would like everything done royally, as his way was in entertaining, when she heard the sounds of an arrival.

Sir Everard—and earlier than usual! She went upstairs to the morning-room, knowing he would go first to his daughter, who generally spent the day there.

"Well, Milicent, my child, what kind of a day have you had?"

"I am quite well, papa, only the fog has been so depressing, and I am always a little anxious when you are out days like this."

"There is very little extra danger in the streets, and Davis is a careful driver."

"I am glad you came home earlier, all the same."

"Have you forgotten that it is New Year's Eve, Milicent? Let these remind you," putting some leather cases on the table by her side.

"Presents again—love gifts! How good you are to me!" she ejaculated, a great deal more appreciative, indeed, of the love than the jewels. She opened the cases.

"Another bracelet—sapphires—and a star—How beautiful!" endeavouring to show more admiration than she felt. "Are you not afraid of spoiling me, sir?"



"PRESENTS AGAIN—LOVE GIFTS!"

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Slipping her arm round his neck, as she playfully added, "I should hardly have courage to offer my poor little gift if I did not know that it had been made by my own two hands, and that my love had been worked in with every stitch."

He took the letter-case, daintily embroidered with his crest, which she held out to him; but, before he had time to express his admiration, there was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Dalton entered, her face beaming, and tears of joy in her eyes.

"They've come, sir! God bless you, for the kind thought! If I had only known. But, there! we shall be ready for them in a very few minutes, now."

"Ready for whom, Mrs. Dalton?"

"The children, sir. It went to our hearts to see them at first; but it's easy to see what they want, and it will do us all the good in the world to put some life into the poor little mortals."

"Children?" he repeated. "My good soul, I sent no children!"

"But—but—you *must*. They're *here*, sir. They came trooping down the area steps, just now—between twenty and thirty of them. They said the kind gentleman had invited them to come; and, of course, I knew it must be you, because you told me——"

"Oh, yes; to be sure," put in Sir Everard; "I did say something which might seem to mean that; but it quite slipped my memory until now; and I certainly invited no children. They have made a mistake, and come to the wrong house, I suppose."

"They don't seem to think so, sir. We are preparing tea for them, and—and—I don't think you would like us to send the poor little things away hungry?" anxiously.

"Certainly not. Give them the best of everything in the house, Mrs. Dalton. Feed them to your heart's content before they go. I will dine at the club later on."

"Oh, papa—little children—poor ones! I must go and help to entertain them," exclaimed Milicent, in eager excitement. "You will not mind, will you?"

"If it is not too much excitement for you, my child. Have you made no inquiries, Mrs. Dalton? Was there no grown-up person with them?"

"There were three or four women, but they did not follow the children in, and all the little ones can tell us is, that they were invited by some kind gentleman to have milk and buns, and to be taught some games. And they say that on the way they got separated from the rest at a crossing, just as the fog had become worse, and then they were brought straight here. I suppose the women who brought them went back to look after the others, and that they will be here presently."

"Well, after you have given them as much as they can eat, I will see them, and try to find a clue to the mystery, if the women have not come back in the meantime to explain it."

"And I will go with you at once," said Milicent, turning to accompany the housekeeper.

In five minutes the children were seated down each side of the hall table, feasting in silent delight, not upon the buns and milk so eagerly anticipated, but upon dainties such as they had not before seen or heard of—hot buttered and other cakes, jams, and other kinds of preserved fruits, and what-not in profusion, and pressed to eat as much as they could. Delighted and astonished as they were, they lost no time in giving expression to their feelings, eating steadily on till the heartiest there was obliged to decline more, with a reluctant sigh, and the all-sufficient reason, "Please'm, I'm full."

Enveloped in one of the cook's big white aprons, Milicent did her share with the others in attending to the children's wants; stooping every now and again to kiss some little, wan face, a light in her own which none had before seen there.

"How blind we have all been! I can see now what the dear child wanted," thought Mrs. Dalton, her eyes lovingly following her young mistress, so evidently in her true element now.

As they rose from the table the children's eyes turned expectantly towards Milicent, as if with the instinctive perception of her capabilities as well as her sympathy, and she asked, "Would you like some games, dears?"

"Ess."

"What kind do you like best?"

"I dunno, miss."

"But what do you generally play at?"

"Sometimes we plays at father comin' 'ome drunk and beatin' mother, and the people comin' to look, and the bobbies takin' 'em off."

"But," put in another, "the kind gentleman was a-goin' to learn us nicer games than that, teacher said."

"Do you know some nice games, Jane? Do you, Hannah? Can you show us?" asked Milicent, unconsciously giving evidence in what her own child-life had been lacking.

"We used to play 'The king sends you three letters,'" said Jane.

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"And there's 'Cobbler's lost his shoe,'" added Hannah.

"And 'Oranges and lemons,'" put in another.

"And 'Thread my needle.'"

"Which shall it be, children?"

"'Cobbler's lost his shoe,' please'm," chorused the children, to whom this sounded most promising.

Milicent was seated on the floor in a ring of laughing children, round Hannah standing in the centre looking sharply after the shoe.

"The cobbler's lost his shoe, and doesn't know where to find it."

"That's because he doesn't know where to look," ejaculated Milicent, her face radiant with fun and happiness.

"Now, then, cobbler, this way." Tap, tap, tap.

"Oh, papa!" suddenly catching sight of him standing in the doorway. "Isn't this good fun?"



"ISN'T THIS FUN?"

"It looks like it," he replied, smiling. "But I must not interrupt—go on, children."

But, at sight of him, the cobbler had shyly retired from the game, and Milicent and the children rose from the floor. Then Milicent saw someone else—a young man in evening clothes, his eyes fixed upon her in great amazement and, what she was slower to recognise, admiration.

"Gerald! Have you come to help?"

"I should be glad to do so, and perhaps I might do for a cobbler."

"You might, if you are very quick."

"It was something to see *you* laugh in that fashion."

"Oh, Gerald, the pity of it! Look at them," she said, in a lowered voice. "It would be wicked not to laugh when they can. The delight of being able to give them a little happiness!" Turning to her father, she said: "This is dear little crooked Sally, who was born so, papa," using the children's own words, as she drew the child towards him.

"We must try to make things the straighter for you, must we not, Sally?" he said, seating himself, and giving her a kindly pat on the shoulder.

The child looked up into his face for a moment, and then put her hand upon his knee, standing by his side in placid content.

Taking note of Sally's success, a little fellow of about five years of age, whose head looked too large for his body, came slowly forward, and, looking up into Sir Everard's face with a watery smile, said, "The cobbler didn't find it."

"So I see," amusedly returned Sir Everard, his eyes turning towards his daughter, slipping on her shoe.

"Is you the gentleman as give us the treat?" asked a little girl, also taking courage.

"Well, I suppose I have done that much. But I must not take the credit for having thought of it. Have you found out where they came from, Mrs. Dalton; have the women who brought them returned?"

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"No, sir, not yet; it's that that puzzles us so much."

"Did they say nothing?"

"Not that I heard. They guided the little ones down the steps, and then stood aside, and must have gone away, I suppose, to look after the others. The children say they got separated from the others when the fog became thicker."

"Who brought you, children?"

"It was muvver."

"Do you mean your mother?"

Tommy nodded.

"Oh, Tommy, your mother's in the pit-hole—you know she is," put in a sharp-featured little girl. "They said at the 'orspital he's got some water in his head, please, sir, and that's why it's so big and heavy, and he's most allus tired, and don't know what he's talkin' about sometimes."

"It was muvver," repeated Tommy.

"And who do you say it was, child?" said Sir Everard, turning towards another.

"It was Aunt Jane brought me."

"Granny brought me."

"And sister Polly, as went out to 'Straly, brought me."

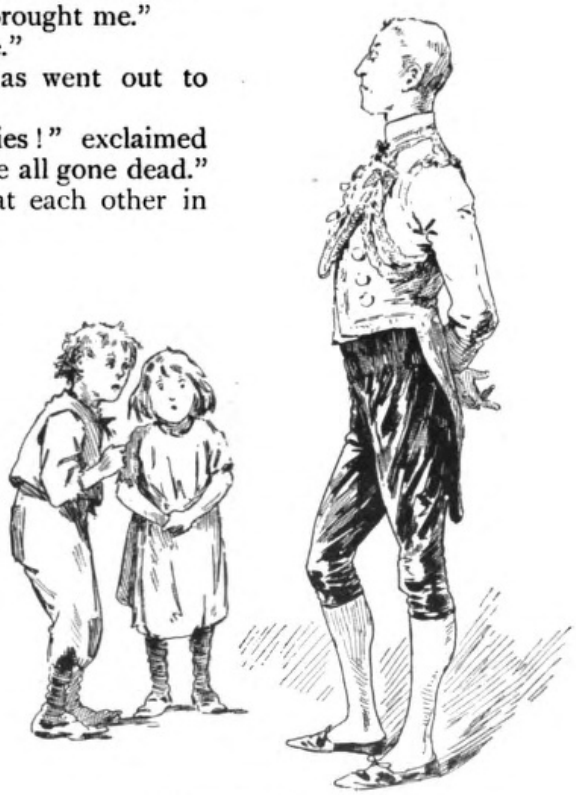
"Oh, the little stories!" exclaimed another. "Why, they've all gone dead."

Their elders looked at each other in silence a moment. Then Sir Everard said, with a half laugh, "They couldn't well have brought them under those circumstances."

One or two of the maids were beginning to look rather grave, and Mrs. Dalton's eyes were downcast as she remembered a certain wish.

Little Tommy raised himself on tiptoe, and, putting his lips to Sir Everard's ear, whispered: "It *was* muvver."

Just then one of the children created a diversion. Giving Gerald, who was saying a word to Milicent, a little push with his finger, he said: "We've got a Mr. Brown in our court, like you; he's a gentleman as waits at the shop, so he's got to wear things like them; is you at a shop?"



"IS HE THE PRINCE OF WALES?"

"No, my little man," laughed Gerald.

"He brings nice fings, off the plates, you know, home for his little Johnny as is ill."

Struck by the magnificence of Charles's attire, another asked, pointing her finger towards him: "Is he the Prince of Wales? We're goin' to learn 'God bless,' teacher says."

Charles drew himself up with a side glance at Hannah, not averse from her hearing this testimony to his distinguished appearance.

Gerald whispered a word to Milicent, who had some difficulty in keeping her countenance. "Don't make me laugh, Gerald."

"But I thought that was the right thing to do."

"Not at the wrong moment," with a gay little side glance, which completed her conquest. She seemed, indeed, to have suddenly emerged from the chrysalis stage, and to have become a bright and most lovable woman.

"Where do you come from?" recommenced Sir Everard, addressing the children. "You can surely tell us that much."

"We are the ones from Smiff's Court."

"And where is Smith's Court?"

"Why, you goes along the road where the shops are, till you comes to the archway, and it's through there."

"Well, where is the road?"

"It's where the archway is."

"But what do you call it?"

"The road."

"We shall not arrive at much that way, it seems. Can you tell us who it was that invited you to come here?"

A little girl put up her hand. "It was the genkleman, please, sir."

"Don't you know his name?"

"No."

"But," hurriedly put in another, "teacher said he was going to give us tea—not like what we've had—buns and milk, you know; and there was to be games afterwards, and prizes for the good ones."

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"It is very strange, but the mothers will be sure to be coming presently, and, meantime, we must do our best to carry out the programme."

"It was to be 'Oranges and lemons' next, please, sir," said one, anxious to lose no more time.

"Mrs. Dalton will, I daresay, be equal to the oranges; but I should not advise lemons."

"Bless your kind heart, Sir Everard, 'Oranges and lemons' is the name of a game."

"Oh, indeed; give them as much as they like in that way, and I will see that they are not disappointed in their prizes; which mean toys, eh, little man?"

"Ess."

"Oh, papa, how good you are!" ejaculated Milicent.

The servants looked on in silent astonishment. Was this the reticent, unapproachable, not to say stern, Sir Everard, they had hitherto known? Was this their languid young mistress, who had seemed to take no interest in anything?

"How many are there of them?"

"Twenty-two, papa."

Sir Everard looked at his watch. "Get a cab for me, James," he said, addressing one of the men.

"Shall I come with you, uncle?" said Gerald, adding a few words in an undertone, which made Sir Everard look at him in glad surprise. Was the great wish of his heart to be given him?

In less than an hour they returned; a four-wheeler in the wake, full of packages.

It was a merry party that met the sight of the two as they re-entered the hall. A long queue of children, ending up with the servants; cook and Mrs. Dalton running round with the rest, their skirts gathered up, laughing and panting with the unwonted exertion; and Milicent already caught and imprisoned, her hair becomingly ruffled by the embraces of the children, and her face radiant with happiness.

Sir Everard stood gazing at the scene for a few moments with appreciative eyes. Then, as the last prisoner was taken, and they saw him, he said: "I think it is now my turn to go through a little performance. Get all the little ones to turn their faces to the wall, and do not let them look round until I give the word."

The children were placed in rows against the wall, Hannah and Jane and Milicent and Gerald, who affirmed that they needed his help, keeping guard, while James and Charles were called to assist their master.

There was much running to and fro, and then the word was given for the children to turn round. They found themselves in toy land. Sir Everard was not accustomed to do things in a small way, and the floor was covered with toys—horses and carts, dolls, boxes of soldiers, Noah's arks, ships, trains, puzzles, and what not—all good of their kind. Sir Everard had not taken account of the position of his guests, nor stinted the price, being, indeed, a little astonished at the extent to which ten pounds would go.



"HE SLIPPED A RING ON HER FINGER."

"Don't you think this young lady deserves something?" Gerald inquired of the children.

"Yes, her does."

He took something from his pocket. "Will this do? Will it, Milicent?"

A hot flush dyed her cheeks, she put out her hand, and, as he slipped a ring on her finger, she turned her eyes towards her father smiling a benediction upon her.

For a few moments the children stood gazing in silent amazement at the wonderful display; then, drawing a sharp breath, shifted their eyes anxiously towards Sir

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Everard. Could those beautiful things be intended for them?

He saw something of what was in their minds, and did not keep them in suspense. "The gentleman who invited you promised there should be prizes for the good ones, you said."

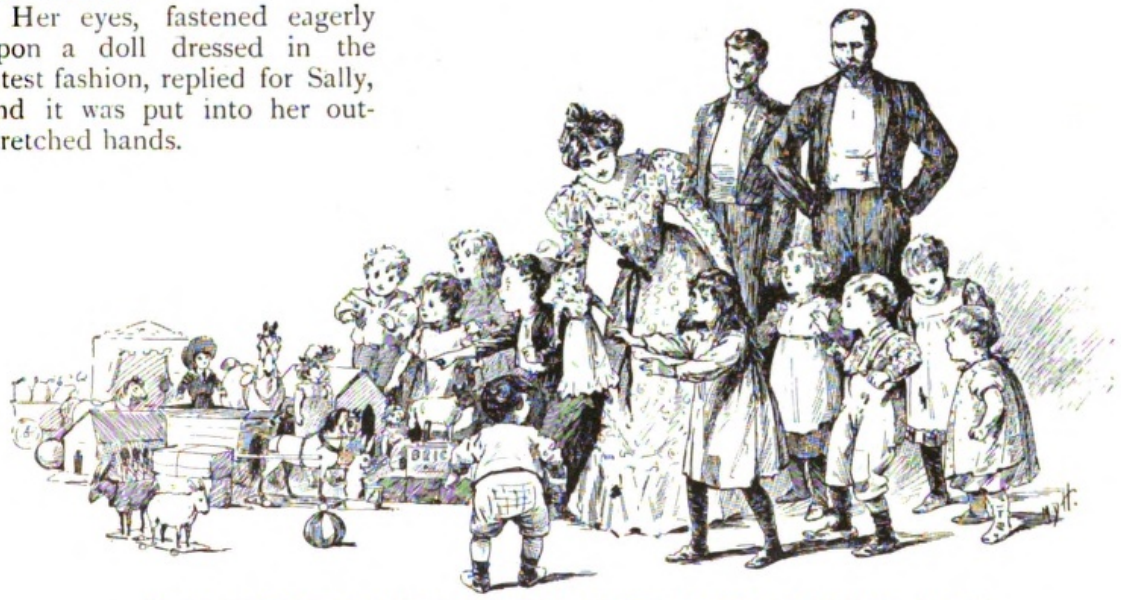
"Yes," doubtfully, each conscious of some little naughtiness in the past.

"Well, I believe every child here has been good to-night, and therefore each deserves, and shall receive, a prize."

Sudden sunshine on all the little anxious faces.

"Now, then, Sally, you begin. What do you choose?"

Her eyes, fastened eagerly upon a doll dressed in the latest fashion, replied for Sally, and it was put into her outstretched hands.



"A DOLL, DRESSED IN THE LATEST FASHION, WAS PUT INTO HER OUTSTRETCHED HANDS."

"And you, Tommy; what do you choose?"

"That!" promptly replied Tommy, pointing to a horse and cart.

Then, one after the other, each child came forward, and was told to choose.

The remaining toys were reserved to be distributed amongst the children who had missed their way.

"But how in the world shall we get them home?" said Sir Everard. "It can't be very far off, since they walked here; and four or five cabs would do it, of course; but Smith's Court in a road where there are shops is, to say the least, indefinite."

At that moment the coachman entered the hall, and stood for a moment gazing wide-eyed at the unwonted scene—Sir Everard and his daughter and nephew and the servants, and the children standing in groups hugging their toys—then suddenly exclaimed:—

"I do believe it's them!"

"The children, do you mean, Davis?"

"I know some has been lost, sir, and there's been a pretty to-do about them. It's even got into the evening papers. Twenty-two children lost—that's what they say, and people have been looking for them all over London, inquiring at every police-station, but never a word could be heard of them, good or bad. 'Spirited away,' the papers call it!"

"Do you know where they were on their way to?"

"To the mission-room at the top of our mews, sir. They say the younger ones were told to run across the road with one of the teachers, but somehow they got separated from her. The policeman, who stopped the traffic for them, found it had got into such a block, that he told the superintendent to keep back the rest until he had let some of the carts go by, and when the second lot of children got across there wasn't a sign to be seen of the first, and no one could tell where the little things had gone."

"But how was it they came here? Who brought them?"

"It was muvver."

"Aunt Jane."

"Sister Mary."

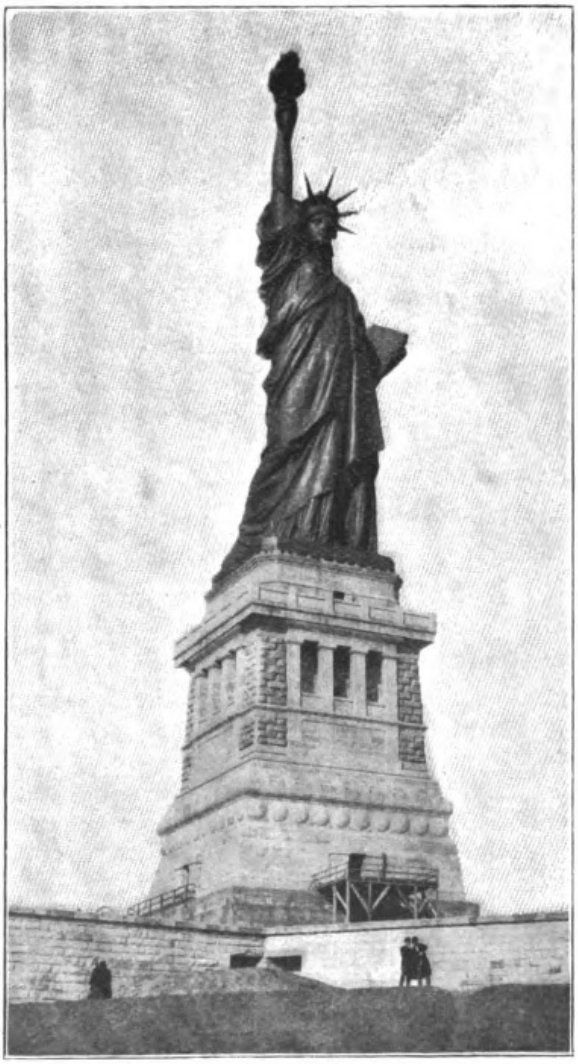
"Old granny."

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The Largest Statue in the World, and How It Was Built.

By A. Meta.

THE Fourth of July, 1884, the anniversary festival of American Independence, was signalized in a remarkable manner by the noteworthy marks of friendship and goodwill exchanged by two great nations, notably by the presentation by France of a colossal statue of Liberty Illuminating the World, for the adornment of the sister Republic's magnificent harbour at New York. The funds for this amazing monument were entirely subscribed by the French people, while the formal presentation of this gift was performed in Paris, in the absence of M. Jules Ferry, the French Prime Minister, by the late Ferdinand de Lesseps; Mr. Morton, the then United States Minister in France, accepting it on behalf of his nation.



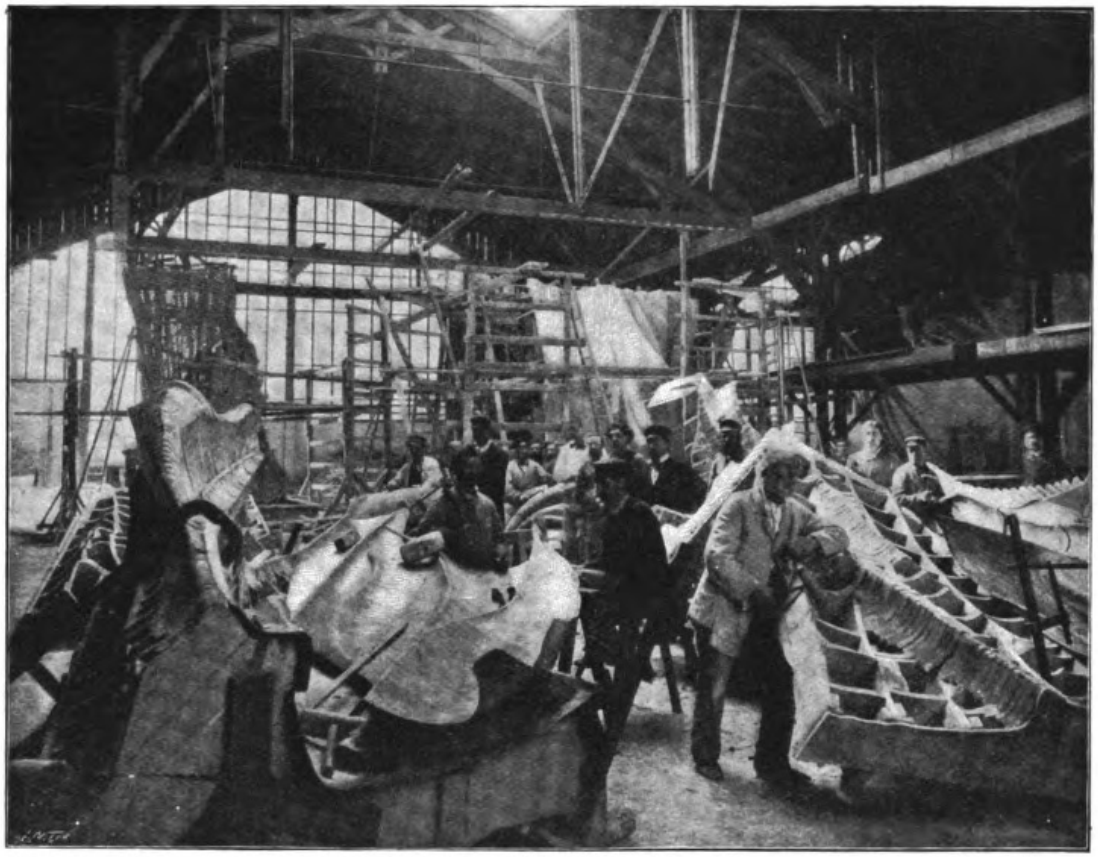
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.
From a Photo. by J. H. Johnston, New York.

The design of this colossal statue, it is said, originated with the late M. Laboulaye, author of "Paris en Amérique," an enthusiastic admirer of American institutions, but was zealously taken up by the eminent French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, whose previous works, the "Souvenir of the Nile," "Modern Martyr," "Funeral Genius," and "Vercingetorix on Horseback," are familiar enough to lovers and students of fine art. Above all, his famous "Lion de Belfort," symbolic of "Defence," is by some thought to surpass our Trafalgar Square lions, or rather the one lion four times repeated, by Sir Edwin Landseer.

Bedloe's Island, near Long Island, outside the harbour of New York, was chosen as a suitable site, and there now stands the colossus, 150ft. high from the feet to the raised hand. The figure is higher than the Column Vendôme in Paris, and double the height of the largest statue hitherto known, namely, that of St. Charles Borromeo, on the banks of Lake Maggiore. Moreover, it is placed on a pedestal 177ft. in height, making the top of the torch about 328ft. above high-water level. It weighs 100 tons, its composition being three-fifths iron and two-fifths copper, and was not cast, but composed of numerous pieces, separately hammered into shape, and then riveted together.

The statue was conveyed to America in 350 pieces, which upon arrival were again riveted together to form the magnificent and harmonious whole—a triumph indeed of the sculptor's art! It was taken over in French vessels of war in 1884, arriving shortly after the corner stone of the pedestal had been laid. The statue as it now stands completely throws both the Colossus of Rhodes and the statue of Ramses into the shade.

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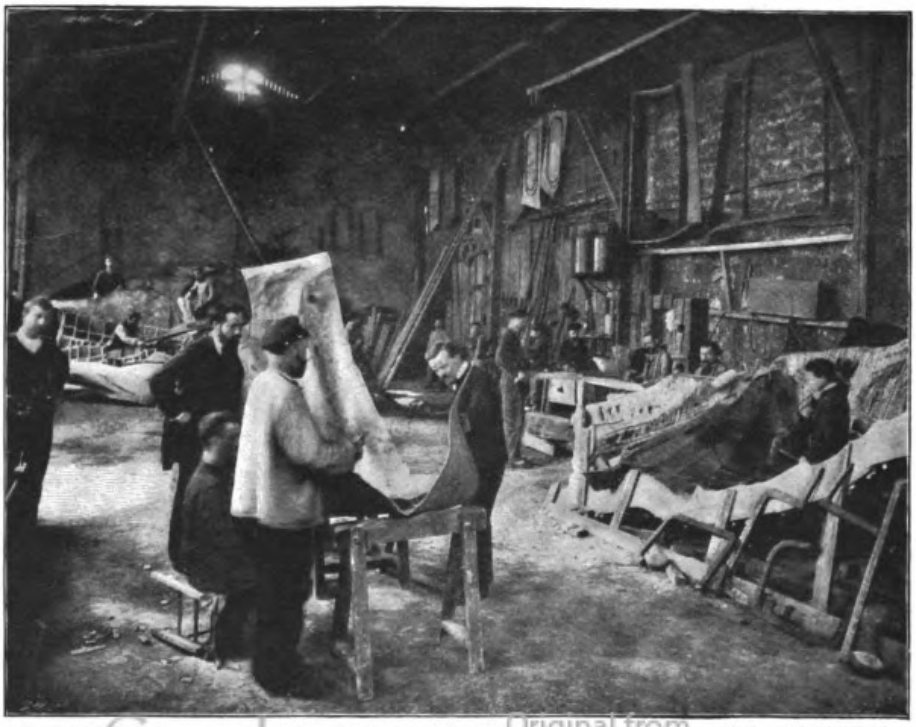


From a Photo. by] THE HUGE MOULDS MADE OF WOOD AND PLASTER. *[Pierre Petit, Paris.*

The extraordinary photos. which are here reproduced in full for the first time illustrate the various stages of construction.

In the first photograph of the work itself a glimpse is given of the huge wooden frames, covered with plaster, by means of which the sheets of metal were given their required shape. The immense sheds in which the contract was carried to its successful end formed part of the works of MM. Gaget Gauthier et Cie., of Paris.

A visit to these sheds is said to have been an experience never to be forgotten. Here one came upon the index finger of a hand and the toe of a foot. But what fingers and what toes, what hands and what feet! Amazing in their bulk, almost uncanny in their towering proportions, they conjured up



From a Photo. by] THE PLATES ASSUMING THEIR PROPER SHAPE. *[Pierre Petit, Paris.*

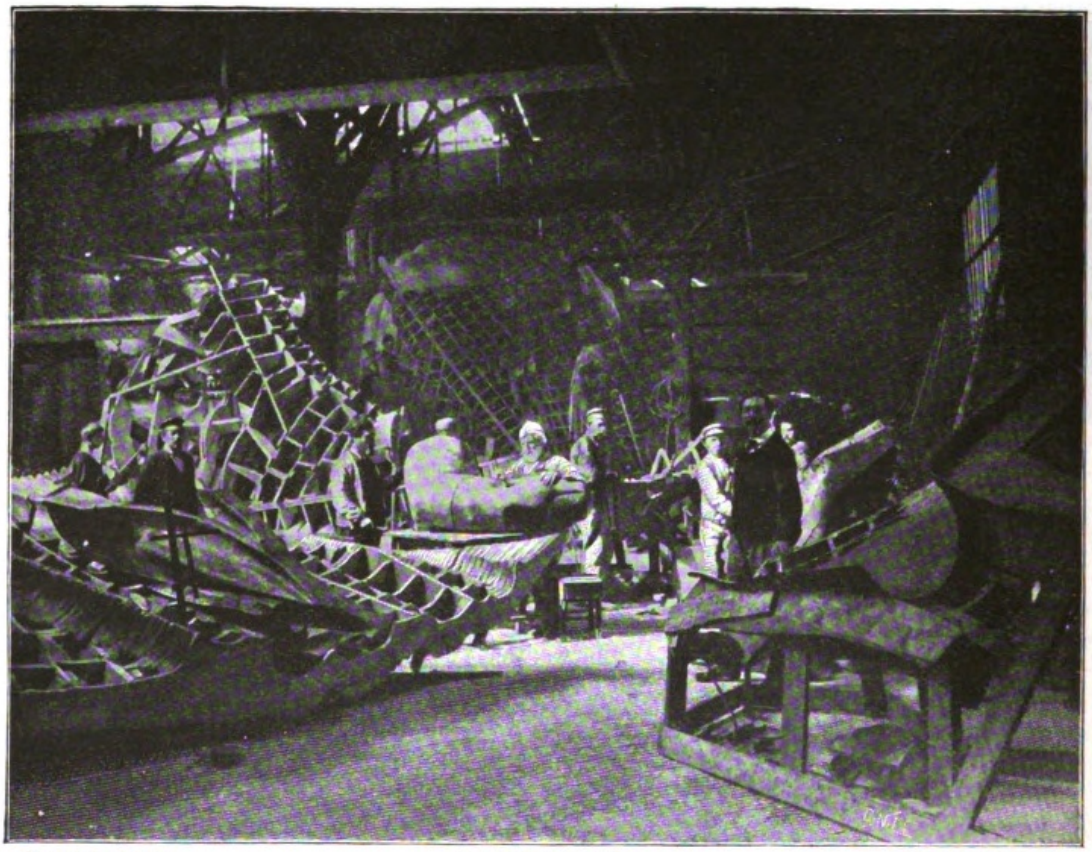
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in our minds the wonderful sights in some workshop of fairyland—the men and yourselves mere pigmies. Sixty men have worked for nearly ten years upon the various parts of the Statue of Liberty, not to count M. Bartholdi and his immediate assistants. They were ten years of anxiety unspeakable, ten years of incessant work and expense. But M. Bartholdi's great achievement will live for centuries to come; his name will ever stand out in the history of art as that of a man who, for art's sake, never flinched, however difficult the task before him may have been, and also in the history of France as a patriot second to none.

The model of the statue went through two stages of enlargement. The first model made by M. Bartholdi measured 2·11m., and was approved by the committee. This model was subsequently enlarged four times, the second figure measuring 8·50m. from head to foot. M. Bartholdi improved and altered it until, judging it to be perfect in symmetry and design, the figure was divided into sections. These sections were subsequently again enlarged four times, needless to add, with absolute mathematical precision.

Moulds of wood were then made of the proper size, and the sheets of metal gained their required shape, as shown in the next photo., by being beaten out according to their respective moulds; this was done both by lever pressure and by beating with mallets.

Once ready shaped, the necessary holes were drilled to receive the millions of rivets used in the uniting of the plates, and as the various parts were brought from the works to the gigantic iron framework built for their support, they were united one by one into a homogeneous whole. It is interesting to note that the entire armature which supports the figure on the inside was designed by M. Eiffel, now of Eiffel Tower fame. The illustration on this page shows the cast of one of the enormous fingers; the workmen around seem like so many pigmies in comparison.

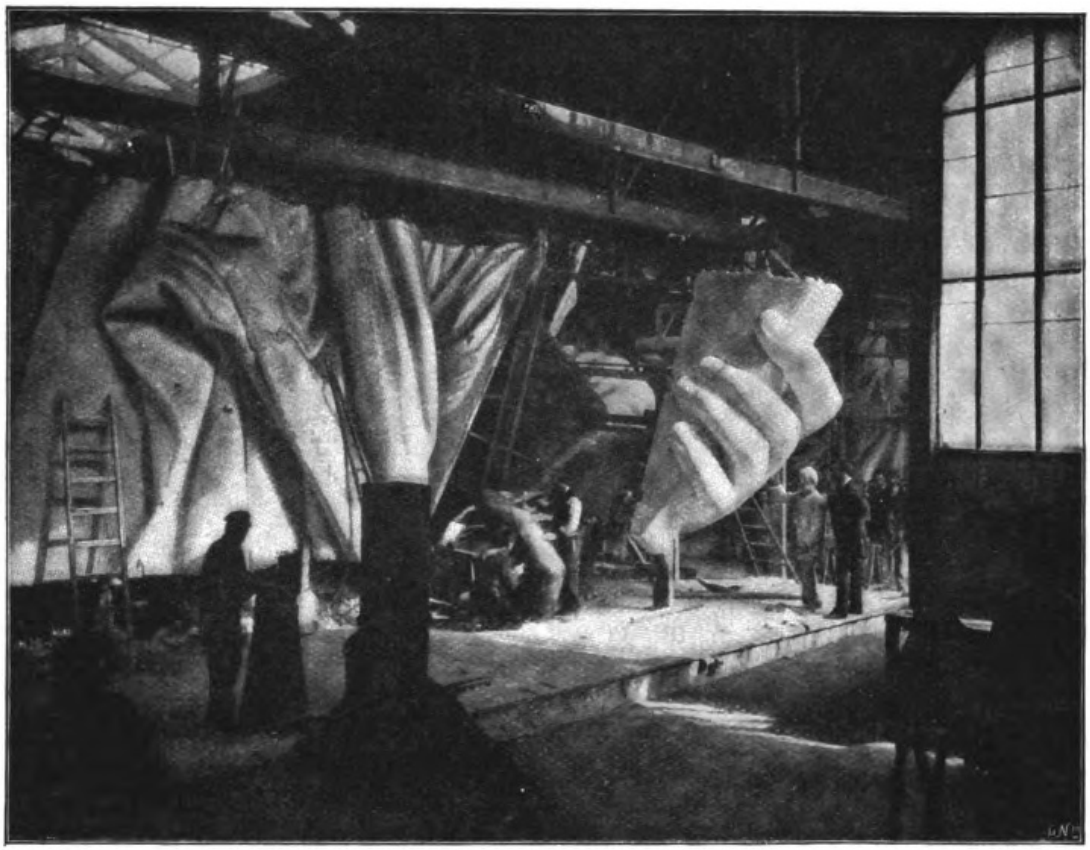


From a Photo. by] A TITANIC FINGER. *[Pierre Petit, Paris.*

M. Bartholdi has given the greatest possible stability to the statue by utilizing the woman's drapery to give a broad base to the structure, so that it may stand the brunt of the strongest hurricane.

The head, which unfortunately was not photographed separately, is 14ft. high, and will accommodate no fewer than forty people, while the flame of the torch will hold fifteen people comfortably!

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From a Photo. by] THE LEFT HAND. *[Pierre Pettit, Paris.*

A gallery is built just above the hand at the base of and around the torch in such a manner as to enable visitors to gaze freely upon the magnificent view of the harbour, with its blue waters, its thousands of ships of all nationalities and sizes, backed by the house and dock studded shore.

It is interesting to note that, some time before the statue was completed, the right arm with the torch in its hand made a journey to America by itself, when it was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition.

In all the statue embodies over 400,000lb. of copper and iron! The index finger measures 2·45m. in length, while the nail measures no less than 0·35m. by 0·65m.; the eye is 0·65m. wide, and the nose measures 1·12m. from base to tip!

These amazing figures may easily be verified by travellers to the States, for a visit to the statue is generally included by sightseers on the other side of the Atlantic.

An excellent idea of the size of the various parts is exemplified by the



From a Photo. by] THE RIGHT FOOT. *[Pierre Pettit, Paris.*

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PART OF THE MASSIVE BODY, WITH SCAFFOLDING.
From a Photo. by Pierre Pettit, Paris.

titanic hand and equally titanic foot shown in the preceding two photos., whilst the last two pictures serve to illustrate two stages of advanced construction. In the last picture of all, the framework which is to receive the extended arm towers high above the scaffold. In this illustration, also, the hand holding the torch with its circular visitors' platform is easily distinguished on the left. The men standing on the ground afford an easy means of comparison in sizes, and if we take them as our standard measure, we can easily realize in our minds some idea of the enormous proportion before us.

The lights in the torch are extremely powerful, and illuminate the sky by means of highly polished reflectors. These powerful rays can easily be discerned some thirty or forty miles away, and are the first lights seen by ocean steamers nearing New York. When M. Bartholdi visited his work in a steamer shortly before the inauguration he exclaimed, "What a beautiful harbour! Look at that splendid bridge in the distance (alluding to Brooklyn Bridge). The two colossal works do not clash as I feared they might, for the distance softens the general effect of the bridge upon the whole." After landing and examining his work with critical attention, he continued: "I am much pleased; it is a grand sight. I was very anxious about the formation of some of the lines—it is a success."

The dedication of the statue was attended with much ceremony. There was a grand military and civic procession on shore, and then the President and the most distinguished personages embarked on board thirty-seven steamers for Bedloe's Island. After a prayer and some music, M. de Lesseps delivered an address. This was followed by an address by Senator Evarts, announcing the presentation of the statue by France to the United States. The face, which had been shrouded by tri-coloured flags, was then unveiled amid a terrific din of cannon, steam-whistles, and bells. President Cleveland next formally accepted the statue, and the ceremony closed with the singing of the Old Hundredth Hymn.



ANOTHER VIEW SHOWING FRAMEWORK FOR RIGHT ARM; ALSO RIGHT HAND HOLDING TORCH—NOTE THE MEN ON THE GROUND.
From a Photo. by Pierre Pettit, Paris.

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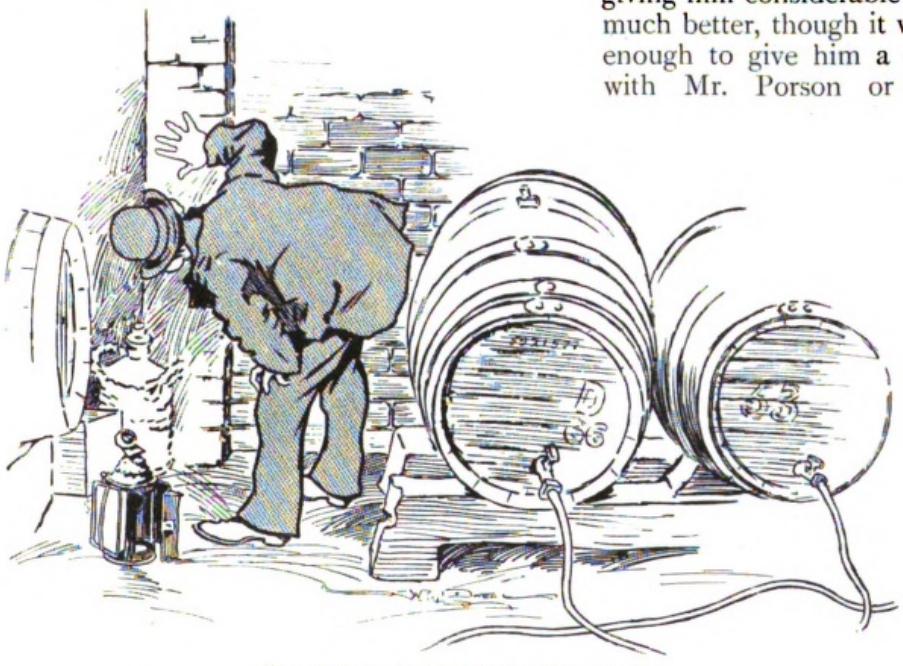
A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs.

XV.

THE Blue Posts, Chelsea, is an old-time public-house pleasantly situated by the river, with an extensive connection amongst gentlemen's servants, 'busmen, and other skilled judges of good beer, the subtle and delicate perfume of which liquor pervades the place from cellar to basement, and has more than once taken the policeman on duty to the back door under the impression that something wanted looking into.

To some men imprisonment in such a place would have been little short of ecstasy. In the heat of summer they would have sat in the cool cellar amid barrels of honest beer; in winter they would have led the conversation cosily seated around the tap-room fire. For physical exercise, profitable employment at the beer-engine in the bar; for intellectual exercise, the study of practical chemistry in the cellar.



"IN SEARCH OF SUBTERRANEAN EXITS."

To Captain Fred Flower none of these things appealed. He had visited the cellar certainly—in search of subterranean exits; he had sat in the tap-room—close to the open window; but his rabid desire to get away from the place and never see it again could not have been surpassed by the most bitter teetotaler that ever breathed.

His greatest trouble was with Porson, whose limpet-like qualities were a source of never-failing concern to the unfortunate mariner. Did he ascend to the drawing-room and gaze yearningly from the windows at the broad stream of Father Thames and the craft dropping down on the ebb-tide to the sea: Uncle Porson, sallow of face and unclean of collar, was there to talk beery romance of the ocean. Did he retire to the small yard at the rear of the premises and gaze from the back door at the passing life of a Chelsea by-street, Uncle Porson was looking over his shoulder, pointing out milkmen with histories, and cabmen with a past.

The second week of his stay was drawing to a close before he fully realized the horror of his position. His foot, which had been giving him considerable trouble, was getting much better, though it was by no means well enough to give him a chance in a footrace with Mr. Porson or Dick, and as the family at the Blue Posts realized the improvement, the attentions of his personal attendants were redoubled. The key of his bedroom door was turned every night after he had retired: a discovery he had made the first night after carefully dressing for flight and spending an hour over the composition of a farewell note to Miss Tipping. There was no chance of reaching the roof from his bedroom window, and the pavement below offered him his choice between a wedding and a funeral.

And amid all this the fiction was maintained of preserving him from his lawless foes and his own inconvenient devotion to

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duty. A struggle for escape was not to be thought of, as the full measure of his deceitfulness would transpire in the event of failure, and the wedding drew nearer day by day, while his active brain was still casting about in vain for any means of escape.

"Next Tuesday," said Mrs. Tipping to her step-daughter, as they sat in the much-decorated drawing-room one afternoon, "you'll be Mrs. Robinson."

Miss Tipping, who was sitting next to the skipper, looked at him languishingly, and put her head on his shoulder.

"I can hardly believe it," she said, coyly.

Flower, who was in the same predicament, patted her head tenderly, as being easier than replying.

"And I must say," said Mrs. Tipping, regarding the pair, "I'm a plain woman and I speak my mind, that if it was me I should want to know more about him first."

"I'm quite satisfied, mar," said Miss Tipping, without raising her head.

"There's your relations to be satisfied, Matilda," said Uncle Porson, in an important voice.

Miss Tipping raised her head and favoured the interrupter with a baleful stare, whereupon Mr. Porson, scratching his neck feebly, glanced at Mrs. Tipping for support.

"Our relations needn't come to see us," said his niece, at length. "He's marrying me, not my relations."

"He's making me his uncle, at any rate," said Mr. Porson, with a sudden access of dignity.

"You don't mind, Fred, do you?" asked Miss Tipping, anxiously.

"I'd put up with more than that for your sake," said Flower. "I needn't tell people."

"That's all very fine," said Mrs. Tipping, taking up the cudgels for the speechless and glaring victim of these pleasantries, "but there's no mystery about your uncle: everybody knows *him*. *He* doesn't disappear just as he is going to get married and be brought back in a cab months afterwards. *He* isn't full of secrets he mustn't tell people who ought to know."

"Never kep' a secret in my life," agreed Uncle Porson, whose head was buzzing under this unaccustomed praise.

"I know quite enough about Fred," said Miss Tipping, tenderly; "when I want your opinion, mar, I'll ask you for it."

Mrs. Tipping's reply was interrupted by the entrance of a young man from the jeweller's with four brooches for Flower to present to the bridesmaids. Mrs. Tipping had chosen them, and it did not take the hapless skipper long to arrive at the conclusion that she was far fonder of bridesmaids than he was. His stock of money was beginning to dwindle, and the purchase of a second wedding suit within a month was beginning to tell even upon his soaring spirits.

"There's another thing about Fred I don't quite like," said Mrs. Tipping, as she sat with the brooches ranged upon her capacious lap: "he's extravagant. I don't like a mean man, but one who flings his money away is almost as bad. These 'ere brooches are very pretty and they do him credit, but I can't say but what something cheaper wouldn't 'ave done as well."

"I thought you liked them," said the indignant Flower.

"I like them well enough," said Mrs. Tipping, solemnly; "there's nothing to dislike in them. Seems to me they must have cost a lot of money, that's all—I suppose I may make a remark!"

Flower changed the subject, and turning to Miss Tipping began to speak in a low voice of their new home. Miss Tipping wanted a sort of Eden with bar improvements, and it was rather difficult to find.

They had discussed the matter before, and the wily skipper had almost quarrelled with his bride-elect over the part of the country in which they were to live: Miss Tipping holding out for the east coast, while Flower hotly championed the south. Mrs. Tipping, with some emphasis, had suggested leaving it until after the honeymoon, but a poetic advertisement of an inn in Essex catching her daughter's eye, it was decided that instant inspection should be made.

They travelled down from Fenchurch Street, accompanied by Dick and Mrs. Tipping; the skipper, who was painfully on the alert for any chance of escape, making a great fuss of his foot, and confessing to a feeling of unusual indisposition. He sat in one corner of the carriage with his eyes half closed, while Miss Tipping, with her arm affectionately drawn through his, was the unconscious means of preventing a dash for liberty as the train steamed slowly through a station.

The nearest station to the Rose of Essex was five miles distant, a fact which (owing perhaps to the expensive nature of newspaper charges) did not appear in the advertisement.

"It's a nice little place," said the landlady of the Railway Hotel, as they asked her opinion over lunch; "there's a little land

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goes with it. If you want to drive over I'd better be having something got ready."

Mrs. Tipping, who halved the duties with Flower, she doing the ordering and he the paying, assented, and in a short time they were bowling rapidly along through narrow country lanes to their destination. The skipper noticed with pleasure the lonely nature of the country, and his heart beat fast as he thought of the chances of success of a little plan of escape.

So far as appearance went, the inn was excellent. Roses clustered round the porch and hung in fragrant bunches from the walls, while three or four sturdy lime trees in one corner threw a grateful shade over a rustic table and settles. Flower, with a grateful sigh, said that it was the very thing. Even Mrs. Tipping, after a careful inspection, said that they might do worse; Dick, with an air of professional gravity, devoted most of his attention to the cellar, while the engaged couple walked slowly round the immense garden in the rear exchanging tender whispers.



"THE ENGAGED COUPLE WALKED SLOWLY ROUND THE IMMENSE GARDEN."

"We'll think it over and let you know," said Mrs. Tipping to the landlord.

"There's been a lot after it," said he slowly, with a glance at his wife.

"And yet it ain't gone," said the business-like Mrs. Tipping, pleasantly.

"I'm going to take it, mar," said Miss Tipping, firmly.

Mrs. Tipping sighed at her haste, but finding her determined went down the cellar again, accompanied by Dick, for a last look round. Captain Flower, leaning heavily on Miss Tipping's arm, limped slowly to the carriage.

"Tired?" she inquired, tenderly, as he sank back in the cushions.

"Foot's painful," he said, with a faint smile. "Good gracious!"

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Tipping, alarmed by his manner.

"I've left my pipe in the garden," said Flower, rising, "the one you gave me. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"I'll get it," said Miss Tipping, springing out of the carriage. "Whereabouts did you leave it, do you think?"

"By the bee-hives," said Flower, pale with excitement, as he heard Mrs. Tipping and Dick coming up from the cellar. "Make haste, somebody might take it."

Miss Tipping darted into the house, and immediately afterwards the Tippings ascended from the cellar, attended by the landlady.

"Driver," said Flower, sharply, prodding him.

"Sir," said the man, looking round and tenderly rubbing his back.

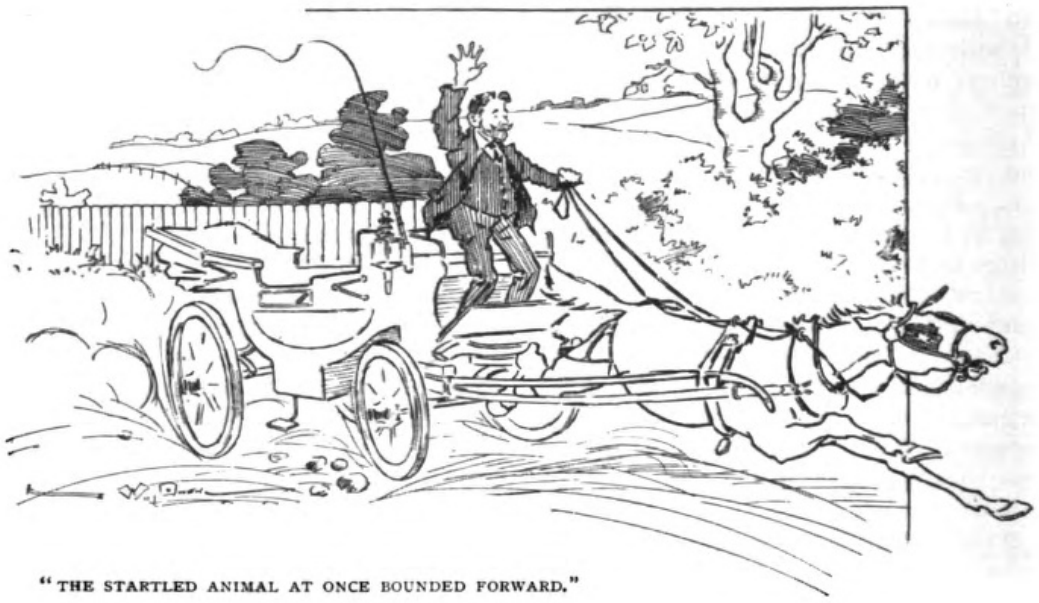
"Take that to the lady who has just gone in, at once," gabbled Flower; "hurry up."

For want of anything better, he handed the astonished driver his tobacco-pouch, and waved him to the house. The lad descended from his perch and ran to the door just as Dick Tipping, giving vent to a sharp cry, was rushing out. The cry acted on the skipper like magic, and, snatching up the whip, he gave the horse a cut in which were concentrated the fears of the last fortnight and the hopes of his future lifetime.

The animal sprang forward madly just as Dick Tipping, who had pushed the driver

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out of the way, rushed out in pursuit. There was a hard white road in front and it took it at a gallop, the vehicle rocking from side to side behind it as Flower played on it with the whip. Tipping was close behind, and the driver a good second. Flower, leaving the horse to take care of itself for a time, stood upright in the carriage and hurled cushions at his foremost pursuer. The third cushion was long and limp, and, falling on end in front of him, twined itself round his swift-moving legs and brought him heavily to the ground.



"THE STARTLED ANIMAL AT ONCE BOUNDED FORWARD."

"He's winded," said Flower, as he saw the coachman stop and help the other man slowly to his feet; "shows what a cushion can do."

He clambered on to the seat, as a bend in the road shut the others from his sight, and gathering up the reins gave himself over to the joyous feeling of his new-found liberty as they rushed through the air. His ideas of driving were elementary, and his mode of turning corners was to turn them quickly and get it over; but he drove on for miles without mishap, and, the horse having dropped to a steady trot, began to consider his future movements.

"They'll be setting the wires to work, I expect," he thought, soberly. "What a comfortable old world this must have been before they invented steam and telegraph. I'll go a little bit farther, and then tie it up to a tree."

He made what he considered an endearing noise with his mouth, and the startled animal at once bounded forward with the intention of getting out of hearing. A gentle incline favoured the pace, which was now so considerable that the skipper, seeing another craft approaching him, waved his hand towards it warningly.

"I wonder who ought to get out of the way?" he said, thoughtfully. "I 'spose the horse knows."

He left it to that able quadruped, after giving it a little bang on the flank with the butt-end of the whip to keep its faculties fresh. There was a frenzied shout from the other vehicle, a sudden violent stoppage, with the crashing of wood, and Flower crawling out of the ditch watched with some admiration the strenuous efforts of his noble beast to take the carriage along on three wheels.

"Look what you've done," roared the driver of the other vehicle, foaming with passion as he jumped out and held his plunging horse by the head. "Look at my gig, sir! Look at it!"

Flower looked, and then returned the courtesy. "Look at mine," he said, impressively; "mine's much the worst."

"You were the wrong side of the road," shouted the other.

"I was there first," said Flower; "it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't tried to get out of my way. The course I was on I should have passed you easily."

He looked up the road. His horse, trembling violently, was standing still, with the wreck of the carriage behind it. He

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stooped mechanically, and picking up the whip which was lying in the road said that he would go off for assistance.

"You stay here, sir," said the other man, with an oath.

"I won't," said the skipper.

His adversary made no reply, but, having by this time soothed his frightened horse, took his whip out of its socket and strode towards him with the butt raised over his head. Flower arranged his own whip the same way, and both men being new to the weapon circled round each other two or three times waiting for a little instruction. Then the owner of the gig, whose temper was rising every second, ran in and dealt the skipper a heavy blow on the head.

The blow dispelled an idea which was slowly forming there of asking the extent of the damage, and, if it were not too much, offering to make it good. Ideas of settlement vanished; ideas of honour, morality, and even escape vanished too: all merged in the one fixed idea of giving the other man a harder blow than he had given.

For a minute or two the battle raged fairly equally; both were securing a fair amount of punishment. Then under a heavy blow from Flower his foe went down suddenly. For a second or two the skipper held his breath with fear, then the other man raised himself feebly on his knees, and, throwing away his whip, staggered to his feet, and, unfastening the reins, clambered unsteadily into his gig and drove off without a word.

The victorious skipper looked up and down the lonely road, and, shaking his head sadly at the noble steed which had brought him into this mess, tenderly felt his bruised and aching head, and then set off as fast as his foot would permit up the road.

He looked about eagerly as he went for a place of concealment, fully aware of the inability of a lame shipmaster to outdistance horseflesh. Hedges and fields bounded both sides of the road, but half a mile farther along, on the right-hand side, the field stretched away upwards to meet a wood. Towards this wood Captain Flower, having first squeezed himself through a gap in the hedge, progressed with all speed.

He sat on the trunk of a fallen pine to regain his breath, and eagerly looked about him. To his disappointment he saw that the wood was of no great depth, but was a mere belt of pines running almost parallel with the road he had quitted. With the single idea of getting as far away from the scene of his crime as possible, he began to walk through it.

The wood was very still, and the shade grateful after the heat of the sun. Just beyond the fields were shimmering in the heat, and he pricked up his ears as the unmistakable sound of wheels and hoofs came across the silent fields. He looked round wildly, and seeing a tiny cottage standing in a bit of a clearing, made towards it.

A little old man, twisted with rheumatism, rose as he stood at the open door and regarded him with a pair of bloodshot but sharp old eyes, while an old woman sitting in a windsor-chair looked up anxiously.

"Can I come in?" asked Flower.

"Aye," said the old man, standing aside to let him pass.

"Hot day," said the skipper, taking a seat.

"No, 'taint," said the old man.

"Not so hot as yesterday," said Flower, with a conciliatory smile.

"It's 'otter than it was yesterday," said the old man. "What ha' you done to your face?"

"I was climbing a tree," said Flower, with a laugh, "and I fell down; I've hurt my foot too."

"Served you right if you'd broke your neck," said his amiable host, "climbing trees at your time o' life."

"Nice cottage you've got here," said the persistent Flower.

"I wish you 'ad to live in it," said the old man.

He took a proffered cigar, and after eyeing it for some time, like a young carver with a new joint, took out a huge clasp-knife and slowly sawed the end off.

"Can I sleep here for the night?" asked Flower, at length.

"No, you can't," said the old man, drawing at his cigar.

He smoked on, with the air of a man who has just given a very clever answer to a very difficult question.

"We ain't on'y got one room besides this," said the old woman, solemnly. "Years ago we used to have four and a wash-place."

"Oh, I could sleep on the floor here," said Flower, lightly. "I'll pay you five shillings."

"Let's see your money," said the old man, leaning forward.

Flower put the sum in his hand. "I'll pay now," he said, heartily.

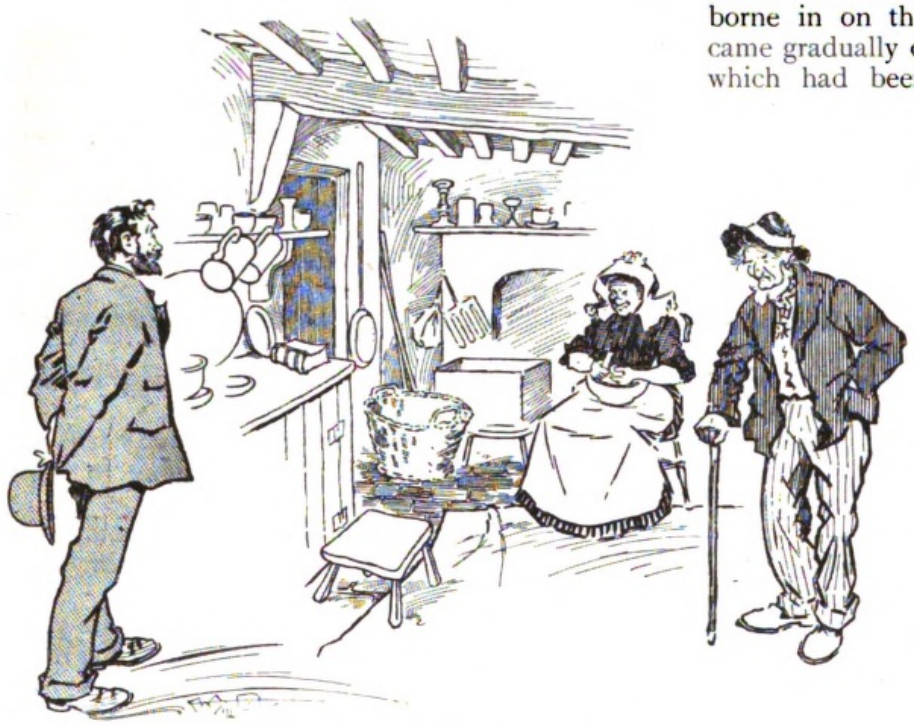
"The floor won't run away," said the other, pulling out an old leathern purse, "and you can sleep on any part of it you like."

Flower thanked him effusively. He was listening intently for any sounds outside. If

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the Tippings and the man in the gig met they would scour the country-side, and almost certainly pay the cottage a visit.

"If you let me go upstairs and lie down for an hour or two," he said, turning to the old man, "I'll give you another half-crown."



"I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER HALF-CROWN."

The old man said nothing, but held out his hand, and after receiving the sum got up slowly, and, opening a door by the fire-place, revealed a few broken stairs, which he slowly ascended, after beckoning his guest to follow.

"It's a small place," he said, tersely, "but I daresay you've often slept in a worse."

Flower made no reply. He was looking from the tiny casement. Through an opening in the trees he saw a couple of figures crossing the field towards the wood.

"If anybody asks you whether you have seen me, say no," he said, rapidly, to the old man. "I've got into a bit of a mess, and if you hide me here until it has blown over I'll make it worth your while,"

"How much?" said the old man.

Flower hesitated. "Five pounds for certain," he said, hastily, "and more if you're put to much trouble. Run down and stop your wife's mouth quietly."

"Don't order me about," said the old man, slowly; "I ain't said I'll do it yet."

"They're coming now," said Flower, impatiently; "mind, if they catch me you lose your five pounds."

"All right," said the other. "I'm doing it for the five pounds, mind, not for you," added this excellent man.

He went grunting and groaning down the narrow stairs, and the skipper, closing the door, went and crouched down by the open casement. A few indistinct words were borne in on the still air, and voices came gradually closer, until footsteps, which had been deadened by the grass, became suddenly audible on the stones outside the cottage.

Flower held his breath with anxiety; then he smiled softly and pleasantly as he listened to the terms in which his somewhat difficult host was addressed.

"Now, gaffer," said the man of the gig, roughly.

"Wake up, grandpa," said Dick Tipping; "have you seen a man go by here?—blue serge suit, moustache, face and head knocked about?"

"No, I ain't seen 'im," was the reply. "What's he done?"

Tipping told him briefly. "We'll have him," he said, savagely. "We've got a mounted policeman on the job, besides others. If you can catch him it's worth half a sov. to you."

He went off hurriedly with the other man, and their voices died away in the distance. Flower sat in his place on the floor for some time, and then, seeing from the window that the coast was clear, went downstairs again.

The old woman made him up a bed on the floor after supper, although both he and the old man assured her that it was unnecessary, and then taking the lamp bade him good-night and went upstairs.

Flower, left to himself, rolled exultingly on his poor couch, and for the first time in a fortnight breathed freely.

"If I do get into trouble," he murmured, complacently, "I generally manage to get out of it. It wants a good head in the first place, and a cool one in the second."

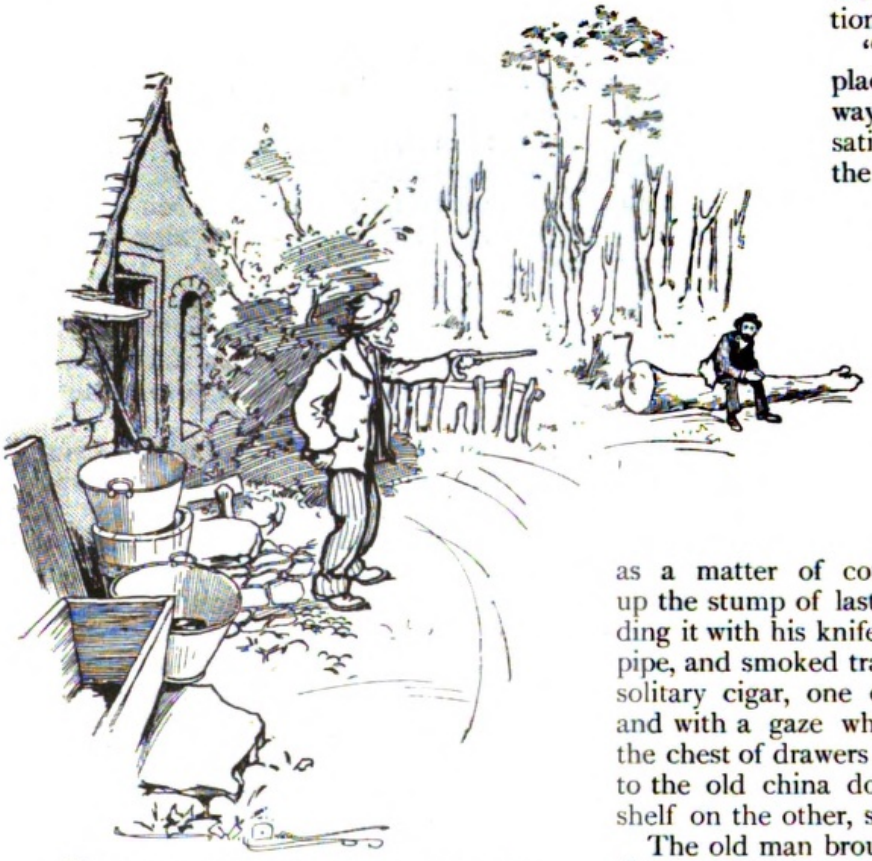
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XVI.

HE was awake early in the morning, and, opening the door, stood delightedly breathing the fresh, pine-scented air.

The atmosphere of the Blue Posts was already half forgotten, and he stood looking dreamily forward to the time when he might reasonably return to life and Poppy. He took a few steps into the wood and, after feeling for his pipe before he remembered that Miss Tipping was probably keeping it as a souvenir, sat on a freshly-cut log and fell into a sentimental reverie, until the appearance of the restless old man at the door of the cottage took him back to breakfast.

"I thought you'd run off," said his host, tartly.



"'I THOUGHT YOU'D RUN OFF,' SAID HIS HOST."

"You thought wrong then," said Flower, sharply, as he took out his purse. "Here are two of the five pounds I promised you; I'll give you the rest when I go."

The old man took the money and closed his small, hard mouth until the lips almost disappeared. "More money than sense," he remarked, cordially, as the skipper replaced his purse.

Flower made no reply. Some slices of fat bacon were sizzling in a pan over the wood-fire, and the pungent smell of the woods, mixed with the sharpness of the morning air, gave him an appetite to which, since his enforced idleness, he had been a stranger. He drew his chair up to the rickety little table with its covering of frayed oil-cloth, and, breaking a couple of eggs over his bacon, set to eagerly.

"Don't get eggs like these in London," he said to the old woman.

The old woman leaned over and, inspecting the shells, paid a tribute to the hens who were responsible for them, and traced back a genealogy which would have baffled the entire College of Heralds — a genealogy hotly contested by the old man, who claimed a bar sinister through three eggs, bought at the village shop some generations before.

"You've got a nice little place here," said Flower, by way of changing the conversation, which was well on the way to becoming personal; "but don't you find it rather dull sometimes?"

"Well, I don't know," said the old woman. "I finds plenty to do, and 'e potters about like. 'E don't do much, but it pleases 'im and it don't hurt me."

The object of these compliments took them as a matter of course, and after hunting up the stump of last night's cigar, and shredding it with his knife, crammed it into a clay pipe, and smoked tranquilly. Flower found a solitary cigar, one of the Blue Posts' best, and with a gaze which wandered idly from the chest of drawers on one side of the room to the old china dogs on the little mantelshelf on the other, smoked in silence.

The old man brought in news at dinner-time. The village was ringing with the news of yesterday's affair, and a rigorous search, fanned into excitement by an offer of two pounds reward, was taking the place of the more prosaic labours of the country-side.

"If it wasn't for me," said the old man in an excess of self-laudation, "you'd be put in the gaol — where you ought to be: but I wouldn't do it if it wasn't for the five pounds. You'd better keep close in the house. There's some more of 'em in the wood looking for you."

Captain Flower took his advice, and for the

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next two days became a voluntary prisoner. On the third day the old man reported that public excitement about him was dying out, owing partly to the fact that it thought the villain must have made his escape good, and partly to the fact that the landlord of the Wheatsheaf had been sitting at his front door shooting at snakes on the King's Highway invisible to ordinary folk.

The skipper resolved to make a start on the following evening, walking the first night so as to get out of the dangerous zone, and then training to London. At the prospect his spirits rose, and in a convivial mood he purchased a bottle of red currant wine from the old woman at supper, and handed it round.

He was still cheerful next morning as he arose and began to dress. Then he paused, and in a somewhat anxious fashion patted his trouser pockets. Minute and painful investigation revealed a bunch of keys and a clasp-knife.

He tried his other pockets and then, sinking in a dazed fashion into a chair, tried to think what had become of his purse and loose change. His watch, a silver one, was under his pillow where he had placed it the night before, and his ready cash was represented by the shilling which hung upon the chain.

He completed his dressing slowly while walking about the room, looking into all sorts of likely and unlikely hiding-places for his money, and at length gave up the search in disgust, and sat down to wait until such time as his host should appear. It was a complication for which he had not bargained, and unable to endure the suspense any longer, he put his head up the stairway and bawled to the old man to come down.

"What's the matter now?" demanded the old man as he came downstairs, preceded by his wife. "One would think the place belonged to you, making all that noise."

"I've lost my purse," said Flower, regarding him sternly; "my purse has been taken out of one pocket and some silver out of the other while I was asleep."

The old man raised his eyebrows at his wife and scratched his chin roughly.

"I s'pose you've lost my three pounds along with it?" he said, raspily.

"Where's my purse?" demanded the skipper, roughly; "don't play the fool with me. It won't pay."

"I don't know nothing about your purse," said the other, regarding him closely with his little, bloodshot eyes; "you're trying to do me out o' my three pounds—me what's took you in and 'id you."

The incensed skipper made no reply, but, passing upstairs, turned the bedroom topsy-turvy in a wild search for his property. It was unsuccessful, and he came down with a look in his face which made his respected host get close to his wife.

"Are you going to give me my money?" demanded he, striding up to him.

"I've not got your money," snarled the other; "I'm an honest man."

He started back in alarm, and his wife gave a faint scream, as Flower caught him by the collar, and, holding him against the wall, went through his pockets.

"Don't hurt 'im," cried the old woman; "he's on'y a little old man."

"If you were younger and bigger," said the infuriated skipper, as he gave up the fruitless search, "I'd thrash you till you gave it up."

"I'm an honest man," said the other, recovering himself as he saw that his adversary intended no violence; "if you think I've stole your money, you know what you can do."

"What?" demanded Flower.

"Go to the police," said the old man, his little slit of a mouth twisted into a baleful grin; "if you think I've stole your money, go and tell the police."

"Let 'em come and search the house," said the old woman, plucking up spirit. "I've been married forty-two years and 'ad seven children. Go and fetch the police."

Flower stared at them in wrathful concern. Threats were of no use, and violence was out of the question. He went to the door, and, leaning against it, stood there deep in thought until, after a time, the old woman, taking courage from his silence, began to prepare breakfast. Then he turned, and drawing his chair up to the table, ate silently.

He preserved this silence all day despite the occasional suggestion of the old man that he should go for the police, and the aggrieved refrain of the old woman as to the length of her married life and the number of her offspring.

He left at night without a word. The old man smiled almost amiably to see him go; and the old woman, who had been in a state of nervous trepidation all day, glanced at her husband with a look in which wifely devotion and admiration were almost equally blended.

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Flower passed slowly through the wood, and after pausing to make sure that he was not followed, struck across the fields, and, with his sailor's knowledge of the stars, steered by them in the direction of London.

He walked all that night unmolested, his foot giving him but little trouble, and passed the following day under a haystack, assuaging his hunger with some bread and cheese he had put in his pocket.

Travelling by night and sleeping in secluded spots by day, he reached the City in three days. Considering that he had no money, and was afraid to go into a town to pawn his watch, he did not suffer so much from hunger as might have been expected—something which he vaguely referred to as Providence, but for which the sufferers found other terms, twice leading his faltering footsteps to labourers' dinners in tin cans and red handkerchiefs.

At Stratford he pawned his watch and chain and sat down to a lengthy meal, and then, with nearly eighteen shillings in his pocket, took train to Liverpool Street. The roar of the City greeted his ears like music, and, investing in a pipe and tobacco, he got on a 'bus bound eastward, and securing cheap apartments in the Mile End Road, sat down to consider his plans. The prompt appearance of the Tipping family after his letter to Fraser had given him a wholesome dread of the post, and until the connection between the two was satisfactorily explained he would not risk another, even in his new name of Thompson. Having come to this decision he had another supper, and then went upstairs to the unwonted luxury of a bed.



"HE DID NOT SUFFER SO MUCH FROM HUNGER AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED."

(To be continued.)

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KIND LITTLE EDMUND,

OR THE CAVES AND THE COCKATRICE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. NESBIT.

EDMUND was a boy. The people who did not like him said that he was the most tiresome boy that ever lived, but his grandmother and his other friends said he had an inquiring mind. And his granny often added that he was the best of boys. But she was very kind and very old.

Edmund loved to find out about things. Perhaps you will think that in that case he was constant in his attendance at school, since there, if anywhere, we may learn whatever there is to be learned. But Edmund did not want to learn things: he wanted to find things out, which is quite different. His inquiring mind led him to take clocks to pieces to see what made them go, to take locks off doors to see what made them stick. It was Edmund who cut open the india-rubber ball to see what made it bounce, and he never *did* see, any more than you did when you tried the same experiment.

Edmund lived with his grandmother. She loved him very much—in spite of his inquiring mind, and hardly scolded him at all when he frizzled up her tortoiseshell comb in his anxiety to find out whether it was made of real tortoiseshell or of something that would burn. Edmund went to school, of course, now and then, and sometimes he could not prevent himself from learning something, but he never did it on purpose.

"It is such waste of time," said he; "they only know what everybody knows. I want to find out new things that nobody has thought of but me."

"I don't think you're likely to find out anything that none of the wise men in the whole world have thought of all these thousands of years," said granny.

But Edmund did not agree with her. He played truant whenever he could, for he was a kind-hearted boy, and could not bear to think of a master's time and labour being thrown away on a boy like himself, who did not wish to learn, only to find out—when there were so many worthy lads thirsting for instruction in geography and history, and reading and ciphering, and Mr. Smiles's Self-Help.

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Other boys played truant too, of course—and these went nutting or blackberrying or wild-plum gathering, but Edmund never went on the side of the town where the green woods and hedges grew. He always went up the mountain where the great rocks were, and the tall, dark pine trees, and where other people were afraid to go because of the strange noises that came out of the caves.

Edmund was not afraid of these noises—though they were very strange and terrible. He wanted to find out what made them. And one day he did. He had invented, all by himself, a very ingenious and new kind of lantern, made with a turnip and a tumbler, and when he had taken the candle out of granny's bedroom candlestick to put in it, it gave quite a splendid light.

He had to go to school next day, and he was caned for being absent without leave—although he very straightforwardly explained that he had been too busy making the lantern to have time to come to school.

But the day after he got up very early, and took the lunch granny had got ready for him to take to school—two boiled eggs and an apple turnover—and he took his lantern and went off as straight as a dart to the mountains to explore the caves.

The caves were very dark, but his lantern lighted them up beautifully; and they were most interesting caves, with stalactites and stalagmites and fossils, and all the things you read about in the instructive books for the young. But Edmund did not care for any of these things just then. He wanted to find out what made the noises that people were afraid of, and there was nothing in the caves to tell him.

Presently he sat down in the biggest cave and listened very carefully, and it seemed to him that he could distinguish three different sorts of noises. There was a heavy, rumbling sound, like a very large old gentleman asleep after dinner; and there was a smaller sort of rumble going on at the same time, and there was a sort of crowing, clucking sound, such as a chicken might make if it happened to be as big as a haystack.

"It seems to me," said Edmund to himself, "that the clucking is nearer than the others." So he started up again and explored the caves once more. He found out nothing, only, about half-way up the wall of the cave, he saw a hole. And, being a boy, he climbed up to it and crept in; and it was the entrance to a rocky passage. And now the clucking sounded more plainly than before, and he could hardly hear the rumbling at all.

"I am going to find out something at last," said Edmund, and on he went. The passage wound and twisted, and twisted and turned, and turned and wound—but Edmund kept on.

"My lantern's burning better and better," said he presently, but the next minute he saw that all the light did not come from his lantern. It was a pale yellow light, and it shone down the passage far ahead of him through what looked like the chink of a door.

"I expect it's the fire in the middle of the earth," said Edmund, who had not been able to help learning about that at school.

But quite suddenly the fire ahead gave a pale flicker and went down—and the clucking ceased.

The next moment Edmund turned a corner and found himself in front of a rocky door. The door was ajar. He went in, and there was a round cave, like the dome of St. Paul's. In the middle of the cave was a hole like a very big wash-hand basin, and in the middle of the basin Edmund saw a large pale person sitting. This person had a man's face and a griffin's body, and big, feathery wings, and a snake's tail, and a cock's comb and neck-feathers.

"Whatever are you?" said Edmund.

"I'm a poor starving cockatrice," answered the pale person, in a very faint voice, "and I shall die—oh, I know I shall! My fire's gone out! I can't think how it happened; I must have been asleep. I have to stir it seven times round with my tail once in a hundred years to keep it alight, and my watch must have been wrong. And now I shall die."

I think I have said before what a kind-hearted boy Edmund was.

"Cheer up," said he. "I'll light your fire for you," and off he went, and in a few minutes he came back with a great armful of sticks from the pine trees outside, and with these and a lesson book or two that he had forgotten to lose before, and which, quite by an oversight, were safe in his pocket, he lighted a fire all round the cockatrice. The wood blazed up, and presently something in the basin caught fire, and Edmund saw that it was a sort of liquid that burned like the brandy in a snapdragon. And now the cockatrice stirred it with his tail, and flapped his wings in it, so that some of it splashed out on Edmund's hand and burnt it rather badly. But the cockatrice grew red and strong and happy, and its comb grew scarlet, its feathers glossy, and it lifted itself up and crowed, "Cock-a-trice-a-doodle-doo!" very loudly and clearly.

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COCK A-TRICE-A-DOODLE-DOO."

Edmund's kindly nature was charmed to see the cockatrice so much improved in health, and he said :—

"Don't mention it ; delighted, I'm sure," when the cockatrice began to thank him.

"But what can I do for you?" said the creature.

"Tell me stories," said Edmund.

"What about?" said the cockatrice.

"About true things that they don't know at school," said Edmund.

So the cockatrice began, and it told him about mines and treasures, and geological formations, and about gnomes and fairies and dragons, and glaciers and the stone age, and the beginning of the world, and about the unicorn and the phœnix, and about Magic, black and white.

And Edmund ate his eggs and his turn-over, and listened. And when he got hungry again he said good-bye and went home. But he came again next day for more stories, and the next day, and the next, for a long time.

He told the boys at school about the cockatrice and its wonderful true tales, and the boys liked the stories ; but when he told the master he was caned for untruthfulness.

"But it's true," said Edmund ; "just you look where the fire burnt my hand."

"I see you've been playing with fire—in mischief as usual," said the master, and he caned Edmund harder than ever. The master was ignorant and unbelieving : but I am told that some schoolmasters are not like that.

Now, one day Edmund made a new lantern out of something chemical which he sneaked from the school laboratory. And with it he went exploring again to see if he could find the things that made the other sorts of noises. And in quite another part of the mountain he found a dark passage, all lined with brass, so that it was like the inside of a huge telescope, and at the very end of it he found a bright green door. There was a brass plate on the door which said : "Mrs. D. knock and ring," and a white label which said : "Call me at three." Edmund had a watch : it had been given to him on his birthday two days before, and he had not yet had time to take it to pieces and see what made it go, so it was still going. He looked at it now. It said :—

"A quarter to three."

Did I tell you before what a kind-hearted boy Edmund was? He sat down on the brass door-step and waited till three o'clock. Then he knocked and rang, and there was a rattling and puffing inside. The great door flew open, and Edmund had only just time to hide behind it when out came an immense yellow dragon and wriggled off down the

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brass cave like a long, rattling worm—or perhaps more like a monstrous centipede.

Edmund crept slowly out, and saw the dragon stretching herself on the rocks in the sun, and he crept past the great creature and tore down the hill into the town and burst into school, crying out :—

"There's a great dragon coming! Somebody ought to do something, or we shall all be destroyed."

He was caned for untruthfulness without any delay. His master was never one for postponing a duty.

"But it's *true*," said Edmund; "you just see if it isn't."

He pointed out of the window, and everyone could see a vast yellow cloud rising up into the air above the mountain.

"It's only a thunder-shower," said the master, and caned Edmund more than ever. This master was not like some masters I know: he was very obstinate, and would not believe his own eyes if they told him anything different to what he had been saying before his eyes spoke.

So while the master was writing, "Lying is very wrong, and liars must be caned. It is all for their own good," on the black-board for Edmund to copy out seven hundred times, Edmund sneaked out of school, and ran for his life across the town to warn his granny, but she was not at home. So then he made off by the back door of the town, and raced up the hill to tell the cockatrice, and ask for its help. It never occurred to him that the cockatrice might not believe him. You see, he had heard so many wonderful tales from it and had believed them all—and when you believe all a person's stories they ought to believe yours. This is only fair.

At the mouth of the cockatrice's cave Edmund stopped, very much out of breath, to look back at the town. As he ran he had felt his little legs tremble and shake, while the shadows of the great yellow cloud fell upon him. Now he stood once more between warm earth and blue sky, and looked down on the green plain, dotted with fruit trees and red-roofed farms and plots of gold corn. In the middle of that plain the grey town lay, with its strong walls, with the holes pierced for the archers, and its square towers with holes in for dropping melted lead on the heads of strangers, its bridges, and its steeples, the quiet river edged with willow and alder, and the pleasant green garden-place in the middle of the town, where people sat on holidays to smoke their pipes and listen to the band.

Edmund saw it all; and he saw, too, creeping across the plain, marking her way by a black line, as everything withered at her touch, the great yellow dragon—and he saw that she was many times bigger than the whole town.



"CREEPING ACROSS THE PLAIN."

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"Oh, my poor, dear granny," said Edmund, for he had a feeling heart, as I ought to have told you before.

The yellow dragon crept nearer and nearer, licking her greedy lips with her long, red tongue, and Edmund knew that in the school his master was still teaching earnestly, and still not believing Edmund's tale the least little bit.

"He'll jolly well *have* to believe it soon, anyhow," said Edmund to himself—and though he was a very tender-hearted boy—I think it only fair to tell you that he was this—I am afraid he was not so sorry as he ought to have been to think of the way in which his master was going to learn how to believe what Edmund said. Then the dragon opened her jaws wider and wider and wider. Edmund shut his eyes close, for though his master *was* in the town, yet the amiable Edmund shrank from beholding the awful sight.

When he opened his eyes again there was no town—only a bare place where it had stood, and the dragon licking her lips and curling herself up to go to sleep, just as pussy does when she has quite finished with a mouse. Edmund gasped once or twice, and then ran into the cave to tell the cockatrice.

"Well," said the cockatrice, thoughtfully, when the tale had been told, "what then?"

"I don't think you quite understand," said Edmund, gently; "the dragon has swallowed up the town."

"Does it matter?" said the cockatrice.

"But I live there," said Edmund, blankly.

"Never mind," said the cockatrice, turning over in the pool of fire to warm its other side, which was chilly, because Edmund had, as usual, forgotten to close the cave door, "you can live here with me."

"I'm afraid I haven't made my meaning clear," said Edmund, patiently. "You see, my granny is in the town, and I can't bear to lose my granny like this."

"I don't know what a granny may be," said the cockatrice, who seemed to be growing weary of the subject; "but if it's a possession to which you attach any importance——"

"Of course it is," said Edmund, losing patience at last. "Oh—do help me. What can I do?"

"If I were you," said his friend, stretching itself out in the pool of flame so that the waves covered it up to the chin, "I should find the drakling and bring it here."

"But why?" said Edmund. He had got into the habit of asking why at school, and the master had always found it trying. As for the cockatrice, it was not going to stand that sort of thing for a moment.

"Oh, don't talk to me!" it said, splashing angrily in the flames. "I give you advice; take it or leave it—I sha'n't bother about you any more. If you bring the drakling here to me, I'll tell you what to do next. If not, not."

And the cockatrice drew the fire up close round it shoulders, tucked itself up in it, and went to sleep.

Now this was exactly the right way to manage Edmund, only no one had ever thought of trying to do it before.

He stood for a moment looking at the cockatrice; it looked at him out of the corner of its eye, and began to snore very loud, and Edmund understood, once and for all, that it wasn't going to put up with any nonsense. He respected the cockatrice very much from that moment, and set off at once to do exactly as he was told—for perhaps the first time in his life.

Though he had played truant so often, he knew one or two things that perhaps you don't know, though you have always been so good and gone to school regularly. For instance, he knew that a drakling is a dragon's baby, and he felt sure that what he had to do was to find the third of the three noises that people used to hear coming from the mountains. Of course, the clucking had been the cockatrice, and the big noise like a large gentleman asleep after dinner had been the big dragon. So the smaller rumbling must have been the drakling.

He plunged boldly into the caves, and searched and wandered and wandered and searched, and at last he came to a third door in the mountain, and on it was written, "The baby is asleep." Just before the door stood fifty pairs of copper shoes, and no one could have looked at them for a moment without seeing what sort of feet they were made for, for each shoe had five holes in it for the drakling's five claws. And there were fifty pairs, because the drakling took after his mother, and had a hundred feet—no more and no less. He was the kind called *Draco centipedis* in the learned books.

Edmund was a good deal frightened, but he remembered the grim expression of the cockatrice's eye, and the fixed determination of its snore still rang in his ears, in spite of the snoring of the drakling, which was, in itself, considerable. He screwed up his

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courage, flung the door open, and called out :—

"Halloa, you drakling. Get out of bed this minute."

The drakling stopped snoring and said, sleepily, "It ain't time yet."

"Your mother says you are to, anyhow; and look sharp about it, what's more," said Edmund, gaining courage from the fact that the drakling had not yet eaten him.

The drakling sighed, and Edmund could hear it getting out of bed. The next moment it began to come out of its room and to put on its shoes. It was not nearly so big as its mother; only about the size of a Baptist chapel.

"Hurry up," said Edmund, as it fumbled clumsily with the seventeenth shoe.

"Mother said I was never to go out without my shoes," said the drakling; so Edmund had to help it to put them on. It took some time, and was not a comfortable occupation.

At last the drakling said it was ready, and Edmund, who had forgotten to be frightened, said, "Come on then," and they went back to the cockatrice.

The cave was rather narrow for the drakling, but it made itself thin, as you may see a fat worm do when it wants to get through a narrow crack in a piece of hard earth.

"Here it is," said Edmund, and the cockatrice woke up at once and asked the drakling very politely to sit down and wait. "Your mother will be here presently," said the cockatrice, stirring up its fire.

The drakling sat down and waited, but it watched the fire with hungry eyes.

"I beg your pardon," it said at last, "but I am always accustomed to have a little basin of fire directly I get up, and I feel rather faint. Might I?"

It reached out a claw towards the cockatrice's basin.

"Certainly not," said the cockatrice, sharply; "where were you brought up? Did they never teach you that 'we must not ask for all we see'? Eh?"

"I beg your pardon," said the drakling, humbly; "but I am really very hungry."

The cockatrice beckoned Edmund to the side of the basin, and whispered in his ear so long and so earnestly that one side of the dear boy's hair was quite burnt off. And he never once interrupted the cockatrice to ask why. But when the whispering was over, Edmund—whose heart, as I may have mentioned, was very tender—said to the drakling :—

"If you are really hungry, poor thing, I can show you where there is plenty of fire." And off he went through the caves, and the drakling followed.

When Edmund came to the proper place he stopped.

There was a round iron thing in the floor, like the ones the men shoot the coals down into your cellar, only much larger. Edmund heaved it up by a hook that stuck out at one side, and a rush of hot air came up that nearly choked him. But the drakling came close, and looked down with one eye, and sniffed, and said :—

"That smells good, eh?"

"Yes," said Edmund; "well, that's the fire in the middle of the earth. There's



"THAT SMELLS GOOD, EH?"

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plenty of it, all done to a turn. You'd better go down and begin your breakfast, hadn't you?"

So the drakling wriggled through the hole, and began to crawl faster and faster down the slanting shaft that leads to the fire in the middle of the earth. And Edmund, doing exactly as he had been told, for a wonder, caught the end of the drakling's tail, and ran the iron hook through it, so that the drakling was held fast. And it could not turn round and wriggle up again to look after its poor tail, because, as everyone knows, the way to the fires below is very easy to go down, but quite impossible to come back on. There is something about it in Latin, beginning: "*Facilis descensus.*"

So there was the drakling, fast by the silly tail of it, and there was Edmund very busy and important, and very pleased with himself, hurrying back to the cockatrice.

"Now," said he.

"Well, now," said it, "go to the mouth of the cave and laugh at the dragon so that she hears you."

Edmund very nearly said, "Why?" but he stopped in time, and instead, said:—

"She won't hear me——"

"Oh, very well," said the cockatrice, "no doubt you know best," and it began to tuck itself up again in the fire, so Edmund did as he was bid.

And when he began to laugh his laughter echoed in the mouth of the cave till it sounded like the laughter of a whole castleful of giants.

And the dragon, lying asleep in the sun, woke up and said, very crossly:—

"What are you laughing at?"

"At you," said Edmund, and went on laughing. The dragon bore it as long as she could, but, like everyone else, she couldn't stand being made fun of—so presently she dragged herself up the mountain very slowly, because she had just had a rather heavy meal, and stood outside, and said, "What are you laughing at?" in a voice that made Edmund feel as if he should never laugh again.

Then the good cockatrice called out:—

"At *you!* You've eaten your own drakling—swallowed it with the town. Your own little drakling! He, he, he! Ha, ha, ha!"

And Edmund found courage to cry "Ha, ha!" which sounded like tremendous laughter in the echo of the cave.

"Dear me," said the dragon. "I thought the town stuck in my throat rather. I must take it out, and look through it more carefully." And with that he coughed—and choked—and there was the town on the hillside.

Edmund had run back to the cockatrice, and it had told him what to do. So before the dragon had time to look through the town again for her drakling, the voice of the drakling itself was heard howling miserably from inside the mountain, because Edmund was pinching its tail as hard as he could in the round iron door, like the one where the men pour the coals out of the sacks into the cellar. And the dragon heard the voice and said:—

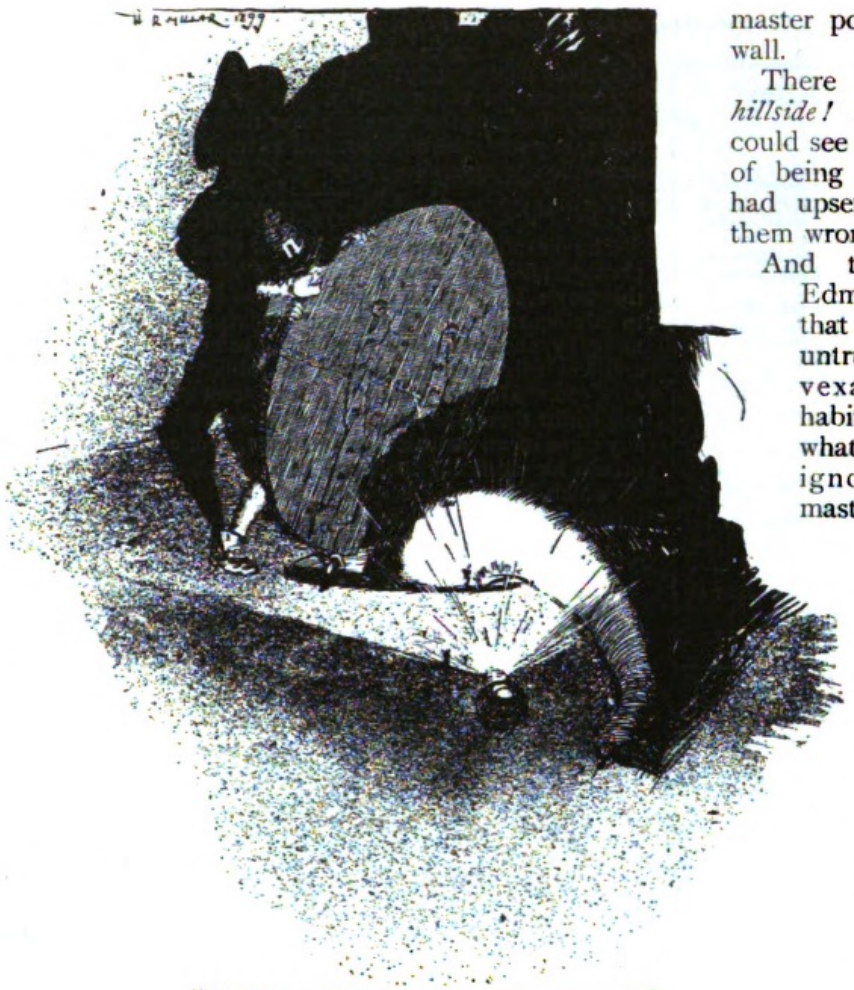
"Why, whatever's the matter with baby? He's *not* here!" and made itself thin, and crept into the mountain to find its drakling. The cockatrice kept on laughing as loud as it could, and Edmund kept on pinching, and presently the great dragon—very long and narrow she had made herself—found her head where the round hole was with the iron lid. Her tail was a mile or two off—outside the mountain. When Edmund heard her coming he gave one last nip to the drakling's tail, and then heaved up the lid and stood behind it, so that the dragon could not see him. Then he loosed the drakling's tail from the hook, and the dragon peeped down the hole just in time to see her drakling's tail disappear down the smooth, slanting shaft with one last squeak of pain. Whatever may have been the poor dragon's other faults, she was an excellent mother. She plunged head first into the hole, and slid down the shaft after her baby. Edmund watched her head go—and then the rest of her. She was so long, now she had stretched herself thin, that it took all night. It was like watching a goods train go by in Germany. When the last joint of her tail had gone Edmund slammed down the iron door. He was a kind-hearted boy, as you have guessed, and he was glad to think that dragon and drakling would now have plenty to eat of their favourite food, for ever and ever. He thanked the cockatrice for its kindness, and got home just in time to have breakfast and get to school by nine. Of course, he could not have done this if the town had been in its old place by the river in the middle of the plain, but it had taken root on the hillside just where the dragon left it.

"Well," said the master, "where were you yesterday?"

Edmund explained, and the master at once caned him for not speaking the truth.

"But it *is* true," said Edmund. "Why,

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"SHE SLID DOWN THE SHAFT AFTER HER BABY."

the whole town was swallowed by the dragon. You know it was——"

"Nonsense," said the master; "there was a thunderstorm and an earthquake, that's all."

And he caned Edmund more than ever.

"But," said Edmund, who always would argue, even in the least favourable circumstances, "how do you account for the town being on the hillside now, instead of by the river as it used to be?"

"It was *always* on the hillside," said the master. And all the class said the same, for they had more sense than to argue with a person who carried a cane.

"But look at the maps," said Edmund, who wasn't going to be beaten in argument, whatever he might be in the flesh. The master pointed to the map on the wall.

There was the town, *on the hillside!* And nobody but Edmund could see that of course the shock of being swallowed by the dragon had upset all the maps and put them wrong.

And then the master caned Edmund again, explaining that this time it was not for untruthfulness, but for his vexatious argumentative habits. This will show you what a prejudiced and ignorant man Edmund's master was — how different from the revered Head of the nice school where your good parents are kind enough to send you.

Next day Edmund thought he would prove his tale by showing people the cockatrice, and he actually persuaded some people to go into the cave with him; but the cockatrice had bolted itself in, and would not open the door—so Edmund got nothing by that except a scolding for taking people on a wild-goose chase.

"A wild goose," said they, "is nothing like a cockatrice."

And poor Edmund could not say a word, though he knew how wrong they were. The only person who believed him was his granny. But then she was very old and very kind, and had always said he was the best of boys.

Only one good thing came of all this long story. Edmund has never been quite the same boy since. He does not argue quite so much, and he agreed to be apprenticed to a locksmith, so that he might some day be able to pick the lock of the cockatrice's front door—and learn some more of the things that other people don't know.

But he is quite an old man now, and he hasn't got that door open yet!

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*Curiosities.**

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

Hotel Open Night and Day.

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RULES FOR VISITORS.

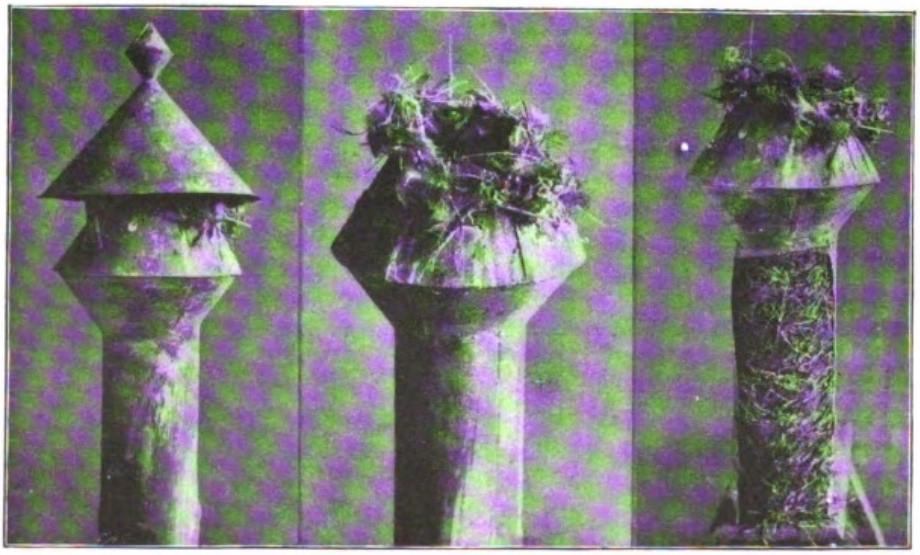
Board, 50 cts. per square foot. Meals extra.
Breakfast at five, dinner at six, supper at seven.
Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.
Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.
Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles or other valuables kept under the pillows; they should be deposited in the safe.
"Bicycle" Playing Cards kept on sale at the office; but country visitors are requested not to play any game more exciting than Old Maid after 7 P. M., as their noise may disturb the night clerk's slumbers.
The hotel is convenient to all cemeteries. Hearses to hire at 25 cents a day.
Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.
If the room gets too warm, open the window and see the fire escape.
If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the matress and see the bed spring.
Base-ballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.
If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.
Any one troubled with night-mare will find a halter on the bed-post.
Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations.

A CONVENIENT HOTEL.

Mr. George P. Starling, of Stanley House, Addington Square, S.E., has kindly sent us the hotel card which we reproduce. Needless to say, the card hails from America. It speaks for itself. Item No. 7 on the sheet is not calculated to induce patrons to stop long at the hotel, but the last paragraph would probably cover a multitude of evils.

WHY THE VENTILATOR WENT WRONG.

Mr. H. C. Leat, of 2, Richmond Street, Totterdown, Bristol, comes next with three interesting pictures. For some while the ventilator shown in the photos. had ceased to perform its duties, and on inspection it was found that a bird had built a nest in the pipe. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as the ventilator carried off foul gases from the house drains. On further investigation it was found, as will be seen by the third picture, that the whole pipe was stopped up with old nests, which had one by one settled down in the pipe as new ones were built above. Perhaps the covering over the nest was the attraction; any way, the birds seemed to think the place a highly desirable site for a home.



THE WORK OF A CONVICT.

The beautiful fountain of which we next reproduce a photograph is the unaided work of a convict. It happened this way: In 1853 an Englishman, in search of gold, came to Melbourne. Fate, however, was unkind to him, and more by accident than anything else he fell into trouble, and was subsequently arrested for robbing a bank manager of £500. He was awarded a long term of imprisonment, and whilst there the felon, who had never before displayed any signs of an artistic temperament, suddenly developed a mania for secreting tools and bits of wood and stone, out of which he carved exquisite representations of fruit and human forms. Though repeatedly punished for these breaches of the prison rules his ardour was in no way diminished. Then Mr. Panton, the police magistrate, himself an artist, interested himself in him, with the result that the convict was provided with a workshop. It was here that the prisoner-sculptor carved from solid bluestone this magnificent fountain. On his release from gaol the sculptor set up in the business which he so strangely developed, and the true touch of genius in his carving brought him fame and fortune. Mr. T. Kelynack, of the *Herald* Office, Melbourne, who has sent us the photograph, says that the fountain now stands in a public square alongside the Houses of Parliament in Melbourne.

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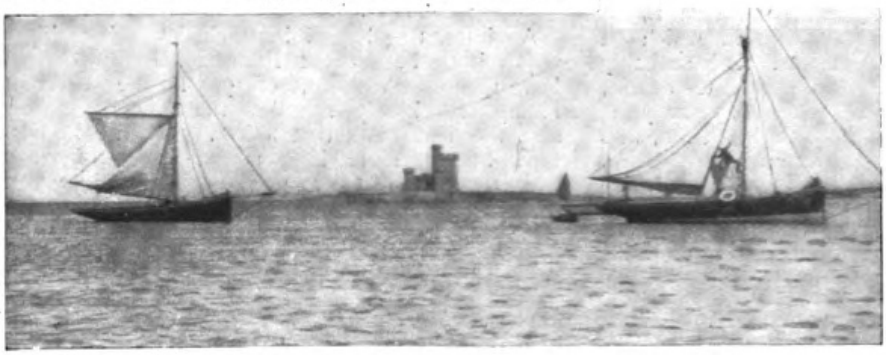


THE ORIGIN OF THE TURKISH BATH.

The Pacific North-West Indians have a peculiar method wherewith they take what they are pleased to call their sweat-baths. A sweat-house, such as is shown in the photograph, which was kindly sent by Miss Fay Fuller, of Tacoma, Washington, is used in the following manner: A number of rocks are well heated in an open fire and then placed in the little wick-i-up, where cold water is poured upon them. The sweat-house, built of rushes and branches and covered tightly with blankets, is at once filled with steam, and the sufferer locks himself inside for a short time. The treatment is said to be most beneficial.

A MARVELLOUS COINCIDENCE.

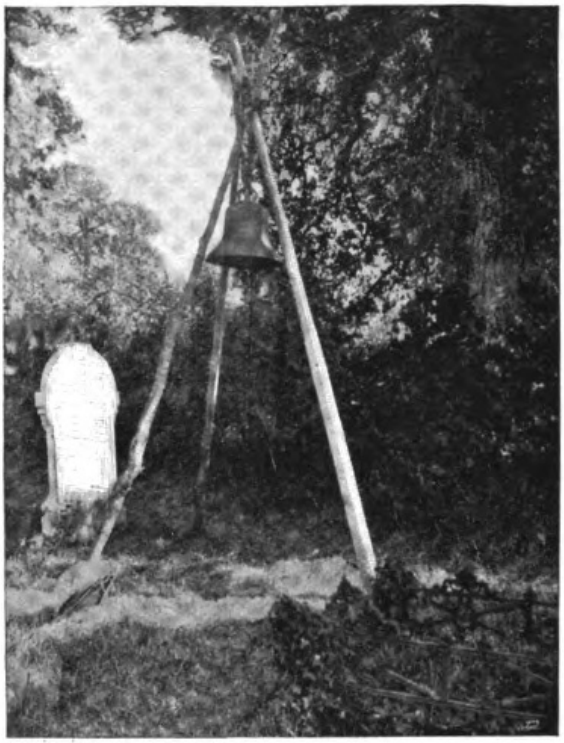
Mr. E. H. Best, of The Hollies, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent, has taken, quite unawares let it be said, one of the most extraordinary snap-shots that have ever



come under our notice. The idea was to take a snap-shot of the boats as they sailed into Douglas, Isle of Man. On developing the plate, however, the operator was tremendously astonished to find the picture of a man falling from the rigging of one of the boats to the deck below. On inquiry it was found that the unfortunate sailor really had fallen in the manner shown, breaking his arm in two places.

A PLUCKY PHOTOGRAPHER.

Professor Willard D. Johnson, of the United States Geological Survey, while on an exploring trip through the Great American Desert last summer, fell in with a rattlesnake under somewhat remarkable circumstances. He found it comfortably ensconced upon his camp-bed, and, when he approached, the dangerous reptile exhibited displeasure and shook its rattle threateningly. Prof. Johnson is an enthusiastic photographer, and, before killing the serpent, he took a snap-shot at it with his camera. It was found to measure four and a half feet in length. We are indebted for this interesting photo. to Mr. René Bache, of 1823 Q. Street, Washington, D.C.

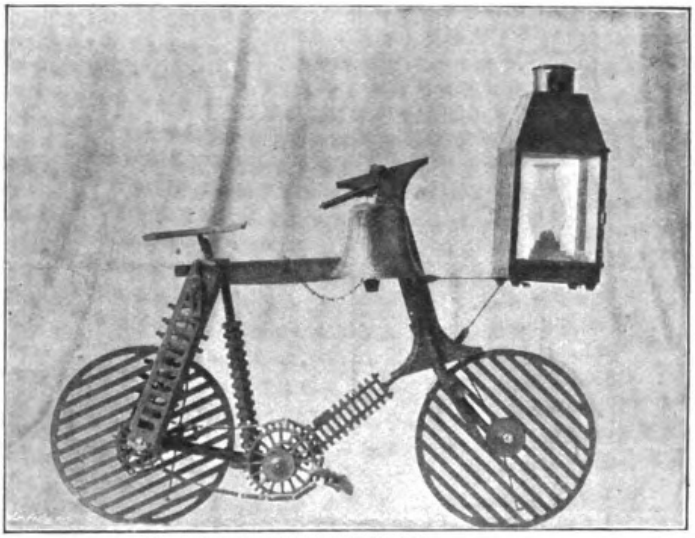


A PRIMITIVE BELFRY.

The accompanying photograph shows one of the most curious belfries that may be found in any part of the world. It is to be seen in a little village churchyard in the Isle of Wight, where it is used to call the villagers to worship. The bell, which is struck with a hammer, weighs about 1cwt., and is some sixty years old. The photo. was kindly sent by Mr. T. Stokes, of Newport, Isle of Wight.



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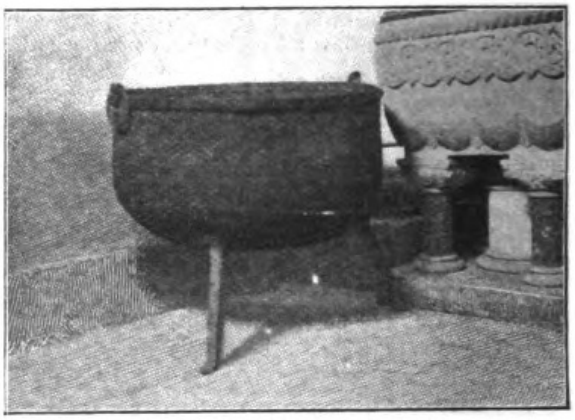


AN IRONWARE BICYCLE.

Here is a photograph of a bicycle made (save for the lamp and bell) entirely of the component parts of an ordinary stove. The machine was made by the Omaha Stove Repair Works in order to advertise their wares. This extraordinary machine may henceforth be known as *the* "bone-shaker" *par excellence*, while it may also boast of the biggest bicycle bell and bicycle lamp on record. Mr. S. L. Baetens, of 204, Boyd's Theatre, Omaha, sent us this photo., taken by Fyock, Omaha.

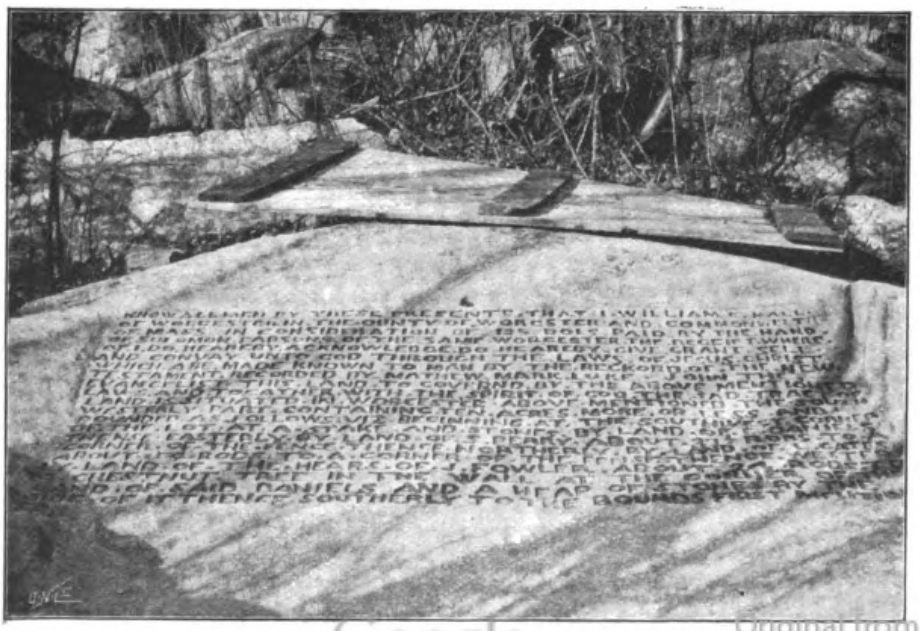
THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY DEED IN EXISTENCE.

Solomon Parsons, of Worcester, Mass., many years ago bought a tract of land on Rattlesnake Hill, adjoining the town of Leicester, Mass., which he desired to dedicate to worship according to his somewhat peculiar religious ideas. He caused to be carved on a large flat rock a deed in which he bequeaths the place to the Almighty. It is probably the only deed of the kind in existence. Of course, it was never recorded, and on his death, a few years ago, his heirs sold the land to a wealthy citizen, who built a house there and made it his country residence. Naturally there were some curious proceedings in the courts over the matter. Mr. Parsons had been to Jerusalem, where he became inspired with the idea of building a humble imitation of the ancient Temple of the Jews. On his return he set to work and built one on this land with his own hands. Here he held Sunday services before considerable audiences, attracted, no doubt, by curiosity. The building was aptly named "Solomon's Temple," as well from the Christian name of the builder as from the original. Mr. Parsons also built a shed for the use of his parishioners' horses and a hut for a nephew of his, who lived there many years as a hermit. The place is in the midst of a forest of trees and rocks, an old resort of Indians and rattlesnakes, and a most charming and beautiful spot. We are indebted to Mr. F. B. Harlow, of 48, 49, Burnside Buildings, Worcester, Mass., for the use of this photograph.



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON.

An interesting legend is attached to this cauldron, which is to be seen at Frensham Parish Church. Mr. Quintin Walford, of 9, Belsize Crescent, Hampstead, kindly supplies the photograph, and also the particulars that follow. On the Borough Hill, Surrey, there is a strange mass of stone, and on this those in need knocked, whereupon the witch who lived under it lent the knockers the required article, viz., the cauldron. One night, however, a wicked petitioner on the eve of a feast went to the stone and begged for the loan of the cauldron, which was readily given to him. He carried it away, used it, but, alas! neglected to return it at the appointed time, and since then no more loans have been made. The cauldron was taken to Frensham Church, and the story goes that, should it ever be removed, it would invariably find its own way back!



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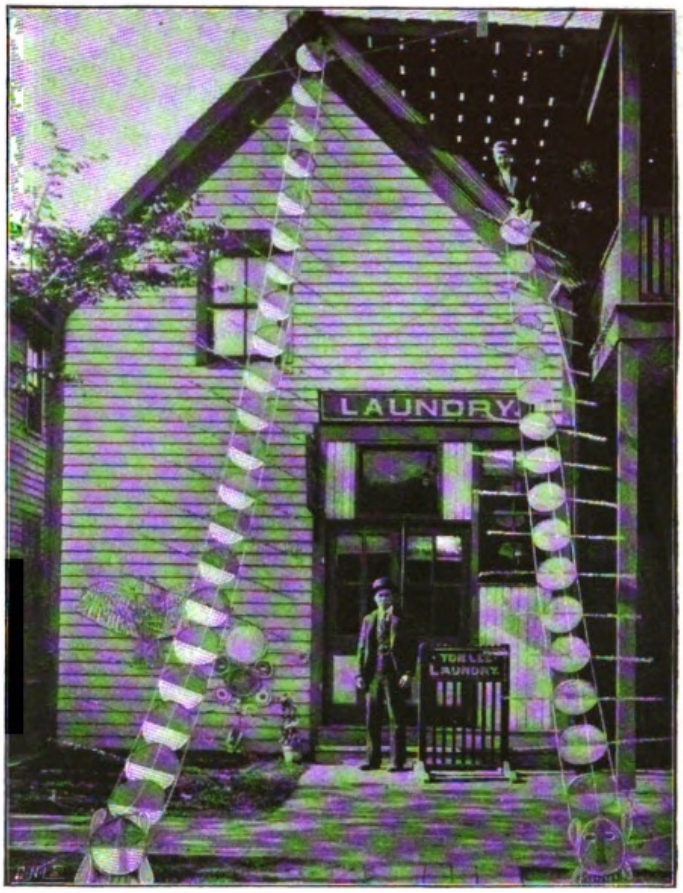
QUITE OVERCOME.

Mr. J. J. Butler, of Launceston, Blandford, Dorset, has sent us this amusing photograph. These candles when arranged a few minutes before the evening service at All Saints' Church, Tarrant Monckton, Blandford, were perfectly straight, but the heat proved too much for their delicate constitutions, and after a very short while they collapsed in the manner shown in our picture.

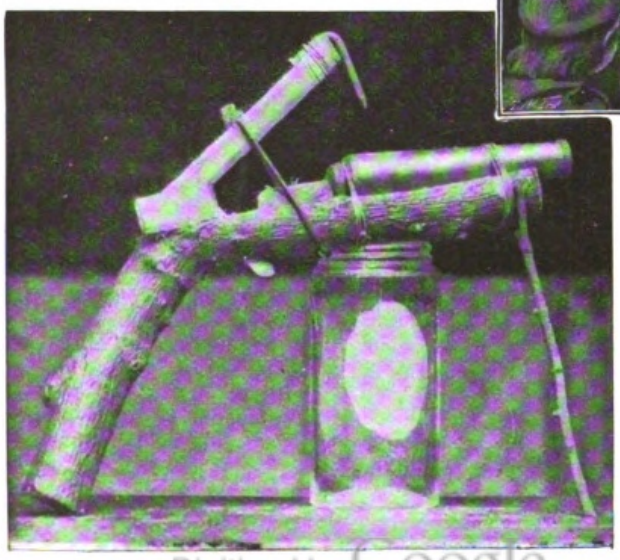


A CHINAMAN'S KITE.

Probably few of our readers have ever seen a Chinaman fly his kite. Our two pictures show Mr. Tom Lee, a Celestial gentleman who is quite an adept at the game. The photos. were taken just after Mr. Lee had given a display of his skill in the Driving Park, Buffalo, N.Y. A reporter who was watching Mr. Lee's great crimson dragon sailing gracefully hundreds of feet in the air, asked the Chinaman if it was difficult to hold the kites. "You tlake hold," remarked the Celestial, "him no pullee velly hard." The reporter confidently grasped the cord and was immediately dragged along the ground, while the Chinee laughed in his own gleeful manner. Mr. Lee winds the cord round his body and throws his weight against the strain of the kite, and thus escapes having his hands cut by the cord or his arm dislocated by the aerial monster. The photos. were sent to us by Mr. R. W. King, of 378, Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.







AN EXTRAORDINARY GUN.

At the time of taking this photograph war material was being dispatched to the Transvaal by the ton. A young boy, whose patriotic spirit is out of all proportion to his size, has caught the war fever and manufactured a gun. This gun we are allowed to reproduce by permission of Miss Dresser, of Springfield, Bexley Heath, who says that the gun will actually fire a projectile; the resulting damage is no fit subject for discussion.

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A FRESH-WATER SNAKE.

H.C.M. is modest, and would rather hide his blushes behind the veil of anonymity. "This serpent was several times seen near Bay View, on Lake Erie, in Ohio, but caused such fright that no accurate account could be gotten from any of the people who had seen it. Fortunately for science and a much-scared public, the serpent was actually captured by a young college graduate, whose gallantry and courage were suddenly aroused on hearing the screams of the ladies of his party. The young hero, being accustomed to snakes of all kinds, rushed into the water where the snake had sought refuge, grappled with the writhing thing before it reached deep water, and actually dragged it high and dry on to the bank. The monster soon became domesticated, but died for want of food, this probably being due to the fact that the serpent was only the root of a tree after all!"



A QUAINT IDEA.

Mr. Gerald H. Rose writes from the Madame Ina Gold Mine, Bealiba, Victoria, Australia, as follows: "I am sending you a picture taken by me with a small guinea kodak from the bottom of a shaft on our claim at a depth of 50ft. It shows the windlass and rope and the brakeman looking down the shaft with his pipe in his mouth." The idea is a quaint one.

HIVING BEES UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

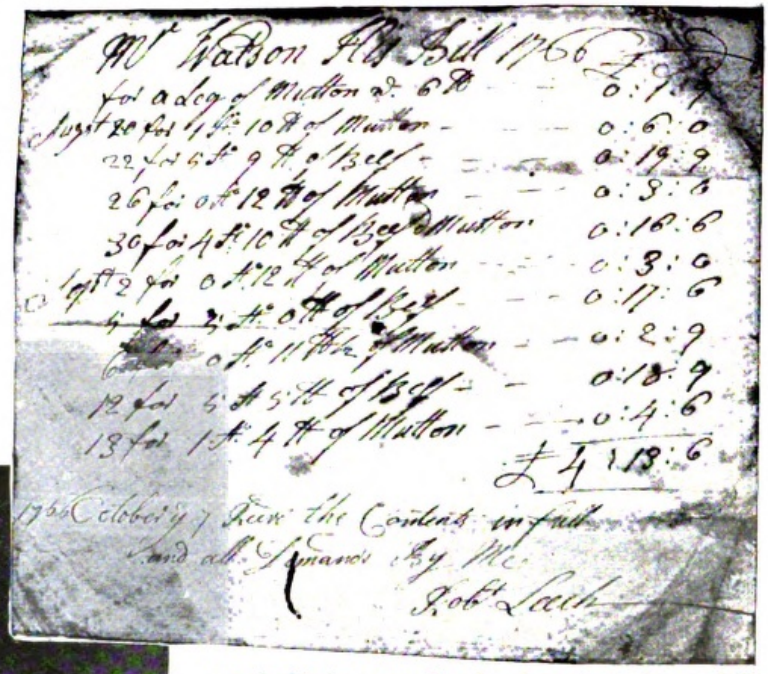
Mr. R. E. Richardson, gardener, of The Terrace Gardens, Wollaton Hall, Nottingham, sends a very curious photo. illustrating an adventure with bees. He says: "It is a case of hiving bees under exceptionally difficult circumstances. The swarm took up its quarters in an orifice in the masonry of Wollaton Hall, caused by the breaking of a hole for a pipe from the lead gutters of the roof to the spout-head beneath the outer cornice. Here they had to be ousted from 4ft. of stonework with only a hole a few inches in diameter to work at. A drain-testing machine was brought into use, the smoke being driven through the pipe as shown, and the operator secured by a rope at the tip-top of a long ladder. The pipe being thrust into the back of them, the blast was put on, and after a good deal of difficulty and the exercise of a lot of patience they were driven into the box placed for their reception. The hole was then plugged and the bees left all night to settle, but as soon as the sun began to warm the air next morning they took flight and were lost, after all our trouble and neck-risking."



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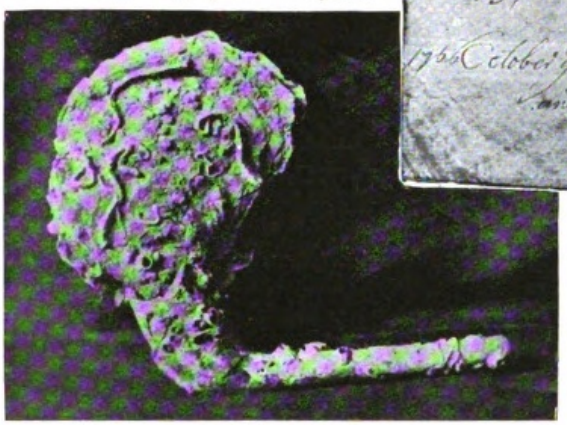
THE COST OF MEAT 133 YEARS AGO.

Mr. A. Sweeting, of 87, Lord Street, is the proud possessor of an extraordinary butcher's bill, which will give an idea of the prices of meat nearly a century and a half ago. Some amusement will be found in comparing the prices with those paid at the present time. We see, for instance, that 12lb. of mutton cost 3s., and 5st. of beef 17s. 6d., which gives the price of both as 3d. per lb. Apart from the various sums, there is also the quaintness of the receipt which should not be overlooked.


Mr Watson Bought of Bill 1766 £ s d
for a Leg of Mutton 2d 6lb — 0:1:
August 20 for 4 Qrs 10 lb of Mutton — 0:6:0
22 for 6 Qrs 9 lb of Beef — 0:19:
26 for 1 Qr 12 lb of Mutton — 0:3:6
30 for 4 Qrs 10 lb of Beef & Mutton 0:16:6
Sept 2 for 0 Qrs 12 lb of Mutton — 0:3:0
for 2 Qrs 0 lb of Beef — 0:11:6
for 0 Qrs 11 lb of Mutton — 0:2:9
for 5 Qrs 5 lb of Beef — 0:18:9
for 1 Qr 4 lb of Mutton — 0:4:6
£4 18:6
1766 Cleared & Drew the Contents in full and all Demands By Me
Robt Leath

AN ECCENTRIC OYSTER.

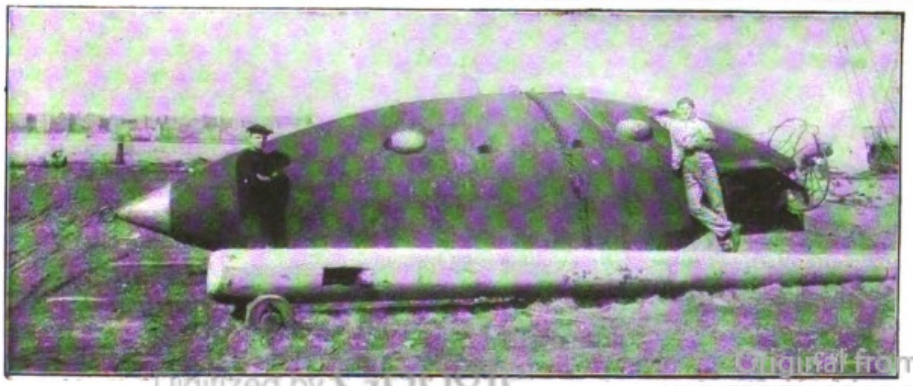
Here is a photograph of an oyster



that has taken up its abode in the bowl of an ordinary clay pipe. It was fished up from the bottom of Falmouth Harbour. When young the spat had evidently fallen inside the bowl, which seemed so congenial a situation that it remained there till it grew to the dimensions shown in the picture. We are indebted for the use of this photograph to Mr. R. A. Gregg, of 5, Adelaide Terrace, Truro, N.B.

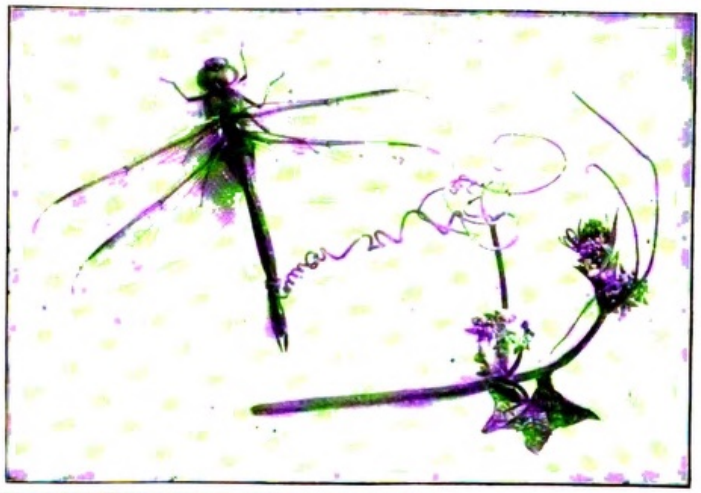
A GHASTLY SUBMARINE FAILURE.

Mr. Joseph Adams, of 41, Union Square, New York, sends this photo. of an unsightly submarine boat whose record is an awful one. Over forty lives have been lost in her at the various trials extending over a period of several years. Her last trip, a memorable one, took place in the East River, just off the Navy Yard Dock; after having been sunk for a longer time than was at first calculated, she was fished up, and the poor men inside her were found to have been drowned like so many rats in a trap.



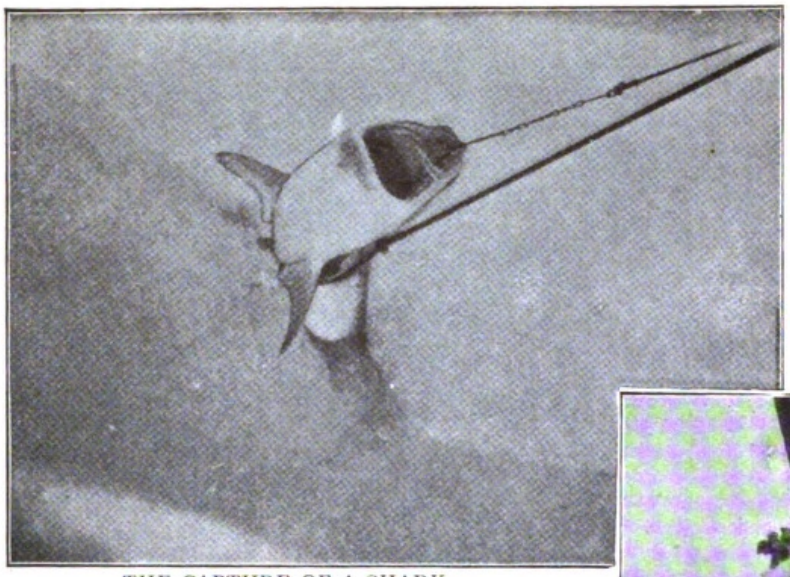
WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

A most unusual occurrence is illustrated here. Mr. P. G. Lechen, of Milwaukee, Wis., who sends the photo., vouches for the following statement. He says: "One of the prominent citizens of this town, while walking in his garden early one morning, was attracted by the futile struggle of a huge dragon-fly endeavouring to free itself from the tight grip of one of the tendrils of a wild cucumber vine. Apparently the tendril had twined



itself so securely around the fly's body that the poor insect became a total prisoner. It struggled for two days, and finally died of exhaustion. The question suggests itself: was it an accident, or did the tendril act as a trap, after the manner of certain species which are recognised as insect-catching plants?

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THE CAPTURE OF A SHARK.

Here is a dramatic photograph, sent by Mr. Chas. S. Braddock. It illustrates the death struggles of a monster shark which was caught by the crew of one the United States warships off Key West. This sport is a very popular one among the Jack tars of all countries, and there seems a particular fitness in the wholesale destruction of these voracious monsters by their human enemies, who not infrequently become the unhappy victims of these tigers of the deep.

AN EIGHTH WONDER.

The accompanying photograph illustrates only a small portion of the Grotto at Margate, which, by reason of the extraordinary patience and skill involved in its construction, may fitly rank as the eighth wonder of the world. This memorial of human ingenuity was discovered in 1837, but its origin is shrouded in mystery. The winding walls and ceiling of the cavern are decorated throughout by shells arranged in the most intricate patterns of marvellous symmetry. Space forbids a fuller description, which, however detailed, would yet be inadequate. We are obliged to Miss Louise Sassoon, of 7, Queen's Gardens, Brighton, for her kindness in sending this interesting picture.



A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

The humming-bird which built this fluffy little nest of down and feathers, decorated with moss, found its home in Alameda, a city on the shore of San Francisco Bay. The photo. shows the remarkable situation the bird has chosen for its nest, the cosy structure being deftly fashioned on top of a green peach, which hung from a twig about 10ft. from the ground, directly over a walk and close to a residence on the bay shore. The two tiny white eggs can just be discerned. The wonderful little builder of this exquisite nest belongs to the species of humming-birds known as Anna's humming-bird, and is the largest species in the United States. We are indebted to Mr. H. R. Taylor, of Alameda, Cal., for the use of this interesting picture, the photo. of which was taken by the Canova Studio, Alameda.



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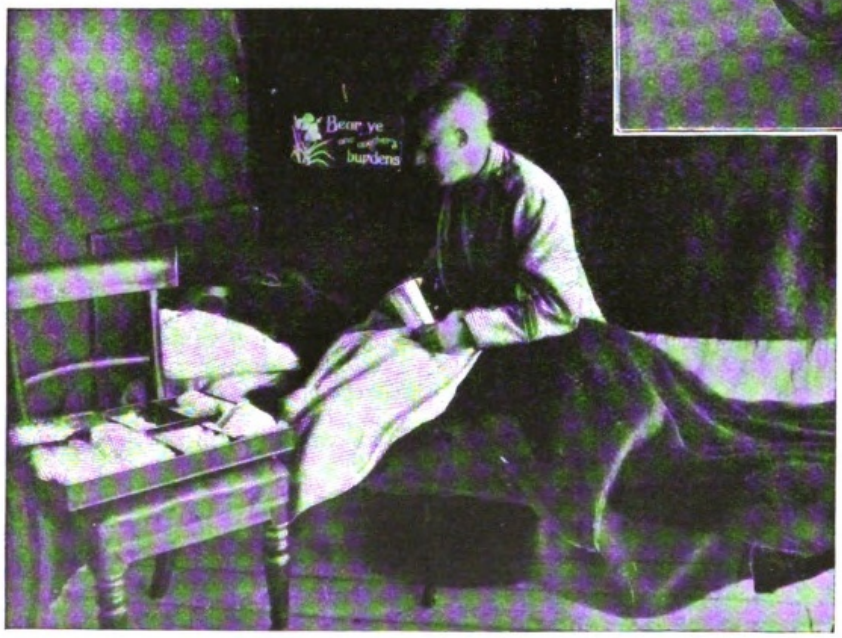
A BICYCLE BEER-CASK.

This interesting photo. was sent to us by Mr. J. Butterfield, of 236, Grove Green Road, Leytonstone. The bicycle is decorated to represent a beer-cask, and obtained first prize at the Clacton Regatta and second prize at the Romford Carnival, where it was prettily illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The sides of the cask, which are of canvas, measure 5ft. 2in. in diameter. There is scarcely 12in. left each side, between the back-wheel and the canvas, for mounting and dismounting purposes, so it can easily be understood that Mr. Butterfield finds some difficulty in riding his original though somewhat unwieldy machine. How he would manage in a strong wind we leave to the readers' imagination.



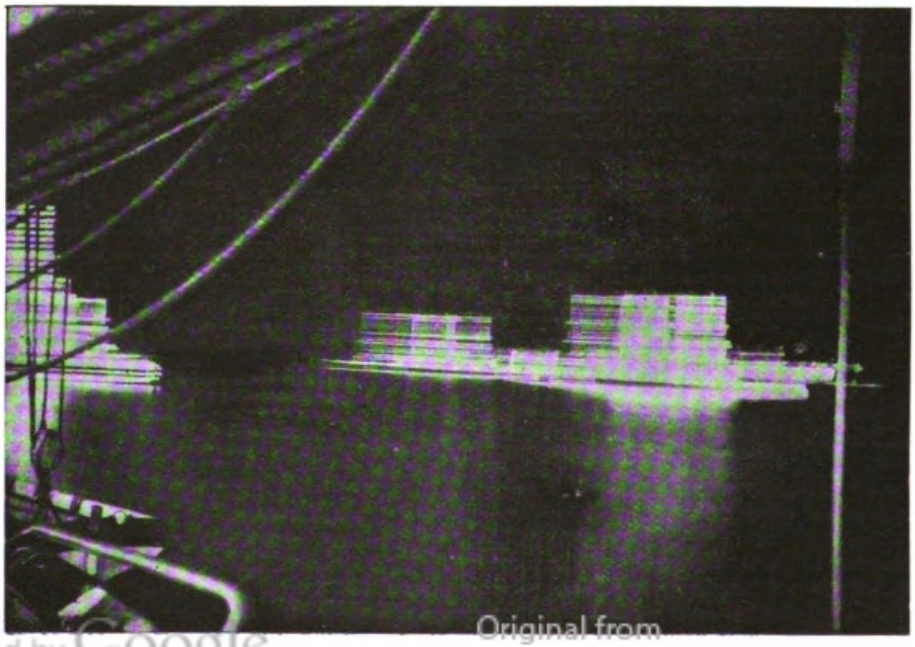
A SICK DONKEY.

Who ever heard of a sick donkey being put to bed and nursed back to health by his master? Yet that is what our photograph represents. Mr. G. W. Vickery, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, North Front, Gibraltar, who has kindly forwarded us the photo., says that his donkey has been accustomed to this sort of treatment for a long while; in fact, he has an ordinary barrack bed all to himself. In one picture Mr. Vickery is seen trying to induce his patient to take some medicine, but the patient has evidently had some before. The donkey is the pet of the detachment quartered at North Front, Gibraltar.

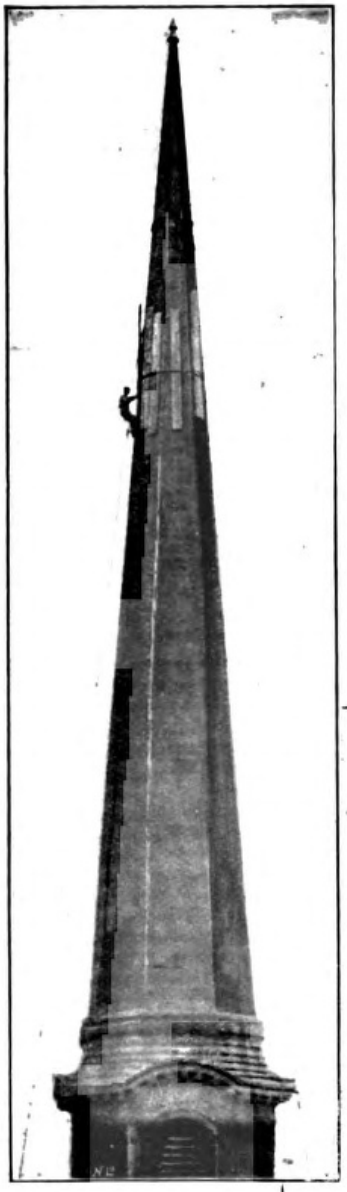


ILLUMINATED MEN-O'-WAR.

Who would ever have thought that the queer-looking objects shown in the accompanying photograph represented a number of H.M. battleships? Yet it is so. Mr. T. H. Binny, belonging to H.M.S. *Resolution*, of the Channel Squadron, the sender of the photo., writes: "I am sending you this curious photo. which I took when the squadron was at Aranci Bay and was visited by the King of Italy in April last. The photograph does not represent some stacks of wood as would appear to be the case, but the British Squadron illuminated in honour of the King and Queen of Italy. Each ship was outlined with electric lights, and the slight movement of the ships in the water produced this curious effect."

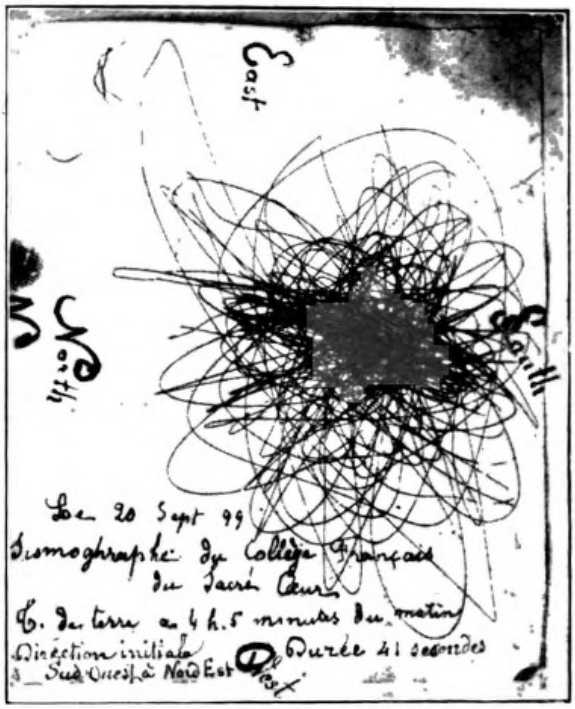


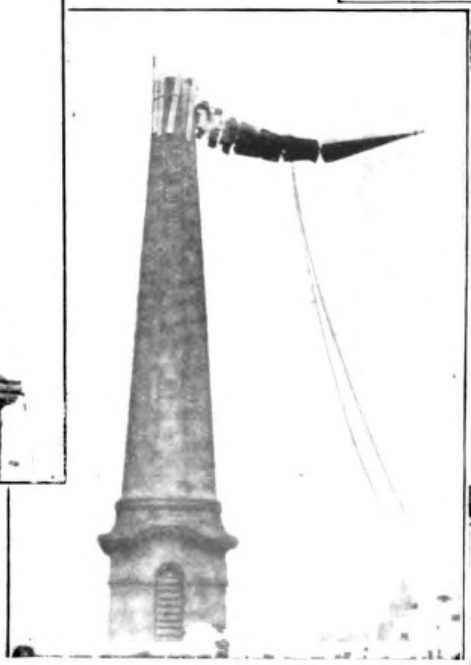
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HOW STEEPLES ARE FELLED.

Here are two most interesting pictures. They serve to illustrate how church steeples are felled when they become a danger to surrounding buildings. The first and larger photograph shows how the steeple is braced by means of huge pieces of timber around the particular spot where it is desired to "break" it, so to speak. The second photo. depicts the upper part of the steeple in the act of falling. The ropes wherewith its downfall has been brought about can also be





distinctly seen. The operation speaks volumes for the nerve and judgment of those occupied in such perilous work, for it must be understood that the demolished part of the huge pile of masonry had to fall in a certain limited space in order that no accidents should follow. The operation, we are pleased to add, was entirely successful, and we are indebted to Mr. Francis W. Cronby, B.A., of Hartford, Conn., for the photos. which he has been good enough to send, and which he obtained for reproduction through the kindness of Dr. J. E. Root, who took these clever snap-shots.

NATURE'S AUTOGRAPH.

Here we have the actual autograph of an earthquake! It was obtained by a recording instrument, called a seismometer, which consists of a pendulum fitted with a pen, so that any vibration of the earth is recorded on paper by a more or less undulating line. This was photographed and sent by Frau von Holback, from Smyrna. This lady says: "The earthquake which is recorded here was a very heavy one; it took place in the Turkish province of Aïdin, on the 20th September, 1899. It did enormous damage at Denisli, Nasli, and Aïdin, the loss of life totalling 800, whilst 600 persons were wounded or suffered from shock." The translation of the inscription on the photo. reads: "20th of September, 1899. — Seismometer of the French College of the Sacred Heart.—Earthquake at 4.5 a.m.—Initial direction, south-west to north-west. Duration, 41sec."

A MISLEADING SNAP-SHOT.

Mr. Thos. M. Hammond, Milwaukee, Wis., has no small sense of humour. He would have us believe at first that this plucky little boy was caught in the act of jumping from an upper window—which, on confession, he says he is not. The youngster is really suspended by a hook in the wall.



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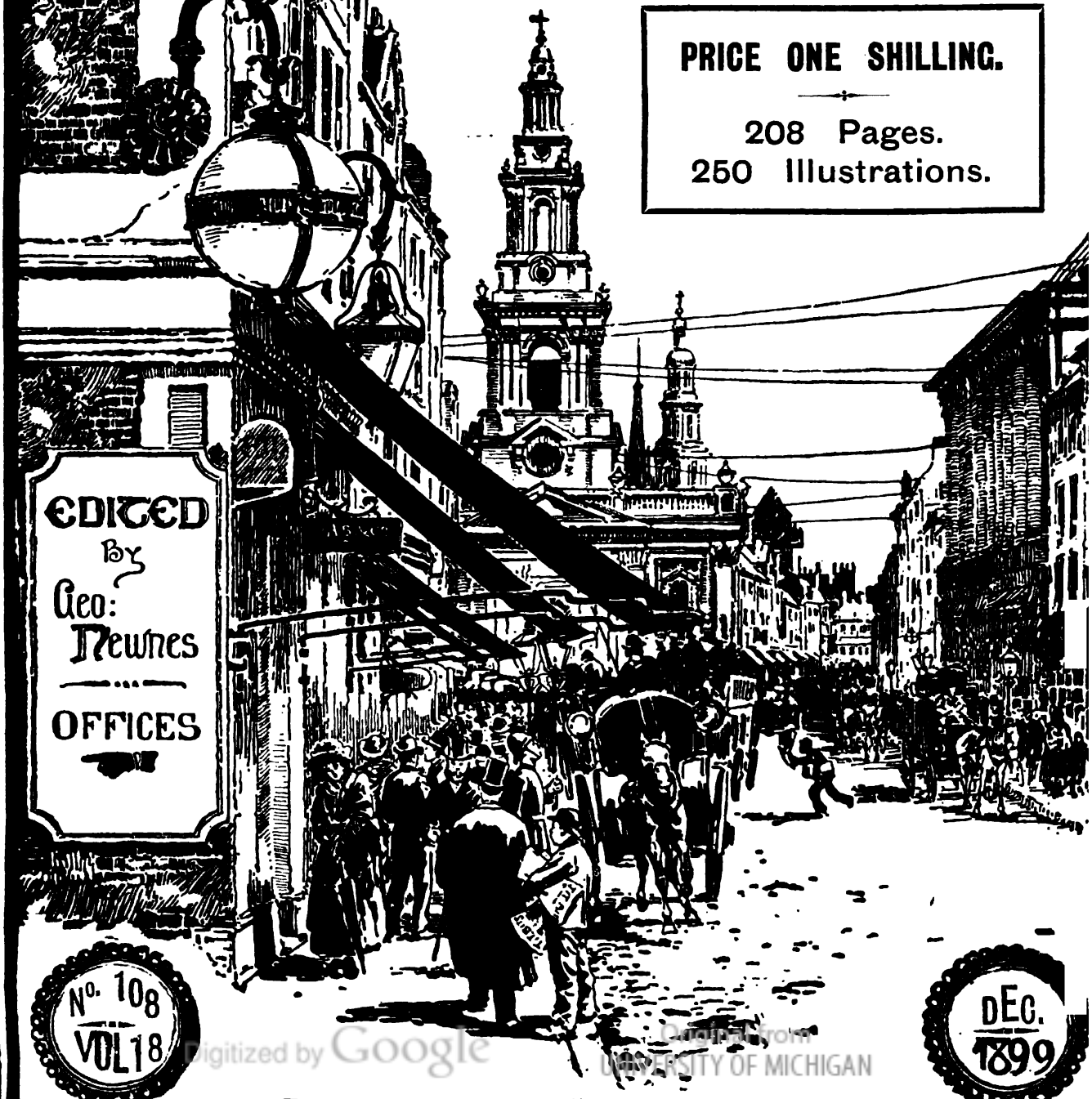
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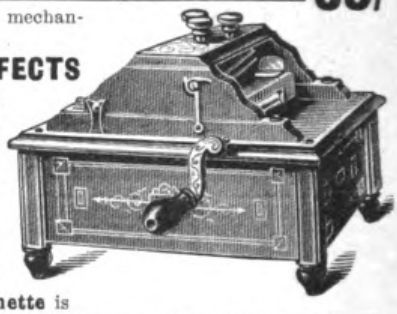
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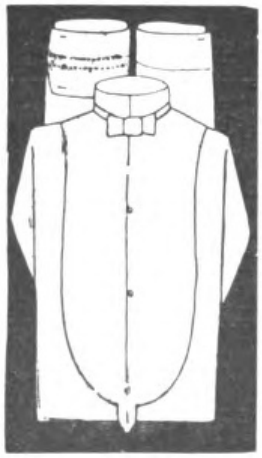
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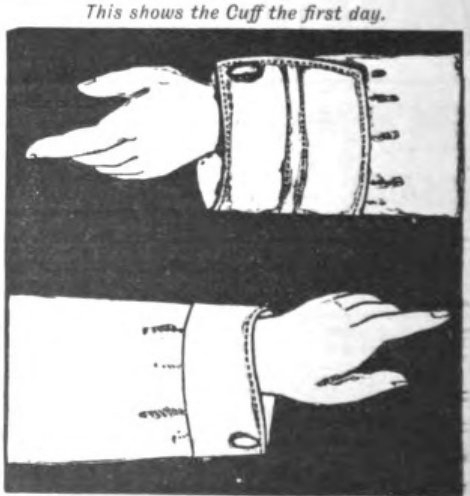
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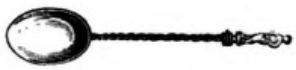
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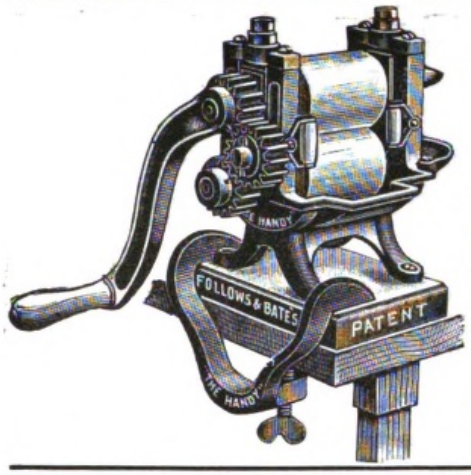
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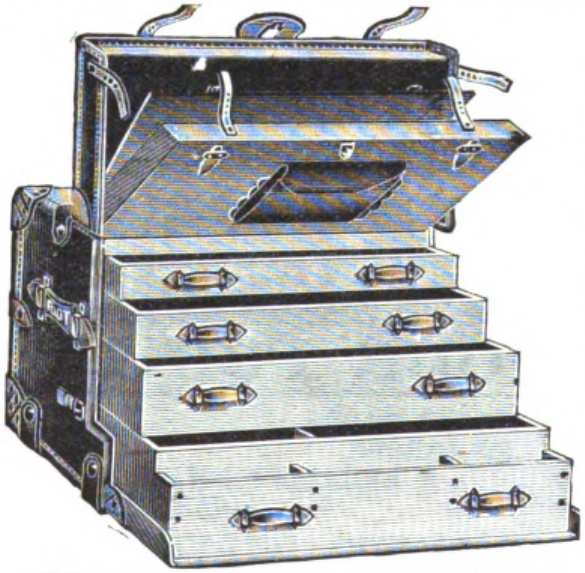
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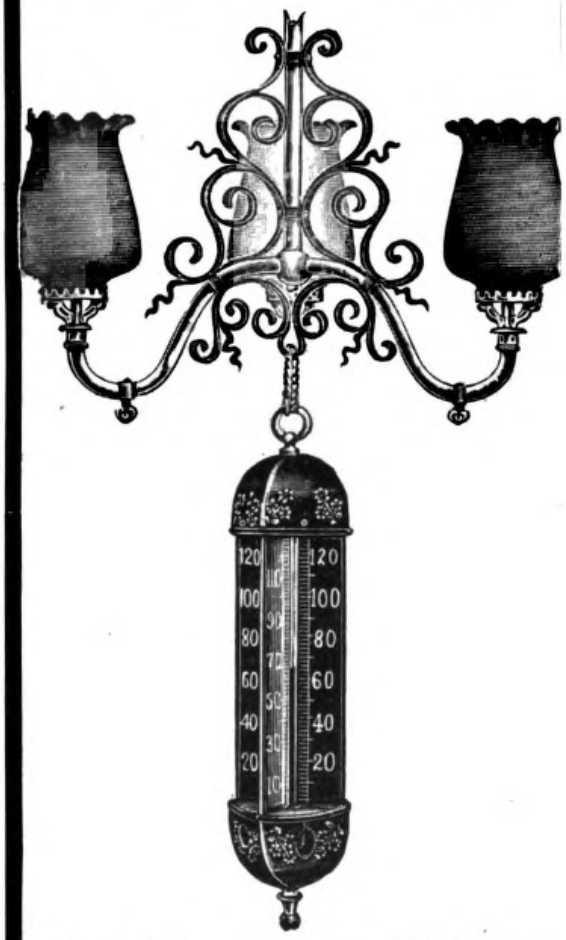
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The Newspaper for the Deaf

Which is forwarded Free to everyone who applies for it to the Manager of the

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DEAFNESS has always been considered to be an infirmity, not, perhaps, of an acutely painful nature, but, nevertheless, as most distressing in its results, and in the struggle for existence in which the majority of men and women of the present day are engaged, it is, no doubt, a serious disqualification. Fortunately, however, deafness and, generally speaking, all aural affections hitherto considered incurable after the chronic stage had been passed, can now be quickly cured by special treatment. We advise all our readers interested in the subject to read "The Newspaper for the Deaf," which is sent free to every applicant. This important medical publication, issued by the Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W., deals with diseases of the ear, larynx, throat and nose, and fully explains the rational and scientific method of treatment adopted by the Drouet Institute for the cure of such complaints. It also gives particulars of a large number of remarkable cures accomplished by this treatment, many having been effected in cases of long standing and of a most serious nature. The perusal of "The Newspaper for the Deaf" will prove of the greatest interest to all sufferers, and will bring hope to those who have hitherto despaired of obtaining such relief as the Drouet system now offers.

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Completely cured	348	852	253
Sufficiently improved to follow conversation . .	107	241	108
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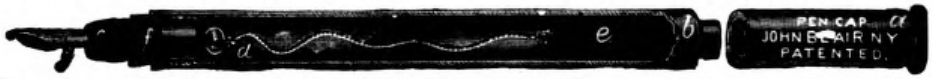


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For ridding the system of this poison, and relieving the diseases its presence produces, Kutnow's Powder is fully equal to the most noted health springs of Continental countries. In many respects it is superior to these springs, as, while composed of the medicinal, purifying, and acid-neutralising properties of these springs, it is without their lowering, drastic, and nauseous features.

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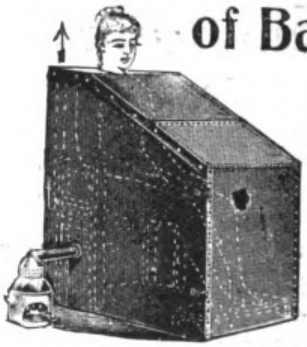
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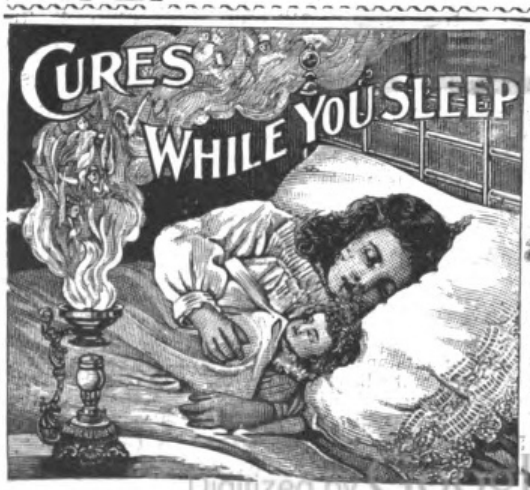
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For Wasting Diseases.

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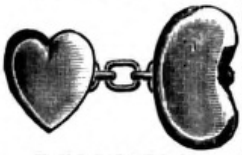
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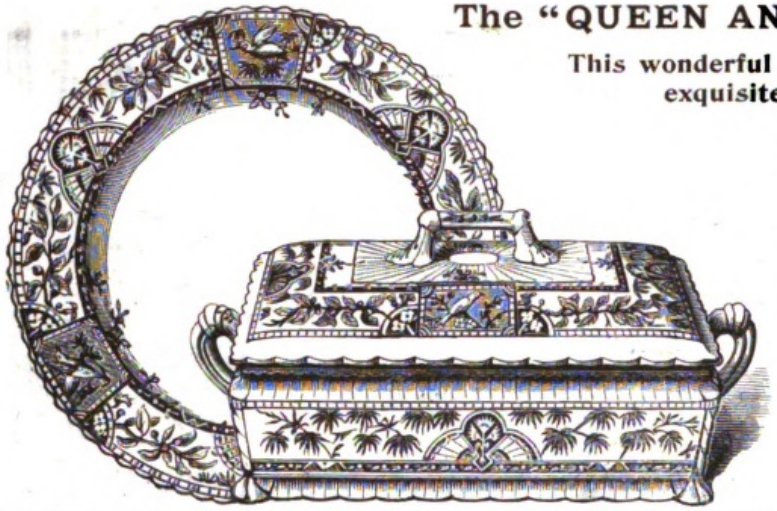
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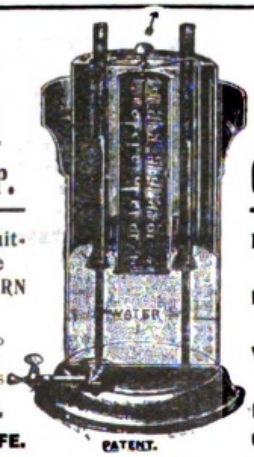
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5/6



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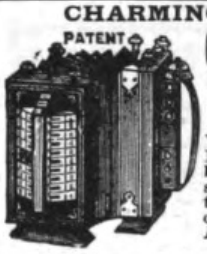
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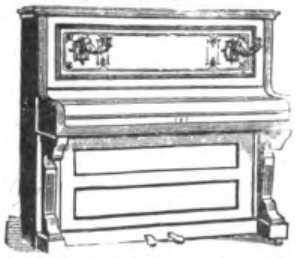
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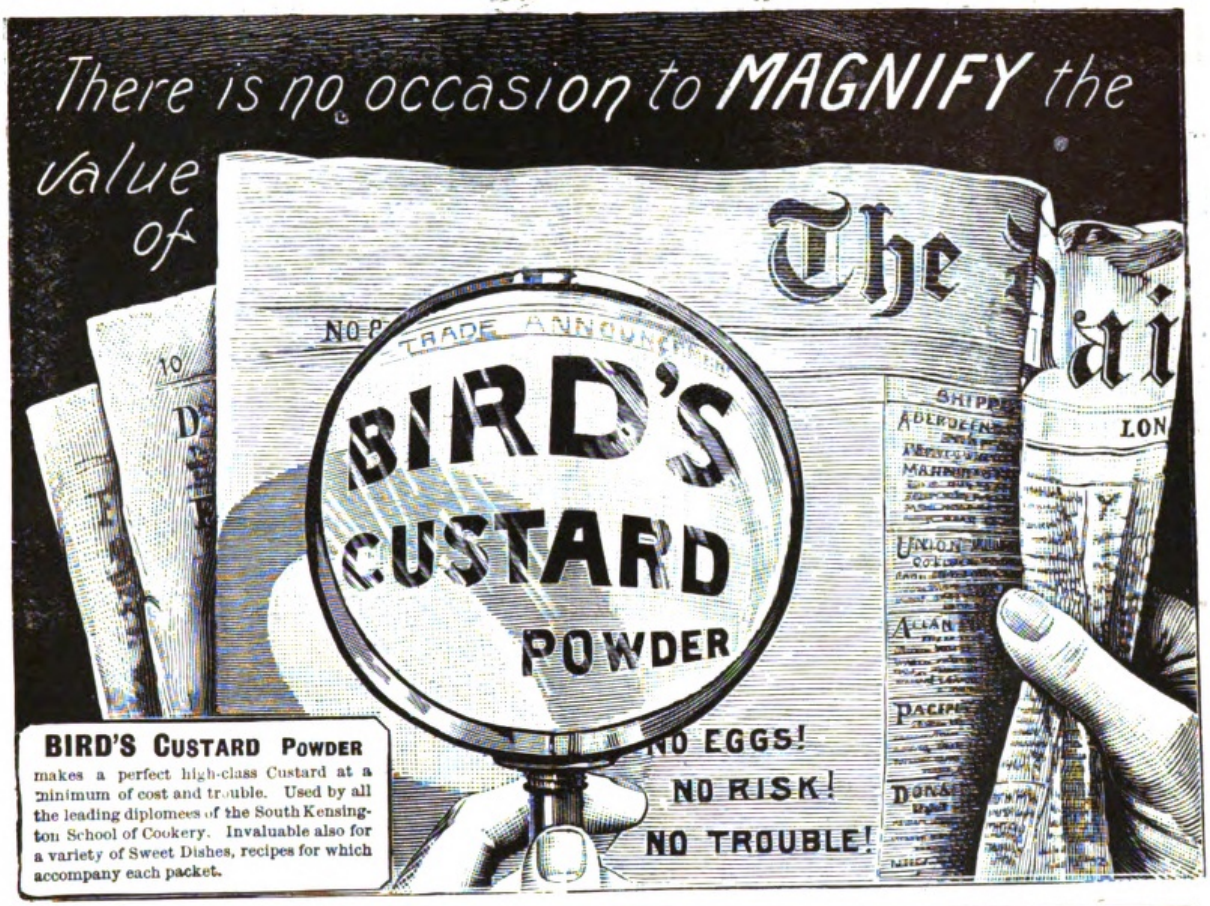
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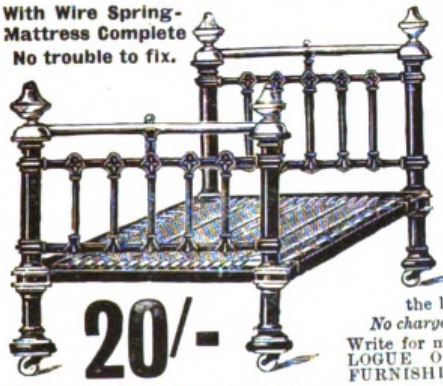
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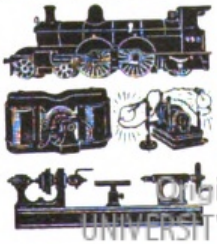
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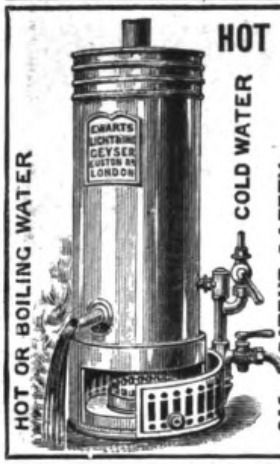
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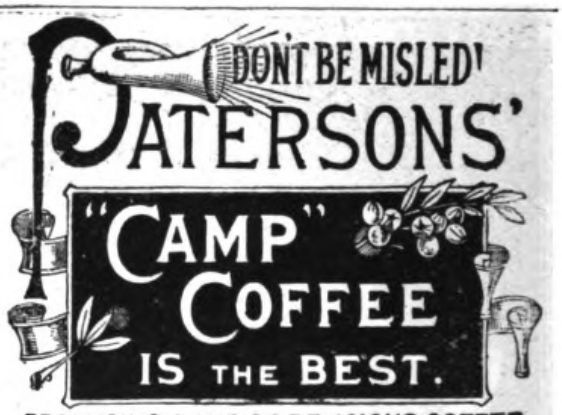


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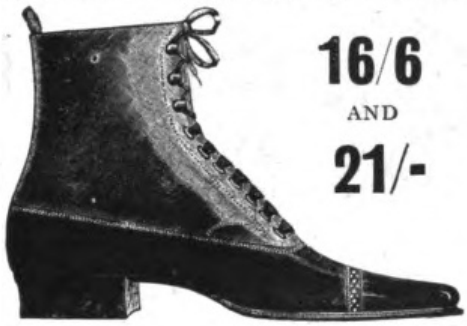
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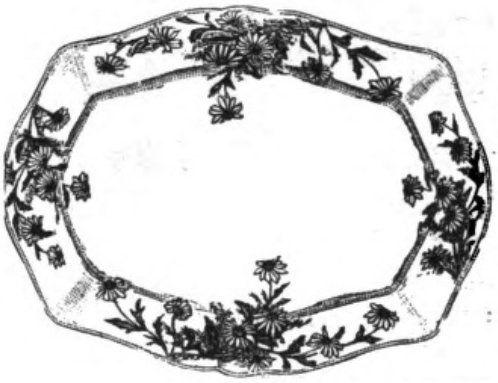
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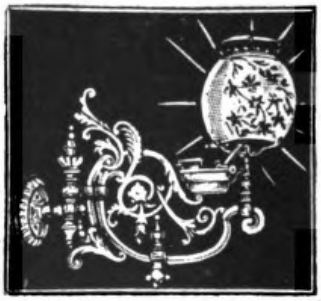
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(Signed) Mrs. M. EVANS.

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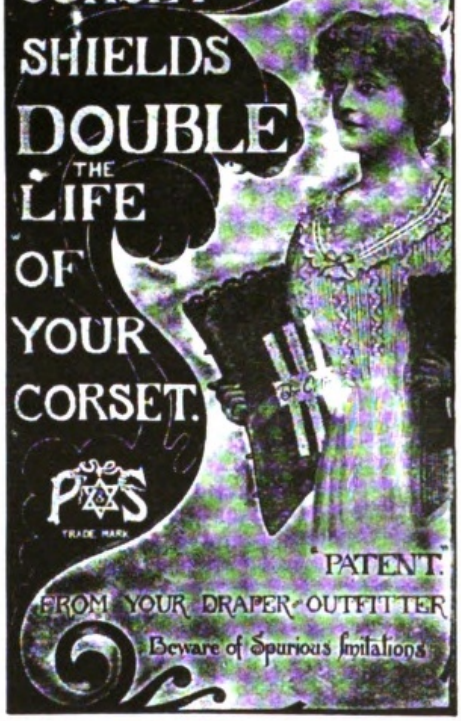
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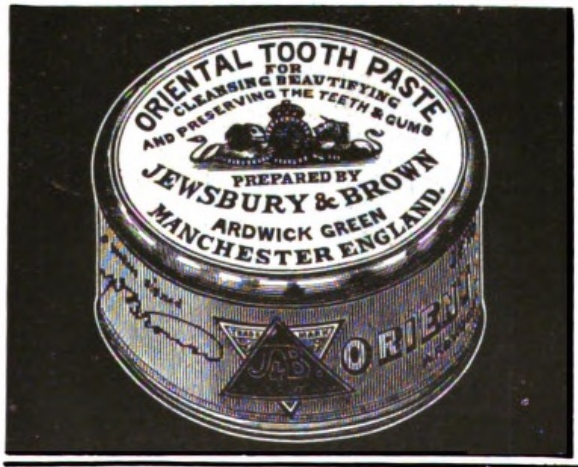
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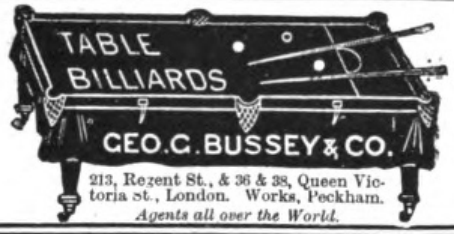
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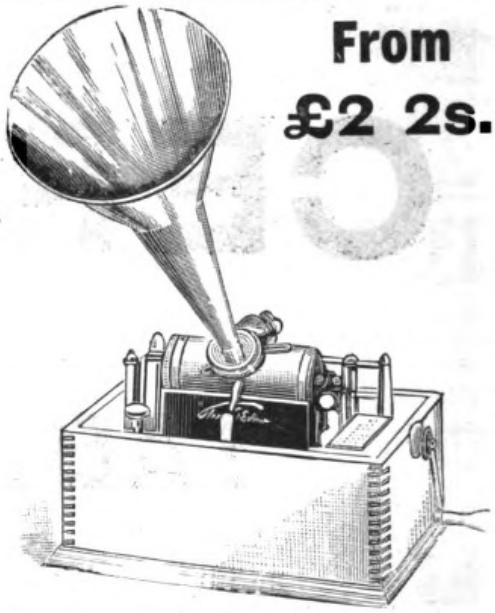
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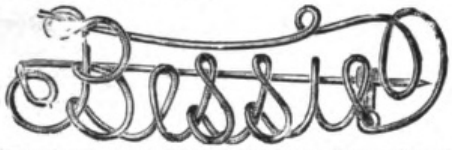
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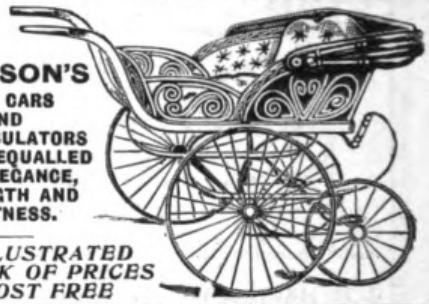
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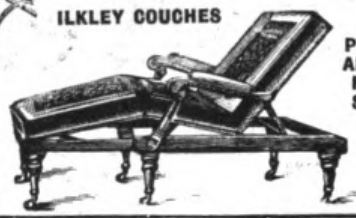
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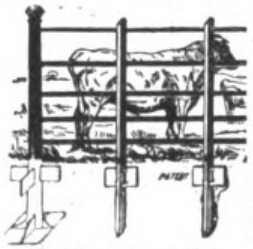
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Enable those with Shortened Limbs and Weak Ankles to dispense with Unsightly Instruments; to Wear Ordinary Shoes; and to look like other people.

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THINGS OF THE PAST !!

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5 GOLD MEDALS

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"Really wholesome Confectionery." Lancet.

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with coarse adulterated soap. The secret of a fresh clear complexion consists in using an absolutely pure soap made of the highest-class ingredients.

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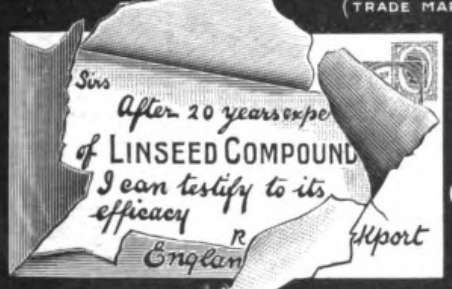
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you **may** wash your face, you **may** wash dainty fabric with perfect safety; for SWAN White Floating SOAP is made of the purest and sweetest vegetable oils and fats obtainable, and is specially prepared for washing dainty fabric, for the toilet and the bath.

A Purer Soap is beyond the Art of Soapmaking.

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

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Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

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Will not split in the Seams | Nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil: 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 the pair and upwards.

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"The best make of Corsets is the Y & N."—*Gentlewoman.*

CAUTION.

See that the Registered Trade Mark,

"Y & N Diagonal Seam,"

is imprinted on every corset and box.

No others are genuine.

Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

BOTH TYRES PUNCTURED.

IF lives were rated as ships are rated, how many would be registered as "A 1" at Lloyd's? Mighty few, let me tell you. Hardly one in a hundred. Ask the life insurance experts how many people they meet with who are sound and all right from top to toe. Why, if they didn't accept applicants more or less unsound there would be small show of business in that line.

Most of us are bicycles, with some part of the gear gone wrong, and plenty of folk pedal along through the world with both tyres punctured. A slow, heavy sort of progress, but the best they can do.

Here are two women who dragged on this fashion for twenty years; a thick slice to cut out of the thin average of a human sojourn here below—twenty years it was in each case. They are strangers to each other, but, wholly unwittingly, they say substantially the same thing. How many more like them do you suppose there are in England? Enough to fill Hyde Park with the saddest multitude you ever set eyes on.

"Why don't they get well? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no medicine in this enlightened country to cure them?" You hunt about for an answer to that question while I set down the facts as plain and short as I know how.

"For over twenty years," says Mrs. Charlotte Dennis, "I was miserable from indigestion and the weakness that always goes with it. In all that time I don't believe I ate a single hearty meal. It was simply impossible. If I had been worth a million pounds, with all the luxuries of the earth at my command, I should have been half starved just the same.

"My appetite was hardly fit to call by that name. What little food I took did not give me any strength to speak of, and after eating I had a sense of weight and coldness at the stomach, pain at the chest, and an uneasy feeling around the heart.

"Finally, my left side came to have no sensation in it, and I would occasionally fall down as though from want of support there. All this made me nervous, so that I slept by spells, and seldom had anything like what may be called a night's rest. In the morning I arose tired and fagged, and in no condition for work or anything.

"As the complaint took more of a hold on me I grew weaker and weaker, and my legs and ankles commenced to swell, as if with dropsy. For months together I was confined to my bed. I was treated by doctor after doctor, and spent many pounds in physic; but I might better have let it alone and saved my money, for no good came of it.

"At last Mr. John Whitworth advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it soon relieved me. My food agreed with me, and I gained strength, and in a few weeks the trouble went away altogether, and I have been a well woman ever since.—Mrs. CHARLOTTE DENNIS, Cross Lane, Measham, June 7th, 1899."

The same experience is related by the other woman. She adds that her breathing was so bad that she could not lie down on her bed at night, but had to be propped up with pillows. "In time I became thin to the point of emaciation.

"There were periods of months continuously in which I was not able to do anything. Year after year this was the wretched life I led. There was but small comfort in it at best, and no happiness at all. I look back upon it now as one looks upon a nightmare dream, or as a traveller looks upon a time when he was lost in the wilderness and only escaped with his life.

"At last the knowledge came that led me to the remedy. Somebody who called at our house left a small book that had in it accounts of people who had been cured of the same complaint that ailed me, by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Merely *hoping* there might be truth in these stories, though not really believing them, I bought the Syrup and began using it.

"From that day I improved, and it wasn't long before I was confident this was the medicine that was going to cure me. It seems like asking you to believe a good deal, after you consider how long and badly I was ill, but it *did* cure me, and I have enjoyed good health ever since, and you are welcome to tell the whole nation of it.—Mrs. M. JONES, Canol Llan, Eglwysbach, N. Wales, R.S.O., August 9th, 1899."

Among people like these Mother Seigel's Syrup has been doing a great and good work for thirty years past. A host beyond counting bless the day when they first heard of it. Yes, and every soul of them is helping us to tell the news to the rest.

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A GOOD IDEA

is always copied by opponents in business, and particularly when the articles supplied by the originators of the idea are of such exceptional value that a large and continually increasing demand is made by the public. One of the most recent cases in point is the manner in which the announcements of THE NATIONAL ART SOCIETY have been copied, and pictures issued to the public by means of the Coupon System of advertising, which has rendered it necessary for THE NATIONAL ART SOCIETY to rely solely upon old clients and repeat orders, or to wait until the opposition has ceased, and the so-called Works of Art removed from the market.

Now that it is believed that such opposition *has ceased*, THE NATIONAL ART SOCIETY invite the public to send two stamps (actual postage) for a copy of their Illustrated Catalogue of sixty-seven Standard Works of Art, and they may rely upon subsequently receiving, in exchange for a comparatively trifling sum, Engravings after the most celebrated artists, which will prove a beautiful addition to the decoration of any home, and will also be found to be

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you can present to your friends, particularly if framed.

For the purpose of fully demonstrating this, THE NATIONAL ART SOCIETY hereby undertake to forward, as samples of their publications, well packed and carriage free to any address in the United Kingdom (Colonial and Foreign 2/- extra), twelve of the most celebrated works after Sir Edwin Landseer for 17/6 (or special hand-printed Engravings for 35/-), and they will certainly be greatly appreciated by all who apply for them. Six of the same may be had for 10/- or 20/-, or three for 5/- or 10/- respectively. These Engravings have always previously been published at One to Two Guineas each.

Below will be found a small, imperfect sketch of one of Landseer's most important works, viz. (1), THE SANCTUARY. The other works are: (2) THE CHALLENGE; (3) THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN; (4) HIGH LIFE; (5) LOW LIFE; (6) DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE; (7) CHILLINGHAM CATTLE; (8) CHILLINGHAM DEER; (9) HOME, SWEET HOME; (10) PEACE; (11) WAR; (12) PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS, all well-known subjects.



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Sold only in 1oz. Packets, and 2, 4, and 8oz. and 1lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine Smoking Condition.
Ask at all Tobacco Sellers', Stores, &c., AND TAKE NO OTHER.

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Are now obtainable in Packets containing 6 and 12, and in Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

The "Magnums" (large size) are sold in card cases containing 8, and in Tins of 16, 50, and 100.

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EXTREME OBESITY BECOMING A THING OF THE PAST.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE

"MANY of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers, who have an opportunity of judging, inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that, owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, 'Corpulency and the Cure,' however, serves to indicate that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free by sending four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and with ut any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation."—*Bicester Herald.*

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EXCELLENT QUALITY. DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.
HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS. ALWAYS THE SAME.

Can be had from most Grocers or send 7½d. or 1/3 for Sample Jar and name of Local Agent in your district to

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NON-MERCURIAL.
Universally admitted to be the BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, etc.
Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
SIX GOLD MEDALS.

TOO STOUT Rd

Dr. Grey's FAT REDUCING Pills.

A safe permanent reduction, with improved Health, Skin, and breathing guaranteed to either sex, without irksome dieting.
ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALITY.
2/9 per box, plain wrapper, post free to any part of the world
(Larger size for cases which have resisted other treatment, 4/6.)
Dr. T. GREY, 52, PADDINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.

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These Saddles are now fitted with a Patent Wrought Steel Clip.

WEIGHT OF SADDLE GREATLY REDUCED.

NO MORE CHAFING.

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First Number Ready December 15th, 1899.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, have decided to produce a religious monthly that shall be at any rate equal to any other sixpenny magazine ever published.

Arrangements have already been made of an extended and well-matured character reaching far into every quarter of the religious world. They cannot undertake to make at this time anything like a complete or specific announcement. The following, however, will suffice to indicate the high quality and wide range which the Magazine will contain.

"The Life of Jesus Christ."

By IAN MACLAREN.

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

"The Life of Jesus Christ," by the Rev. Dr. Watson (better known as Ian Maclaren), is a work that will in itself command immense attention. For several years Dr. Watson has been meditating and forming this the greatest work of his life, and at last presents it through the medium of "The Sunday Strand" to the religious public of Great Britain. Dr. Watson has not followed the methods of any other writer upon this subject, but has with reverent tone treated the subject with all the freshness of his vivid insight of the tenderest and more pathetic sides of the character of the Master rather than a dry, scholarly exposition of the text. The illustrations are by Mr. Corwin Linson, one of the greatest religious artists. This artist has been compared favourably with even Tissot, and spent two years in Palestine preparing the illustrations. After the fullest and most patient study he has produced 200 paintings and drawings representing the chief scenes and episodes in the Life of Christ. In the value and interest of the text, and the variety and fineness of the illustrations, this will be an extraordinary serial.

SIR WALTER BESANT

has written specially for this Magazine a serial story depicting the extraordinary hold which the spirit of gambling can obtain over the heart and mind of an otherwise good man. This story will be of exceeding interest, and for pathos and dramatic episode is perhaps one of the best serials this well-known author has ever written.

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By E. H. Behrend, entitled "An Angel's Pinion," almost, if not quite, equal to his famous song "Daddie."

An Illustrated Interview with Ian Maclaren.

By Mr. HARRY HOW.

With pictures specially taken for "The Sunday Strand."

HAS DR. PARKER BECOME A SPIRITUALIST?

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HOW DR. BARNARDO RECEIVES THE BABIES.

Full of pathos and touching pictures.

Six or seven stories by the great story-writers of the day—**Mrs. L. T. Meade, Robert Halifax, Petridge, E. M. Jameson, A. B. Cooper, and many others.**

A Christmas Story:

"A TRIP TO SANTA CLAUS."

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE.

No money will be spared to make "The Sunday Strand" the finest and brightest religious magazine possible to be produced for sixpence.

"THE KING"

NEWS

In news photographs, THE KING will be found ahead of its contemporaries. Nothing of importance will happen during the week which will not be fully and strikingly illustrated in its pages often many days in advance of other sixpenny weeklies. In war, its photographers and correspondents will always be found at the front, and no expense will be spared by THE KING to provide its readers with the earliest obtainable photographs of the actual fighting—not fancy drawings, but real photographs.

PEOPLE

Not a man or woman will spring into note who will not be pictured and written about in THE KING. It will be live, interesting matter, full of anecdote, crisp and newsy, specially prepared by gossipy and able writers. The pages of personal gossip in THE KING will, in short, be a complete guide to men and women of note throughout the year, not only fascinating, but reliable; and the attractive manner in which the matter is being prepared will appeal to everybody on account of its novelty.

FUN

One of the great features of THE KING will be a striking department called "The King's Jester," in which will be found funny drawings on all sorts of funny subjects by the funniest artists of the day. In it the best work of English, American, and Continental draughtsmen will be represented, at an expense never before undergone by any illustrated paper. Yet "The King's Jester" is but one department of many in this enterprising paper. It is a "Punch" or a "Pick-Me-Up" thrown in gratis for the amusement of our readers.

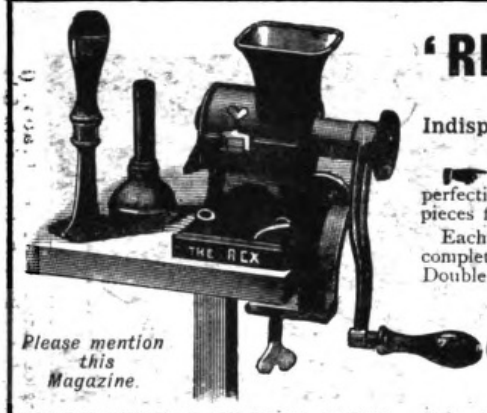
TO-DAY

In fact, THE KING will be found a paper of to-day for the people of to-day. Photos. of current events, smartly published while people are talking of them—photos. of, and gossip about, people in the public eye—stories and articles on new and interesting subjects—and pictures that people want to look at crowded between its two covers. It is the most remarkable sixpenny weekly ever offered to the public, and no money will be spared in the attempt to make it the most graphic, briefest, and most attractive compendium of the world's doings, week by week.

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BE SURE YOU GET IT.

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THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 293 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends are quite inadequate for the purpose. The Committee are confident that in their endeavour to provide the brave Life-boatmen, who nobly hazard their lives in order that they may save others, with the best possible means for carrying on their great work, they will meet with the entire approval of the people of this the greatest maritime country in the world, and that their appeal will not be made in vain, so that the scope and efficiency of our great life-saving service, of which the Nation has always been so proud, may not have to be curtailed.

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Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

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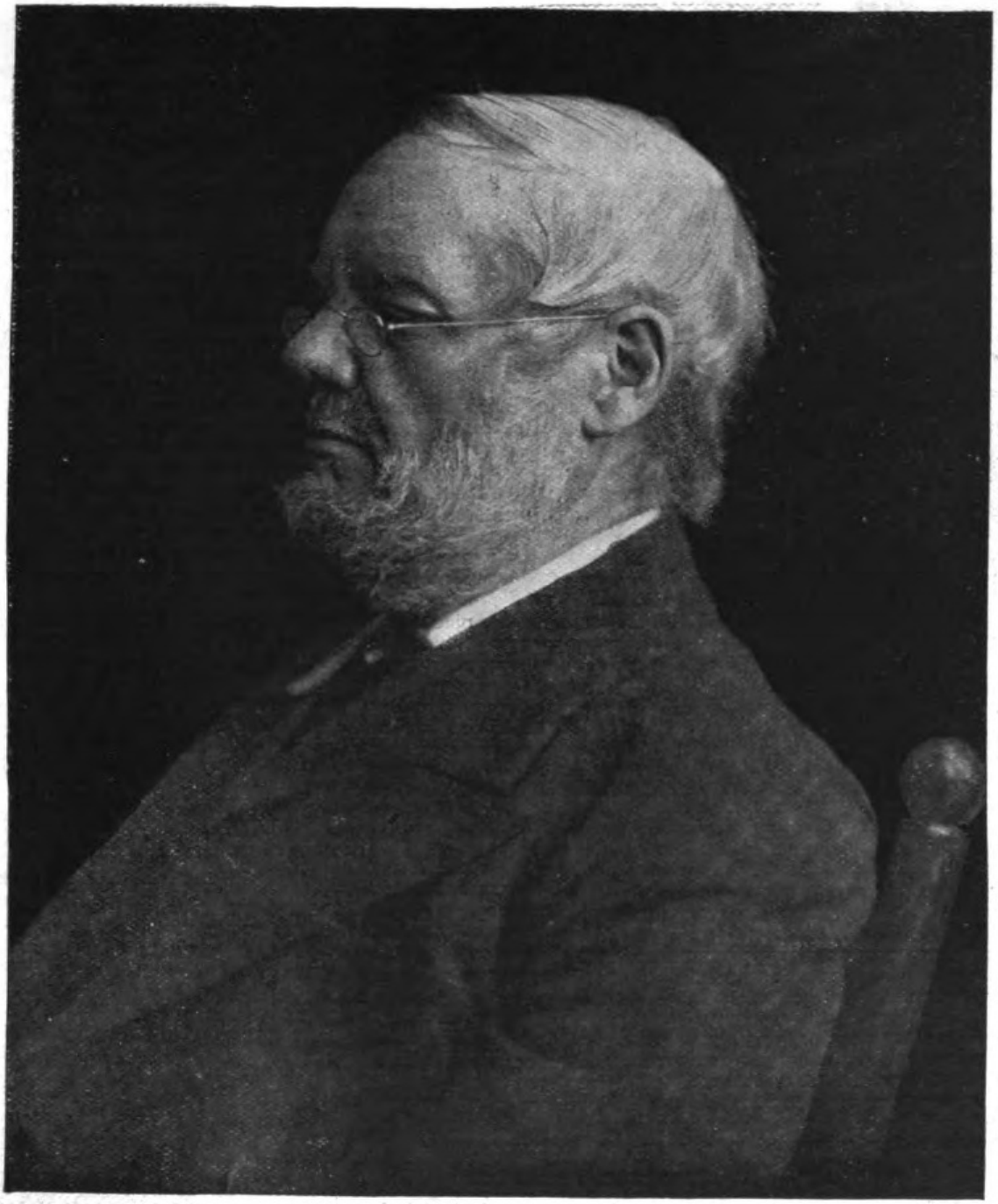
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OUR IGNORANCE OF THE WORLD'S GREATER LITERATURE.

"Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible

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M. LEON VALLÉE. PARIS,
writes an *Introduction to French Literature.*

habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world."

THE BEWILDERMENT OF MODERN DAYS.

"But there is much more. Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by the field of choice, practically boundless.

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"So the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: what are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose. We know that books differ as diamonds from the sand on the seashore."

"THE FIRST INTELLECTUAL TASK OF THE AGE."

"And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is to rightly order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organise our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save out of the relentless cataract of ink the immortal thoughts of the greatest—this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos."

Mr. Harrison goes on to indicate what would be the high value of some collection, or "healthy rational syllabus of essential books," that would present "a working epitome of what is best and most enduring in the literature of the world." And he adds:—

"Some such firm foothold in the vast and increasing torrent of literature we certainly must find, unless all that is great in literature is to be borne away in the floods of books. With this we may avoid an interminable wandering over the pathless waste of waters. Without it we may read everything and know nothing, wandering like unclassed spirits round the outskirts only of those Elysian fields where the great dead dwell and hold high converse."

MAX MÜLLER'S IDEAL WORLD-LIBRARY.

Something of the same thought runs through what Professor Max-Müller wrote a few years ago, when he said:—

"Few books I find supremely great from end to end, while, on the other hand, there are parts and passages or whole poems that I can read again and again, wondering more and more every time how one man could have written them.

"If I were to tell you," the great philologist goes on, "what I really think, I am afraid you would call me the greatest literary heretic, or an utter ignoramus. Take the greatest poet of antiquity, and if I am to speak the truth I must say there are long passages even in Homer which seem to me extremely tedious. Take the greatest, or at all events one of the greatest, poets of our century, and again I must confess that not a few of Goethe's writings seem to me not worth a second reading. There are gems in the most famous, there are gems in the least known of poets; but there is not a single poet, so far as I know, who has not written too much, and who could claim a place for all his works in what might be called a Library of World Literature."

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SIR WALTER BESANT
writes on *Novels that have made History.*

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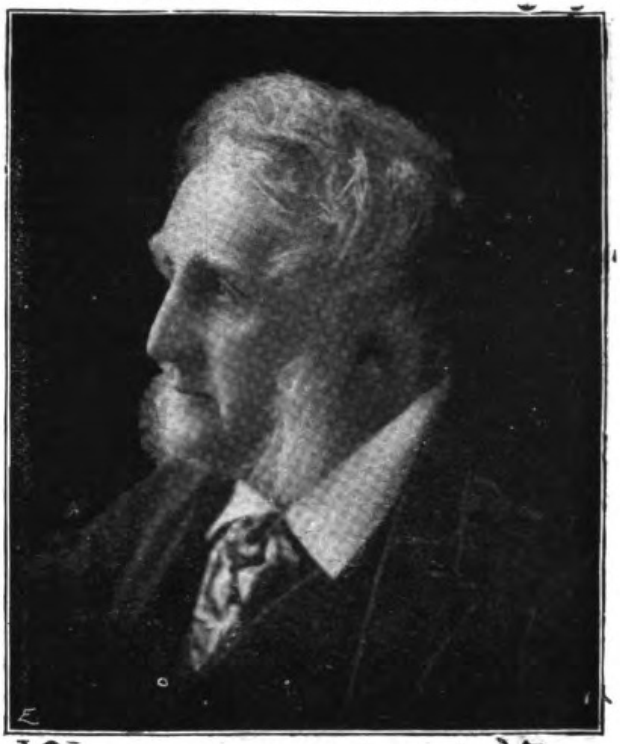
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The chief editor of "The Library" is Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., who retired a few months ago from the responsible and laborious post of Keeper of Printed Books in the vast library of the British Museum, after a half-century of distinguished service. His counsel has been sought by almost every man of letters who has resorted to our National Library for the purpose of literary research; he has been intimately associated with many of the great literary enterprises of the last twenty years, and he has probably answered more questions about books, and possibly knows the contents of more books, than any other living Englishman. He is more than a man of books, however, as many volumes of the most varied character—volumes of poetry, of humour, and biography, as well as history and librarianship—have amply revealed.

Though the work is in English throughout, with Dr. Garnett have been associated M. Leon Vallée, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the largest library, it is surprising to find, in the world; Dr. Alois Brandl, Professor of Literature in the Royal University of Berlin; and Donald G. Mitchell, of New York, known the world over for his delightful volumes written under the *nom de plume* of "Ik Marvel"; not to speak of many qualified assistants.

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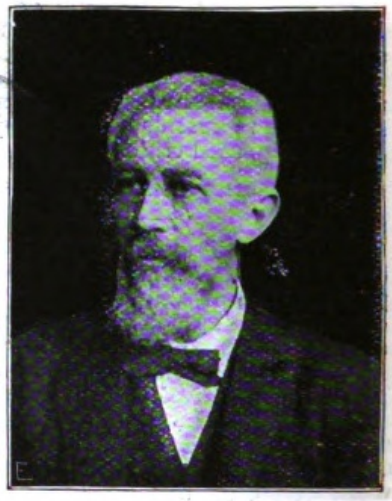
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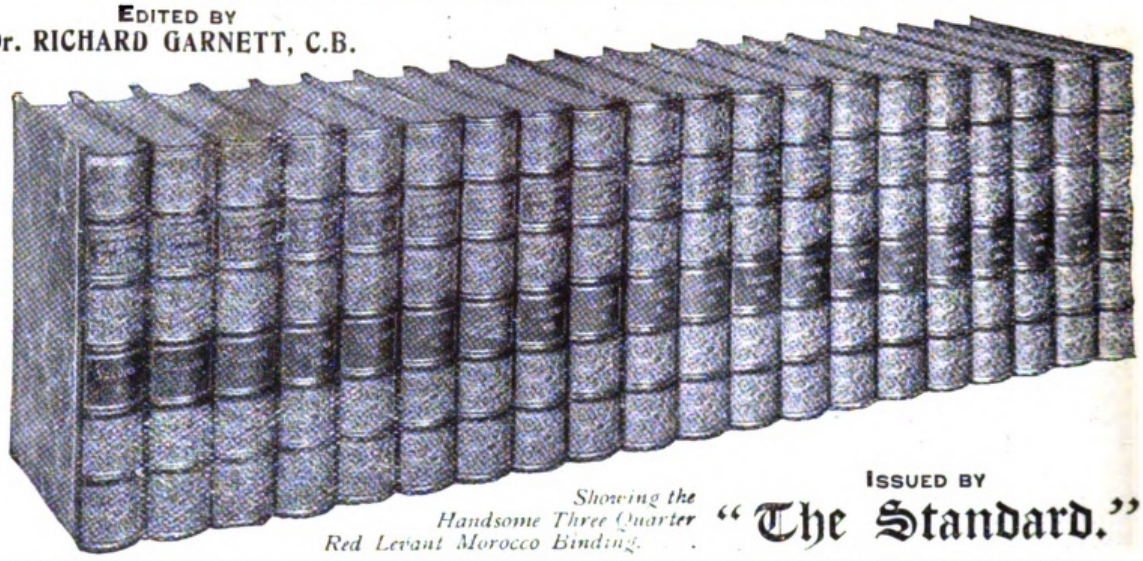
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